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The Life and Times of Roland and Elizabeth Blunt

By HARRY CHALFANT

This article appeared in the March-April, 1962, issue of *True West*, as edited by Publisher J. A. Small. With the permission of Mr. Small we are publishing the article as originally written by Harry Chalfant. Mr. Chalfant, a native of Colorado, was born in Boulder, while his father, a veteran of World War I, was attending the University of Colorado. He is a member of the State Historical Society, makes his home in Colorado Springs, and is employed by the Ideal Cement Company. On August 18, 1944, Harry Chalfant married Maxine Eleanor Blunt, youngest daughter of Roland and Elizabeth Blunt. In answer to our query about the family, Mr. Chalfant wrote on February 9, 1963: "Mom is still living. In fact, she's sitting in our living room right now—spending a few weeks with us. Most of the time, however, she lives in the brick home the folks built in Florence in 1895. She celebrated her 88th birthday last September. We took her for a ride through the Wet Mountain Valley and stopped to have a picnic lunch at the old Plasiflora Mine. Dad passed away August 10, 1959, just fourteen days before his ninety-second birthday." All photographs are from the Blunt family collection.—*Editor*.

Roland and Elizabeth Blunt were ordinary, God-fearing folks. They were real Colorado pioneers. As children, both came to Fremont County in 1879.

Their story actually begins with the construction of the old narrow gauge railroad spur to the Musser Coal Banks in eastern Fremont County in 1872. The opening of this immense coal field attracted many immigrants to the region. Coal camps such as Rockvale, Coal Creek, Williamsburg, and Stringtown soon sprang up along the creeks. These were of course shacktowns, much like other early Colorado mining camps. But in spite of fires and epidemics, several have survived to this day.

Joseph Blunt, an English immigrant, brought his family to Coal Creek, Colorado, on the railroad in 1879. There was, however, no Florence, Colorado then. The rail junction, about a quarter of a mile east of the site of Florence, was nothing more than an abandoned freight car and was known as La Bran.

At La Bran, the family possessions caused a commotion because everything was in a single, huge packing crate. When the baggage crew attempted to transfer the bulky crate from the standard gauge baggage car to the narrow gauge train, the only car that could possibly hold it was a flat car. And that's exactly how the Blunt family arrived in Coal Creek—riding on a flat car with that big packing crate.

Joseph Blunt was born in Sheffield, England, February 10, 1823. He had married Emma Wells in England and they had

Roland and Elizabeth Blunt
Bride and Groom, 1890

two sons, George and William. William, however, died in infancy and the grieving Emma soon also died. Carrying George in his arms, Joseph emigrated to the United States. On April 15, 1859, he married Rebecca Baugh in Belleville, Illinois. Rebecca was born at Walbrook, Staffordshire, England on November 5, 1839. There were ten children born of this union. Roland—Roll, as he was called—was born at Franklin, Maryland, August 24, 1867.

Scottish-born Charlie Cowan moved his family to Coal Creek in 1879, by covered wagon. He was born in Dundee, Scotland, minutes after midnight, January 1, 1842. In 1862, he married Janet Samuels who was born April 3, 1842, in Dundee. They also had ten children. With their first three "wee wains," the Cowans came to America in 1867. Their daughter Elizabeth was born in Fairberry, Illinois, September 2, 1874. She was five when the Cowan family moved to Coal Creek, and to this day she can point out the bluff where they camped during their first night in the coal field.

Joseph Blunt was an English coal miner just as certainly as Charlie Cowan was a Scottish coal miner. Both families lived their lives and raised their children in keeping with customs that were common practice in their homelands. As soon as a boy could carry a pie-can—lunch pail—and not drag the bottom out on the ground, he went to work in the mine. And so Roll Blunt, at the age of twelve, joined a shift in the Old Slope Mine. It was the beginning of nearly sixty years in the mines, mills and quarries of Colorado.

Roll Blunt and Elizabeth Cowan were married in Coal Creek, September 24, 1890. Bouncing along dusty dirt roads in a rickety buggy, the newly weds drove to Canon City to pose for a wedding picture. As was the style, the groom sat and the bride stood. But they were proud and serious and most of all, very young—Elizabeth was barely sixteen. On the way back to Coal Creek, they swung by the LaBran rail junction to look at the new community of Florence, Colorado.

These were the young years, both for Florence and for Roll and Elizabeth. Life was a day-to-day existence with Roll working a shift in the Canfield Mine, one of the oldest coal mines in the State; Elizabeth, early in the fall of 1891, giving birth to their first child, a daughter. She was christened Janet for Elizabeth's mother, but to the brothers and sisters to come, she was always Sister Jen. There would in time be eight children, but not without tragedy and sorrow. Eventually, Roll and Elizabeth would see six of them to their graves. Three as infants, victims of the wretched living conditions in the mining camps.

Then came 1892—Cripple Creek! Excitement swirled through the coal camps. Fantastic rumors and claims of gold discoveries were everywhere. A man couldn't help but think

Fremont County coal miners before a shift in the Brewster mine. Charlie Cowan is second from the left, middle row. Note the "Cockney" in back row with stick of dynamite on his cap and the young boy miners in the front row.

about the high mountains to the north, and others were going. Roll quit the coal field and took his wife and daughter to Mound City, at the junction of Squaw Gulch and Cripple Creek. All of the Blunts left Fremont County for the new diggings. The Cowans meanwhile clung to the coal mines.

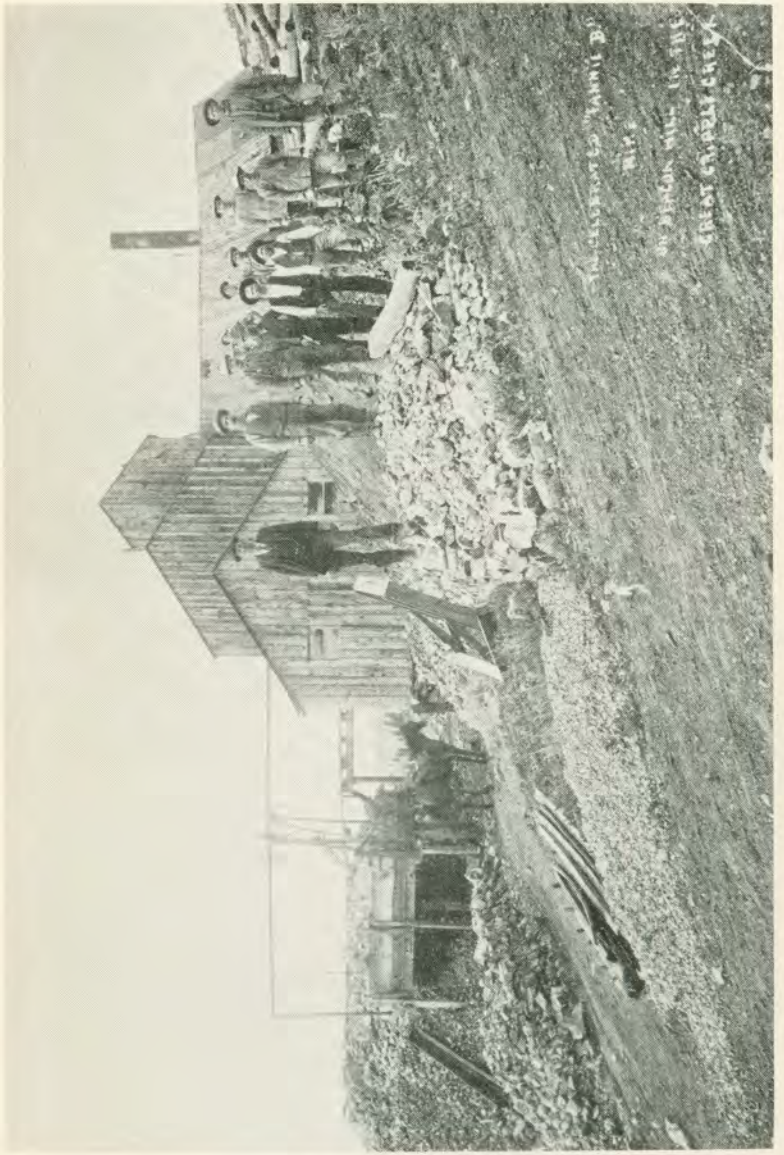
Roll and Elizabeth soon learned that Mound City wasn't much of a city. All they could get to live in at first was a tent. Later they had a one-room log cabin. Elizabeth often remarked that Cripple Creek was the wildest place on earth. There was hell-raising all night, every night. Men bellowed and hollered and cursed. Often there was gunfire and at night the flashes could be seen through the open chinks in the log cabin.

Working together, the Blunt family opened up and developed a mine which Roll's father named the Calidona after a Calidona coal mine in Maryland where he had worked. The Cripple Creek Calidona was on the northwest slope of Beacon Hill. Family shares, however, didn't stretch very far and Roll soon joined a "work company." These were independent crews that worked at any mine that needed extra hands. The work included everything from timbering to ore sorting and might last a day or several weeks.

When the tempo of operations increased to a frenzy, Roll went on night shift. Lawless roughs apparently learned which miners were working nights, and once someone tried to force the cabin door while Elizabeth was alone at night. Roll had bought a Colt .38, single-action revolver and a box of black powder shells, just in case of such trouble. Huddled in bed, her baby nestled beside her, Elizabeth aimed the loaded gun at the door. Though trembling with fear, she managed to shout that she would shoot anyone that came through the door. Evidently her voice carried enough authority to frighten the would-be intruders away. She wasn't bothered again.

During the winter of 1893, many people died in Cripple Creek of influenza. Roll would be working with a man one day and the next he would be dead and gone. They filled the chinks in their log cabin with old rags and wrapped their throats with red flannel soaked in a mixture of melted lard and turpentine. Because of that, or in spite of it, they escaped the epidemic, and a second daughter, Rebecca, was born in Mound City. Roll's father, however, died of pneumonia, March 26, 1894. Joseph Blunt is buried in the Mt. Pisgah cemetery.

There were other worries, too. Unemployed miners with hungry wives and children had been trickling into Cripple Creek and the surrounding gold camps ever since the repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act had forced them into idleness. Almost every silver mine in the State had ceased operation. Then the dispute over eight hours, or nine hours, for a wage of three dollars in the Cripple Creek area erupted into a bitter strike. Altman[1] became an armed camp; striking



Fannie B Mine on Beacon Hill, Cripple Creek, Colorado.
Roland Blunt is on left. His horse was called "Old Bones."

miners seized many of the mines. Several companies of the State Militia were brought in and camped in the district.[2]

It was obvious to just about everybody that the situation was going to explode into an armed conflict. With two other miners, Roll Blunt slipped out of Mound City one night—there were guards and patrols and spies everywhere. They hiked down the old shelf road toward Canon City, then turning eastward, they followed the Arkansas River to Florence, splashed across, and struck south for Coal Creek. There from old friends they collected all of the rifles, pistols and shells they could pack and hastened back to Mound City. Just about every house in Mound City had guns hidden under the bed mattresses.

When the mine owners' army of ex-Denver police[3] got blasted off of Bull Hill by striking miners, they attempted to bolster their morale by parading through the less belligerent camps. When they were jeered, they immediately retaliated by forcing those who faced up to them to march ahead of them at gunpoint. According to the Blunts they were an ugly mob of roughnecks.

While they were marching around the Anaconda Mine, Roll raced across the waste mounds and notified the militia that the ex-police were headed for the Stratton Independence, which was also held for striking miners. Responding quickly, the militia intercepted the parade on the south slope of Battle Mountain where [Adjutant] General Tom Tarsney had Roll separate the district people from the ex-police. Tarsney then ordered the ex-police to disband and clear out of Cripple Creek.

After order was restored, Roll and his brothers, including J. D. Blunt who was for years an eminent judge in Canon City, leased adjoining claims on the southwest slope of Beacon Hill. Roll called his mine the Fannie B and often worked a crew of ten miners. To the east was the Orizoba, to the west was the Rocky Mountain. In time they would be known as the Rocky Mountain group and eventually they became part of the El Paso Lode. The Fannie B wasn't a fabulous producer, still Roll and Elizabeth were able to move into a real house on Frazer

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[1] Altman, platted in the summer of 1893, was about three miles from Cripple Creek.—*Editor*

[2] "Troubles continued throughout the winter and the spring of 1904, and reached a climax in a dynamite explosion at Independence Station in the Cripple Creek District on June 6. Thirteen non-union men were killed and others badly wounded. This horrible deed, attributed to strikers, stirred the community and state to demand prompt punishment. The state militia assumed control of the district." Hafen and Hafen, *The Colorado Story* (Denver: The Old West Pub. Co. 1953), 326.—*Editor.*

[3] "The mine owners appealed to the authorities of El Paso County to take steps to restore possession to them of their properties. To this end the County Sheriff organized a 'posse' to the number of 1200. In the course of events the Sheriff had his force encamped near the town of Gillett, about four miles from Altman. Meanwhile, a force of one hundred detectives was employed in Denver to attempt to regain the possession of the mines—it was said they would bring plenty of arms and a cannon."—Emil W. Pfeiffer, "The Kingdom of Bull Hill," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XII, No. 4 (July, 1935), 169-170.—*Editor.*

Avenue between Mound City and Anaconda. And late in the summer of 1895, Elizabeth took the train—the old Florence & Cripple Creek narrow gauge—down Phantom Canyon to Florence, then the spur to Coal Creek, to her parents' home for the birth of her third daughter.

The Blunts were living in the Frazer Avenue house when fire roared through Cripple Creek twice in April, 1896. The holocaust was the most terrifying spectacle they had ever seen. Though their home wasn't threatened, the fires completely disheartened them. Surely, there was a better place to raise a family than Cripple Creek, which not only tolerated but supported many flagrant evils. They at once thought of Florence.

