

A Brief History of The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory

By JOHN C. JOHNSON

Can you imagine buying a twenty-two room hotel with a stable for only \$3.00? Or a seventy-acre townsite with twenty-two old buildings on it for \$200? Too, did you ever hear of a citizen pleading with the County Commissioners *not to improve* the roads to his property? Dr. John C. Johnson has done all of these things. The request for nonimprovement of roads was made by Dr. Johnson because he feared that good roads might bring a swarm of non-understanding, careless sightseers into an area which he knew must be kept a wilderness if it were to serve his purpose as a laboratory for the study of biology.

Following is the story of how one man, almost single-handedly, launched a dream in an old Colorado ghost town, and then with the aid of his family and friends, gradually developed the dream into reality. Today the Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory on the site of old Gothic, about eight miles from Crested Butte, which Dr. Johnson founded, has an international reputation. It has just received a grant of \$22,225 from the National Science Foundation of Washington, D. C., to be used during a period of approximately two years for an "Undergraduate Research Participation Program."

Dr. Johnson recently retired as Professor of Biology and Chairman of the Division of Science at Pennsylvania State College at Edinboro, Pennsylvania, and has established his home in Denver. As a member of the State Historical Society of Colorado he made available to Dr. Robert L. Stearns, a member of the Board of Directors of the Society, the manuscript which we are pleased to publish in this issue of *The Colorado Magazine*.

Dr. Johnson, President of the Corporation and Board of Trustees of the Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory, is a native of Colorado, a graduate of Colorado State College, Greeley. He holds M.S. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of California, and has done post-doctorate study at Columbia and Harvard Universities. Dr. Johnson was Dean of the College and Professor of Biology (1919-1928), and Vice President (1927-1928) of Western State College, Gunnison, Colorado, before joining the faculty at Pennsylvania State College. He has held many honorary positions, including membership in Beta Beta Beta, the National Honor Biological Society. He is a member of Sigma Xi and a number of scientific associations, including the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Society of Parasitology, the Colorado Archaeological Society, the Colorado-Wyoming Academy of Sciences (charter member, 1926), and others. He is the author of a college Biology Textbook and a number of research papers. Dr. Johnson is listed in *American Men of Science*, *Leaders in American Science*, *Who's Who in American Education*, and *Leaders in Education*.—Editor.

Many persons have repeatedly requested that I write a history of The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory¹ "before

¹Chartered by the Secretary of State of Colorado, April 27, 1928, as a non-profit Educational Corporation of College-University rank, including the authority to grant academic degrees.

it is too late." These persons include many of the former instructional staff members, students, research men and women, wives of some of these people, and many friends of the institution.

The writer first saw the beautiful area and townsite of Gothic², in July, 1919. The Gothic Area³ immediately impressed him as a region rich in both fauna and flora, far above anything he had seen elsewhere in Colorado. This richness in plant and animal life is doubtless due largely to the heavy snowfall in winter and the usually abundant rainfall during most of the summer months.

During the next eight years I visited the Gothic Area several times a year, often accompanied by a few automobile loads of undergraduate and graduate majors in Biology from Western State College at Gunnison, Colorado, of which I was a faculty member. The college was some thirty-six miles south of Gothic.

The President of Western State College at that time, Dr. Samuel Quigley (1919-1927), was very friendly to the development of a strong Biology Department. During these eight years the college grew from less than forty to more than five hundred students during the regular college year, and to nearly nine hundred during the summer session. Quite a number of these students were Biology majors and minors.

Beginning with the summer session of 1922, and extending through 1927, the Biology Department of Western State College was expanded from two to five faculty members during the summer; also, a considerable number of courses were added, particularly on the graduate level. Students majoring in Biology were attracted from a number of states as far east as Ohio. The Bachelor's and Master's degrees were granted in the Biological Science Field, primarily in Parasitology and Field Botany.

It was during these six years that the conviction grew in

²Gothic, Gunnison County ghost town, once a gold and silver mining camp of several hundred population. Founded in 1879 by Samuel Wail, the town was incorporated as Gothic City on July 17, 1879. It was probably named for Gothic Mountain, at the foot of which it lies; the mountain was so named because its crest suggested a Gothic-styled building.—*The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, No. 2 (March, 1941), 65. According to Eberhart, *Guide to the Colorado Ghost Towns and Mining Camps*, Rev. Ed., pp. 305-306: "Gothic also served as a supply, transportation, and smelting center. The city had two schools and three sawmills working to capacity, two big hotels known as the Olds and the Bums, two 'real' doctors, two lawyers, two big dance halls and plenty of saloons. . . . According to W. S. Ditto, postmaster at Gothic during the boom days, the transient population reached 8,000 to 10,000 persons. The 'permanent' population was about 2,000.—J.C.J.

³The so-called "Gothic Area" comprises about half million acres of virgin territory, almost uninhabited. There are numerous high mountains, rivers and streams, lakes, bogs, swamps, mountain and alpine meadows and regions of perpetual snow. The extreme range in elevation (8,000 to 14,000 feet) makes a great diversity in fauna and flora and offers examples of many different ecological communities.—1958 *Bulletin* of the R.M.B.L.

my mind that there really was need for a strong independent Biology Field Laboratory in the high Colorado Rockies. A number of large, important, and unspoiled ecological areas were discovered extending in almost every direction from the Western State College campus. The most promising and most beautiful of these ecological areas was around the former "booming," silver-mining townsite of Gothic, at an elevation of 9,500 feet, in the Elk Mountains of Western Colorado. Not only was the plant and animal life there exceedingly abundant but it proved to be extremely rich in the number of different species, due largely to abundant moisture and the great variation in altitude.

During the spring of 1928, I decided to accept the position as Professor of Biology and Chairman of the Division of Science at Pennsylvania State College at West Chester, but with



Gothic, Gunnison County, 1880.

the understanding with the President of that college that I could return each summer, if I so desired, to be the Director of a Biology Field Station that I expected to organize in the high Colorado Rockies. This field laboratory would be *primarily* for advanced students of Biology, Botany, and Zoology in the universities, colleges, and other institutions of learning, including high school Biology teachers, and qualified research men and women of the United States and Canada.

Since the Gothic Area seemed to be such a fine region for both botanists and zoologists, and almost virgin territory for research work, the chance to organize and to develop such a Biology Field Station in the Rockies seemed very intriguing and worthwhile. It was truly a great opportunity for testing academic training and managerial skill. (This is just what the writer wanted, but if he had known the difficulties ahead he now wonders if he would have had the courage to try.)

With the proposed Field Station in mind, I took an automobile journey of some twenty-four hundred miles, during the months of March and April of 1928, through five states—Colorado, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, and Kansas. I visited the Biology, Botany, and Zoology Departments in the universities and colleges to see if I could interest and enlist members of the instructional staffs in such a project. (Of course, the Biology instructional staffs in all the universities and colleges of the entire United States and Canada, and their advanced Biology students, would also be welcome.) It was hoped that some would carry on their own research, mostly on high-altitude fauna and flora. It was even hoped, from the very beginning, that some foreign biologists might want to come and do research on appropriate high-altitude problems of the Rockies. A few have done so. No doubt many others will.

At each of the many universities and colleges visited in these five states, the writer offered the faculty members of the Biology, Botany, and Zoology Departments the opportunity to join this proposed nonprofit, educational institution which was to be devoted to advanced study and research in Biology and related subjects.

It was proposed to call this laboratory The Rocky Mountain Biological Station. The name was changed officially in 1930, to "The Corporation of the Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory at Gothic." However, for thirty years it has been known by the shorter title of "The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory."

The writer agreed to be responsible for *all finances* involved, such as for funds needed to furnish living quarters, dining hall, laboratories, to pay the instructional staff, to print and mail the annual bulletin announcing courses, facilities, and expenses, and to meet all other necessary expenses until such a time as the "other members" of this proposed

field laboratory might want to assume the financial responsibilities themselves. The "other members" of this proposed non-profit educational corporation were asked only to risk their reputations in associating with the writer, and occasionally to be on the instructional staff, if needed.⁴

At most of the universities and colleges visited, some interest was expressed by the Biology, Botany, and Zoology faculty members, and particularly by members of the Zoology Department of the University of Oklahoma. Dr. and Mrs. A. Richards⁵ and Dr. A. O. Weese were the first to indicate firmly that they would like to be a part of such an organization, if it could be legally organized and if it showed signs of becoming and remaining financially solvent. The former was the Head of the Zoology Department and an outstanding embryologist and cytologist; the latter was one of the first great ecologists of the United States. At that time the writer was Professor and Chairman of the Biology Department, Dean of the College, and Vice President of Western State College of Colorado.

The net result of the extended journey through five states seemed reasonably encouraging, so that I decided to risk what money I had and could borrow to start this scientific adventure. I was particularly fortunate in obtaining the services of a long-time friend and scholar, Attorney Clifford H. Stone, a native of Gunnison County, Colorado, and a graduate of the University of Colorado's Law School at Boulder, who *donated* his services to the cause by setting up the Articles of Incorporation of this nonprofit, educational corporation, and in procuring the Charter from the Secretary of State of Colorado, which included among its powers the right to grant academic degrees if it ever seemed desirable.

The five original incorporators on April 27, 1928, were: Dr. A. Richards, Professor of Zoology and Head of the Zoology Department, University of Oklahoma; Dr. L. A. Adams, Professor of Zoology, University of Illinois; Dr. A. O. Weese, Professor of Zoology, University of Oklahoma; Mrs. Vera Adams Johnson, Gunnison, Colorado; and Dr. John C. Johnson, Professor of Biology and Head of Department, Western State College of Colorado.

Between the date of incorporation and the opening of the first summer session, June 25, 1928, there was great activity. A fine instructional staff was secured, *all* with the Ph.D. degree, to give the Biology courses offered; a bulletin (3,500 copies) was printed announcing courses, expenses, and other

⁴ At the end of the tenth year the "other members" of the Corporation voted to assume part of the financial obligations by repayment to the writer of some of the money he had invested. At the end of the twenty-sixth year all of the money he had invested up to that time (1954) was returned to him.

⁵ It seems that Dr. and Mrs. A. Richards and I are the only persons living who have taken an active part in the development of this laboratory from the very beginning in 1928.

pertinent information, and sent to every college and university Department of Biology in the United States and Canada, and to the high school Biology Departments in most of the larger cities.

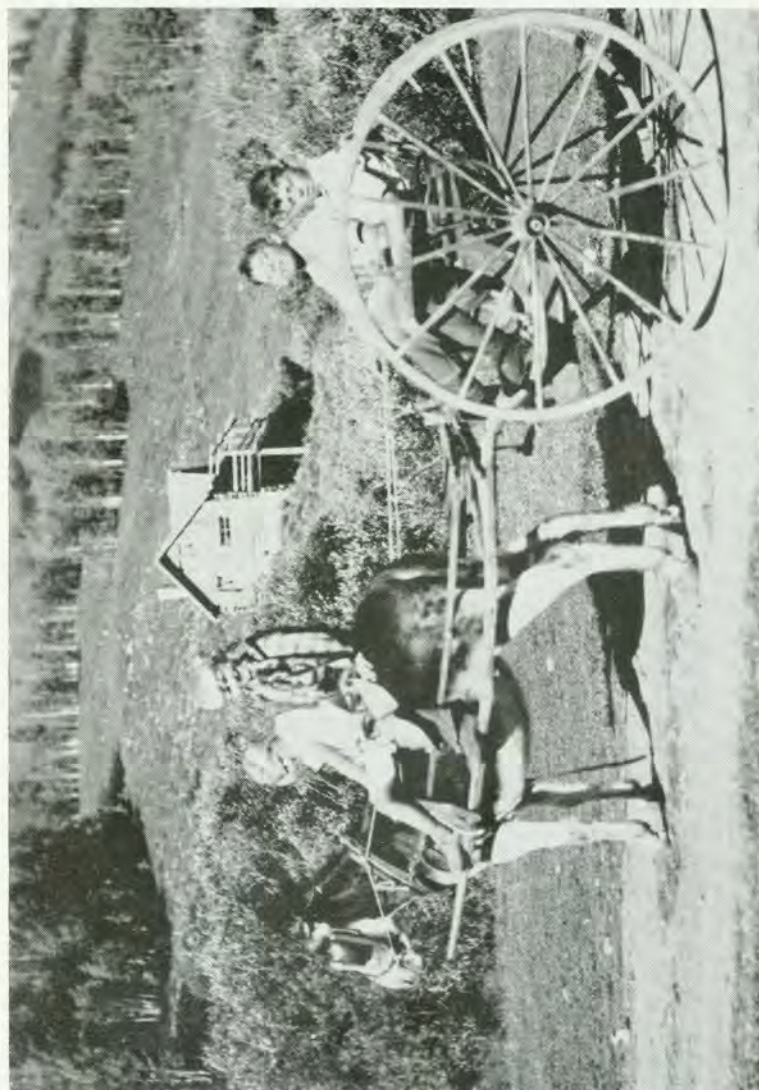
During these same weeks the women of the Johnson household—wife, wife's mother, and wife's sister (Mrs. Vera Adams Johnson, Mrs. Clarence Adams, Mrs. Ashton Winslow)—were busy almost day and night making curtains and draperies for the student and faculty cabins, the dining hall and kitchen, and even making quilts for the double beds then used. The four Johnson children, Clarence, Lawrence, John, Jr., and Clea Marie, contributed greatly to the Laboratory throughout many years by spending hundreds of hours doing the chores of the institution, such as chopping and carrying wood and coal to the cabins and kitchen, carrying water to same (before there was plumbing of any kind), filling kerosene lamps, and carrying and hauling furniture and equipment in their donkey cart and wagon. Perhaps their most appreciated service was helping the Director open up the laboratories and cabins, before the session began, and closing up of same, before there was any money in the treasury to pay for doing these menial chores. This opening and closing required about three weeks each summer.