Florence had grown swiftly into a hustling mill, refinery, and supply center. The Southfield gurgled oil. Two large refineries supplied oil used in Montana, Utah, Wyoming and Colorado, and the territories of Arizona and New Mexico. Scattered around Florence—at Cyanide, on Union Mill Hill, and south of town—were eight big ore reduction mills. Down through treacherous Phantom Canyon, the Florence & Cripple Creek railroad hauled train loads of gold ore. There were railroad shops, and the yards with strings of tank cars and ore gondolas.

And coal was king! The mines near Florence boasted such flamboyant titles as the Blazing Rag, Horse Shoe, Ocean Wave, Peanut, and Charlie Cowan's Castle Rock. And there were the big C.F.&I. mines at Chandler Creek, Rockvale, Bear Gulch, and toward Canon City. Fremont County coal was being shipped as far east as Kansas City, Missouri.

Disenchanted with Cripple Creek—they never could keep the water out of the Fannie B—Roll and Elizabeth had a brick home built in Florence. It would be home for more than sixty years. Their first son was born there in the fall of 1897. That fall there was also talk of building a cement plant some miles east of Florence. Appropriately, the site was to be called Concrete.

A second son was born in Cripple Creek during August, 1899. Roll meanwhile gave up the lease on the Fannie B and joined the British Venture Corporation as a foreman in the Stratton Independence. It was, however, next to impossible to maintain the high production that the new owners demanded. When the superintendent complained sharply, Roll quit both the Stratton Independence and Cripple Creek. The Blunts returned to Florence in time for the birth of their sixth child, another son, October 3, 1902. Then tragedy entered their lives. The baby died of pneumonia just before Christmas and was buried in the Highland Cemetery. This was doubly painful as Roll and Elizabeth's father, Charlie Cowan, had only recently helped select the location for the cemetery.

Upper: Tipple of Charlie Cowan's Paonia Mine.
Lower: Entrance of Paonia Mine. Charlie Cowan is on the right.

In 1903, near Chandler, a camp that grew up around the Chandler Creek Mine, Charlie Cowan began sinking a new coal shaft. It was the Cuckoo Mine. Roll went back to digging coal and Elizabeth again made her home in a tent. The Blunts lived in a tent at the Cuckoo Mine all through the summer of 1904, until some clapboard houses were thrown up in the fall. Ada Elizabeth, their seventh child, was born in the shack at the Cuckoo Mine near Chandler on September 9, 1904. She died of pneumonia that October. In April, 1905, the Blunts' youngest son also died. Highland Cemetery, on the high arid plain south of Florence, was indeed a dear place.

About this time, Roll and two of his brothers began the construction of the "Blunt Block." The two-story brick building was on the southwest corner of Main Street and Pikes Peak Avenue in Florence. It was completed sometime during 1905, and once housed the First National Bank, and later the Florence Post Office. The pioneer building was totally destroyed by fire in December, 1956.

Also during 1905, the Blunts moved to Concrete. At the cement plant, Roll worked on the construction of a new mill. Following its completion, he became quarry foreman. The family lived in one of the drab company-owned houses and the children attended school in a one-room clapboard shack. By 1912, Roll was working for the old Fox and Smith Construction Co., and was foreman on the Shaeffer Dam project. This dam was north of Florence and northwest of Penrose, Colorado. It was built to supply irrigation water for the Beaver Park Development Company's lands north of the Arkansas River. The dam was completed in 1913.

Charlie Cowan, meanwhile, had gone to the Western Slope to develop a small coal mine he had bought near Paonia, Colorado. He abandoned the original entry and tapped one of the lower veins. To speed coal shipments, he constructed a tram trestle, its slender rails spanning a two hundred yard gulch at the height of seventy feet. Within five years, his Paonia Mine became one of the biggest coal producers in the State. Then on December 3, 1914, Charlie Cowan was crossing the trestle in an empty ore car when the tow cable fouled. The car jumped the track and plunged over the side, hurling him into the gulch below. He died almost at once.

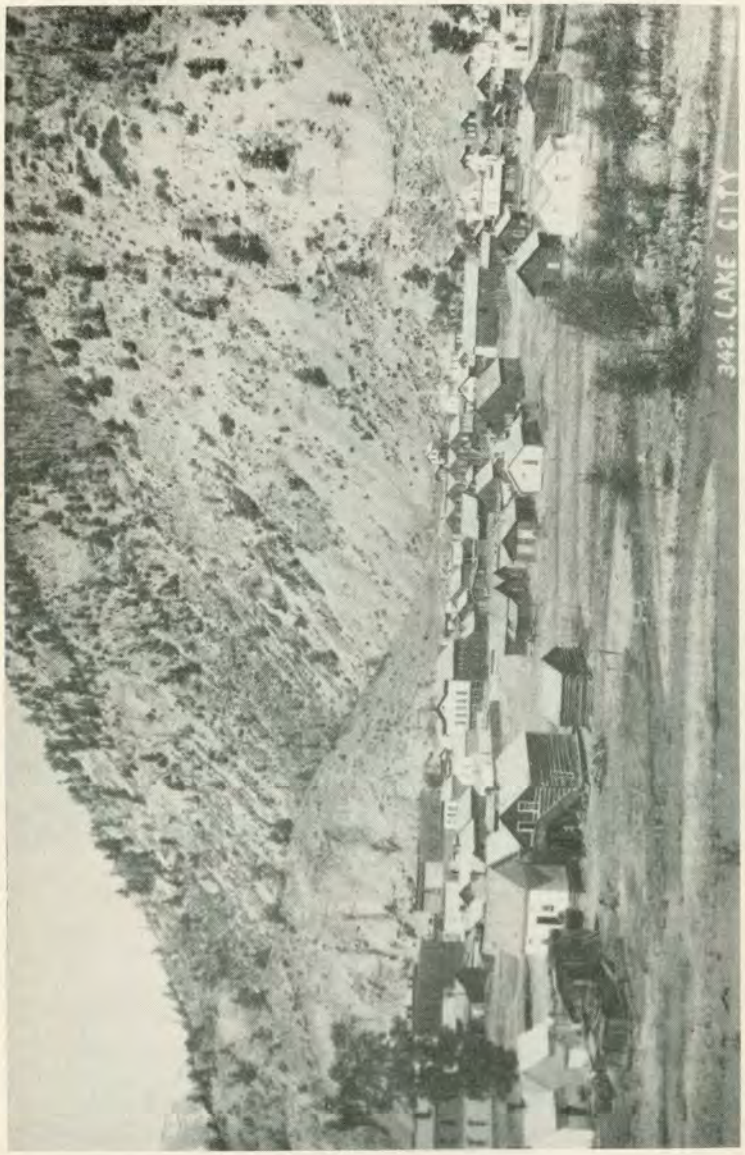
To say the least, Roland and Elizabeth Blunt lived an extraordinary life. They saw Cripple Creek boom and fade. They saw Florence when it throbbed with activity; then saw its mills and refineries dismantled and hauled away. They saw the beginning of the coal field development; its peak year of 1918, and then it too, dwindled. They were there when Coal Creek was completely destroyed by fire in 1907. They were there when a mountain torrent thundering down Phantom

Canyon wrecked the old Florence & Cripple Creek railroad in 1912. They were there when the Shaeffer Dam was ripped out by the big flood in 1921.

Following World War I, the Blunts had a combination bakery and ice cream parlor in Florence. And on November 29, 1919, their eighth child, a daughter named Maxine, was born. In 1930, at the age of 63, Roll became janitor at the McCandless School. For twelve years, he tended the school more diligently than he ever had hunted for gold.

Roland and Elizabeth Blunt
on 68th wedding anniversary
September 24, 1958.

Roland and Elizabeth Blunt celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary in 1950, and in 1958, their sixty-eighth anniversary. One might think they must've had a unique philosophy to endure so many hardships. They were "salt-of-the-earth" pioneers, strong willed, and determined. They always put something aside for a rainy day. They shared willingly and forgave freely and accepted the many tragedies as the Will of God.



Lake City, Colorado

Library, S.H.S.C.

Early Development of Lake City, Colorado

By THOMAS GRAY THOMPSON*

Even the valley was cold in winter. Sheets of ice covered near-by lakes and generally remained until April. Snow drifts that obliterated the outlines of family wood piles also made the roads to Lake City, Colorado hazardous, if not impassable, during the winter months. Yet, the town's small homes remained sturdy and comfortable, and life was not unpleasant. Friends gathered frequently for a visit around the fireplace, an evening of cards, or even a birthday celebration. Sleigh rides were popular, and the hardier residents skated on the ice which formed on the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River at the east edge of town. With the return of spring, the sun again ventured far enough north to melt the snow and open the trails to the mines nearby. Then, the new mining community resumed its summer bustle and activity.

Regardless of the season, however, residents of Lake City participated in community-wide social activities. These centered largely in the local churches, which provided spiritual guidance and recreational programs for the community during its early years. Although locally sponsored and directed, these early social activities in Lake City received additional impetus from the fact that capitalists from the outside played a significant role in establishing the town, in developing near-by mineral resources, and in promoting an orderly community in which a stable society could develop.

Prospectors first visited the valley of the Lake Fork in 1869, although the Ute Indians nominally owned the region. In that year, three men established a temporary camp near the mouth of Henson Creek, but they remained only a few months. Three years later, another party prospected the area southwest of Lake San Cristobal and located two claims. The next year, 1873, continued violations of Indian boundaries almost resulted in open warfare. In May, 1874, however, by the Brunot Treaty, the United States Government induced the Ute Indians to cede three million acres of the San Juan country to the government.

*In reply to a request for information about himself, Mr. Thomas Gray Thompson, who is at present teaching at the University of Missouri, wrote: "I received my B.A. (1960) and M.A. (1961) degrees from the University of Oklahoma. My Master's thesis was 'The Social and Cultural History of Lake City, Colorado, 1875-1900.' It was directed by Dr. Gilbert C. Fite at Oklahoma, and rested heavily on the splendid newspaper files of the State Historical Society of Colorado. Since the fall of 1960, I have been teaching American History at the University of Missouri, where I am also working toward a Doctorate in American History, with special emphasis on the history of the American West. This coming summer (1963) I shall be working on my dissertation, 'The Cultural History of Colorado Mining Camps,' with special emphasis on the communities in the San Juan Mining District of southwestern Colorado. It will be directed by Dr. Lewis Atherton. I should complete my doctoral work by June, 1964. Oklahoma is my native state; yet, Colorado is my 'adopted' state, since my wife, Penny, and I spend the summer months in Lake City, where we have a cabin."

A month later, the Colorado territorial legislature incorporated the eastern part of the new territory as Hinsdale County.

Otto Mears, a prominent financier and road builder, became interested in the new area at once. Mears commissioned Enos T. Hotchkiss to survey and build a toll road from Saguache, Colorado, to the valley of the Lake Fork a month after the signing of the Brunot Treaty. Hotchkiss completed the Saguache and San Juan Toll Road in August, 1874. While surveying for this project, Hotchkiss located the rich ore deposits at the north end of Lake San Cristobal, a discovery which stimulated the first widespread interest in the region near Lake City.[1] Anticipating a rapid development, Eugene Bartholfs, Finley Sparling, and others laid out the Lake City townsite and entered it in the Land Office at Del Norte before the end of 1874.

In September of the next year, Henry Finley, F. Newton Rouge, and William T. Ring formed the Lake City Town Company, largely financed by Otto Mears and his associates.[2] The company purchased townsite land and held it in readiness for sale to settlers as they arrived.

Mears recognized the need to develop good transportation routes as a means of building up the region.[3] With that in mind, he commissioned Hotchkiss to supervise the construction of another, more direct toll road to the valley. Hotchkiss completed this, the Antelope Springs and Lake City Toll Road, during the summer of 1875. This soon became the principal route to the San Juan mining region. Within a few years, Mears' toll roads linked every part of the San Juan country and were supplemented by railroad lines, which he financed and built.[4]

Mears also understood the value of publicity in promoting regional developments. Consequently, he decided to finance the establishment of a small, local newspaper at Lake City to supply interested readers and potential settlers with information on mining activity and to provide local news for the town's residents. He expected this paper to advertise the region effectively, and at less cost than advertisements in Eastern newspapers. During the spring of 1875, he induced Harry M. Woods and Clark L. Peyton to inaugurate the Lake City paper, the *Silver World*.[5] The first issue appeared on June 19, 1875,

[1] J. D. Irving and H. Bancroft, "Geology and Ore Deposits Near Lake City, Colorado," *United States Geological Survey Bulletin 478* (Washington: U. S. Government Printing Office, 1911), p. 13. Hereafter cited as *U.S.G.S. Bulletin 478*. See also, L. A. Vinton, *Resources and Mineral Wealth of Hinsdale County, Colorado, Past, Present, and Future* (Lake City, Colorado: L. A. Vinton Co., 1895), pp. 4-6.

[2] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), January 5, 1878.

[3] Helen M. Searcy, "Otto Mears," in *Pioneers of the San Juan Country* (3 vols.; Colorado Springs: Out West Printing and Stationery Co., 1942-52), vol. I, p. 20.

[4] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), May 22, 1880.

and gladly proclaimed the results of a special election held earlier that year, which made Lake City the county seat of Hinsdale County.

Throughout the early history of Lake City, Woods and Peyton sought above all else, to provide ". . . . full and complete reports from this and adjacent mining districts."[6] During their first three years as editors, they devoted over two-thirds of the space in their four-page weekly *Silver World* to mining news and advertisements by local merchants. Their paper included little advertising of national products until 1881, and none during its first three years of existence. Editorially, Woods and Peyton stressed the potential riches of the new mining area, emphasized the desirability of Lake City as a home, and promoted the civic improvements which they felt to be necessary.[7] Within two years, they claimed to have more than one thousand subscribers, with readers in all states and territories and in many European countries.[8]

Reports of new discoveries in the San Juan region did spread widely, and immigrants came to the valley in increasing numbers. The *Silver World* observed that "The influx of strangers is astonishing, not an hour passes but our streets are thronged with new faces; and every day sees some new families who have pitched their tents in our midst."[9] By November, 1875, the town had sixty-seven completed buildings and about 400 inhabitants.[10] A year later, the Lake City correspondent for the *Rocky Mountain News* estimated the population to be about 1,000, with another 2,000 encamped along the near-by creeks.[11] During that summer, six to twelve wagons a day paid the $3.00 toll over Mears' Saguache and San Juan Toll Road and arrived in Lake City.[12] Others came on Barlow and Sanderson's stagecoaches, which began tri-weekly service to Lake City in 1875. While some newcomers continued to live in tents, most erected houses within a short time.[13] At the end of its second year, Lake City could claim over 2,000 residents, and 1,000 buildings and homes.[14]

Some of the immigrants were disappointed. Placer deposits were scarce, and those who came without special skills or knowledge of the techniques of sub-surface ore extraction

[5] Sidney Jocknick, *Early Days on the Western Slope of Colorado and Campfire Chats with Otto Mears the Pathfinder, from 1870 to 1873 Inclusive* (Denver: The Carson-Harper Co., 1913), p. 38.

[6] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), June 19, 1875.

[7] *Ibid*, 1875-88.

[8] *Ibid.*, June 23, 1877.

[9] *Ibid.*, October 2, 1875.

[10] Lillian R. Smoot, "Pioneers of Hinsdale County," in *Pioneers of the San Juan Country* (3 vols.; Colorado Springs: Out West Printing and Stationery Co., 1942-52), vol. II, p. 55.

[11] *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver, Colorado), May 17, 1877.

[12] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), May 22, 1880.

[13] Smoot, "Pioneers of Hinsdale County," *Pioneers of the San Juan Country*, vol. II, p. 55.

[14] *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver, Colorado), May 17, 1878.

stayed only a short time.[15] The prospectors who did remain, generally lacked necessary funds to develop their discoveries and to erect mills and smelters to refine the complex ores. Local merchants, who often financed the discovery of new lodes, lacked sufficient resources to put them into production. Without outside capital, the development of the mineral resources near Lake City would have been difficult, if not impossible. Consequently, the *Silver World* devoted an increasing amount of space to publicizing new discoveries in an effort to attract outside capital.[16]

British investors provided the first significant funds for the development of the new discoveries. In 1876, John J. Crooke, representing the Crooke Mining and Smelting Company, Ltd. (London), directed the construction of a mill and smelter in Lake City. During the next two years, he built two additional smelters in the area.[17] These processed most of the ores taken from Lake City mines before 1884.[18]

British capital also played an important role in developing mining properties in the region. Although discovered in 1874, little was done to develop the Ute and Ulay mines until the Crooke Mining and Smelting Company purchased the properties in 1876.[19] Subsequently, these became the best developed mines in the area, and the most consistent producers. J. J. Crooke also financed the development of several smaller mines near Lake City.[20] Thus, British capital fostered both development and smelting activities in the Lake City region.

Shifting production figures illustrate the key role played by outside capital over the years. The value of silver and lead produced in the Lake City area increased from $59,462 in 1875 to $182,488 in 1876, when the Crooke interests entered the region. From then to 1884, despite a gradual decline in the price of silver, the annual production of these two metals by local mines averaged $162,811, which represented eighty-four percent of the value of all minerals produced locally during the period. Most of this came from the Ute and Ulay mines, which were owned and developed by the Crooke Mining and Smelting Company. When the Crooke interests closed their mines and smelters late in 1884, the value of locally produced lead and silver dropped from $208,703 to $11,362 within a year.[21]

[15] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), January 5, 1878.

[16] *Ibid.*, 1876-79.

[17] Irving and Bancroft, "Geology and Ore Deposits near Lake City, Colorado," *U.S.G.S. Bulletin 478*, p. 13.

[18] H. C. Burchard, *Report of the Director of the Mint upon the production of gold and silver in the United States, 1884* (Washington: U. S. Government Printing Office, 1885), pp. 177, 218-20.

[19] *Ibid.*, 1882, pp. 240, 328-32.

[20] Irving and Bancroft, "Geology and Ore Deposits Near Lake City, Colorado," *U.S.G.S. Bulletin 478*, pp. 13-14.

[21] C. W. Henderson, "Mining in Colorado, A History of Discovery, Development, and Production," *United States Geological Survey Professional Paper 138* (Washington: U. S. Government Printing Office, 1926), pp. 126-28.

The temporary withdrawal of such outside capital ended Lake City's first boom period and produced a local depression, which lasted until new resources could be drawn to the region.[22]

During the early years of Lake City's history, merchants and professional men found profitable employment in supplying those who worked in the mines, mills, and smelters. In Lake City two new sawmills supplemented the mill established by Henry Finley as sources of finished lumber. Merchants obtained staples from Denver, and fresh vegetables, eggs, and butter from near-by ranches.[23] By 1880, Lake City could report seven lawyers, four doctors, eight wagon makers and blacksmiths, twenty-seven storekeepers, three bakers, five druggists, and two engineers to the U. S. Census Bureau.[24] Among the retail establishments, there were three meat markets, two jewelers, six clothing stores, four hardware shops, and seven grocery stores.[25] These firms supplied local residents and near-by camps with supplies and entertainment. Two local freighting companies carried supplies to Silverton, Henson, Carson, Sherman, and Whitecross over Mears' toll roads. Since these camps lacked facilities for group entertainment, miners regularly visited Lake City for recreation, especially in the winter, when many moved to Lake City.[26] As the mining and mercantile community of Lake City became increasingly important, the cost of town lots increased from a mere nominal sum to hundreds of dollars.[27]

During these early years, when Lake City was developing a stable population and becoming the economic center for near-by camps, there existed a constant problem of lawlessness. Thievery apparently surpassed all other activities in this field. In August, 1875, the *Silver World* reported the presence of several horse thieves in the area. Sometimes, thieves caused the community acute embarrassment, as when visitors from Del Norte had the cushions taken from their carriage, and again, the next morning, while they were at breakfast, their shoes and blankets were stolen from their rooms.[28] Theft of horses and mules was also common, and the *Silver World* reported occasional instances of fighting and gunplay in the town.

[22] In 1887, the Ute and Ulay mines re-opened. During the two years these mines were closed, Hinsdale County produced only $42,119 in lead and silver. In 1887, production of these two metals exceeded $113,000, which accounted for 90% of the area's total production. Gold and copper production, while consistent, was never a major factor in the mineral production of the region. *Ibid.*, 128.

[23] Mary K. Mott, "At Lake City and Telluride," in *Pioneers of the San Juan Country* (3 vols.; Colorado Springs, Colo.: Out West Printing and Stationery Co., 1942-52), vol. II, p. 88.

[24] U. S. Bureau of the Census of the United States: 1880, Population, Vol. III, pp. 170-88. Manuscript copy in Colorado State Archives, Denver, Colorado.

[25] *Lake City* (Colorado) *Mining Register*, January 1, 1881.

[26] *San Juan Crescent* (Lake City, Colorado), July 19, 1877.

[27] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), January 5, 1878; and County Assessor, Hinsdale County, Colorado, Abstract of Assessment Roll, 11 vols., 1877-1900. Hinsdale County Courthouse.

[28] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), November 6, 1875.

In an effort to control such lawlessness, officers of the town company appointed a marshal and appropriated funds for a local jail.[29] The town trustees also passed a set of city ordinances. These included license fees for gambling establishments and dog taxes, as well as fines for carrying concealed weapons and for vandalism.[30]

By June, 1876, the log jail was nearly complete. A month later, the town trustees increased the police force by appointing four additional officers. The day officers received $5.00 for each arrest and conviction, and the two night watchmen a set salary of $50 per month.[31] Existing records indicate that establishment of the police force and the building of the jail provided adequate means of protection. Lawlessness did not disappear, but local marshals successfully enforced the laws and provided order and security for property.[32]

A religious atmosphere invaded Lake City almost simultaneously with its founding. Five months after the organization of the town, the people started forming religious bodies. Within a comparatively short time, they established six churches: Presbyterian, Baptist, Christian, Methodist, Episcopal, and Catholic, and four church buildings were erected.

The Reverend Alexander M. Darley, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Del Norte, Colorado, and the missionary pastor of the San Juan country, with his brother, George, also a minister, were the first to visit the town. They arrived in Lake City on June 17, 1876. The following day, they organized the Lake City Presbyterian Church. One hundred and fifteen persons attended the evening service and approved plans for the immediate construction of a church edifice.[33]

This structure, dedicated on November 19, 1876, became the first protestant church building in Lake City, and the first on the western slope of Colorado. At once, it became the center from which radiated social and intellectual functions for the mining town. Miners and transient workers felt its influence as they approached Lake City. Men said, "As we came toward the camp we heard the sound of a church bell and were surprised; for, we had no idea there was a church in Lake City."[34]

Alexander and George Darley contributed much to the religious and moral development of the San Juan mining area. They provided a brilliant, colorful, and strong leadership, which found success in Lake City. Both were well educated and fluent speakers. Although adamant in their fight against

[29] *Ibid.*, June 3, 1876.
[30] *Ibid.*, May 17, 1877.
[31] *Ibid.*, September 2, 1876.
[32] *Ibid.*, 1876-88.
[33] Minutes of the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Lake City, Colorado, pp. 1-3. Located in First Presbyterian Church, Lake City, Colorado.
[34] George M. Darley, *Pioneering in the San Juan* (New York: F. H. Revell Co. 1899), p. 38.

Presbyterian Church, Lake City
Oldest Church on Western Slope

vice and sin, they commanded the respect and admiration of the gambler, the dance hall habitue, and the saloon keeper. They travelled from camp to camp by horseback and on snowshoes to preach wherever a crowd could be assembled. Gambling games often adjourned while one of them preached a sermon. George Darley later wrote that, "The men sang old familiar hymns with rich and often trained voices. With bowed heads they heard prayers and often listened to sermons with tears in their eyes."[35]

George Darley served as pastor of the Lake City Presbyterian Church from its beginning until 1880. Although not present at Lake City's first large social gathering, the Christmas Eve celebration in 1875, Darley played an important role in the social and religious life of the community in the years following.

The first Christmas Eve celebration, December 24, 1875, while not directly sponsored by a religious group, was promoted by ladies of the community who later became charter members of the Presbyterian Church in Lake City. This celebration marked the first community Christmas tree, not only in the San Juan area, but on the Pacific slope of Colorado. The ladies provided gifts for all children, as well as candy, nuts, and fruit for everyone. A community supper, donated and prepared by the ladies, highlighted the evening. Of this, the *Silver World* editors remarked that "Two long tables fairly groaned under the weight of good things to eat and of the three hundred-eleven souls who availed themselves of the generous hospitality, none went away unsatisfied."[36] The hall was cleared for dancing after supper. Three-fourths of the town's inhabitants attended this function, to which all were invited.

By the time the next Christmas season arrived, the Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Methodist congregations had organized and were ready to sponsor Christmas observances. Since the Presbyterian Church was still the largest hall in town, all combined their efforts under its roof. George Darley organized and directed the program, which was given by the local children. This became a regular feature of the annual Christmas celebrations. The *Silver World* reported, "A hall several times larger would have been required to accommodate the curious and the interested."[37] Again, a general invitation had been issued to everyone.

The following year, 1877, the community celebrated Christmas in the new courthouse building. Two large Spruce trees decorated the upstairs courtroom, and a committee of Methodist ladies remained on duty during the day to accept gifts to be placed under the trees. Families brought their presents,

[35] *Ibid.*
[36] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), December 25, 1875.
[37] *Ibid.*, December 25, 1876.

as well as gifts for friends and acquaintances. The general invitation stressed that the celebration was non-denominational, and the hall was crowded. Children, miners, and townspeople participated in the program, which included group singing, as well as individual musical numbers and recitations.[38]

The importance of these annual observances of Christmas is emphasized by the statement in the *Silver World* that the 1879 Christmas celebration at the Presbyterian Church was the principal attraction for the young people.[39] An added feature that Christmas season was the presentation of the first Christmas Eve Ball, given by the ladies of the Catholic Church. These dances continued as a part of community life during the holiday season, and residents eagerly anticipated them. They were well planned, provided good music and refreshments, and were always conducted in an orderly manner.[40] From the outset, these Christmas events unified the community, and made possible a more elaborate celebration than the small homes would allow.