A number of abandoned cabins at Gothic, dating from the boom times of the 1880's, were repaired for living quarters for staff and students. An old abandoned hotel was converted into the first laboratory, library, office room, storage room, living quarters for students, dining room, and kitchen.

Beds, cots, mattresses, pads, wood stoves, tables, chairs, oil lamps, mirrors, pails, wash basins, pitchers, blankets, pillows, pillow cases, and other necessities had to be obtained for each cabin, as well as the necessary books and equipment to be used in coursework. In addition, each member of the instructional staff brought from his university or college some much-needed reference books and reprints for the courses, and some equipment.

Fortunately, the writer's father-in-law, Mr. Clarence D. Adams, owned a furniture store in Gunnison, and offered to supply at actual cost all the equipment needed to furnish the living quarters. Without this great financial assist it might not have been possible for the writer to have financed the heavy expense of getting The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory started.

The old abandoned hotel mentioned above, although soundly built in 1880, required much repairing in 1928, because of deterioration and abuse during the decades of vacancy. Almost every window in this twenty-two room hotel had been broken by vandals. The doors sagged, and the roof leaked so badly that it had to be recovered completely. A car-



The Johnson Children Performed Many Duties for the Laboratory With Their Donkey and Cart.
Left to right: Clea Marie, John Jr., Clarence and Lawrence (twins)

penter, the writer, and two students worked for weeks on this project. The hotel when built was called the Olds Hotel, but later the name was changed to the Grant Hotel, because Ex-President U. S. Grant stayed there on his visit to Gothic in 1880. (President Grant had let it be known, when in Denver, that he wanted to visit "the wildest, rootiest, tootiest, mining camp" in the state of Colorado. Upon being told that Gothic was unquestionably the mining camp he wanted to visit, he and his party took the train to Salida, the Barlow-Sanderson Stage to Gunnison where he secured horses and wagon, and drove himself almost all the way to Gothic, then about forty miles distant. He was met about a mile from Gothic by a band on horseback, and, of course, treated to a "wild, rootin', tootin' time," for several days. Many are the stories that the writer has heard from the oldtimers who were present at this famous gathering, including tales of the General's ability to hold his liquor well and "never show it." Apparently he was exceedingly well liked by all. He was a real "Grandfatherly Gentleman," according to those present.)

The Grant Hotel, together with its ten-horse stable and four lots, the writer secured from the owner for the magnificent sum of *three dollars*. Mr. Garwood H. Judd, who prided himself on being the Mayor of Gothic (which, indeed he was, during the boom days) and who was the "man who stayed" for over forty years after the "bust" of the silver mining boom days, secured the donation of this hostelry from the owner, then in turn donated it to the writer, because as he, Judd, said "we needed it for our bugology classes." Although the hotel, barn, and lots were a donation, I finally persuaded Mr. Judd to accept three dollars to cover the cost of recording the necessary two deeds in the Gunnison County Clerk's Office, and for the cost of postage stamps and writing paper. This building, as stated previously, served in many ways for eleven years but was torn down in 1940 because it became unsafe.

A two-story, slab-covered building was rented from Mr. Judd, who claimed he was caretaker of this, and other buildings in Gothic, that were owned by the Dissette Estate of Cleveland, Ohio. The elder Mr. Dissette constructed this building about 1914, during the short second "boom" in mining at Gothic, for an office, assay room, small smelter for testing ores, and for living quarters upstairs. He also built nearby a large ore-crushing and separating mill, and a large receiving orehouse. The latter was first converted into a dormitory, and finally, about 1946, into a laboratory for Ecology and Field Botany courses. The two-story slab building at first served as a dormitory upstairs, with the downstairs used as a laboratory, and as living quarters for one of the married instructional staff members.

Wherever possible, building materials at hand were used.

The dining hall tables and benches were made mostly from the better boards from some of the old buildings as they were torn down for firewood for the cabins and kitchen, and from trees cut from the surrounding Gunnison National Forest. The kitchen and laboratory stoves, cooking utensils, dishes, and silverware were furnished from the Johnson home in Gunnison.



Water Carrier-Director J. C. Johnson in the Laboratory's Early Days

continued as such for thirty years. Dr. Richards held the position of President for ten years; and Dr. Weese for the following sixteen years.

The first and second summer sessions of this Rocky Mountain Biological Station were so successful that the officers of this nonprofit, educational corporation decided to approach the Gunnison County Commissioners to see if the whole almost-deserted townsite of Gothic could be purchased. This was accomplished by our officers by paying the required back taxes of about *two hundred dollars*. The townsite, in 1880, had been

The first meeting of The Rocky Mountain Biological Station was called to order by John C. Johnson, on July 14, 1928. He was made Temporary President, and Dr. A. O. Weese made Temporary Secretary. After much discussion concerning the probable worth-whileness of the venture, the following officers were elected: Dr. A. Richards, President (University of Oklahoma); Dr. L. A. Adams, Vice President (University of Illinois); Attorney Clifford H. Stone, Secretary (Gunnison, Colorado); Dr. A. O. Weese, Treasurer (University of Oklahoma); and Dr. John C. Johnson, Director, who contin-



Top: Gothic Townsite with new Laboratory (1934)
Middle: Closeup of Olds (Grant) Hotel Being Made Into Laboratory.
Bottom: Old Mill and Flume—later torn down.



TOWN HALL, GOTHIC, BUILT IN 1880
Remodeled into Dining Room for R.M.B.L.

carefully laid out into blocks and lots, and comprised about seventy acres. The purchase price included some twenty-two old buildings in various stages of decay. Except for the old Grant Hotel, mentioned above, the most prominent of these buildings were the town hall (still standing), two livery stables (one still standing), the first mayor's home (first cabin built in Gothic) made of logs, an attorney's home (still standing), and the old school house. Most of these buildings were torn down as needed to repair other buildings, for firewood, and for other uses. During the late 1950's some 180 additional acres were purchased so that the "campus" of the Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory now comprises about two hundred and fifty acres, which should be ample room for additional laboratories, cabins for students, and homes for instructional staff and research workers. At this writing, May, 1960, there are some thirty buildings on Laboratory property. Some twelve of these are small student or instructional staff cabins. Fifteen are cabins of faculty or research personnel; one, the Director's residence. Three are laboratories used in coursework and biological research; and one is a dining hall. Probably another laboratory will be built in 1960, from a grant received from the National Science Foundation.⁶

Although many difficult, practical problems in organizing and financing the Laboratory arose, there were some very encouraging aspects. From the very beginning the Dissette Estate, of Cleveland, Ohio, has been most cooperative, allowing its property to be used, if the buildings were kept in repair by the Laboratory. The finest relationship has always existed between the spokesmen of the Dissette Estate, first by Mr. George C. Dissette, and a generation later by Mr. T. K. Dissette, his nephew, I believe. We sincerely thank all the Dissettes concerned for this fine cooperation and service to the biologists of the nation.

Likewise, from its founding The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory has always received the finest cooperation and encouragement from the United States Forest Service. This includes the District Forester and his assistants, whose offices are in Denver, and every Supervisor of the Gunnison National Forest, and every Ranger in charge of the Gothic-Crested Butte District. Particularly, long-time Ranger Clifford Chappell should be thanked for the many kindnesses and assists to every member of the Laboratory—students, instructional staff, research workers, and in particular, to the Director.

Similarly the officers of the Colorado Game and Fish Department have been most helpful, especially the Director, Mr. Thomas L. Kimball, and the Chief of the Education Divi-

⁶This was completed in June, 1960.

sion, Mr. Con D. Tollman. Many other officers and game wardens have also rendered much appreciated assistance.

The Commissioner of Education of Colorado, and his assistants, have also greatly assisted the Laboratory, principally through the distribution of the annual bulletin announcing courses and other facilities to qualified teachers, and through encouraging them to enroll in the Laboratory's Conservation Education courses.

Although implied in several of the above paragraphs, I wish to emphasize the continuous helpfulness of the Gunnison County Commissioners throughout more than three decades; this includes *every* Commissioner during these many years. In addition to the many courtesies extended, we should mention particularly that these men have often been responsible for removal in the spring of large and deep drifts of snow on the road from Crested Butte to Gothic, primarily for the benefit of the R.M.B.L. personnel.

Very special thanks should also be given to many of the administrative officers of the universities and colleges of Colorado. Particular thanks should be given to the Head of the Department of Biology, University of Colorado, the Head of the Zoology Department of Colorado State University, and of Colorado College, and to the Chairman of the Division of Science and Mathematics of Western State College. We especially appreciate the fine quality of instruction rendered by faculty members from the University of Colorado, the University of Denver, and Colorado State University during the several summer sessions.

Perhaps the most unique things about The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory have been the wonderful spirit and morale that have prevailed throughout the years, and the excellence of the instructional staff. From the very first year *every member* of the instructional staff has held the Ph.D. or Sc.D. degree and has occupied a good position in some university or college. Each course has always been taught by a highly qualified person in that field.

Among the notable members of the instructional staff have been Dr. and Mrs. A. Richards, Dr. A. O. Weese, Dr. J. Teague Self, Dr. Paul B. Sears, Dr. A. I. Ortenberger, Dr. A. S. Foster, Dr. George L. Cross, and Dr. David E. Parmelee, all from the University of Oklahoma; Dr. William A. Weber, University of Colorado; Dr. Moras L. Shubert, University of Denver; Dr. Mary Howe Schott, Colorado State University; Professor A. E. Beardsley, Colorado State College; Dr. B. D. Barclay, Dr. Harriet G. Barclay, and Dr. Albert P. Blair, University of Tulsa; Dr. Edgar T. Wherry, University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Herbert L. Mason, Dr. Mildred E. Mathais, and Dr. Jean H. Langenheim, University of California; Dr. Asa C. Chandler, Rice Insti-



Gothic Mountain (12,646 feet) Towers Above Old Gothic Townsite Now Laboratory

tute; Dr. Reginald D. Manwell, Syracuse University; Dr. George W. Hunter III and Dr. H. B. Sherman, University of Florida; Dr. Harold W. Manter, University of Nebraska; Dr. Frank G. Brooks, Oklahoma City University; Dr. Walter V. Brown, University of Texas; Professor F. B. Isley, Trinity University; Dr. C. Lynn Hayward, Brigham Young University; Dr. Victor H. Dropkin, Roosevelt College; Dr. A. W. Lindsay, Denison University; Dr. David E. Davis, The Johns Hopkins University and Pennsylvania State University; Dr. Francis Trembly, Lehigh University; Dr. Paul T. Wilson, College of Marin, California; Dr. Harold M. Hefley, Panhandle A. & M. College, Oklahoma; Dr. William H. Emig, University of Pittsburgh; Dr. John A. Sealander, University of Arkansas; Dr. Robert K. Enders, Swarthmore College; Dr. Herbert A. McCullough, Howard College; Dr. Norman H. Russell, Arizona State University; Dr. Edgar Anderson, Missouri Botanical Garden; Dr. William K. Baker, University of Chicago; Dr. A. H. Sturtevant, California Institute of Technology. Dr. A. N. Murray, University of Tulsa, also taught an excellent field course in Geology for Biologists one summer.

There have also been some outstanding research personnel, including Dr. C. E. McClung, University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Palm, University of Upsala, Sweden; Dr. and Mrs. John F. Pelton, Butler University; Dr. Charles L. Remington, Yale University; Dr. Herbert W. Levi, Harvard University; Dr. Edward Novitski, University of Oregon; Dr. Colin S. Pittendrigh, Princeton University; Dr. Dean R. Parker, University of Mississippi and University of California. In addition, several members of the instructional staff named above carried on research at the same time, or during other summer sessions. This is particularly true of Dr. George W. Hunter III, Dr. Harriet G. Barclay, Dr. Jean H. Langenheim, Dr. Reginald D. Manwell, Dr. William K. Baker, Dr. Charles L. Remington, and Dr. A. H. Sturtevant. Dr. Ralph L. Langenheim, Jr., for several summers conducted intensive research on the geology of the Gothic region.

Strange as it may seem, the matter of securing a good cook for the dining hall was often the most difficult problem the Director had to face, except for the seven years, 1953-1959, when Mrs. Louise Ward, Food Service Department, University of Oklahoma, was in charge. Her praises cannot be sung too loudly. Fine gifts were freely given to her each summer by students, research men and women, and instructional staff.

Even the briefest history of R.M.B.L. would not be complete without mentioning Joe Savoy, a miner from Crested Butte, Colorado, and his wife, Mary Savoy. Not only did Joe, almost single-handedly, cut the timbers and logs in the Gunnison National Forest to build the Director's home, the Barclay

home, and part of the Richards (Murray) home, but he also secured the logs and built the large Vera Adams Johnson Research Laboratory. He was the repair man for more than ten years and, along with his wife, the general handy man and woman of the camp. His ability to play the accordion at campfires, dances, and other social affairs was greatly enjoyed by all.