Social functions, other than observance of religious holidays, soon became a part of the church-sponsored activities. The Sunday Schools sponsored picnics, and regular recreational activities for the children. Picnics and outings usually included good food and competitive games. They played an important role in the social life of the camp, and the children of all denominations eagerly anticipated them. Although the Sunday Schools were denominational at first, all children in Lake City could attend their outings.[41]

Church-sponsored programs presented by the children provided adult entertainment, as well as wholesome and educational activity for the children. In addition, they proved to be a good means of raising money for church needs. Sometimes such programs were given in business buildings, such as the one presented by the children of the Episcopal Sunday School in February, 1881. They presented a program of historical tableaux on an improved stage in a local store. The ladies supplied costumes of various periods, and musical numbers and readings supplemented the tableaux. The two performances netted $110 for the Episcopal Church activity fund.[42] The following month, pupils from the Presbyterian Sunday School presented a similar public entertainment. The audience was so large that many stood in the aisles and around the walls of the church for the entire program, consisting of anthems, flute and organ solos, group songs, and recitations.[43]

The Christian denomination sponsored the most active of

[38] *Ibid.*, December 29, 1877.
[39] *Ibid.*, December 28, 1879.
[40] *Ibid.*, December 27, 1880 to December 26, 1883.
[41] Personal Interview with Mrs. H. G. Heath, Lake City, Colorado, July 16, 1960.
[42] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), February 19, 1881.
[43] *Ibid.*, March 12, 1881.

the young people's social organizations. They called it the Young People's Christian Association, and it reached its peak of popularity and influence in 1880 and 1881. A regular feature of this group's activities was the Sunday evening song service. These meetings included instrumental and vocal solos and recitations. The *Silver World* reported that interest in the Y.P.C.A. was maintained through the diligent effort of those having it in charge; and that an appreciative audience attended the meetings every Sunday evening.[44] In lieu of a pastor for the various congregations, the Y.P.C.A. programs often included the reading of a printed sermon, which had been delivered by a well-known minister.

Church-sponsored programs and entertainments attracted all ages and groups, families and strangers, as well as children and young people. Church suppers, dances, and plays were held frequently during these early days. They constituted the major source of community social life, since private homes lacked sufficient room for entertaining large groups.

The Presbyterians and Methodists confined their social functions to dinners, literary discussions, and musical programs. The Presbyterian ladies sponsored a musical and literary program in Kostick and Kohler's Hall in September, 1876. Supper was served from 6:30 to 9:00 P.M., followed by the program. Nearly a hundred residents attended this function.[45] This was the first of several similar socials utilizing local talent and presented as benefits to provide furnishings for the churches. Later that year, the ladies of the Methodist Church also held a benefit dinner and musical show. The program was given by a group of members known as "Our Club" and included music, recitations and tableaux.[46]

The Episcopalians and Catholics included dances and costume balls as additional social affairs. Members of the Episcopal Church gave a program of songs and readings in June, 1877, as a benefit for the Episcopal Church organ fund. Dancing for everyone followed the program.[47] Three months later, the Catholic ladies sponsored a night fair and a ball. They continued to sponsor fairs for several years.[48]

Social events occasionally supported moral campaigns. In 1878, the Murphy Movement, a temperance organization, claimed the attention of church groups. To inaugurate the temperance campaign in Lake City, the Presbyterian Church invited everyone to a large buffet and Open House on New Year's Day, 1878. All classes and both sexes mingled freely. For the event, a downtown restaurant remained open from 11:00 A.M. until after midnight. Over seven hundred miners,

[44] *Ibid.*, December 9, 1882.
[45] *Ibid.*, September 23, 1876.
[46] *Ibid.*, November 10, 1877.
[47] *Ibid.*, June 16, 1877.
[48] *Ibid.*, October 4, 1877 to December 26, 1883.

workers, and prospectors came to the restaurant during the day. A choir of young people sang, and local talent presented a program in the evening. This included selections from Whittier, read by William P. Harbottle, a local resident, and an address by the Reverend George Darley.[49] At the Open House forty-five men signed the Temperance Pledge, and only two drunks were found on the streets of Lake City that New Year's Day. The event proved so successful that it became an annual affair for several years.[50]

A picnic and festival at Bergen's Garden on Henson Creek, sponsored by the ladies of the Catholic Church, constituted the outstanding event of the July 4, 1879, celebration. During the evening, music and dancing entertained the guests.[51]

But social events were not limited to holidays. The ladies of the Episcopal Church, known as the St. James Guild, began weekly social gatherings in April, 1878. During the summer of that year, they held weekly dances at Franklin's Hall. The ladies extended a general invitation to all in the community and no admission was charged. Occasionally they sponsored a special dance as a benefit and charged admission.[52] The Social Circle of the St. James Episcopal Church was organized May 25, 1880.[53] It met Thursday afternoons in members' homes. The Social Circle sponsored frequent community-wide social affairs, including dances and literary programs. It went on record as ". . . determined to remain a permanent organization and to be a faithful auxiliary in the promotion of the church's interests and its charity in the community."[54]

Unlike some mining communities, where respectable townsmen had little to do with laborers from the mines, Lake City churches discovered and utilized the unusual talent of various mine workers in their programs and socials. At the February 21, 1882, Presbyterian Church program—which was highlighted by the auction of the old church organ—a colored quartette of miners from Rose's Cabin, a nearby settlement, made its first public appearance in Lake City. On this same program, miners George Harris and Richard Cruse, from the Ute mine, presented a flute duet.[55] In March of that same year, the Christian Church congregation presented a program which included a quartette from the Ute mine and other individual musical numbers by men from the surrounding area.[56] In November, the same congregation presented a similar "Tuesday Evening Musical and Literary Program." There was no admission charge and nearly two hundred persons of all ages at-

[49] *Ibid.*, January 5, 1878.
[50] Darley, *Pioneering in the San Juan*, pp. 57-58.
[51] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), July 11, 1879.
[52] *Ibid.*, June 1, 1878.
[53] *Ibid.*, June 4, 1880.
[54] *Ibid.*, August 21, 1880.
[55] *Ibid.*, February 25, 1882.
[56] *Ibid.*, March 11, 1882.
[57] *Mining Register* (Lake City, Colorado), November 16, 1882.

tended. Refreshments included sandwiches, coffee, and cake.[57] The addition of stereopticon exhibitions highlighted the following year's program. One such program, presented August 22, 1883, included a pictorial tour through England, France, and Italy, as well as views of monuments of the United States and the Old Country.[58] Such entertainment became typical of the church-sponsored programs and served to expand the intellectual interests of the community.

Probably the most direct manifestations of a widespread religious influence on the intellectual life of Lake City was the establishment of a Miners' Library in 1877. Since many of the mines closed during the severe winter months, the workers had much leisure time. While some sought work in lower elevations, most remained in Lake City until spring, chopping wood or doing odd jobs for a living. The Reverend Alexander Darley and others, particularly members of the Presbyterian Church, felt that a public library and reading room should be made available to them.

In March, 1877, Darley organized the Free Library Association. After the election of officers and the establishment of rules of procedure, the Association selected the name "Miners' Library of Lake City" for their new venture. Henry Finley donated a lot to the Association, and the officers made plans to erect a library building. Local merchants donated the material, and miners supplied the necessary labor.[59]

Before the building was completed, the Miners' Library Association opened its free library and reading room on April 25, 1877, in space donated by General George Sickles in his new building on Gunnison Avenue. The Reverend Mr. Darley had been soliciting books since November, 1875,[60] and John Rice of Pueblo, Colorado, who established a branch news depot in Lake City, made his circulating library available.[61] John H. Simmons donated two hundred books, and the Reverend Mr. Darley added sixty more to those already collected. Darley also secured subscriptions to the leading state newspapers and many from the East. The Library Association provided stationery and desks for writing letters, as well as reading material for miners and strangers in the city who lacked such facilities.[62] The Miners' Library Association completed its own building on the south side of Fourth Street in August, 1877.[63]

On May 26, 1877, however, even before permanent quarters were ready, the *Silver World* reported that the program was achieving its purposes:

> The Miners' Library is now a month old. It is a great moral and intellectual aid to this area. Current literature is most popular. Some of the best daily and weekly journals from all over the United States are available. The present book collection is light literature; but by good American and European authors.
>
> The moral influence is already felt. Many spend time there who formerly went elsewhere.[64]

According to the *Rocky Mountain News,* May 31, 1877, the Miners' free reading room and library at Lake City was a great success.[65]

Thus, miners as well as townspeople benefitted from the social and intellectual activities sponsored by local churches. After 1884, the relative importance of these church activities declined. With the construction of a school and opera house, and the development of private and fraternal organizations, the social life of Lake City became more diversified.[66] As other organizations provided entertainment and social diversion, the churches limited their activities to their members. Nevertheless, during the first decade of Lake City's history, the churches provided the primary source of community-wide entertainment. These activities were well attended by all groups within the town's population. While the initial settlement and development of Lake City was strongly influenced by outside interests, the principal support and direction for these church activities came from within the community itself.

[57] *Ibid.*, August 22, 1883.
[58] *Silver World* (Lake City, Colorado), March 3, 1877.
[59] *Ibid.*, November 13, 1875.
[60] *Ibid.*, October 21, 1876.
[61] *Ibid.*, April 28, 1877.
[62] *Ibid.*, August 11, 1877.
[63] *Ibid.*, May 26, 1877.
[64] *Rocky Mountain News* (Denver, Colorado), May 31, 1877.
[65] The Lake City Public School was completed in 1881. A local opera house and armory was built in 1883 to provide a place for travelling shows and to house the Pitkin Guards, a local military organization. The John S. Hough Fire Company, formed in 1883, subsequently sponsored public dances, together with the Pitkin Guards. The same year, chapters of the Grand Army of the Republic and Good Templars Lodge were formed. These supplemented the Masonic and I.O.O.F. lodges which were formed prior to 1880. Typical of the special interest clubs formed after 1883 were the Debating Society (1884), the Archery Club (1883), a hiking club (1884), and a sewing club (1884). *Lake City Mining Register,* 1883-84.

Colorado Day Essay Contest
A True Colorado Historical Incident
First Prize—$50.00
1962

Petticoat Justice

By Kendra Englert
Palmer High School, Colorado Springs

In the sixteenth century Shakespeare wrote, "As full of spirit as the month of May." When the playwright penned these words he could not have known how clearly the significance of their meaning would someday apply to another May —May Hall Ammerman —a resident of Colorado City during the early part of the twentieth century.

Ragsdale

Kendra Englert
Winner of First Prize

For five years, Mrs. May Ammerman, a rather attractive woman about five feet two inches tall, weighing approximately one hundred ten pounds, with black flashing eyes outlined by thin wire glasses against her fair skin, was Grand Mistress of Records and Correspondence for the Pythian Sisters of Colorado. She was also a member of the Woman's Study Club, and a charter member of Chapter Y, P.E.O. Her time was that of lavender and old lace, and she was one of the "women of quality" in Colorado City. The "ladies" walked on the north side of Colorado Avenue, the "others"—the madames and their girls—promenaded on the south side. May's prestige did not come from her social standings, however, but was earned through her political activities.

May's husband, the ailing Dr. C. R. Ammerman, was Clerk of Records and Seal, thereby being one of the three Commissioners of Colorado City; the other two were Commissioner of Public Affairs (Mayor), and Commissioner of Highways.

The year 1909 was one in which a dozen pearl buttons could be purchased for a nickel, a man's union suit cost but one

dollar, and a pair of ladies' lace shoes sold for a dollar and a quarter. As the old year roared into 1910, it became evident someone would have to assume the doctor's duties as City Clerk. Mrs. May Hall Ammerman was appointed to finish out his unexpired term. In 1911 Mrs. Ammerman, on her own record, won the office, unopposed.

As election time in 1913 drew near, May was again at the starting post in running position, this time for a four-year term.

This was too much for the saloon owners, madames, and "those high in spirits." They couldn't afford to have her back in public ranks because she was determined to ban the flow of their favorite juices. Their strategy was to run five male candidates against her. Those opposing her were: Thomas F. Burwell, John G. Faulkner, William Lushinsky, Robert W. Hodkinson, and Emil Schmidtke.

May considered this maneuvering an act of personal aggression. She turned to her best friend, Julia Jenkins Baker, for help. Julia Baker, my great grandmother, was a wiry, four-foot-ten-inch bundle of explosives. Her sympathy, encouragement and tactful discussions spurred May to renewed faith in herself.

The dispensers of booze realized their five male pawns would undoubtedly split the ticket. Those who walked on the south side of Colorado Avenue and the refugees from the hoosegow panicked. They feared their obstacle was not potent enough to stop Mrs. Ammerman. Something drastic had to be done!

On Friday, March 10, 1913, a petition, with one-hundred-seventy signatures was read, demanding an amendment to the Charter of Colorado City, that would change the duties of the *police magistrate* from *mayor* to *Clerk of Records and Seal!* Those who did not support Mrs. Ammerman were confident this action would end her campaign. "Who," they reasoned, "in this wide-open town, would dare to vote a woman into the position of police judge?"

Mrs. Julia Baker again restored May's ego and bolstered her courage to the point where she was biting at the bit to run for the high-ranking public office. "In 1859," great grandmother explained, "seven years before you were born and one year after I was, women could vote in Colorado Territory if they possessed a mining claim. Since 1893 women have held public office. The fact that *no woman* in Colorado has ever been a police magistrate, doesn't mean that you can't be. You'll be the FIRST. You're going to run, and I'm going to help you win!"

And run they ran—to all the women! Their slogan was "Let's celebrate May's day on April 15th." It was rumored

that one of the opposition sneered, "There go the nuts gathering votes for May!" May's persistence to win made Holmes' statement, "Man has his will—but woman has her way" actual reality. On April 15, 1913, it was announced that Mrs. Ammerman had again won the office—this time with the additional title of "Police Magistrate."

A few days after this election many wished to subscribe to a fund to compel Mrs. Ammerman to go into court to fight for the position to which she had been elected and to show cause why she should be permitted to hold the office. However, this never came to pass. The courageous Mrs. Ammerman was the police magistrate until Colorado City and Colorado Springs were consolidated in 1917.

Mrs. May Hall Ammerman fought for ideals. She proved that a capable determined woman can accept, and ably execute, tasks not normally expected of her. Although she passed away in 1943, she was in 1913, and remains now, a true example of *Petticoat Justice.*

SOURCES

Representative Women of Colorado, Copyright, 1914, by James Alexander Semple, Denver, Colorado. Short biographical sketch and picture on page 184.

The Colorado City Argus, newspaper, January-April 1913.

The Colorado City Iris, newspaper, January-April 1913.

Henry, Lewis C., *Best Quotations for All Occasions.* Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn. 1961.

Colorado Springs Police Dept. *Scrapbook, 1913.*

INTERVIEWS

Mrs. Elizabeth Ammerman Hutchison, step-daughter of Mrs. May Hall Ammerman and daughter of Dr. C. R. Ammerman.

Helen Baker, my grandmother and daughter-in-law of Julia Baker.

Lorene Baker Englert, my mother and granddaughter of Julia Baker.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lushinsky Decker, daughter-in-law of William Lushinsky (Candidate).

Mrs. Pauline Lushinsky Ellis, daughter of William Lushinsky.

Ray Colwell, historian.

Rae Cross, friend of Mrs. May Hall Ammerman.

Carl Mathews, historian.

Martin Drake, early day resident of Colorado City since 1874. Still an employee at the Colorado Springs National Bank.

Mrs. Martin Drake, daughter of El Paso County's First Commissioner, long-time resident of Colorado City.

Woodbury Drake, son of Martin Drake, contemporary of Mrs. Elizabeth Ammerman Hutchison.

Mr. Le Roy Ellinwood, Teacher and Historian. Resident of Colorado City in 1913.

Denver Hotel
Breckenridge, Colorado, 1899

The Big Snow

As the result of publishing the stories of the "Winter of the Big Snow" in the January, 1963, issue of *The Colorado Magazine*, twenty persons have joined the Society. Letters concerning the winter of 1898-1899 have come to the Editor from near and far.

Especially have folks been interested in calling attention to the fact that two of the photographs published in the issue should have been credited to Breckenridge rather than to Kokomo. We are sorry. The photographs reached the Editor's desk mislabeled. The Big Snow, however, blanketed both towns.

From Erwine H. Stewart of Mesa, Colorado came a letter which said in part:

"The photograph at the bottom of page 32 is Main street in Breckenridge looking north instead of Kokomo as it is labeled. The one on page 34 is the Denver Hotel in Breckenridge and not the Mountain House in Kokomo. . . . As an 11-year-old boy I am the one who is sitting in the snow at the foot of the snowman. Mrs. Bob Foote and her daughter, Ella (Foote) Theobold are on either side of the snowman as they made it and it is standing on the balcony of the second story of the hotel. Mr. Bob Foote, the owner of the hotel, can be seen in the snow tunnel with his white bartender's apron on and the sleeves of his white shirt showing. The lady on the farthest right in the picture and about half way up the snowbank with a heavy knit scarf over her head and tied at the throat with the loose ends hanging down in front, is my mother, Ada Stewart. The lady a bit lower down with the hat and high fur collar on is Miss Molly Condon, the sister of Dr. C. F. Condon. The picture was taken by Mrs. C. F. Condon and I well remember the day the picture was taken as my mother and the two Condon women did a lot of snapping and developing together at that time. I remember about Mr. Fulton being lost that winter but we left Breckenridge before they found his body."

Gladys Karstedt of Denver, wrote:

"My father was one of the pioneers of the Leadville area and lived and worked in Kokomo for over 50 years. In 1896 he moved us to Denver for the benefit of the city schools, but with teachers like Mrs. Neve, Kokomo schools didn't fare so badly.

"As my father was a civil engineer, surveyor and mining man, most of the mining claims from Breckenridge to Leadville were surveyed and registered at our State Capitol in his name.

"I remember well the year as they spoke of it as the year Kokomo was snowbound. I recall well, of my mother receiving no mail from my father for over three months, and also the dark evening when we opened the door and my father was standing there in his black overcoat. He said he and five others had snowshoed the eighteen miles to Leadville to get the D.&R.G. train for Denver. He was staying at the Buffington Hotel or Mountain House, as it was called for years. As I remember he said they had a really pleasant time playing High Five, and reading, and just talking of the topics of the day. There was something rather snug and comfortable in the walls of snow around them. But the day came when the kitchen cupboards were bare and the necessity to begin circulating was imminent. It must have been quite a decision when they buckled on their snowshoes and knew they had eighteen miles to walk with no other way out."

Lorenzo Martin Freas

By MILDRED GOSHOW*

When the resolution defining the limits of the Eureka District in what was then Arapahoe County, Kansas Territory, was adopted, the secretary, who signed it, was L. M. Freas.[1] This L. M. Freas is the subject of this biography.

Lorenzo Martin Freas, the third of eight children of Jacob and Mary (Miller) Frees, was born in Germantown, Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, November 24, 1817.[2] He was a grandson of Martin Friesz, who had served two years in a cavalry company commanded by Captain Herd, in a regiment under Colonel Butler, of the Pennsylvania Line, Continental Army in the Revolutionary War.[3] Lorenzo was named for a fiery preacher and revivalist, Lorenzo Dow, "the Eccentric Cosmopolite," known throughout the country at the time Lorenzo Freas was born.[4] Within his family he was called "Doc," but the reason for the nickname is not known. Some time after 1820, the family moved from Germantown to Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, where they lived at various times in Moreland, Norriton and Worcester Townships. Lorenzo learned the trade of wheelwright, and was employed at it until his departure for California. In 1846 and 1847, he served, with Christian Miller, as administrator of the estate of his father, who died January 3, 1846, in Worcester Township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania.[5]

In 1849, he joined the gold rush to California. He journeyed

*Miss Mildred Goshow of Philadelphia, a great-niece of Lorenzo Martin Freas, is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and was a high school teacher of history for thirty-nine years, thirty-six of them in the Frankford High School, Philadelphia. Local history and genealogy have been her avocational interests for many years. She is a member of the Historical Society of Montgomery County, and a life member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania. Although she has done some professional genealogical work and has written for professional magazines, she prefers "the freedom and pleasure of self-chosen projects." Her story of Lorenzo Martin Freas is based upon family letters and records and upon research in records at Central City and Durango, Colorado.—*Editor.*

[1] Thomas Maitland Marshall: *Early Records of Gilpin County, Colorado.* Boulder, Colorado, 1920. University of Colorado, Historical Collections, vol. 2, p. 78.

[2] Family record in the Bible of Jacob Frees, now in possession of M. Goshow. The spelling of this German name was Fries, Friess or Friesz, but it was anglicized in various ways by members of the family. Jacob, Lorenzo's father, used Frees, but his children finally adopted Freas as the spelling.

[3] Photostat of his application for a pension under the Act of Congress of March, 1818, from the General Services Administration, National Archives, Washington, D. C. This application is filed under "Martin Freaze," although Martin signed it very plainly in German script "Martin Friesz." The person who wrote the application for him in English was responsible for the spelling "Freaze." Lorenzo's descent from Jacob and Martin is proved by the records of baptisms of St. Michael's Lutheran Church, Germantown, Philadelphia, a copy of which is in the collections of the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania.

[4] Charles Coleman Sellers: *Lorenzo Dow, The Bearer of the Word.* (New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1928.) M. Goshow was told of this origin of the name by her father, who was named Lorenzo Freas Goshow in honor of his uncle.

[5] Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, Orphans Court #5724; RW #10604; Deed Book 135, p. 543.

by ship to the east coast of Mexico, walked overland to the Pacific coast, where he expected to take a ship to San Francisco. No ship passage being available, he walked up the coast to San Francisco, arriving in the gold fields penniless. He made what his family considered a fortune, partly by digging gold, but, to a greater degree, by selling provisions and supplies to the miners, and buying and selling mining claims and real estate. When he returned to the East, he brought $11,000 in gold dust with him.[6] He gave each of his nieces, Luzeta Freas Goshow and Susanna Baker, a ring made of pure gold he had mined. It was at this time that he had his portrait painted in oil, and gave it to his sister, Eliza Freas Goshow.[7]

Much of what he made in California, he lost in the next few years by unwise investments and land speculation. He was said to have formed a partnership to equip a vessel to carry supplies to California by way of Cape Horn, but the ship sank and the partner tried to cheat him out of his share of the insurance. On May 4, 1859, just before his departure for Colorado, he drew up a statement of "My Affects," which showed that he was a money lender, several of the loans being secured by property in Chicago. He had purchased mortgage bonds of the Cincinnati and Chicago Railroad Company, with a face value of $10,000, which he considered to be worth $2,000 in 1859. He was still trying to collect something on these bonds in the 1870's, but the company was bankrupt, and the bonds were worthless. He had acquired, as assignee of war veterans or their widows, bounty lands, received under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1855, 1160 acres in the district subject to sale at Fort Dodge, Iowa. The warrants for these lands in Franklin, Humboldt, and Webster Counties, were dated January or March first, 1859. He valued these lands at $2.50 an acre.[8]

With the news of the discovery of gold in Colorado, Lorenzo M. Freas again became infected with the "gold fever." He had kept in touch with the friends made in California, one of whom, M. B. Hawkins, had written from King's Ferry, February 15, 1858, "I hear from the Cala Boys occasionally all knocking along as usual." Now he wrote to some of the "Cala Boys" to suggest the formation of a party to go to the Colorado fields in the spring of 1859. A. H. Merrill of Chicago replied on February 13, 1859, "Mr. Foster, Thom. Brown, Strawn & Charley Ruth are booked for Pikes Peake they go in one party abt. 1st March Butts goes to Ellwood to see them off

[6] Recollections of Lorenzo F. Goshow, who had been told these facts by his Uncle Lorenzo M. Freas. He stated that his uncle was a very reticent man, and that it was very difficult to persuade him to tell of his experiences.

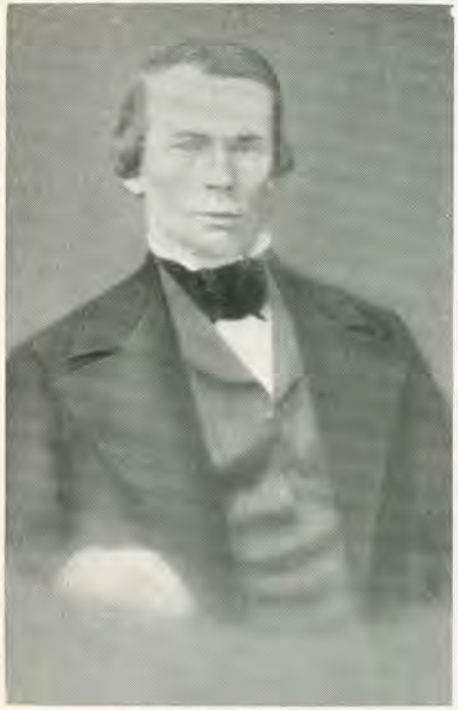
[7] The oil portrait now belongs to M. Goshow. The ring given to Sue Baker now belongs to Helen Goshow of Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

[8] After his death, the administrator of his estate sent to his heirs in Philadelphia, a small leather file, containing letters, bills, and personal papers. Among the contents were his list of assets on May 9, 1859, the railroad bonds and the land warrants mentioned here.

the fever is raging bad & large numbers will go sure—Chicago has been dull & prospects are not flattering Still I recon (*sic*) it will come alright in time.—We shall be glad to see you & as you will be with us soon I wont bother you with a long epistle."

From M. B. Hawkins he received the following reply:

King's Ferry
Feby. 14th 1859



Lorenzo Martin Freas
From a daguerreotype probably taken before 1849.

Friend Freas,

Yours relating to the "Pikes Peak" adventure duly rc'd & would have replied at an earlier date, but thot I would delay a few days & see if I could arrange to meet you at Chicago at the time specified. But owing to the situation of my business here it will be very uncertain, as it will be necessary for me to be here during the month of April. I would like to make the trip with you, as I am confident we could make "Good time" from the fact that we have been on "Jordon's Stormy Banks" & seen the "Wild Flowers Blossom." As requested I forwarded to Charles, & he will doubtless write to you, & give particulars as to the prospect of his joining your party. He remains on his old "Camp Ground," Elgin, Ill., & reports doing a fair business in loaning money. The prospect is that times will be mighty tight the coming Spring, through the western country, & as a natural consequence money will be in good demand.

In case anything favorable turns up in reference to the adventure I will report. Hoping that if you make the "Diggings" success will crown your efforts,

Yours Ever Truly,
M. B. Hawkins

The last news from Mort. he was mining at "Rattlesnake Bar" on the American River.

Charles also replied:

Lorenzo M. Freas, Esq. Elgin, Kane Co. Ill. March 16, 59

Friend Lorenzo,

I rec'd a letter from Morris a short time since informing me that it was your intention to start from Chicago for Pikes Peak on or about the first day of April next and that you would like to have one or both of us accompany you to that region. I should be glad to go if my business was in such shape that I could leave, but as I am now situated it will be impossible for me to go before another season. I have no doubt but that the chances there will be good for two or

three years to come not only for digging gold but also for speculation in real estate as there will continue to be a thundering rush for the Peak this Spring. The trains on the Chicago Burlington & Quincy Rail Road containing from 8 to 12 cars, and run over the road 3 times a day filled with Emigrants to the diggins. The people are moving all over the country and I hear every day of some new company bound for the new Eldorado. I did suppose when in California that all the gold had been discovered that would be in my day but it seems that our sharp nosed Tanker brethern have hunted around until they have made another strike I want you to write to me immediately on rect. of this what time you will be in Chicago as I want to see you very much before you leave for the Peak. Please remember me to Charley King and all the others of the 49th regiment that you may see or write to.