Nor should the kindly businessmen of Crested Butte be omitted, particularly the Philip Yaklich and "Fritz" Yaklich families who have furnished milk to the R.M.B.L. for three decades, and have done many services for the Laboratory; Mr. William D. Gilbert and the late Mr. R. C. Vaughn, Managers of the C. F. and I. Corporation store (who even delivered telegrams free to personnel at Gothic, some eight miles distant); "Bill" Whalen and "Tony" Mihelich of the Crested Butte Hardware Company; and the Verzuh family, father and sons; "Rudy," the postmaster, and "Mike," the insurance man, who never tired of helping anyone from the R.M.B.L. In fact, it seemed that almost every person in Crested Butte tried to show how much he appreciated having the R.M.B.L. close-by, summer neighbors.

As might be expected, the matter of financing the R.M.B.L. has been difficult throughout the years. For nineteen years this was perhaps not very evident to the instructional staff and students, since by agreement with the first Board of Trustees, the Director assumed all financial responsibility. Even the cost of printing and mailing the annual bulletin to the colleges, universities and high school Biology Departments was a problem, since there was never much money in the treasury. Membership dues of two dollars per person yielded very little because at first the membership was very small. The writer had to supply the money in February for the bulletin, and no return could be expected until August. However, in some way the bills were always paid.

At the end of most summers, the balance in the treasury was about three or four hundred dollars (one summer it was less than three dollars). This money was always used to build another student cabin, repair a laboratory or cabin, add to the much-needed equipment in the laboratories or dining hall, construct a shower-house-laundry, or purchase special items such as a portable electric generator. For the first twenty-two years the R.M.B.L. had only oil and gasoline lamps for illumination. In 1950, after saving all "profits" for two summers, a secondhand generator of 3,000-watt capacity was purchased, and was used for five summers. Faculty members present in 1950 even dug the post holes and strung the electric wires to the cabins, laboratories, and dining hall. One was an excellent electrician; and another, a fine plumber. The present com-

mercial electric system was installed from grants received in 1955, from the National Science Foundation and from contributions by the Rural Electrification Association.

Not until the Laboratory was more than a quarter century old did it receive a donation or grant of any kind from a corporation or foundation, although much effort was expended in this direction. It can truly be said that the R.M.B.L. was



Top: Pre-lab Group From Western State College Visits Gothic
Bottom: Gothic Pioneers—Mrs. Green Bayfield and Children (Mrs. Bayfield was married at Gothic in 1881).

made possible and existed almost solely financially from the salaries that the instructional staff and the director *did not get*. And all persons gave their services very willingly, believing that they were building a much-needed, high-altitude Field Laboratory, not only for the students from their own university and college classes, but also for the students and research men and women that would follow for many years.

The Board of Trustees has always had in mind keeping the expenses of those attending The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory at the lowest possible figure so that young biologists could afford to come and take advantage of the most unusual opportunities offered. For the first nineteen years no member of the instructional staff, nor the director, received a dime for his summer's services, but board and a furnished cabin for himself and wife.

Even now and during recent summers, the financial reward is small, indeed, about the equivalent of travel expenses to and from the R.M.B.L., or board for himself and wife and a furnished cabin. However, this arrangement has proved very attractive to first-class biologists since each instructor teaches only one class, taking one full day, one-half day, plus three arranged hours per week. Thus four or five days during the week are free for research, writing, and/or recreation.

No doubt among the great attractions toward being on the instructional staff of the R.M.B.L. are the wonderful scenery and climate of the Gothic area in summer. Most of the days are bright, sunny but cool, seldom getting above eighty degrees. Then the chance to associate closely with other biologists—students, instructional and research personnel—from other universities and colleges in many states is truly an unusual opportunity. Friendships made here seem to be lasting. Many students have claimed they learned more Biology in the six-weeks session at the Laboratory than during a typical semester at the colleges and universities from which they came.

When the R.M.B.L. was chartered and organized in 1928, there were only four faculty members, representing only three universities and colleges—the University of Oklahoma, the University of Illinois, and Western State College of Colorado. At this writing, May, 1960, there are more than fifty institutions represented. These include some *twenty state universities*, ranging from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania in the East to California and Oregon in the West, from Wisconsin and Illinois in the North to Texas and Florida in the South. Some of the best endowed institutions are also represented, among them Cornell, Harvard, Syracuse, Yale, Tulsa, Lehigh, Swarthmore, Princeton, Chicago, Dartmouth, Wellesley, Stanford, Columbia, Denver, Butler, Oklahoma City, and Amherst.

Since the first year, weekly seminars on pertinent biological topics have been held, as well as many gatherings

where other topics were discussed and colored slides or movies shown. Quite often large and small picnics were held, usually around a campfire, along roaring mountain streams, in fir and spruce forests, on mountain sides or tops, or at numerous other near-by attractive places. Memories still linger of these delightful experiences.

Undoubtedly the most outstanding single event, after the first organizational meeting, was the 25th Anniversary Celebration in 1952. There were two important sessions for presentation of papers on the day of the Celebration—one in the morning, presided over by Dr. Gordon Alexander, Head of the Biology Department, University of Colorado; and the other, in the afternoon, presided over by Dr. E. Raymond Hall, Chairman of the Zoology Department and Director of the Museum of Natural History at the University of Kansas. At noon a mountain trout picnic dinner was served to all resident and visiting biologists, their families, and other friends of the Laboratory. A crowd of about eighty was expected, although it was hoped that a hundred might attend. Actually one hundred and forty were served as much mountain trout as they could eat, together with all the fixings that go with such a feast. Over 100 pounds of trout were caught, just for this event, by Ranger Clifford Chappell and citizens of Crested Butte, and donated to the Laboratory.

The writer has been credited both unofficially and officially as the founder of The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory.⁷ Even though this may be so, yet in a larger sense no one person can found a thriving institution. The very warp and woof of the R.M.B.L. is made up of scores of persons who have given freely and willingly of their time, their academic skill, and long hours of hard work often of a very menial kind. Certainly I would be careless if I failed to emphasize the hard work and devotion of Dr. and Mrs. A. Richards, of Dr. and Mrs. A. O. Weese, of Dr. B. D. Barclay and Dr. Harriet G. Barclay, of Dr. J. Teague Self, of Dr. A. N. Murray, of Dr. George W. Hunter III, of Dr. John Pelton, of Dr. Reginald D. Manwell, of Dr. Mary Howe Schott and Dr. Ralph G. Schott, and of Dr. Charles L. Remington. Nor would it be proper to not mention the hard work and planning of my former wife, Mrs. Vera Adams Johnson, for five years until her passing, without thought of personal reward.

It would be impossible to measure the contributions of my present wife, Mrs. Mildred Fischer Johnson, to the Laboratory through a period of twenty-six years. Not only has she contributed thousands of hours of the hardest labor and the finest planning, but also that quality of refinement and morale

⁷ See: Minutes of Annual R.M.B.L. Corporation meetings, July 14, 1928, and August 2, 1957.



John C. Johnson, Jr., c. 8 years old.
He is now Dr. John C. Johnson, Jr., Acting Head of the Department of
Biology, Kansas State College, Pittsburg, and Administrative Assistant of the
R.M.B.L.



John C. Johnson, Jr., 3½ years of age.

He is now Dr. John C. Johnson, Jr., Acting Head of the Department of
Biology, Kansas State College, Pittsburg, and Administrative Assistant of the
R.M.B.L.

felt by every student, research worker, and member of the instructional staff.

Purposely I have said almost nothing concerning those persons contributing so much to the life and development of The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory at the present moment, notably the new Director of the Laboratory, Dr. Robert K. Enders, his Administrative Assistant, Dr. J. C. Johnson, Jr., officers and members of the Board of Trustees, Chairmen of Committees, and several other persons. The great contributions of these men and women are just beginning and



OFFICERS OF THE R.M.B.L. IN 1952

Left to Right: Dr. A. O. Weese, President (1937-1954); Dr. John C. Johnson, Director for 30 years, President, 1958-date; Dr. B. D. Barclay, Vice President for several years.

so will be left for future writers to appraise more accurately and fully.

I wish to express my thanks to the scores of individuals who have contributed so much to the organizing and development of The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory during the first one-third century of its existence, and particularly to those who so loyally supported me as the Director for more than three decades. Since this is only "A Brief History of The Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory," many names have been omitted that will appear in a more detailed history that is planned in a year or two. To make certain that this fuller history will be accurate as can be, and will emphasize the right things, I *would greatly appreciate* hearing from as many persons as possible. No doubt mistakes of both commission and omission have been made herein, and I will be happy to correct them.

Reminiscences of William Carroll Riggs

William Carroll Riggs, one of the pioneers of Las Animas County, knew southern Colorado and northern New Mexico during turbulent days. He freighted with ox teams, ran a sawmill, and ranched. He joined fellow cowboys in an effort to curb cattle rustling at the time Bat Masterson was in Trinidad. Riggs lived the greater part of his life on his BR Ranch in Chicosa Cañon. His grandson, Dan Briggs, still uses the BR brand on his ranch at Westcliffe, Colorado. William Carroll Riggs died May 24, 1924. His granddaughter, Miss Mary E. Riggs, of Trinidad, recently sent the following reminiscences to *The Colorado Magazine*, and has indicated that there may be more in the future, when she has completed transcribing her grandfather's diaries. —Editor.

I, William Carroll Riggs, was born in Stone County, Arkansas, September 15, 1856. My father and mother, John and Jane Riggs, moved to Bell County, Texas, in 1857, and for about one year resided in the vicinity of Three Forks and Little River.

In 1858, we moved to the northwestern part of the county, settled on Post Oak Creek, about a mile and a half east of the Sugar Loaf Mountain, which is in Coryell County, Texas.

The family consisted of father, mother, and four children, two girls and two boys—Rhoda Elizabeth, between eight and nine years of age; Margaret Ann, about five; William Carroll, past two; and John Roland, a nursing infant.

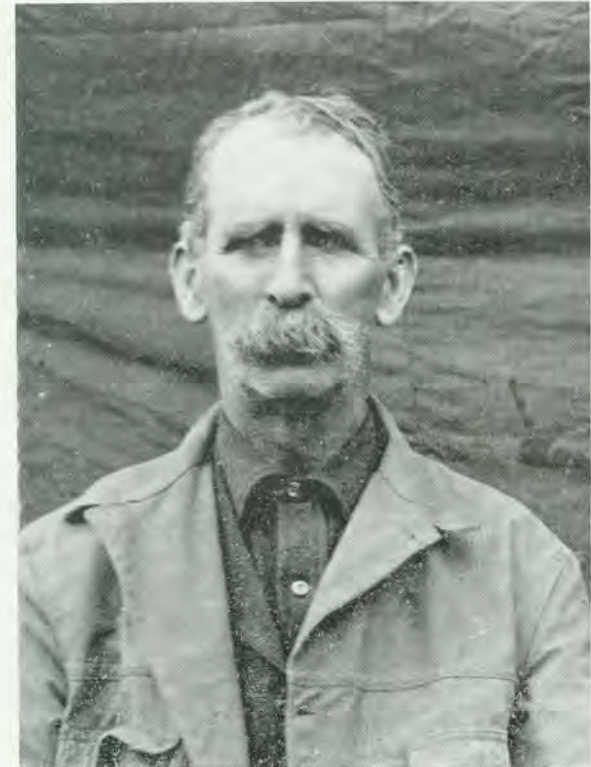
On the morning of March 16, 1859, my father and David Elms, a boy about twelve years of age, started to a cedar brake with an ox team to get poles for improvement purposes. When about a quarter of a mile northeast, but in view of the house, they met a band of Comanche Indians.

My father, thinking they were friendly, wished to shake hands with them, but they began beating him with strips of rawhide, which they carried for riding purposes. He, by dodging and running, made his escape and while on his return to the house, met his brother, Thomas Riggs, who was riding a young unbroken horse. My mother, seeing them coming, went to meet them.

My father told her the other men in sight were Indians, intent on murder, and when the house was reached, several efforts were made to place me on the horse with my uncle, but to no avail. The horse would move out of reach, so my mother told Uncle Tom to go for help, for they had no weapons with which to defend themselves. Uncle Tom first told Ambrose Lee, who lived about a mile away, of our peril and he, going to his house from the field where he was working, took his gun and started to the rescue, but too late.

For immediately after my uncle's departure, my parents decided to go to Ambrose Lee's place for safety, and when about two hundred yards from the house, they were surround-

ed by that hideously painted and yelling band of demons, who commenced piercing my father with arrows from their bows, while he extracted and threw some of them back, hurling rocks with which the ground was covered. He tried to defend himself and family, until death ended his struggle. My mother,



William Carroll Riggs

resisting all effort to capture and carry her away, was lanced and left dead within a few feet of her husband.

Rhoda and Margaret were placed upon horses and taken away; our house was robbed, feather beds being dragged from the house and ripped open, the cold wind, which was blowing that day, decorated the timber for miles down Post Oak Creek with feathers.

Ambrose Lee arrived after the Indians had departed, but were yet in sight. A horrible scene met his gaze, for there in the tall grass he saw an infant crawling over its dead mother, trying to nurse, and my father lying a few feet away. A small boy arose from the thick grass and came towards him, saying his sisters had gone with the Indians.

Ambrose Lee carried John, my brother, while I walked by his side in the road leading to Grandma Pierce's house, about one mile west of the place of murder. Her son, Young Pierce, had been killed by the same band of Indians before they attacked my father and David Elms, whose clothing they took and whipping, released him, when the war-whoop was raised for the killing of my parents.

Many of our household effects were dropped by the Indians while fleeing with my sisters, gathering horses as they went, and killing George Peavyhouse, a young cowboy, near Douglas Mountain, south of Little Nolan Creek, six miles south of Killeen.

After murdering Peavyhouse, the Indians went to the top of Douglas Mountain, to look back over the country through which they had recently passed and seeing cowmen in the distance, fled with their captives and booty. But in their flight, while passing Margaret from one to another, she fell to the ground. Rhoda, seeing this, leaped, but was caught by the arm and dragged, until striking a stump, was torn from her captor's grasp.

When she was sufficiently recovered, she returned to Margaret, and, being without shoes, thinly clad, sore and hungry, they started on their return. On account of grass burrs piercing their feet, progress was slow. Rhoda, at times, carried her sister.

They stayed that night in an abandoned house, six or seven miles from Douglas Mountain. Rhoda removed one of her skirts to protect Margaret from the cold. They huddled in the fireplace until morning, when Captain Damron, the county assessor, found and carried them to his home. They were soon returned to their relatives.

Our parents were buried in one coffin at Sugar Loaf Cemetery near Sugar Loaf Mountain in Coryell County, Texas.

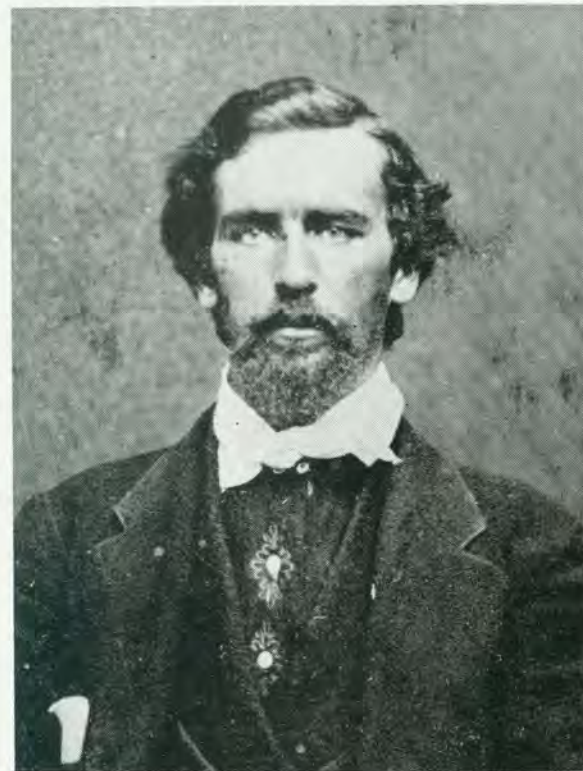
Our grandparents, Thomas and Rhoda Riggs, took us back to their home in Arkansas, near where my sisters and I were born. John, our brother, had been born in Bell County, Texas, November 10, 1858.

During the Civil War, we were again taken to Texas, settling on Daar's Creek in Bell County, where we remained with our grandparents.

On October 16, 1866, our grandfather was drowned in the Medina River, Bandera County, Texas, and shortly after, we moved to the head of Big Indian Creek in Bell County, first stopping on the old Chamberlain place, and then going to the Pierce place. We remained there until October, 1867. Uncle Brannick Riggs then moved us, with our grandmother, to his place near Medina River in Bandera County, where my sisters

were married—Rhoda to A. C. Conover; and Margaret, to J. T. Benton.

On April 15, 1870, Uncle Brannick Riggs and family, consisting of his wife, Aunt Mary, and six children—Thomas J., Rhoda, William W., Martha, Brannick B., and James J., an infant at that time; Uncle James Riggs and wife; Grandmother Riggs, my brother and I; O. T. Clark, and John Hyden, started from Bandera County, Texas, to California.



W. C. Riggs In Younger Days

Near Frederick, Texas, we met P. S. Oatman and family, bound for the same destination, and later, John Hildreth and family intercepted us. Our cattle were pooled and we traveled together for protection against Indians; for at that time there were roving bands all over Western Texas and New Mexico, through which we planned to travel.

Most of us had ox teams, and at night our wagons were formed in a circle for defense in case of trouble, but none came.

At Horseshoe Bend, on the Pecos River, Mr. Hildreth separated his stock from the others and traveled apart from us.

We usually made from ten to fifteen miles a day, often over dry and dusty roads. At night we stood guard around our herds, often through heavy rain storms, with vivid lightning and with the thunder's crash causing many stampedes.

Arrival in Colorado

We crossed the Raton Mountain, through the Sugarite Pass, and made our first camp in Colorado near Barela, on the Swatsel Vega and San Francisco Creek, on July 26, 1870. We ate dinner at the Fisher Crossing on the Purgatoire, July 27, and camped near Hole-In-The-Prairie on the old Goodnight Trail several miles northwest.

We camped on Apishapa Creek several days, moved up near the foot of the mountains, where the public highway now (1920) crosses Road Cañon arroya, and while there decided to abandon our trip to California.

After stopping a few days east of the Black Hills, we drove our cattle down to the vicinity of the Purgatoire Cañon, where O. T. Clark, John Morgan, and I stayed with them, living at the Rock Ranch, which took its name from the overhanging rocks under which we lived. D. L. Taylor at that time had a cattle ranch on Taylor Arroya, two or three miles northeast, and had Thomas Adams in his employ. George R. Lockwood lived several miles north, in Lockwood Cañon; and Isaac Van Brimmer, several miles south, all were in the cattle business.

Late that fall our stock was driven down Lockwood Cañon into the Purgatoire Cañon, where they were wintered. Above the mouth of Lockwood Cañon, we built a five-cornered cabin of cottonwood logs, one end being V-shaped, which we used for a fireplace, leaving a hole in the roof at that end for the smoke to escape.

P. S. Oatman was with us at times. He being a good hunter, we were well supplied with antelope and blacktail deer venison, also wild ducks and turkeys. Game in those times was very plentiful.

The families were moved to the Purgatoire River, near where W. T. Burns, Nathan Blackwell, Oliver Pelton, Joel Dodson, and other American families resided at that time. My uncles, Brannick and Jim Riggs, and P. S. Oatman built adobe houses. Uncle Jim lost his wife before his house was completed. She was the first person buried in what is now known as the Wilcox Cemetery, in that neighborhood.

A schoolhouse was built, and in the summer and fall of 1871, Mr. Steven D. Stout taught the first school in that vicinity. People came for miles to hear the singing, which was taught among other things at our school, as one of Mr. Stout's hobbies was vocal music.

Uncle Jim located a ranch in the mountains, near the head of Road Cañon; and Uncle Brannick, near the headwaters of

Bonito Cañon. To these places we moved later, following the sawmill business, making lumber and shingles, and raising cattle and horses.

During the winter of 1872-1873, we opened a coal mine in a tributary of Road Cañon, in Section 11, Township 32S, Range 65 W, and named the cañon, Coal Cañon. (This is erroneously called Bear Cañon. Bear Cañon is the first cañon running southeast of Coal Cañon, the writer naming it after having killed a bear there in May, 1873.)

We sold coal to settlers, and also shipped it to Pueblo, Colorado, by freighters with ox teams. We named Road Cañon, after having made a wagon road in it; and Stock Cañon, for there we first wintered our cattle in the mountains. Wagon roads and trails were made by us in many localities and names given to places, by which they are now known.

The country was not fenced then, as it is now, and people went almost anywhere they pleased. Bands of Ute Indians roamed over this country then, and often camped here to rest and dress their buffalo robes when returning from hunting on the plains in the fall of the year. At such times they would slaughter deer and other small game here, and occasionally kill our cattle.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railway was built to El Moro and Engleville in the spring and summer of 1876, and hundreds of ox teams freighted south from El Moro. Uncle Jim Riggs, with his second wife and family, went to Arizona that fall.

In the winter of 1876-77, my brother, John, was married to Rosetta E. Darling. In July, 1877, Uncle Brannick and family, except Thomas J., moved to Arizona. Pat Beirne and Pat Cashen went with them, and in August, the same year, Grandmother Riggs and I moved to my present ranch in Chicosa Cañon. The next spring she went to Bell County, Texas, where she died in January, 1881, and was buried in the Mann Cemetery at Cornhill, Williamson County, beside her oldest son, William Carroll Riggs.

My brother, John, and his wife and baby, Thomas J., lived on my ranch, milking cows and making butter, which was sold to freighters who were hauling ties through the cañon that year. That fall (1877) he went to the San Juan country with his wife's relatives.

My cousin, T. M. Riggs, and I hauled ties with ox teams that summer and fall for the A.T. & S.F. R.R., which was then being constructed. Fred Walsen¹ and Alex Levy had the tie contract, and hundreds of ox teams were hauling.

¹Walsenburg, Huerfano County, was named for Fred Walsen, a pioneer German merchant, who platted the place in 1873. Previously, a primitive village, La Plaza de los Leones, named for Don Miguel Antonio Leon (an early settler of the locality) had grown up on the Cucharas (Spoon) River. The railroad came in 1876 and the consequent development of coal mines in the region promoted the growth of the city.—"Colorado Cities—Their Founding, Origin and Names," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. IX, No. 5 (September, 1932), p. 183.

I had two large white steers, and would haul forty and forty-two ties at a trip, as much as others would pull with from two to four yoke of common oxen. My steers were raised by Isaac Van Brimmer.

Thousands of ties were hauled through the cañon at my place, freighters going to the high hills west for them, and



Top: W. C. Riggs, Brown's Stable, Trinidad.
Bottom: Patrick Beirne and W. C. Riggs at BR Ranch, Chicosa Canon.

taking some of them as far east as Earl Station on the Santa Fe Railroad, and delivering them along the line from there to the Raton Tunnel, where the Santa Fe R.R. first crossed the mountain on a switchback.

T. J. and I bought wagons of Walsen and Levy, and hauling ties from Chicosa Cañon, Colorow Cañon, and Chicken Creek, we paid for them.

In June, 1879, he and I went to Arizona, horseback. Charles Burton and his family stayed on the ranch. We had three horses, two for riding purposes, and one to carry our camp equipment, consisting of bedding, provisions, three pairs of chain hobbles with strong iron legbands, lined with leather, and extra stout locks with which to fasten them on our horses. Each horse had a front and hind foot fastened together when our saddles and pack outfit were removed. But the most important part of our equipment comprised our six-shooters and cartridges. Each of us had a large and small pistol, and between us, twenty-five pounds or more of ammunition.

Our sleeping places were unknown to others, for stopping before night we would, from appearance, make preparations to camp for the night, but after it was dark, would move several miles away, on account of danger from highwaymen who infested the country at that time.

Our route was via Otero, a town at that time located between where Raton now is and the old Clifton House, on Red River, several miles south of Raton; Las Vegas, Old Pecos Church, Santa Fe, Indian Pueblos, Bernalillo, Albuquerque, Laguna in the Navajo country, Zuni, St. John on the Little Colorado River, White Mountains, Camp Apache, Black River, Ash Creek, Gila River near San Carlos, Eureka Springs, Hooker's Ranch in Sulphur Springs Valley, and passing near where the town of Wilcox is now located, we arrived on June 27 at the town of Dos Cabezas, where Uncle Jim Riggs lived.

The next day his stepson, Richard Hudson, went with us to where Uncle Brannick Riggs and family were living in Emigrant Cañon, several miles east of Fort Bowie, and near the San Simon Valley.

Fort Bowie was an old Government Post, located in the Chiricahua Mountains on or near the Old Emigrant Trail in Apache Pass, Arizona. At Dunn Springs, a number of miles east, at Emigrant Cañon, about five miles east, and at and near Fort Bowie, in Apache Pass, Indians would conceal themselves, and murder emigrants, in early days, who would seek water at the springs located at those places, when on their way to California.

It was to Fort Bowie that General Nelson A. Miles brought the notorious Apache Chief, Geronimo, and his band, after they were captured near Fronteras, Mexico, in August, 1886,

and they were shipped to Alabama in stock cars, passing through Trinidad en route, where two of them made their escape and were seen at my ranch.² Fort Bowie was abandoned a few years after that, and is now ruins.

Cousin T. J. and I remained with his father and the family until they were located on Pine Creek in the Sulphur Springs Valley, Cochise County, Arizona, south of Fort Bowie, then on August 6, 1879, we started on our return to Colorado with Sam Jackson and Horace Easley, who had hauled a sawmill to that country for Major Downing, and delivered it on Pinery Creek.

The government sent soldier escorts with us for a day or two as Indians were then raiding the country and murdering the people on the route we had to travel. We were fortunate in escaping Victorio's notorious band between Membris River and Micho Springs.

Some of the places on our road were: Stein's Pass, Raulston, Knight's ranch, a stage station, Old Woman or Cherry Creek, where the inhabitants had recently been murdered, and Silver City. There T. J. and I commenced night herding mules for Jackson to pay for our board, as our money was scarce. Hot Springs, at this place; warm water flows from beneath lava beds and is used for irrigation. Membris River disappears south of where we crossed it. Then we reached Micho Springs. Rio Grande River was struck north of Las Cruces. [Las] Polomas was on the river, where a creek came in from the west. We crossed the Rio Grande several miles above, and then came to Fort McRae, then evacuated.

Across Jornada Del Muerto (the valley of death), a long stretch of dry country where travelers in early days died for want of water, we hauled our water. We passed Paraje, where thousands of blackbirds roost and raise their young in the sloughs and marshy places in the river valleys; Fort Craig and its fortifications were passed after crossing the river. Next was San Marcial, a well-constructed town.

The Battle Field of Valverde was a plateau or table land, where a fierce battle was fought during the Civil War. We passed by San Antonio, Socorro, orchards and vineyards, Hot Springs. No water in the river at that time.