Truly Yours
Chas. J. Hawkins

P.S. Direct your letter to me at this place (Elgin, Kane Co., Ill.)[9]

How many or what ones of "the 49th regiment" joined his party is not known. With or without his old friends, he departed. In "My Affects" written before he left, he included:

> "Outfit to Pikes Peak includeing (*sic*) Wagon team Groceries and provisions and cash in hand eight hundred Dollars May 8th 1859"

The only letter written by him which has been preserved is the one to his sister, Eliza Freas Goshow, to describe his journey to Colorado (spelling, capitalization and punctuation are his):

Mountain City Aug. 14th 1859

Dear Sister

I left Saint Joseph Missouri on the twenty third Day of May, with a team and load of goods and made the Journey to Danver via the Platte route in thirty five Days. Your letter of the 28th May was received by me on my arrival at Danver My Papers have not been received, in future Direct them, to Danver Kansas Territory by Express from Leavenworth and letters also. I am at present located in the Rocky Mountains forty miles west of Danver in what was formerly known as Gregorys Diggins it was here where Mr. Greeley made his Debut in the early part of June last. Gold is found here in all the Ravines, Gulches, hills and Mountains in this vacinity. And may be had for the Diging. But the mines are not rich, it is true, some companies are makeing from eight to ten Dollars per Day to the hand, but many companys are not doing so well, and the average cannot be more than three or four Dollars per Day to the hand. Wages in these mines are from two Dollars to three and half Dols. per Day, the workman to board himself. Provisions are high, flower is seling at twenty Dollars per hundred pounds bacon at thirty five cts. per pound shugar forty Syrup four Dollars per gallon and other things accordingly.

Since the opening summer the adventures Gold hunter has been pushing his researches to the north and South and to the west in quest of rich Diggins and I believe not without success. About a fortnight ago it was reported here that a new El Dorado had been found on the head waters of the South Platte and also on the Arkansas river and the tributaries of the Colorado on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. About the richenes of thes new mines I know nothing of my own knowledge, but ounce Diggins has been reported by those that have returned. This news created the most intense excitement in this vacinity and for the last ten Days their has been a perfect

[9] These letters were in the file mentioned in note 8.

Stampede going on from this place, and in a few Days more Mountain City will be pretty much Deserted. This new El Dorado lies about one hundred and fifty miles south west of Danver on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. I am at present engaged in keeping a miners provision store

Yours Truly
Lorenzo M. Freas.[10]

From 1858 to 1880, Lorenzo M. Freas lived in or near Central City, Colorado. His miners' provision store was located on the north side of Lawrence Street, where he acquired an adjoining lot on January 8, 1862.[11] He was said to have had a store in Georgetown also. On June 28, 1863, he purchased for $1500, from David G. Green, the Briggs Hotel, also on the north side of Lawrence Street in Central City, and, on July 15, 1865, bought for $1400 a lot lying between the Briggs House and the Montana Theater.[12] The demand for shelter by homeless men in the mining community was very great, and the hotel business prospered. The proprietor rented, not a whole room, or even a whole bed, but sleeping space, two or three men in a bed. During nights of great demand, every space on the floor in bedrooms, corridors and lobby was occupied by sleeping forms.[13]

Lorenzo M. Freas now owned a row of brick buildings, known as the "Freas Block," on the north side of Lawrence Street, with land extending back to First High Street. They must have been more substantial than most of the buildings in Central City for, in the great fire of 1873, they remained standing, although only one other building in the area survived.[14] After the fire, he rebuilt his hotel in granite and renamed it the "Granite House." To do this he borrowed, November 14, 1874, $6,000, giving David Ettien a mortgage on the property, October 1, 1876.[15] Records of Gilpin County showed that he bought and sold mining claims, lent money on them as security, and acted as attorney to sell property for those who had left Central City. One odd transaction was the sale to him for $5 by Peter P. Herbert and Arnoldus E. Goodfellow of one span of white ponies, one cream horse, one hearse and one buggy, these to be his property on January 31, 1865, unless the grantors paid a note due in 60 days. On April 13, 1865, L. M. Frease signed an acknowledgment that the note had been satisfied.[16] It was said that at one time he operated a freight carrying service between Central City, Denver and

[10] This letter was preserved by his sister, whose son, Edwin L. Goshow, gave it to M. Goshow.

[11] Gilpin County, Colorado, Land Records Bk. A-85. This deed of January 8, 1862 was the earliest found, the deed for the original store lot not being located.

[12] Same Bk. 3-257 and Bk. 18-309.

[13] L. M. Freas related this to his nephew, Lorenzo Freas Goshow, when he was in Central City in 1878 to 1880.

[14] Caroline Bancroft: *Gulch of Gold, A History of Central City, Colorado.* (Denver: Sage Books, 1958, p. 260.)

[15] Gilpin County, Colorado, Land Records Bk. 59-197, Mortgage.

St. Louis, for which he owned twelve large wagons with teams.[17]

After the outbreak of the Civil War, "he rendered valuable aid in organization of the first two companies from the County, for the Union Army by furnishing necessary supplies, and trusting to future action of Congress for his pay, and his bill was among the first from this state that was recognized."[18]


GRANITE HOUSE,
LAWRENCE STREET.
L. M. FREAS. - PROPRIETOR.
Central City, Colorado, Nov 4th 1878
Dear folks at our new home.
If you only knew how glad
I was to hear from you all, by the pen of my
dear mother, and that you are so pleasantly
situated, in your new convenient house. I am
sure you are glad to get away from that place
with [illegible] who soon as
[illegible] would have their nose in every corner.
I am very sorry [illegible] has been out of work and is

Letter head of Granite House, Central City, of which Lorenzo Martin Freas was proprietor.

In 1876, he closed his provision store.[19] As the fortunes of Central City declined, those of Lorenzo M. Freas declined also. Placer deposits and all easily accessible gold were exhausted; miners and prospectors departed to more promising fields. Gold was still there, but in ore difficult to work, needing machines to extract and crush it, and hence investment of capital. Hand labor did not produce enough to pay a day's wages. The opening of the Teller House brought severe competition in the hotel business. This situation was discovered by Lorenzo Freas Goshow, nephew and namesake of Lorenzo M. Freas, when he spent two years, 1878 to 1880, with his uncle in Central City. On November 4, 1878, he wrote to his

[16] *Ibid.*, 12-142. There are many records of transactions to which he was a party.

[17] L. M. Freas told his nephew, L. F. Goshow, about his freight business.

[18] *History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys, Colorado* (Chicago: O. L. Baskin & Co., Historical Publishers, 1880, pp. 449, 450.)

[19] *Ibid.* The account of Lorenzo M. Freas in this book was written while he was still living in Central City. The facts in it were very probably secured from him.

family in Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: "The hotel business is brightening up now we have had the house full for a week and have had to hire another dining room girl. I do hope he will make some money and get on his feet again. Mining agrees with me very well. The name of our mine is the Mary Eliza, two names that have always been in our home." This hopeful letter was written on paper with the letter head "Granite House, Lawrence Street, L. M. Freas, Proprietor." Subsequent letters were written from Lake Gulch or Lake District, "not more than a mile & ½ from Central City . . . where the mine is situated." Here the young Lorenzo F. Goshow lived with his friend, doing the cooking himself, for "Hotel expenses are too high for miners." In one letter to his family, July, 1879, he described the accident when the ceiling of the Presbyterian Church fell in while the Sunday School was in session, "It seems a miracle that no one was hurt seriously though many were buried in the debris." Mining was not a success and in 1880, he returned to Philadelphia. His share in the mine was sold for him after his departure.[20]

By that time, Lorenzo M. Freas was in serious financial difficulties. On July 8, 1880, he sold to William Edmondson for $1500 a part of his property on Lawrence and High Streets. He probably left Central City about that time, for on September 21, 1880, Frank C. Young, acting as his attorney, sold his hotel property at auction, because he was in default on the mortgage loan of $6,000, obtained in 1874.[21]

The last years of his life he lived in Durango, La Plata County, Colorado, where he died, October 16, 1902. He left no will. B. F. Houx, administrator of his estate, sold the land he had owned in La Plata County, lots 8, 12, 14, 15 and 16, section 15, township 35, North, Range 9 West, N. M. P. M., to Oswald Link, for $225, on January 16, 1905. "It may seem to you the land brought very little," Mr. Houx wrote to the heirs in Philadelphia, "but this property is so situated that it will cost thousands of dollars to get water on it for irrigation, and land without irrigation is practically worthless as it seldom rains in summer." For the two nieces and two nephews, who had once thought their uncle a very wealthy man, there remained an inheritance of $127.50.[22] For many years before his death there had been no news of what the mode of life of Lorenzo Martin Freas had been.

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[20] These letters were preserved by members of the family and are now in possession of M. Goshow. See also Gilpin County, Colorado, Land Records Bk 69, p. 183; Bk. 76, p. 258. In the recorded deed his mine was called the "Susan Mary," not the "Mary Eliza." Susan was also a family name.

[21] Gilpin County, Colorado, Land Records Bk. 121, p. 52; Bk. 71, p. 504.

[22] Letter of B. F. Houx, administrator, to L. F. Goshow, written Durango, Colorado, January 17, 1905. The estate was never finally closed by him as it should have been. In the summer of 1929, the owner of the land in order to clear his title, applied for a judicial determination of heirship. The four heirs in Philadelphia were so notified at that time. L. M. Freas bought the land mentioned January 19, 1898 (United States Patent Records No. 23, p. 198). The sale to Oswald Link was recorded in La Plata County, Colorado, Land Record Bk. 105, p. 160.

We Move to Egeria Park

By Mary Adella King Wilson

Mary Adella King Wilson, of Stockton, California, was born in Hammonton, New Jersey in 1878. When about four years old she moved with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Preston King, to Breckenridge, Colorado.

From there in November, 1884, the Kings moved to Egeria Park not far from the Yampa Valley. Living then was truly primitive.

The following account of the trek to the Park is a chapter in a book-length manuscript entitled, "Mother Remembers," a series of reminiscences recorded on tape by Mrs. Wilson. The recordings have been transcribed by her daughter, Mrs. Hazel W. Henson.—*Editor.*

We were gradually preparing to go to Egeria Park. I heard my parents talking about it. My father made a number of trips there, and Mr. Crosson, the father of my friend Myrtie, was one of the men for whom he surveyed. In fact, he took up a ranch on Egeria Creek, just a mile across the ridge from the ranch we moved to on King Creek. We met a number of our Egeria Park neighbors while we lived in Breckenridge.

Along in the winter of 1883 and 1884, my Uncle Will Reed came to Breckenridge to stay with us. He was taking up a ranch in Egeria Park. He came out from New York state with the intention of running our ranch while my father continued his work as a Civil Engineer. He was my mother's brother and one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and one whom everybody seemed to like.

On October 8, 1884, my brother, Harry C. King, was born.[1] Harry was six weeks old in November 1884, when our parents, with their five children, moved to Egeria Park, Colorado.

Our new home was in unclaimed territory. I remember how we children made the trip. Uncle Will drove a four-horse team to the wagon with the household goods and took Preston and Fred and me with him. The folks took Elmer and the baby in the buckboard with them.

The hired girl rode in the wagon with us. Her name was Agnes Mandall, and she was a pretty girl of sixteen. Arrangements had been made with her mother for Agnes to go to the ranch with us. Uncle Will teased her a lot on this trip.

We slept along the road in places where they were willing to keep travelers—road houses, you might call them. I remember one place we stopped, they were just building an addition to their log cabin, so they would have a place for travelers who were going through the country.

We traveled down the Blue River and followed its curves. Going up the grades, I was pretty nearly scared to death. Just two ruts made a road. Once in a while there was a place where

[1] He now lives in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He was graduated from Colorado State University, Fort Collins, in 1908, with a degree in engineering. After retirement in 1958, he attended the fiftieth reunion of his class.—*Author.*

Mr. and Mrs. Preston King

you could turn out and go by. Leaving one gulch, we would go up another gulch, and down, and around a hill, and up another gulch. Some places were pretty steep, and the road was narrow.

I was afraid, and I would start to cry, and Preston would tell me to hush, that he wasn't afraid—but I was! My brother would tell me to hush, and we would begin to quarrel, and then Uncle Will would turn around and box Preston's ears. Anyway, we made the trip.

We spent the first night at Whetstones, the second at Guyselman's. I believe it was the next day we struck Kremmling. We had to ferry across the Grand River and as we drove onto the ferry, the big heavy wagon got stuck in the sand. We children had to get off. I believe we went ahead in the buckboard with the folks. Uncle Will had to shovel the wagon out some way.

That night we stayed at what they called the Dirty Woman's Ranch. Papa had previously made arrangements for his family to sleep there on that night, but we were late and our beds had been given to some settlers from Lower Egeria, who were freighting provisions in from Denver. They cheerfully gave up their places for my weary mother and the children. The experiences along the road were strange and exciting to me.

I will never forget an incident that happened the next morning when we started out. Uncle Will was driving four horses. Two of them were really saddle horses, and he had a heavy load. The road led over a very steep hill, and we started at the foot of an especially steep pitch. We children all got into the wagon. I was sitting on the outside. Uncle Will started the horses and they stepped out all right, but the load was heavy and they were cold, and when they should have begun to pull, the lead horses just turned right square around, and were coming back toward Uncle Will before he really got control of them.

I was scared nearly to death. Mama was standing there—and so was Papa. I screamed and cried, and Mama grabbed me and took me out of the wagon. Papa helped to get the horses straightened out, and they pulled the wagon up the hill. My father came back. He was surely mad. I grabbed Mama around the skirts, but it didn't do any good. I can remember she said, "I can't help you any." So I got a spanking that morning when we started out. I was always a coward, and this is just an illustration of how afraid I was of anything that was in any way unusual.

We had dinner at a place they called Windy Bill's, and then we crossed Crazy Man's Creek and had to climb Crazy Man's Hill. They were named for a man they claimed went crazy, who had a cabin right down by the creek.