We left the Rio Grande River and crossed a country with low, flat hills and many open valleys and piñon brakes. Passed ancient ruins, cattle and sheep ranches, and crossed the Pecos River at San Jose, where T. J. and I quit night herding mules for Sam Jackson. To this place the Santa Fe R.R. was graded

² In 1886, Geronimo and his small group surrendered to General Nelson A. Miles. It was said that the surrender was made on condition that the braves could join their families in Florida; they were not freed but were imprisoned in Fort Pickens, Florida. Some, among them Geronimo, were later settled in Alabama, then moved to Fort Sill in present Oklahoma.—*The Columbia Encyclopedia*, Second Edition (New York: Columbia University Press, 1950), 770.

at that time. Then in order we traveled through Puerta Cita, Las Vegas, Sapio, Mora, Padre Loma, Fort Union, Sweetwater, Cimarron, Vermejo, Red River, Clifton House, Otero, Wootton's Tollgate, Starkville and Trinidad.



VIEWS OF THE BR RANCH
Top: Original Ranch.
Middle: BR Ranch After Stone House Built.
Bottom: BR Ranch After Purchased by W. E. Riggs.

I arrived at my ranch in Chicosa Cañon, September 5, 1879, having had a varied experience on our travels during that summer. Then T. J. and I began pulling off some more of our sparking stunts, as we had been handled pretty roughly by some of the girls, before leaving for Arizona. We talked the matter over while traveling, and made our selections.

T. J. worked at different sawmills in the mountains. I stayed on the ranch and attended to our small bunches of cattle. That winter being the driest I ever saw in Colorado, in the early summer of 1880, I opened a shop in El Moro for the purpose of selling our stock; but on the night of the Fourth or fifth of July there was heavy rain and I quit the butcher business.

That fall my brother³ returned from the San Juan country, and he and T. J. and Elvin and Yank Osborn bought a small sawmill and set it between my house and the mouth of Timber Cañon.

T. J. sold out to the others early in 1881, and left for Arizona to live with his family. He married there a year or two after, having made a failure in Colorado. On Sunday, May 1, 1881, I was married to Margaret Temperance Blackwell at her father's place near where I lived and went to school in the summer and fall of 1871. My brother and his wife were at our wedding. We returned home together next day through a rain storm, 'til near the mouth of the Chicosa Cañon, where the bright sunshine welcomed us home.

Catching Cattle Rustlers

If my memory serves me rightly, it was in the winter of 1883 that the experience which I here relate occurred. Merced Simpson, a son of the noted pioneer, George Simpson, sent me word to meet him at George Long's place at the mouth of Long's Cañon, as there had been cattle rustling going on in that vicinity, and he was positive he had evidence by which we could run the perpetrators down. I went to George Long's place and there I met Merced, C. O. Palmer, and Henry Petre. There we planned to unearth the cattle stealing which Simpson said was going on there. It was agreed that Simpson and I should go on the west side of Long's cañon a mile south to a place where he had found a cow had been butchered quite recently. Palmer and Petre were to follow up the cañon, and when reaching the house where the supposed rustlers lived, try to ascertain whether there was fresh beef there.

When Simpson and I reached our destination we were not long in finding the meat had been carried toward the suspected house, and soon saw evidence which convinced us

that it was there, as magpies were numerous about the place and were carrying away small pieces of meat. There was a saddled horse in the yard. A man came from the house and tied something to the saddle, mounted and rode away, we intercepting shortly, inquired what he had in the sack. He at first denied, then admitted it was meat, as we could see it through holes in the sack. He went with us down the cañon where we met Palmer and Petre, then going to the house, we asked permission to enter and were granted that privilege by the lady of the house. Passing through two small rooms we entered a larger one which contained racks hung with meat partly cured and fresh. Palmer, Simpson, and I took our man, Juan Dios Tafoya, an old gentleman, and went to Madrid, as he said he had the hide which belonged to the fresh meat we had found. But on arriving at the house, his wife said she had sold the hide to a man who lived in Tijeras, which was at the mouth of Burro Cañon.

Tafoya could not produce the hide at Tijeras, so we decided to have him arrested, and asked Antonio Zena, a Justice of the Peace there, for a warrant. He denied being an officer of the law and referred us to a man at Quirino Suaso's near the mouth of Riley Cañon. When we reached that place we were directed to a large adobe building and conducted through several rooms to one in the rear. There were quite a number of others present and we were told there was no justice there. Palmer and I then told those present we'd take Tafoya to Trinidad, and marched him out of the house where we met Simpson, who was guarding our horses.

It was now late in the evening and getting quite cold, so we went up Long's Cañon to the Butcher Shop, where Petre had been left on guard, and he informed us that a few minutes before our arrival a man had entered the house. I immediately dashed over and around the house but too late, he had made his escape, as footprints in the snow, from fifteen to twenty feet apart, plainly showed. We sent Petre to Trinidad with Tafoya that night and the others remained to hold the place. We put our horses in the little stable, which was constructed of poles set in the ground on end with others put across the top, then fodder on end covering it. Palmer and I climbed on top and worked ourselves down in this fodder to our waists to keep from freezing, as it was stinging cold. We found many pieces of hides in that fodder and threw them down. We kept stamping our feet and pounding our hands to prevent them freezing. About midnight we heard voices and could see faint outlines of men assembled not far away, but no one approached the house, and that miserable night is one to remember.

Jonathan Darling came that night and brought a camping outfit, and then word was sent to cowmen through the moun-

³John Riggs was killed by lightning in the Spanish Peaks area on August 3, 1882.—Mary Riggs.

tains who were on hand promptly and there was something doing. But in the meantime, Palmer, Simpson, and I had taken that foot track in the snow, followed it to near Madrid, where it crossed the river near the mouth of Riley Cañon and Suaso's Place. The footprints we believed to be those of Manuel Valles, proprietor of the Butcher Shop we had taken possession of, and whose wife and two or three little children we found in charge. After losing the foot trail, we went to Lave's Plaza, for Valles had friends and relations there whom we believed would conceal him. We asked permission of the residents to search the place, which was readily agreed to, and I took a position on a hill nearby, which commanded a view of the entire surroundings, while the others began the search, but were stopped after two or three houses were examined. So, after guarding the place two or three nights we abandoned it, and during this time Miguel Lave had moved Valles' wife and children to his house, and the cowboys had absolute charge of the Butcher Shop.

Tafoya's trial came up then and fifteen or twenty of us attended. George Patrick was Justice of the Peace and held his Court in the old Michel Building, which has recently been torn down. Jim Martin defended Tafoya and J. C. Gunter was our attorney, it being his first case in court. Tafoya was bound over to District Court, and his lawyer asked permission of the Court to take him out to find bail, and going down the back stairs they went to a horse concealed in Fisher's Peak arroya, which Tafoya mounted for bail. We soon learned of Jim's trick, and going to Web. Brown's Stable we got in motion. Trinidad witnessed one of her wildest cowboy exhibitions, as that bunch passed up Commercial and out West Main street, marring white shirts and signs with flying mud, with which the streets were filled.

After going out near the Tom Stevens place on the Starkville road we held a consultation, and as it was late in the evening decided to return to town, consult our lawyer, and get our suppers before returning to Long's cañon. We accordingly placed our horses in Brown's Stable again and went to the Columbian Hotel where Gunter was boarding. There was no bank in that building at that time, and we entered the door which leads to that institution now. We all had six-shooters pulled around in front of us. On the corner where the bank building now stands there was at that time an old adobe, at the corner of which were standing high Sheriff Juan Vigil, undersheriff Dave Moore, W. C. Hunn, W. B. (Bat) Masterson, and others. Our bunch consisted of W. H. Wilder, H. D. Albertson, C. O. Palmer, George Brett, J. T. McGown, Henry Petre, Ed Randolph, H. C. Cossum, myself, and others, both parties being well-equipped with Regulators and ready for business,

so the surroundings looked stormy. But after reviewing the situation with Gunter we retired to the Southern Hotel (now the Coronado) for a square meal, to which we all did justice, while every man's gun was in front of him. I wish to say right here I have been ashamed of that act ever since, but it possibly prevented a killing, and we were taking no chances, as we knew who we were up against.

From the Southern we went to W. C. Macumber's, which I believe is where H. B. Brown now does business on Commercial Street, and while making a few purchases there, W. C. Hunn, W. B. Masterson, and others walked in and demanded our guns, which request was refused. After exchanging a few compliments they went out. They returned immediately and insisted that our guns be surrendered, being again resisted, they departed with some reluctance and threats and after being absent a few minutes came again, and in an attitude of bravado told us we couldn't carry those guns in Trinidad; they were informed in return that when we were dead our guns might be surrendered. Now at this time Macumber took a hand, and prevailed on the would-be bad men to again depart, which they did with blood in their eyes breathing maledictions on six-shooter cowboys. On our part there was no intention of injuring or intimidating anyone, although we did not approve of the way Juan Tafoya was gotten out of the hands of the law by Jim Martin and the Hon. Jesus Ma Garcia, our County Clerk at that time.

When we were ready to leave town about 9:30 P.M., we assembled at Brown's, mounting and leaving one at a time, and about one hundred feet apart, passing up Commercial and west on Main Street; some of the crowd giving a few war whoops as we left Trinidad for Long's Cañon, a distance of seven miles, facing a piercing cold wind. The outlook was anything but encouraging. We decided to do all we could to enforce the laws against cattle thieves, and discussed methods of apprehending them as we knew we were in the midst of a bad gang. Merced Simpson gave us much valuable information and assistance, and was thoroughly hated by the rustlers who assassinated him a few years afterwards southwest of Sopris. We learned from him that one Cornelius Van, a half-breed Cherokee Indian and Negro, had lived at our Butcher Shop a year or two before we got possession, and that he evidently knew about much of the crooked work that had been carried on there; so going up to Runnion's Sawmill on Chicken Creek, we found him. Cornelius was a sagacious fellow and suspected our object when we arrived. He was badly affected with rheumatism; but after partaking liberally of "Sheep Dip" forty-rod whisky, which was carried for special occasions, he limbered up, and thought he could ride to our shop. After twisting, rub-

bing, and grunting a while he stood on his feet, and all the mill crew bid him farewell, thinking he would be hanged.

J. B. Hunt mounted Cornelius on his horse and returned to camp on foot. Cornelius became quite communicative on our way back, and looked to me for protection, as I had known him and his father, Johnson Van, an old Cherokee Indian, for many years, Cornelius having worked for my uncles at a sawmill in 1872. We held Court that night at the shop with a view of finding out something in relation to the cattle stealing that had been carried on there. Cornelius was the citadel receiving the bombardment, but he came out with flying colors. At times during the ordeal the perspiration poured from his brow but he could not be turned from the stand he had taken, and at last in despair, J. T. McGown sprang to his feet saying, "Cornelius, you told us just now that you helped Manuel Valles kill that big ox steer that used to run here." The rheumatism had vanished and now standing like a statue, Cornelius turned to me and said, "Mister Riggs, if dis Nigger said dat shoot him, shoot him right in de head." At that instant Ed Randolph's pistol exploded near the back of Gumbo's head and into the dirt roof above, sounding like a cannon in that dismal den. Cornelius, turning around slowly said, "Shoot me again."

After making such a complete failure on Cornelius Van, we turned our attention to Juan Dios Tafoya who was out on horse-bail, having left Judge Patrick's court in Trinidad a few days before. C. O. Palmer gave this his personal attention, and following Tafoya to Vermejo, with the assistance of some of the cattlemen of New Mexico, Palmer soon landed him in jail at Trinidad, but he was released immediately by friends who went at night and removed the grates from the window of his cell, which is part of the room now occupied by our County Court at the present time. The basement of our Court House was our jail then. Now C. O. Palmer was a man hard to turn from his purpose and immediately took up the pursuit again and with the tenacity of a bulldog and assistance of the same men who helped him on the Vermejo, he again rounded up Juan Dios in Taos, New Mexico, and placed him once more in the jail at Trinidad, where he remained till the March term of the District Court. He was then acquitted of cattle stealing.

John Lawrence, "Father of Saguache"

II.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Celia Vigil Rusk of Saguache, Colorado, nine "journals" kept by John Lawrence, an outstanding pioneer of the San Luis Valley, were recently presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado. *The Colorado Magazine* began publication of the first journal (February 28, 1867) in the January, 1961, issue. We now continue the entries.

The following is an exact reproduction of the original. Although there is a sameness to many entries, all have been included to show the daily routine of the Saguache Creek settlers.

In 1868, John Lawrence, in partnership with J. B. Woodson, went north from Conejos, took up land and began ranching along Conejos Creek.

Among the men who accompanied Lawrence to the Saguache area was Juan de Jesus Manchego, who often argued with Lawrence. After such an argument on May 12, Juan evidently decided to take his family and move away.—*Editor*.

May 13, 1867 . . . he [Juan] then left, the particulars I wrote to Woodson in a letter. which I tuck down on the black horse and gave to Mears. It being the first time in my life I ever was on him. Moran made *aseques* [acequias] in his oats. Longino was irrigating a lot of Indian came in about ten oclock & Moran & Longino traded for about nine buckskins. The day was a little windy, but fine but the night before it froze hard.

May 14, " Two of the boys were plowing all day with one ploe Moran & Longino were irrigating their wheat. there were more or less Indians here all day. the day was fine, a little windy about noon.

May 15 " The boys were making *aseques*. Longino was irrigating. Moran was nocking around, but planted a little corn. I was mending my pantaloons & doing nothing, though about night I traded for four buckskins, with wheat & corn. there were indians here nearly all day. The day was extremely windy but looked more like rain than any day this spring, and in fact rained on all sides.