It was November. The ice had begun to form and the creek

had overflowed. The road was just as icy as it could be. There was ice all the way from the creek up the steep hill on the other side.

On Crazy Man's Hill we caught up with the freighters we had met at the Dirty Woman's Place. They had struck that hill and were stuck. What the men had to do was to unhitch the four-horse teams and make a string of teams that was long enough to reach up the hill, where the leaders could get a foothold in the snow. I don't know how many horses they had to put on to get up there, but they put on team after team and drove on up the hill. That was the only way they could get over that ice. When they had pulled one wagon up, they had to go back after another.

The hired girl and my brother Preston and I got off and started walking ahead. We heard the squirrels and chipmunks whir-r-ing along the way. The snow on the pines and the spruce trees, as we went up over that hill, was really beautiful. But we had to wait—and wait—and wait until all those horses and wagons got up, and then Mama and Papa and the children came along in the buckboard, and Uncle Will came with the wagon.

We got on the wagon and continued on over the Gore Range. We had crossed the Range and were going down on the other side when we had to go through a place called the Devil's Dive, almost straight down one side and then straight up the other. I will always remember that name.

We traveled on over Blacktail and around to Rock Creek, and on and on, until we got to a place called MacDonald's, a regular stopping place on the road, where people stayed overnight.

On we went, over the road toward the Park, till we came to the foot of a hill which looked almost straight up and down. At the top of the grade was a lone spruce tree, so they called it Spruce Hill. The wagons started up, but the horses couldn't pull the loads. The men had to partly unload, and carry up flour, sugar, grain and that sort of thing, to the top. They carried up a good part of the load. Then they were able to pull the wagons up the hill and re-load.

Later on, my father surveyed the road that went up the canyon, instead of going over the hill, and they had a good grade. But in those early days people hadn't built any roads. They had just followed a trail, and it went over Spruce Hill. If you should undertake to go over that trail now, you would find that everything is changed. But the story of the early settlers sticks in my memory, and it is part of the story of the Old West.

Along about three or four o'clock one afternoon we came to our place. We had to cross Egeria Creek—ford it—and on up the ridge to where we turned off the road. The grass on the

landscape was just as yellow as it could be. It looked like a field of grain. It looked beautiful to me—and it was. My father had taken up this place because it looked so nice. There was a natural meadow there, but it was close up under the Flat Top Mountains, and the winters were frightful.

They didn't know about those winters when they took up the land. Had those people who took places at what is now Toponas known what they later learned and moved down into the lower valleys, they might have had some of the finest land in the country. As it was, the land was good enough, but the climate was too cold. Later, the ranchers raised grain, but the only thing we could raise at that time was oats and timothy hay—beauitful hay, and lots of it—some of the finest hay in the world.

Our house was built of logs. Downstairs, my parents had a bed in the living room. The walls of the second story were built up about three logs high, and there was a dirt roof. We children slept upstairs. Later on, they built a woodshed and milk room on the back, and on the north side they added quite a large log building, with three bedrooms.

In the winter the wind would sweep a place around the house and pile the snow just a few feet away from the door. One winter our back door was drifted in. One blizzard drifted the snow clear over the chicken house. They started near our front door and made a tunnel to get through to the chickens. I think the hens laid more eggs that winter than they ever did, because it was so warm in there, but it was rather a job to crawl through that tunnel to the hen house.

We lived in that house for several years, there in the Park. Later on, we built a new house in a place that the wind used to sweep bare, right on the brow of the hill. Say, the wind did blow there! We didn't have drifts, though. They put the cattle sheds a little farther down the slope, off away from the house, but they filled up full of snow in the winter, so our cattle had to stay out after all.

There was a big, flat-topped mountain, or mesa, right close to the house on our ranch on King Creek. We called it Prospect. Across the ridge on Egeria Creek, where Crossons lived, there was another they called Lookout. One time Myrtie and I made up our minds that we wanted to be buried, one of us on Lookout and the other on Prospect. I doubt if either of us now has any desire to be buried there.

People in that country lived largely on the venison that they killed for themselves. In those early days, game was plentiful there, and there were no game laws. Hunters came in from the outside and killed off the game and took it out to Denver to sell. There was a road that went down the ridge, past where our schoolhouse was later built, and on over the next mountain, which led to Sunnyside, and I have seen that road

just literally covered with wagons, four-horse teams, taking out game that had been killed.

Uncle Will had a cabin on the place. It was about the distance of a city block from our house. There were several other men who slept there in the cabin. The next morning after I got there, I was told to go call the men to breakfast. Just before I got there, I saw a great big deer, just above the cabin, across the creek. It had big wide horns—I don't know how many prongs, I suppose seven or eight. I pounded on the door and tried to get the men up, but they didn't hurry at all. I told them there was a deer out there. I had heard them talk about the game, and I was excited. But they didn't get up, and it went out of sight, so they didn't kill that first buck that I saw.

A few days later, Mr. Crosson was taking Preston and me across the ridge so we could see where they lived. On the way we saw an animal. I didn't know what it was, but it just fairly flew. I saw a man on a horse ride after it—just as hard as the horse would go—and all of a sudden, he jumped off and shot. The animal was an antelope. But the antelope didn't stop. That was my first antelope.

That winter there were just two families in there—the Crossons, and our folks and Uncle Will. Crowners lived about six miles down the country, between where we lived and what was later called Yampa, but was then Lower Egeria.

Lower Egeria was about ten miles from where we lived on upper Egeria Creek. The Birds, the Grays, the Nichols family, Elmer Hogue and his mother, who kept the Post Office, and a few others lived there, but that was the community at large when we moved into that country.

The S. D. Wilsons, the Sam Reeds and the "Cap" Newcomers moved into our neighborhood the next spring. Newcomer had been a captain in the Union Army and was generally known as "Cap."

The big cattle companies were still in the country when we moved there. It was wild country and there was knee-high grass everywhere. There were lots of cattle turned loose and they grazed everywhere under what was called the right of public domain.

After the ranchers filed claims on their ranches and moved in, they began to irrigate and the cattle would come into their meadows, because cattle always go where they can get the most to eat. The ranchers didn't want the cattle running all over their ranches, so they would run the cattle off with their dogs. There was some hard feeling, as there was all over the West, between the big cattle men, who wanted the open range, and the ranchers, who wanted to fence and cultivate the land.

One big cattle outfit especially, the Corrigan Cattle Company, drove its cattle in during the summer, to fatten them. In the winter they kept them down on the mouth of Egeria

Creek. One of their men, Dawson, lived at Uncle Will's cabin and boarded at our house part of the time. The outfit was run by a Superintendent named Halpin, and the cattle were in charge of a Foreman, Shaylor. Word got around that Shaylor had said that he was going to shoot every dog in the country, if they didn't quit chasing his cattle.

One day the Crosson family had been visiting somewhere, in their wagon. They were driving an old bay team and had just forded Egeria Creek, which was quite wide just in front of their house, when Shaylor rode up to them on his horse. They stopped the team, expecting to talk with him, and the dog lay down in front of the horses. Without a word, Shaylor pulled out his gun and shot the dog. He rode off toward Newcomers, but Cap Newcomer saw him coming. He got his gun and sat down and waited for Shaylor. For some reason, Shaylor did not go to Newcomers, which probably kept him from being shot.

The next morning Mr. Crosson came over to see my father and swore out a warrant for Shaylor's arrest. The dog had chased the cattle before, but not on the day of the shooting. There was no one to serve the warrant, and I don't know if Shaylor was ever arrested, but the case went up to the county court and hung fire for a year or two. It was finally settled out of court. Finally the Corrigan Cattle Company moved its cattle and we weren't bothered any more.

Of course, people moved in there gradually. More and more settlers came in, and the country changed. And now Toponas, which was named for Toponas Rock, is not where Toponas used to be. Today, from the highway, you can see two great points of rock, which stick away up in the air. They have always been landmarks. Toponas was the Indian word for "sleeping lion," and they gave the rock that name because of its shape. Down at Yampa, about eight miles away is a much taller rock that seems to spring right up out of the meadow. That has always been known as Finger Rock.

In early days, when my husband carried the mail on horseback, long before I met him, he used to take a cut-off on the road that led past Toponas Rock to the Egeria Post Office.

That post office has been moved many times. At first, there was a post office box, during the summers, right at the corner where we turned off from the main road to go up Egeria Creek. In the winter we had to go to the post office at Egeria, which later became Yampa, to get our mail. Later, Newcomers moved over close to where the original post office box was and built a large log house, quite a nice house for that country. At that time the post office was moved there. Then Sam Reeds got the post office moved to their place. Then it was moved back to Newcomers.

But now the place called Toponas has been moved away down toward Yampa.

The Hanging Flume of Dolores Canyon

By Ellen Z. Peterson*

Clinging tenaciously to the smooth wall of sandstone midway between the river's bed and the summit of the cliff, the hanging flume of Dolores Canyon in Southwestern Colorado, just below the confluence of the Dolores and San Miguel rivers, is as inaccessible today as it was seventy years ago or more when men risked their lives to build it. Its remnants have caused much speculation and given rise to many tales as to when, why, how, and by whom the flume was built.

The flume was built in the early 1890's by an English syndicate (the name of which has been lost), for the purpose of furnishing water for hydraulic mining along the banks of the Dolores River.

At the time of the survey the only access to the area was by horseback over Indian trails. In the canyon, the river meandered back and forth from cliffs on one side to cliffs on the other so that the instrument man needed to ford the river innumerable times. The rod-man carried no stakes, but marked the flume line on the sandstone wall from a rope swing, called a bosun's chair, let down from the top of the cliff.

A road into the area was built by Buddecke and Diehl of Montrose who, in connection with their mercantile business, not only freighted but built roads into newly opened mining areas wherever a promise of extended business presented itself. This road crossed the Uncompahgre Divide at Cold Springs north of what is now Columbine Pass, wound through the pine timber, crossed Spadlin and Tabaguache Parks, then dropped down to the Dolores River.

Some of the lumber for the flume was turned out by Elisha Darling at his sawmill up in the timber.

Elmer Anderson (now deceased), who worked on the flume once explained how the flume was constructed. The work was carried on from the top of the cliff, not, as one might suppose, from the floor of the canyon below. The lumber was let down in bundles by means of a cable controlled by a winch. A contraption consisting of a series of rollers set in a frame that extended out over the cliff was used to ease the lumber over the cliff and down to the flume bed. The work was done a section at a time. To start a new section a long loose platform

*Mrs. Ellen Z. Peterson of Denver, visited the Clark Camp in 1901, at which time she discussed the old hanging flume with her brother-in-law, E. G. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain had known personally two of the men who had worked on the flume, Elmer Anderson and Billy Albrecht. From them he had heard much about the building of the flume. He told Mrs. Peterson the details. Since so many conflicting stories have been told and printed about the flume during the years, Mrs. Peterson recently decided to help put the record straight. The following article is the result of her research.—*Editor.*

on the floor of the flume was pushed out to the point where the work was to be done, then securely fastened down at the other end. From this platform the frame of the next section was put into place. To hold the cross piece which was to support the floor of the flume, an iron bar was drilled diagonally downward into the sandstone wall. The exposed part of this

Hanging Flume in Dolores Canyon

rod extended horizontally outward for a short distance then turned sharply upward. The vertical end of the rod was slipped through a hole in the cross piece, thus holding it in place. A diagonal brace was then strung from the outer end of the cross piece to a hitch in the sandstone underneath. The man who cut the hitch and secured the brace did his work from a bosun's chair lowered from the platform. Once the bracket was complete the floor could be laid and the side walls built up.

This procedure was not without its hazards. Some imaginative person, seeing the flume later, concocted the story that it had been built by Chinese coolies, a thousand of whom were killed in the process. Erroneous as that tale was, the men who worked on the project had some harrowing experiences. For

instance, one day Billy Albrecht, in helping to lower the lumber from the top of the cliff, ventured too close to the edge and slid off. His companions were too terror stricken for a moment even to look down. When at last they summoned the courage to peer over the precipe, they saw Billy. He was sitting precariously on a narrow ledge only a few feet below them, in the act of lighting his pipe — to steady his nerves, no doubt.

Billy Albrecht
Who Fell Over the Rim

The hanging flume has been mistakenly associated with another project launched on the Dolores some ten years later. This project was financed by a Mr. Clark from Chicago, who was reported to have been trying to recoup in mining some financial losses which involved two trust funds. In his eagerness to achieve this end he let himself be taken in by a swindler who sold him a worthless claim by salting a part of it. When Clark discovered the fraud he returned to Chicago and committed suicide. As stated before, the Clark venture had no connection with the flume. Its location was farther down the river; and, besides, it did not appear on the scene until after the flume had been abandoned.

It has been said that the five-mile hanging flume was a fizzle, that no water ever passed through it. There is, however, evidence to belie this statement. At the foot of the flume's terminus huge mounds of gravel—now sage-grown—which only hydraulic mining could have heaped up, show plainly that water from the flume was once used in placer mining. It is obvious that the flume was abandoned when pay dirt was exhausted.

That so much of the flume has survived sun and weather for more than seventy years may be attributed in part to the dryness of the climate, in part to the fact that it is out of reach of vandals. Sections within climbing distance have been demolished long ago. Rock slides have knocked out other parts. Not much of the remaining flume is completely intact. The brackets and floors are there; but most of the side walls have fallen away.

MORE ABOUT THE HANGING FLUME

Spurred on by Mrs. Peterson's interesting article, we decided to try to find the "lost" name of the company which built the flume.