" 16. I was irrigating oats. the boys & Longino made *aseques*. Moran was irrigating wheat there were indians here nearly all day. the day was windy & cloudy.

" 17 " There were indians here all day. I traded for eight *gamusas* [buckskins]. I was also irrigating oats. the boys were making *aseques* & got done all there is to make. Moran was irrigating his wheat. Longino lay in the house all day & done nothing, day windy but cloudy. it raining a few drops during the day. it has now all appearances in the world of rain.

May 18 ". I was, & Finished irrigating the oats in front of the house. Moran finished irrigating his wheat. the two boys were a plowing. & Longino was doing nothing? if entertaining a lot of indians can be called so. the day was windy and cloudy.

" 19 " Longino, Moran, & Gabriel went down below on horseback. Gabriel brought the big bull home when he came. I also went down with the horse team accompanied by Jose Andres got some Sugar, peas, Beans, & powder from Isaah [Young]

May 20, 1867 The boys were plowing with one ploe. Moran planted a little corn on his place. Longino was irrigating his oats. I went on horseback and found Mascarion, two ones [yearlings?] one of them had a calf. I was only gone about an hour in the morning a lot of indians came and stayed untill they got there dinner. In the afternoon I went down to Harris to help him fix up his assessment papers. I stayed there all night. The day was very cold, freezing ice until about nine oclock.

" 21 " I came home about ten oclock and found the boys a plowing with two plows. Moran was helping them. Longino was irrigating the oats. I done nothing the ballance of the day as I did not feel very well. The day was fine, though about night it clouded up and looked vey much like rain, and I bet two buckskins with Moran that it would rain before sun up in the morning. it froze the night before.

" 22 " Plowed all day with two plows. Longino finished irrigating his oats. there were indians here all day. I done nothing but lay around. I lost my two buckskins that I bet with Moran as it did not rain the night before, nor the day after. The day was cloudy & windy.

" 23 " The boys finished plowing about noon. Moran was irrigating his oats all day. Longino was irrigating his wheat down below. I was irrigating wheat all day. in the afternoon Gabriel was harrowing the corn ground. the other boys were helping me fix the *aceques*. Day windy and cloudy.

" 24 " I planted about three acres of corn today one of the boys & Moran irrigated the potatoes Gabriel was harrowing corn ground. Longino went down to the lower ranches. it rained quite a shower a little before dinner. it being the first rain to lay the dust since I came here. the day was cloudy but warm.

" 25 " I planted about seven acres of corn today. Gabriel finished harrowing the corn ground. Moran? well I don't know what he done. The day was very cloudy but warm, looking the most like, as if we were going to have a prolonged rain of any time of the season. it fell a few drops during the day

" 26 " In the morning Nasario Herrera & Francisco Marquez came here and helped me to get the herd together, when we got them together Juan came, and told me that they were all here. I then let the first named have two young cows to milk and the other, after diner I went down to the lower Rancho. I there heard that Longino was going to Conejos to-

morrow with a wagon from hear, and also a lot of other lies he had been telling. I ment to see him when he told that he was going. I then wrote some letters to Woodson in which I told him that in case Longino did come in not to trust him for anything I then came home about dark Longino came when after he had been here sometime I asked him if he was not going to water his wheat before he went. he got very angry and thought that was none of my business. we had quite a quaelr but he finally concluded he would go.

May 27, 1867 Longino started early this morning. I sent two wagons after wood. I also finished planting corn, pumpkins & beens. I am now done planting everything. The day was very cloudy and about noon a little snow fell. the night before it froze hard and snow fell on all sides of me on the mountains.

" 28 " I went with two of the boys and got two loads of polls for corral. Moran comenced and smoked seven buckskins for his pants and coat. The day was cloudy & cold with showers of hail, rain & snow. James Schulz came about dark

" 29 " I went down below on horseback with Schulz. I tuck the two sorrels. the boys went after two loads of polls. they got back about night leaving one wagon in the mountains. Moran smoked twenty buckskins for me for which I am to pay him two & one half dollars. It rained & snowed more or less all day.

" 30 " It snowed very hard all the night before & all the fore part of the day, and I sepose there was near ten inches of snow fell for the ground was covered near six inches this morning. The day was so bad that I done nothing, except to cut out a buckskin pare of pants and work at making them. the boys done nothing. though Jose done some washing this morning, & Gabriel went in the afternoon and caught some trout

" 31 " The boys went & got two loads of polls. I finished by buck " pants. The mountains on all sides are covered with snow it rained a little here this forenoon & yet cloudy.

June 1, 1867 The boys went after polls with two wagons. I & Moran commenced to put up one side of the corral. The day was beautiful.

" 2, " I & Moran went down to the lower ranches, on horseback. nothing of importance transpires. The day was very warm.

" 3, " I & the boys went & got three loads of polls for coral. Moran was making his buckskin pants. The day was warm, though it rained in the mountains & sprinkled a few drops here.

" 4 " The boys went & got two loads of polls and also brought the load that they had left on the road. Moran finished his pants. I cut out three pair of buckskin pants for the boys

and they have commenced making them this evening. This day was warm and beautifull with a few drops of rain about noon. I was around this evening looking at the crops. the oats are up nice, and also the peas. the corn & beans have sprouts about an inch long on them.

" 5 " I, the boys, & Moran went to work & put up the coral. the day was beautifull and warm. there were some indians here during the day and I traded for some buckskins & one beaver

June 6, 1867 In the forenoon the boys withed the coral with rawhide and cleaned it out in the afternoon. I sent three of them to get the stock together and bring it up. they got all the stock into the coral including the horses by sundown. there were more or less indians here during the day and I traded for nine buckskins & one beaver skin. I worked at Gabriel's pants in the afternoon and I also gave the skins and cut out a pair of pants for Jose Andres. the day was fine.

" 7 " I started the stock out in the morning with two of the boys with them. they brought them up all wright this evening the other two wer fixing *aceques* all day. I finished Gabriel's pants and worked some on Andrese's, one of Woodson's cows had a dead calf during the day. there were indians here during the day. I traded for one & a half buckskins. the day was cloudy, windy, & cold in the evening. Moran was down below today.

" 8 " I irigated a few patches in the wheat & oats today, the two boys were fixing *aceques*, the day was cloudy, & cold. there was a heavy frost last night. it freezing ice one half inch thick.

" 9 " I went down below accompanied by Gabriel & Moran. I there learned that Isaah Young was going to the river with teams to bring out Mears'es stuf. I thought that it would be the best chance for me to get over the river as I had to go to Conejos. I then came home & hitched up and started, when I got to the river I found that I could not cross without risk. while there Mears hurt his leg. I then went and tuck him to Ft. Garland. I was gone the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and got home on the 17th about noon. the water was verry high & I had to break a new road from la Loma to Ft. Garland. The boys cut the brush off of the wheat and burned it while I was gone. on my arival I found that nothing of importance had happened, though I was somewhat surprised at the way the crops had advanced

" 18 " As Nasario de Herrera came yesterday with a order from Godfroy for the big wagon, & also a request that I would come down as the County Commissioners were agoing to orgainze today, I, in accordance went down. well; they orgainized and appointed all officers that were necessary, and

your humble servent as Assessor. I got some bacon & Coffee from Young & some shirts from Harres [Harris]. The day was warm & beautifull.

" 19 " I had the boys clearing off the brush on the lower patch of oats untill about noon when Juan & Salvador came. they then all went to work and made an *aceque* across my clame the full length of the corn so that Juan could water his wheat. In the afternoon Jose Guadalupe Barela came. I made a contract with him to make me eight thousand *adobes* at ten dollars per thousand. he boards himself. The day was clear & warm.

June 20, 1867 In the morning I & Gabriel tuck Head's two yoke of cattle down to the *town* Site to deliver over to [Nathan] Russell to take to the ranch. when we got to the point of the cottonwoods I met Russell. he told me that his man was over at the point waiting for me. I sent Gabriel on with them, and I went over with Russell to Beral's and I got him to made me some *adobe* mole (mold). I then came home and found that Gabriel had not yet arived. he got back in a few hours & told me that he had to go nearly to the springs before he overtuck the man with Russell's cattle. in the forenoon Guadalupe & Juan came. Guadalupe went to work to fix for making *adobes* & juan went to irigating his wheat. the boys were clearing off brush while not otherwise occupied. I finished Andres'es buck. pants. & worked some on Jose's the day was clear & warm though windy.

" 21 " In the morning as Juan was here, we branded all the cattle that were not branded, being principally all yearlings. there were in all 17 of Goodsons, 13 of S. Manchego's & 4 of Juan's. We also killed a steer for beef. in the afternoon I sent Gabriel down below, with one yoke of cattle hitched to the small wagon, to get the flour & cornmeal, that was sent out by Woodson with John Ebert. and also to bring straw to make *adobes*. Guadalupe commenced this morning. He also tuck down with him one fore quarter of beef for Godfroy, and a hind leg for Juan. about night he got back with the cattle. one of them stone blind. he told me that he had beat him & that he had also broke the tung out of the wagon.

" 22 " In the morning, I put Jose & Andres to cuting up & drying the beef, & I and Gabriel went after the wagon. when I got there I found the wagon stuck in a mud hole with the tung broke in three pieces. we got it out & tuck the tung down to Russell's & got it fixed, and got home at sundown. Russell came up with me and brought up 17 head of [Lafayette] Head's cattle to be kept here until the Rio Grand went down as his man that went with them could not get across & had to bring them back. Day fine & h-l's mints of muskeeters (& be d-m-n to them)

" 23 " Went down below with the two boys & two yoke of cattle to wagon, which I filled with straw for *adobes*, in coming back the wagon stuck in the muc. I had to come home & go back with three yoke to get it out. we got back all wright. Moran came up with me, he brought up some flour for himself, & for Guadalupe.

" 24 " I commenced harrowing the corn. the boys were taking brush off of the oats. Guadalupe was making *adobes*. Moran went down below to spend San Juan's day. the day was fine.

" 25 " I was also harrowing corn. the boys were fixing *aceques*, and clearing up brush. I was also irrigating the corn as I went. Day fine though windy about noon.

June 26, 1867 I finished a little before noon harrowing & irrigating the corn. I then went down below & got the horses shod as Godfroy, Young, Jeremiah & I are going to Conejos tomorrow. Moran was irrigating his wheat. the boys were clearing up brush in the oats.

" 27 " I started to Conejos. We all got to the river & ferried. & swam the horses, & got all across by night. in the morning we had to cross from the bank of the river to the high land. it was very muddy & we had to pull the wagons across by hand, the horses being bearily able to pull themselves across alone. I was gone the 28th, 29th, 30th, July 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th & 7th eleven days in all. I got back all wright, & found things all wright.

July 8, 1867 I put the boys to hoeing potatoes, in the morning I had a dispute with Moran about his geting the brush off of his wheat & oats, in which he sayed he would not take them off. I then told him I would so it rests at that. I went down below.

" 9 " I set out some beets, parsnips, tomatoes & cabbage I also hoed the weeds out of some beens & peas that I planted on the 24th one of the boys was irrigating oats, the other was hoeing the weeds out of the potatoes.

" 10 " The boys were hoeing weeds out of potatoes all day I hoed the weeds out of the corn. about ten oclock Jose Prudencio Garcia & Juan Pedro de Herrera came according to promis & went over Longino's crop & lucked at it. after they had examined it well they told me that for the damage done in not properly irrigating it, & then for abandoning it that it was my duty to take it and take care of it, and that Longino had no wright to tuch it again. that that was the cumstum of the country. they then eate dinner with me and went home, taking with them the big wagon, which they had brought up with them. they also tuck Beral's wagon tier and a stick of oak timber down to him there was a light sprinkle of rain in the evening.

" 11, " I put all the boys & Guadalupe Barela to clearing the brush off of Longino's & Moran's oats. they got it nearly all done. after dinner I went down below. I got a letter from Woodson & one from Millvill Clayton Co. Iowa. Just as I was to start home, Mears & Isaah came accompanied by Mr. Ashley¹ & his two daughters. I went down with them & got some beens.

" 12 " I put Guadalupe to finish the brush on Moran's oats, in the afternoon him & Andre were taking them off of Longino's wheat,—Jose was irrigating Longino's oats all day & Gabriel was irrigating the wheat on his place. about ten oclock Mr. Ashley, his two daughters, Russell's wife, Mears & Young were here. they went up the valley Mr. Ashley tuck a clame at the spring above the cottonwoods. they came back and tuck dinner with me. Mr. Ashley liked the luks of the crops much though he thought my wheat was to rank.

July 13, 1867 I started early in the morning with horse team for Kerbers Ranch. Harris & wife went with me. also Ashley, his two daughters & Mears. I left the boy wattering Longino's what & oats. we got hom yesterday the 14th. we came by and lucked at the hot springs. they are very warm, and there is about thrity of them

" 15 " I went down below, where we had a convention in which I was unanimous proclaimed as the candidate of this county for representative. the ballance of the county officers were elected. I made some assessments. the boys were irrigating & making *aseques* in Longino's what & oats. For several days past is has loocked very much like rain & has rained on all sides, but not a drop here.

" 16 " The boys were irrigating all day in Longino's wheat. I went to plowing corn, but the ground was so wet that I had to take the plow & get it sharpened. I plowed some after I came back. It commenced to rain about the middle of the afternoon, and sprinkled from that on till night, but as yet it has hardly layed the dust. it being the first rain we have had here since the 29th of May. Uray [Ouray] & a lot of indians passed by this evening they camped at the cottonwoods, as Uray passed by, he told me that the mail had come in. I then got on a horse & went down, and got three letters, one from Meyer, one from Christy and the other from Woodson. I got back a little after dark.

" 17 " I sent the boys after wood in the forenoon. I was plowing corn. at noon it comenced & rained very hard. after it quit, I put the boys to puting dirt on the house. I then went up & had quite a long talk with Uray.

¹This evidently was John E. Ashley. "He may truthfully be called the father of the town (Bonanza). He managed the Antero and Cliff Mines. . . ." He also supervised the St. Louis Mine.—*Colorado Magazine*, Vol. 22, No. 2 (March, 1945), 74.

" 18 " I sent the boys after wood. I went down below & finished making the assessment. the ground was so wet, that I cannot plow the corn or potatoes, and indian wanted to traid me a mair for the black horse, but she had to sore a back. the day was dry & warm.

" 19 " I & the boys were plowing and hoing potatoes all day. we got done on this side of the *arolla*.

" 20 " I finished plowing & hoeing the potatoes, also hoeing the beens. the ballance of the day I spent in plowing & hoeing corn. Guadalupe was helping me. The day was warm & cloudy.

" 21 " Geronimo Gallego came up with ox team. he was accompanied by wife & family, also by Mrs. Godroy & her sister, Jose Andres went down below on the black horse. after dinner I went down below with my visitors. I there helped Beral rais his shop. It commenced raining about the middle of the afternoon & rained until some time in the night.

" 22 " The boys were daubing the house. I went fishing, for the first time. I caught nine. the day was more or less cloudy all day but did not rain here. I cut out Gabriel's coat.

(To Be Continued)

Early Lutheranism in Colorado

BY PASTOR WILLIAM LUESSENHOP

(Translated from *Der Lutheraner*, October 15, 1893)

BY ARTHUR C. THOMS*

A few years ago, we had but two congregations in the entire state of Colorado. One in Denver, which is now served by Pastor Rauh, and the other, the oldest Lutheran congregation in the state, in the Wet Mountain Valley—Blumenau near Silver Cliff and West Cliff, where Pastor Mueller is now stationed. Since that time congregations have been established in Durango, a beautiful, flourishing city with a population of five to six thousand, located in the southwestern section of our state, where Pastor Jacob works; in Colorado Springs, with a population of about 12,000, the glorious health-resort, where Pastor Haeuser is stationed as a missionary for Colorado Springs and vicinity; in Pueblo, with its 30,000 residents, whose pastor is the writer. Also the congregation in Trinidad, a city with 10,000 inhabitants, was organized by us. In northeastern Colorado are two of our ministers, Pastor Oesch and one of this year's candidates,¹ active in 7 counties and 17 places in the area. Outside of these specified congregations and preaching stations, we still have a field which we call the "Mission (field) of the great state of Colorado." This writer working in this district exclusively as a missionary from June, 1891, to July, 1892, organizing the various stations and until August of this year (1893) serving them, with the help of fellow pastors Rauh, Jacobs, and Haeuser, as much as the work in his mission congregation in Pueblo would permit. Now, in this year, Candidate Juengel has been called for these places, and he has thus far spent five weeks on his first mission trip.

These mission stations embrace sixteen towns and 1500 to 3000 inhabitants; only two of them, numbering from eight to ten thousand.

We must fight with great difficulty. Were one to speak briefly of these mission stations and to characterize the activities in them, one might correctly say: Our principal activity here is heathen-mission work. The material on which we work is a peculiar species. Most of those who journey to these distant Rocky Mountains are adventurers, or such who plan to accumulate great wealth from the precious white metal. In all of these mining towns, at least two-thirds of the popula-

*Arthur C. Thoms, Colorado District Archivist of the Lutheran Church, who has been a businessman in Denver for many years, has made available to the State Historical Society for microfilming, the records in his church archives. He says that the 1958 *Statistical Yearbook* shows: Colorado, 28,630 baptized Lutherans; New Mexico, 4,111; and Utah, 2,275. Total for three states: 35,016.—*Editor*.

¹Rev. W. Klette, ordained and installed at Burlington, Kit Carson County, November 1, 1893, was born in Warsaw, Poland, September 3, 1863. He died in Niagara Falls, New York, on January 22, 1939.—A.C.T.

tion depend for income and source of food on work in the silver mines, therefore the danger for these people is great, in that they want to become rich and go on anxiously striving for riches, without results.

The situation here is that the majority have entirely eliminated even an outward religious appearance. It is down-right terrible how far in all classes of society the bare, uncultivated, coarse materialism has crept in; practical materialism has unmistakably taken in the people. A dear simple Christian once told me, "Whoever in Colorado still says that there is a God, his life is no longer safe."

Here it is the order of the day and is now the fashion to hold the Bible, religion, and the church in derision, to ridicule and mock them. One is amazed at God's patience and long sufferance toward these enemies and scoffers. On my journeys doing mission work it happened to me frequently that after I had explained who I was and what I wanted, the door would be slammed before my nose and sometimes it was even followed by such loose talk and scolding that I would feel that I had been doused with cold water. The educated, or rather, the badly educated scoffers said proudly that they had seen and experienced too much, and observed nature too minutely to be able to believe that dumb stuff, and in so doing these nature-observers, by their own expressions, showed that they recognized that there is a God. On my first mission journey I was looked at with evil glances, and was greeted by such mistrust as though a rascal had made his appearance. This mistrust had, to some extent, its source in the attitude of the preachers of the various sects in holding up the church and Christianity in contempt, because their churches were barely existing and they grasped at any possible means to arrive at their purpose. The more favorably disposed were amazed that I so often took the opportunity to publicly and individually explain our Lutheran doctrine and practice. No one had thought that there were such Lutherans and such Christians in America.

Many people harbored the idea that every pastor in America would pursue his activities for one or two years, gather money for a church building and then abscond with the money. One family, where this idea reigned, threw up their hands and would have nothing to do with me, but later, after several calls and much perseverance, this same family took me as a guest in their home every time I would be in their town. When I suggested that the children be baptized, the usual concern was the cost. One woman, who had five children to be baptized, wanted to know if it should not be cheaper to have all five baptized at one time. One man asked, "What will be the damages?" and when I explained to him that the baptism could not be paid for with all the gold and silver that our state contains, that surprised him.

In order to understand our mission work in this area, one's attention must be directed to the difficulty of organizing congregations. Practically all places, it has been found, contain several who love the Word of God; but, in the main, the majority of those who live in these mining towns, prefer to pass (religion) by. Because all of these towns and their inhabitants are dependent upon the price of silver, the result throughout is a "floating population."

Several years ago Leadville had a population of way over 30,000, and today barely eight to ten thousand people live there, and if the present crisis lasts longer, the count will be reduced to a few thousand.

Likewise in Creede, which earlier no one could name it in January, 1892, and only a few souls could be found there; a certain mining expert made a strike; through sensational newspaper stories a feverish excitement resulted and as we wrote "May, 1892," seven to eight thousand people had assembled there.

On a trip from Pueblo to Durango I met a workman from France and a capitalist from England, who wanted to seek out the climate of Creede. I also went to Creede in order to bring the true riches there. Soon, however, the temporary build-up of the town and the whole excitement burst as from a cocoon—and today only about 400 people live there. That we can in such places with difficulty establish congregations is obvious. This also explains why our audience count in these towns is greatly varied. On each mission trip I would usually preach about twenty times. The average attendance was twenty-five adults. In many stations I had only seven to nine, in others, fifteen to twenty; in Leadville frequently forty to sixty-five and on one occasion eighty to ninety adults, the largest audience in a German service that I had in my entire time in this mission field.

In several towns, at the request of various American and Scandinavian Lutherans, I would preach in English and in these services there would be from 150 to 200 listeners. However, the rule is, that one is very happy to have a whole dozen people in front of him. One time in Ouray I made mission calls all day long, searching out the Germans like searching for a needle in a haystack, visiting in about twenty houses. Most of them promised to attend. The service was to begin at seven-thirty that evening; by eight o'clock no one had appeared; it was eight-thirty when I began to preach to four listeners. And this audience was constituted as follows: One was an English-speaking janitor, who listened very intently, but did not understand a single word. The second was a Roman Catholic, who explained that he had only wanted to bring his wife; the third was a young man who very soon departed, as it had gotten so late; and the fourth listener

was the Lutheran wife of the Catholic man, and she rejoiced over the service.

Surely it is said, think many readers: Fifteen to twenty, seven to nine, or only four listeners! should one preach to please them? But only a few think of how much patience it takes, how much persuasion and friendly invitations it has cost, in order to bring only these four or these nine into the church!

One or another may think: If this condition exists in Colorado, that the church situation is so sad and so little prospect to organize congregations, then why the worry and cost to us and for the missionary? But, it is not so! Truly we must, it would appear, after sowing the seed in patience, that we hold our love for the Christians and can gather them into congregations; then our efforts are not in vain.

Even in the Godless city of Leadville, where the depravity and the sinning, over which the night casts its veil, and which was begun during the daytime, I have noticed that the ancient, yet eternally new Gospel is the power of God toward salvation. The work of God, which we preach, which we believe, proves over all proportions in all times, in all lands, under the most varied classes of men, among rich or poor, educated or uneducated, the trust in God and the life-giving power of God. This is our business and our purpose, that through the preaching of God's Word mankind can find salvation.

I have often had hearers tell me that they had not been in any church in twenty years, and when I would invite them to come again they would explain that tomorrow or the next day they expected to go to Arizona or some other place, and probably would not visit another church very soon.

How important, therefore, this one sermon that they heard. At almost every one of my mission services there have appeared various new hearers, and so the way of salvation has been proclaimed. In this spirit we must always push mission work that the word of command from our Savior's mouth remain: "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth!"

At the completion of my theological studies at St. Louis as I was taking leave of the now sainted Professor Lange, he said to me: "I have personally been in Leadville and Pueblo; it will go very slowly there in Colorado, the difficulties are great, the obstacles many, but be comforted that the Lord will also have several of the elect out there." These words remain unforgettable for me. Our preaching, our work, is not fruitless. In the activities at which we work we fit one stone to another in the wonderful building of the Christian church, and when the final stone is laid, then this vain, earthly structure of the world shall collapse, and Christ, the Lord of the Church, will come again and with all the elect shall enter in glory into the eternal and undestroyable home of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

Pioneer Life at Saints' Rest

By EMMA PUTNAM REED

*As told to Katherine Putnam Murdock**

Emma Putnam Reed was born at Dodges Corners, Wisconsin, January 1, 1871. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Putnam, came to Greeley Colony, Colorado, on March 1, 1871, with two children, Wesley, two years, and Emma, two months.

Mrs. Reed's father, a sheepman, had ranches near Greeley, Orchard, and Fort Morgan. Emma Putnam was married to Will Short, a rancher, in 1894; and later, to Charles Reed, also a ranchman. She lived in the vicinity of Greeley until 1938, when Charles Reed died.

Then she moved to Los Angeles, California, to live near her children and their families—two sons, Harvey and Byron Short, and three daughters, Mrs. Emory Brown, Mrs. Ralph Bradford, and Mrs. John Veenstra. Mrs. Reed is a great-great grandmother.

Three of Mrs. Reed's stepchildren are still living in Colorado: Mrs. Eula Sigler of Denver, Mrs. David Fuller of Greeley, and Charles Reed of Platteville. Another stepson, Earnest Reed, lives in Idaho. —*Editor.*

"My mother shot antelope from the back porch of our pioneer Greeley home," recalls Mrs. Emma Putnam Reed, reminiscing about her childhood in Colorado Territory in the 1870's. "Mother often shot our winter's supply of meat from the hundreds that came to the lake near our house for water. Father hung the carcasses on the north side of the house to freeze until they were needed," she adds with a smile.

"My parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Putnam, brought my brother, Wesley, and me to Greeley in 1871. This was the year after Horace Greeley and N. C. Meeker organized the Colony. Mr. Greeley, then editor of the *New York Tribune*, had travelled through Colorado on his way from New York to San Francisco. He liked Colorado and sent Nathan Meeker and other men to find a location. They chose the site near the Cache La Poudre River, and named it in honor of Horace Greeley.

"Greeley Colony was made up of well-educated people of high moral standards. Because of this and because they did not allow any liquor in the Colony, Greeley was called Saints' Rest by colonists of neighboring communities," laughs Mrs. Reed with her dark brown eyes shining. "The colonists immediately built a hotel called 'The Comfort House' [Hotel De Comfort] for families to live in until their own homes were finished. However, many lived in tents and shanties, instead.

"Some women who came with their husbands didn't have the vision of the future," relates Mrs. Reed, remembering how

*Katherine P. Murdock (Mrs. Charles A. Murdock), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley W. Putnam, Greeley pioneers, is a graduate of the University of Denver. Mrs. Murdock has published articles in *Better Homes and Gardens*, *Empire Magazine*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and with David C. Cook Pub. Company. She is a member of the Denver Branch of the National League of Pen Women. In addition to being an author, Mrs. Murdock is well known for her art, having designed murals and drapes for homes and public buildings in Denver and vicinity. She teaches art in the Denver Public Schools.—*Editor.*

her own mother did her part in the pioneering community, "and, after a look at the one-room shanties their husbands provided, they were ready to burst into tears and cry, 'Oh, why did you bring me to this wretched country?'"