With the assistance of our Regional Vice President, Peter C. Moshisky of Montrose, County Clerk Bud Roesch of Montrose, Andy Riddle of Bedrock, and Mrs. Irene Gramlich of Paradox, we have turned up some additional data as follows:

The Montrose Placers, an English-owned company, began construction of the flume in 1889 and completed it in 1891.

An early road built by Buddecke and Diehl over the Uncompahgre Plateau, connected Montrose with the rim of the Dolores Canyon where construction was under way. Evidently supplies for the workmen were hauled over this road, as well as any lumber cut on that side of the river.

Mrs. Diehl, when interviewed in Montrose in 1936, said that Buddecke and Diehl "got out the lumber" to build the flume. They undoubtedly were assisted by Elisha Darling, a skilled sawmill man, who made his home for a time with the Buddecke family in Montrose.

The company began to cut timber on Pine Flats west of Buckeye Reservoir just over the Utah line. The timber there was of immense size. It was so large that lumber could be obtained without knots. After one season of cutting in that location, the Utah State Land Board made Buddecke and Diehl move back about a mile and a half into Colorado. Their last lumber was sawed north and west of Paradox on Carpenter Ridge. The great loads of timber were hauled by bull teams down Carpenter Ridge, then down Buddecke and Diehl Canyon to a river ford. (The name of the canyon later was changed by the U. S. Geological Survey to the Red Canyon.) From the ford the lumber was hauled on up to the east canyon rim to the actual construction work. One old bull corral is still on Pine Flats and remnants of another one are on Carpenter Ridge.

The State Historian's office will welcome any additional information pertaining to the flume that anyone may have.—*Editor.*

The Chinese School of the Central Presbyterian Church of Denver

Later Known as The Oriental Mission

By HELEN WEBSTER

(Continued from January, 1963)

Back in the 1880's, Denver had a large number of Chinese laborers who lived in so-called Chinatown. Most of them were housed in crude quarters and were frustrated, frightened, and bewildered in a strange land. Mrs. Helen Henderson Chain, wife of a prosperous businessman, organized a school in which the Chinese "boys" could learn English.

How the school developed into Sunday School classes and a Chinese Y.M.C.A. was told in *The Colorado Magazine*, January, 1963. The article, made available by the Central Presbyterian Church of Denver, was written by Helen Webster.

The concluding part of the article published in this issue, spans the years 1900 to 1920.—*Editor.*

The effect of this incident upon the "boy"—a man of at least 40 years of age, tall, spare, and drooping figure, dull-eyed, with sagging, open mouth—was marvelous. His eyes kindled, his lips closed firmly in a sly, self-satisfied smile, he sat erect, a faint color dawned in his sallow cheeks as he swiftly drew sketch after sketch, explaining in broken words, eagerly aided by his greatly surprised but deeply interested teacher. From that time forward he was quite a different person, shortly appeared in American clothes, carried himself with a proud dignity and a jaunty swing—to the great amusement of the other boys, whom we strongly suspected of treating him to endless Chinese chaffing. He developed a tendency to criticize and domineer over the rest, appeared (at his own request) at a church entertainment as a very skillful performer on a native instrument, manifesting a willingness to occupy the entire evening, and showing extreme reluctance to obey when at last peremptorily called down (in Chinese). Later he learned to play sixty Gospel Hymns on the Mission organ—and these without instruction from his teacher, who taught him to read music and wondered why he gave up the study at the moment he was succeeding so well with his elementary exercises. It was not until long after that she learned—from himself—what he had accomplished, and that he had, unknown to any, practiced almost daily on the Mission organ. He united with the church but failed to relinquish his arrogance toward the rest —which they quite naturally resented. Finally, determined to be a leader, he gathered unto himself "everyone that was discontented" (who would submit to his control) and organized a Y.M.C.A. of his own—without connection with headquarters, however—meeting at the Mission room but at a different hour from the other. When all was working in accordance with his ideas he invited his teacher to attend a service—to which she of course went, taking with her another teacher—and which

he conducted with extreme dignity but, as might have been expected, the organization soon fell to pieces. He not long after abandoned laundry work for what he considered more dignified employment, told of the high esteem in which he was held by his "employer," and of the favors and liberality shown him.

Some years later he returned to China, taking his church letter with him. His letters to his teacher became more and more incoherent as time went on, the last being evidently "pieced out" from his Chinese dictionary. It is hoped that he connected himself with some native Christian Church, as he was urged to do, and that there he at last received a true vision of Christ, resumed his art work, and is having a humble, helpful and happy Christian life.

Many others there were who in far more commendable ways rose above the common level and showed marked ability in various directions, whose sunny Christian spirit, steadfast Christian life, and records of Christian usefulness, Christian leadership and service among their fellows, both here and elsewhere later on, might well reassure those discouraged social workers who labor in unpromising fields, and should prove to them that there is a divine spark in every human soul for whose development they may be held responsible and therefore they should patiently and in faith "sow beside all waters and withhold not their hand."

One other personality only will be presented and personality is not too large a word to apply to him.

He had attracted attention from his entrance late in 1897, because of his refined thoughtful face, his clear intelligent eyes, self-possessed manner, neat appearance, freedom from self-consciousness, and the evident respect and deference entertained for him by the rest.

The matter-of-course way in which he received their tokens of regard, as well as his readiness to comprehend instruction given—indicating a trained mind—proved him to be superior to them, so none was surprised to learn that he belonged to a powerful clan and had been a school teacher at home. He shortly became the proprietor of a laundry, later joined and soon became president of the Y.M.C.A. and not long afterward (Sept. 8, 1901) united with the church. Somewhat later he returned to China on a visit to his family and to build for them a substantial brick house, as the district in which they lived was at times subject to floods and he wished to ensure their safety.

When he returned he seemed sorrowful and depressed, and after discreet, sympathetic questioning from his teacher he admitted that he was distressed over the Christless condition of his people. He also expressed a desire to establish a school for girls in his district as a means of more speedy uplift.

He then began to communicate with other Chinese Missions where there were men who had come from his own dis-

trict, and received contributions towards purchasing a suitable building site at the market town of that district, and on his next visit to China he would make the selection and purchase. His teacher was leaving the city for the summer and he called to discuss various matters and say goodbye. Just before leaving he asked, "Which is the best bank to put the money (for the site) in?" Reflecting a moment she answered, "For aught I know they are all reliable but have the impression that the Colorado National will be best for you." "But isn't the Denver Savings Bank good?" "I know nothing about it now. It failed once in time of panic some years ago, but so did several others at the same time, and later it paid every obligation, still I think I'd choose the Colorado National if I were you," was her reply. "But I've already put it there, with my own and my partner's money—they pay 6% on deposits and other banks only four." "That might be a very good reason for mistrusting them," she said, but thought it unwise to insist upon a change. His health was becoming undermined by the heavy labor and responsibility of his business and he was planning to take easier though less profitable employment.

When he learned of his teacher's return he at once went to her with the distressful news of the bank's failure and declared that all was hopelessly lost. She tried to encourage him by saying "They paid all claims before when they failed, perhaps they may this time, also," but he would not be comforted.

Some days later he came to ask that she would write some business letters for him. He had given up the idea of taking easier work and instead was sending to Chicago for machinery by which the capacity of his laundry would be greatly increased—in order, he said—that he might sooner be able to pay back the lost deposits. (The bank some months later paid 75% of the loss.) She cautioned him against the risk to his health, but he would not listen, and from that time forward devoted all his time and energies to making up that lost amount.

He had acquired some skill as a carpenter—or it may have been native. Passing his place one day, his teacher went in to inquire for him. He greeted her cordially and pointed out with pride the new tables and shelves, skillfully constructed and wisely placed to accommodate the largest possible number of workers, all the product of his own uninstructed skill. In front of his own table he had built a small shelf of convenient height, and braced upon it was his Chinese New Testament in such position that his eyes would rest upon the page whenever he lifted them from his work—thus constantly striving to store heart and mind with the precious truths he had come to believe and love, and which he practiced so truly that his compatriots named him "the minister." As time went on reports began coming that all was not well with him; then, that he was returning to China. A visit of inquiry was at once made. He admitted he was planning to return for a time to get well again,

he said—asked his teacher to attend to certain legal matters concerning his passport, return papers, etc., and left in April 1907, no one expecting to see his feeble wasted form again.

Many months went by, then came a faintly written scrawl telling of his very serious condition, but that he was improving, that he had attended to the purchase of the site at once on reaching home and had, after much trouble, obtained legal possession of a fine large location absolutely secure. There had been most bitter opposition from the leading men of the city when they discovered the purpose for which it was to be used, aroused perhaps by his having, on a former visit, thrown his wife's idol into the river and forbidden her further idol worship, but the way had opened at last from an unexpected direction and he had won. The exhausting effort had too greatly taxed his frail body and for weeks he barely kept alive, none—not even himself—considering his recovery possible.

Again long silence, and the waiting friends on this side lost all hope. Then came a letter of deep interest telling of slow convalescence and a flood that had swept over his village, carrying away the mud-built houses, causing great suffering and loss. But during its continuance his own family and all their belongings were safe on the roof of the house he had traveled so many thousand miles to build for them. I believe he gained the idea of building that house from the parable in the seventh chapter of Matthew.

When the sudden rush of water overwhelmed them, he, leaving his family in security, went out in a boat to do rescue work wherever in the darkness he could hear a cry for help, remaining out all night and saving many lives. No further news came and it was feared his philanthropic zeal had brought relapse and cost his life. Then came a day when one of the boys brought the incredible word that he was in Seattle. On August 21, 1909, after an absence of nearly two years and a half, he appeared at the Mission in Denver, seemingly much taller and very, very thin, bringing with him his eldest son—a boy of 12 years, whom he entered two weeks later at one of the Public Schools. After a few weeks he complained that his work was heavy and he was too tired to come to the Mission at night, but his boy continued. Later, the word was brought that he was "coughing blood." His teacher went at once to see him and urged that he take treatment from her own physician, at no cost to himself. He refused, with the irritation so common in that disorder, saying he was taking Chinese medicine—which she by skillful questioning discovered to be genseng, a stomach specific of no value in lung troubles—and assured her he would be "al'light" soon. Two or three times again she went to urge him to accept treatment but each time he refused with increasing irritation, the last time ending with an angry outburst in Chinese which sent those present into a great laugh and she went no more, though she tried through others to persuade him.

After a few months he realized she was right and took steps toward carrying out her advice, but it was too late. The end came very quickly and his spirit passed into the presence of his Saviour, May 14, 1910. The services were conducted by his pastor, Dr. Coyle, who professed to hold him in high regard.

His earthly remains were placed in the Chinese section of Riverside Cemetery but the blessed influence of his life must go endlessly through the lives he influenced and inspired there and through the work established in his memory upon the site he labored so hard to secure in that far off eastern land where Gospel light is dawning.

In 1890, a young Japanese entered the Mission "from thirst to get knowledge," as he quaintly said, and a few years later others came for a brief time but all had left before the end of 1898. In 1905, however, a large number of that nationality—about 450, one of their leaders informed me—arrived in Denver.

A couple passing the church near the hour of service one Sunday eve were invited in. One came and the following Sunday brought others. They were welcomed and invited to bring their friends, whereupon one of them stated with utmost frankness, "Our people don't want to come to a Chinese School," proceeding to make it unmistakably clear that they considered themselves much superior to the Chinese.

The matter was discussed later at a meeting at which no Japanese were present, and one, remembering the original purpose of the work, suggested that the name be changed, if it could be done without giving offense to our Chinese members—offering a choice of several that might be acceptable. Whereupon a Chinese leader, in lovely Christian spirit, proposed that the name Oriental Mission be adopted as inclusive of all who might at any future time wish to share the benefits of the school, but insisting upon the term "Mission" instead of school. This was done and the Japanese flocked in. Thereafter for several years the winter attendance was almost greater than our quarters and our teaching force could serve. A Japanese Y.M.C.A. was organized after a few months, by the one who first responded to our invitation, and continued as long as he remained in the city. When some time later the Japanese Methodist Church was established here under the care of a native minister, the Y.M.C.A. members were promptly absorbed by that body.

With the opening of spring the majority of our Japanese sought employment on ranches, or in other forms of out-of-door life, returning in the late fall. In the middle of October, 1905, a number of Koreans appeared—already Christianized in their own land—and more came later on, but most of them remained a few months only, seeking out-of-door employment elsewhere through the state.

In December of 1918, an interesting group—one of them a student of theology at Denver University, but all of them

hungry for instruction—began their study of English with us, but shortly afterwards the political troubles between Korea and Japan broke out and *all* at once left. They would not endure any association whatever with those whom they held were their national enemies, and all went to work "to earn money for Korea," they said. One returned several months later for a very irregular attendance but none of that race have ever remained continuously as have some of the Chinese and Japanese, though from time to time they may have made known to us their whereabouts in this or other states.

In January, 1914, our first Filipinos arrived, regarding themselves with all assurance as American citizens and very much at home. From that time to the present date—October, 1920—thirty of that nationality have enjoyed the privileges of the Mission in a more or less brief and irregular attendance—due in some cases to temperament, in others to health conditions or restrictions of employment.

Beginning with May, 1901, and making no account of the probably several hundreds of earlier oriental membership, our records show the following numbers: Chinese—200; Japanese—368; Koreans—34; Filipinos—30; total—632, while the total number added to the church rolls from 1881 to date is 88.

At the present writing—at the end of forty-five years or so—the school consists of a very small handful of Chinese, a few more of Japanese, a very irregular group of Filipinos, and on rare occasions a stray Korean returning for a brief visit. A little band of faithful teachers, long connected with the work, stand loyally by, believing in all sincerity that this truly is the *Lord's work* that He has given *them* to do, and relying on His promise of full fruitage, though it may not be theirs to see.