Mrs. Reed goes on to state, "My mother cooked all winter for seventeen ditch workers in a two-room shack. Father helped plan and make the ingenious irrigation system which brought mountain water seventy miles to the fertile land around Greeley and which has meant so much to the economy of that northern Colorado metropolis. This ditch system had been part of Nathan Meeker's dream of a cooperative farm colony in the West.

"My father was not a city man, but a rancher and stockman. Therefore, we moved to a farm nine miles north of Greeley. One side of the little sod house that was on the farm was missing, so Father hung up buffalo robes and blankets to keep out the snow.

"One cold night during the next winter Father hitched up his mules and my parents drove to Greeley, arriving at Aunt Jeanette's house just in time for Mother to give birth to my sister, Jennie. That house still stands at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Fourth Street. It was the first two-story house built in Greeley.

"Troubles plagued the settlers," Mrs. Reed continues. "The stockmen had told them that winters were mild and that cattle



GREELEY IN 1870-71

White House in Background—First Two-Story House Built in Greeley.



Emma Putnam (Reed) and Wesley W. Putnam, 1877

could easily live on the open range without extra feed. However, the winter of 1872 was very severe. Two feet of snow fell the first of November and the storms kept coming. It was March before the grass was uncovered. Thousands of cattle died from lack of feed. Like many of the settlers, Father lost all he had.

"One cold winter morning our family drove to Greeley for groceries. While we were having dinner with Aunt Jeanette, a storm came up.

"With a look of anxiety on his face Father said, 'See those black clouds. I'm afraid we're in for another blinding blizzard. We must leave at once.'

"We hadn't gone a mile when the blizzard struck.

For protection from the swirling onslaught we children burrowed under the buffalo robes. It was snowing so hard Father could not see ahead of the mules. There were no fences to guide us across the prairie, and soon even the road was obliterated. Father walked in front of the team so he could feel the frozen ruts of the road with his feet, and Mother drove. They shouted back and forth to each other so they would not get separated. We were more fortunate than many of the settlers who were caught in that storm, for we arrived home safely.

"Four years later, in 1876, we moved to a new ranch twenty miles east of Greeley on the Platte river. Soon after our arrival, a cloudburst in the mountains sent a tremendous crest of water down the Cache La Poudre into the Platte. Father drove stakes into the bank of the river to measure its rise. We were frightened to see it rush nearer and nearer our doorstep.

"Father ran to the house shouting, 'The river is rising six inches an hour! Hurry! We must get out of here!'

"Father opened the gates so the saddle horses and milk cows could go to high ground. We loaded our arms with clothing, bedding, and food and ran up the hill to a tent Father had

pitched for us. We threw our possessions in a pile and ran back for more. We were horrified to see the river overflow the banks, creep toward our house and finally flow into it, bringing mud and debris to the height of the top of the stove. Parts of houses, gates, barn doors, even a baby carriage and livestock swept down the stream.

"One morning during the flood three strange, white, crane-like birds swam by. Father shot one, stripped off his clothes, and swam out in the swollen stream to get it. We children



Mrs. Emma Putnam Reed, 1960.

watched with excitement as Father pushed his way through the swirling muddy water amid the debris. When he dragged the bird ashore, we eagerly helped measure it. It was seven feet from wing tip to wing tip. No one knew what kind of bird it was, and we never saw any more like it.

"After ten days, the water receded. We were glad to move back to our house even though we had to shovel the mud out of it. A few days later the river flooded again, and we had to move to high ground a second time. My mother must have been disheartened, but nothing weakened her pioneer spirit.

"In 1877, a year after Colorado became a state, a horseback rider pounded on our door and shouted, 'Wyoming Indians are on the warpath. They're coming this way.' As he galloped off to warn the other settlers, Father yelled, 'Let's head for town.'

"We loaded the wagons with provisions and piled in. Even the mules seemed to feel the urgency. They lit out at full speed. We children jostled around among the boxes of food and clothing as the wagon bounced over sagebrush and rutty trails. We scanned the prairie back of us for any sign of the Indians. As we pulled up in front of Aunt Jeanette's, my mother sighed with relief, 'Thank goodness, they must have gone down the river instead of coming this way.' We stayed in Greeley the rest of the winter. This gave Wesley and me our first opportunity to go to school.

"One day," says Mrs. Reed, remembering more experiences on the ranch, "Jennie discovered a fire in the barn. Mother grabbed two buckets of water. She poured one bucket full on the fire. She removed her skirt and, drenching it in the other

bucket of water, beat out the flames. She was just in time to save the hay and nearby sheds. My mother could do anything," Mrs. Reed adds with pride.

"Father leased forty head of range cows and broke them to milk. They were an ornery bunch, but they gave enough milk that we had to churn every day. We trained a dog and a sheep to tread the mill which turned the big barrel churn. Sometimes the dog lay down or the sheep leaned against the side and stopped the churning. Then Wesley or I had to prod them on. Mother worked the butter and packed it in wooden tubs. Father traded it for groceries and coal once a week in Greeley.

"There were many good things about being a frontier child. We certainly learned self-reliance and courage," says Mrs. Reed, smiling and straightening her shoulders.

"Since we lived in a snake-infested country, Father taught us to kill rattlesnakes by the time we were three years old. One day Father sent me behind the barn to get a piece of harness. I was just going to pick up the strap when I saw a large rattlesnake coiled beside it, ready to strike. Although I was only six years old, I beat the rattler to death with a big stick. It had eight rattles, which I proudly kept for years. Often Wesley killed fifty or sixty in a summer, and I killed thirty or forty.

"Father caught several wild horses. He put them in a corral with a six-foot board fence. We children hung on the top rail to watch him break them. He snapped his long, blacksnake whip and talked to them until they came to him. He made friends with them by giving them sugar. In a few days he put saddles and bridles on them.

"One little bay Indian pony with a black mane that hung to her knees and a tail that dragged on the ground was very spiteful. If we went near, she tried to bite or kick us. If my brother got on without holding the reins tight, she threw him as quick as he hit the saddle. She resented being caught and never accepted mankind.

"I was given the responsibility of riding my pony for the mail once a week. It was quite a jaunt for an eight-year-old girl. The post office was at a neighbor's ranch nine miles up the river. I crossed the river twice, and it took me nearly all day to make the trip.

"Mother didn't let us go wading or swimming, but we went into all kinds of deep water on our horses. We sometimes got into quick sand along the river bank. There was always an anxious moment wondering whether or not we could get out, but the horses knew enough to take us to solid ground.

"Each year Jennie and I bottle fed several lambs whose mothers wouldn't claim them. We gave them names, washed

their faces, combed their forelocks and held them on our laps like babies. They loved the attention, and of course, wanted to sit on our laps even after they were so big we couldn't hold them. It always broke our hearts when it was time to ship them to the Denver market with the other sheep.

"Oh, I'll never forget the spring and fall roundups of the cattle on the range," Mrs. Reed continued. "Each man picked out his own calves and branded them. During these roundups there was a continuous string of cattle going past our ranch for three days. My, what a dust cloud those cattle kicked up! We always knew when they were coming. Fifteen or twenty cowboys at a time rode up to our door and asked for food and water. They knew Mother would have fresh-baked bread and buttermilk for them.

"Today it is a pleasure to drive through the country around Greeley to see where we rode our ponies, played with our pet lambs, and killed rattlesnakes. My parents and the other pioneers would be proud to see the fine fields of potatoes, sugar beets, and other crops being grown on land watered by the ditch system which they made. They would be proud of the city of Greeley, with its beautiful residences, broad streets, and successful businesses, and the noted Colorado State College. Little did the pioneers realize when they erected their tents and sod houses on the prairie that they were starting a city of such value to the future state of Colorado."

Pioneers Attend Union Colonists Meeting: 1894.

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| 1. B. F. Marsh | 26. E. L. Dunham |
| 2. W. B. Woodruff | 27. H. Reed |
| 3. Jos. Moore | 28. Fred Buckley |
| 4. C. S. Brockway | 29. Eph Heaton |
| 5. Wm. Joyce | 30. Mrs. E. Heaton |
| 6. E. J. Carver | 31. Wm. Darling |
| 7. Jos. Inman | 32. Ovid Plumb |
| 8. M. Hastings | 33. Mrs. S. Atkinson |
| 9. Thos. G. Macy | 34. S. Atkinson |
| 10. C. A. White | 35. R. Moodie |
| 11. G. L. Shepard | 36. Chas. Heaton |
| 12. A. J. Macy | 37. Mrs. Chas. Heaton |
| 13. A. Juckett | 38. F. B. Pollock |
| 14. W. A. Heaton | 39. Mrs. J. E. Brownell |
| 15. P. W. Putnam | 40. H. T. West |
| 16. Mrs. C. S. Brockway | 41. Thos. Mimmack |
| 17. A. A. Woodbury | 42. Mrs. J. D. Buckley |
| 18. R. Hilton | 43. A. D. Moodie |
| 19. W. H. Brockway | 44. Mrs. Etta Ketley |
| 20. J. A. Woodbury | 45. Mrs. John Leavy |
| 21. Mrs. P. W. Putnam | 46. I. H. Paine |
| 22. James Beetham | 47. J. Max Clark |
| 23. M. P. Henderson | 48. Jas. E. Graham |
| 24. Mrs. F. B. Pollock | 49. Fred Williams |
| 25. N. Hall | 50. Mrs. Agnes Nusbaum |

1870 UNION COLONY BUILDING 1894
Formerly Owned and Occupied as an Office by the Union Colony.



Homesteading on the Plains

By MRS. CLARA WATSON

"Homesteaders Plan Picnic at Elitch. A picnic for persons who homesteaded in Washington county 40 years ago along what is now U. S. Highway 36 will be held at 12:30 P.M., July 14 (1957) in the main pavilion at Elitch Gardens. Invitations have been sent to more than 100 former residents of Lindon. Last Chance and Anton now living in the Denver area, according to Mrs. Clara Watson, one of the picnic's sponsors."

The above notice, which appeared in the *Denver Post* in 1957, attracted my attention. I contacted Mrs. Clara Watson, and asked if she would tell me about her experiences in Lindon. Lindon first was known as Harrisburg, a rural post office settled in the 1880's by Danish, German and Scandinavian farmers. It was surveyed and platted in 1887, by M. F. Vance of Akron. A year later the post office was moved three miles southeast and the name was changed to Linden (Lindon), in honor of L. J. Lindbeck, of Illinois, an early resident. Harrisburg, named for Willis H. Harris, a homesteader, was completely abandoned during the droughts of 1892-1893.

Mrs. Watson, who came to Colorado forty-four years ago, upon my request wrote the letter which we print here.—*Editor*.

When I came to Colorado in 1915, we traveled nearly two days in a lumber wagon to reach our homestead from Akron, County seat of Washington County. We had a fine dinner near Elba at the home of Joe Plummer, a well known auctioneer. When night came, we stopped at an abandoned barn for it was beginning to rain. I took a coal oil lamp from my trunk and filled it with coal oil we had bought for our coal oil cook stove. Also I took some pillows and quilts I had made, and we slept very well on the hay in the manger. We ate the rest of the lunch I had brought to eat on the train. Hardly anyone ate in the diner those days, nor could we afford a Pullman. A berth cost \$3.00 and I had to work a week to make \$3.00.

The prairie was beautiful and green and the cactus was in bloom. The air was truly ozone! I was a little disappointed at the thought of a sod house until after I saw a dug out—a sort of basement with windows at ground level. After I had papered the little sod house with newspapers and painted the floor, I was content.

Several families came from Eastern Kansas to Colorado to homestead that same year, and we had lots of good times together. We would all gather at one home for Sunday dinner. The men usually played cards while the women cooked and tended the children. The menu might be pinto beans, fried rabbit, roasting ears from the corn field and wonderberry pie for dessert. Anything tasted good after riding three to six miles in a lumber wagon. We always danced until daylight so

we could see the wagon trails across the prairie to go home, as there were no fences or roads.

The Lindon Post Office was one mile south of where Lindon is now, and the mail carrier drove a team and buggy out from Akron and back the next day. John Ressler carried the mail for years and also carried passengers.

There had been several ranches for fifty years or more, before we settled—namely, the Hildreth Sheep Ranch, two miles south of Lindon, and the Mills Ranch five miles west. Some had cattle; some, sheep; and some had mostly horses. But the homesteaders fenced their land, and soon there was not much free range for cattle and sheep. Next came the raising of wheat and the use of tractors. At first we had "headers" with a crew of six men to cut and stack the wheat. Then the threshing machines came along and threshed it. We women were so lonely much of the time that it was fun to help each other cook for the "threshers."

We planted pinto beans, too, which had to be piled by hand and hauled to a stack to thresh or hull. Every farmer and his wife husked the corn by hand, hurrying to get it out of the field before the rabbits ate it all. The rabbits were so thick we had rabbit drives and the government paid a bounty on them.

In 1924 we had the first consolidated school and high school at Lindon.

The blizzards were terrible and no barns to shelter the cattle, so we stacked the feed north of the corral. Then the cattle could huddle together behind the stacks to gain some protection from the storms.

Then came the grasshoppers to eat the crops before they were ripe. The government furnished poison to kill them, but it didn't help much.

After that came the drouth of 1934, when the dust almost covered the fences. We had to cut Russian thistles for feed, and some farmers burned thorns from the cacti with torches so the cattle could eat them. Many cattle had to be sold to the government to be butchered and given back to the farmers for food. The cattle, however, were so poor the beef was not very good. Still we were thankful for it.

Then came seven good years and the farmers bought new cars and built new houses and barns. But not until later did we have telephones or good roads.