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Gunnison in the Early 'Eighties

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My acquaintance with Gunnison began late in the afternoon of October 20, 1881, when, in company with my mother and two sisters, I alighted from a westbound Denver & Rio Grande passenger train. My father, Frank A. Root, and my brother, Albert C. Root, had arrived in the city the spring of the year before, and on May 15, 1880, F. A. Root and H. C. Olney had issued the first number of the *Gunnison Review,* the second newspaper started in the town.

The *Review's* first home was in a rough board, one-story building, about 20x30 feet in size, neither plastered nor painted, located on the northwest corner of Tenth and Gunnison Avenue, on the very edge of town in that direction. In this "shack" dad and brother kept bachelor's hall the first year. The following year the office was moved one block north to New York Avenue, being located about midway in the block between Tenth and Eleventh at the time of my arrival.

Gunnison was divided into east and west sections—the west being the newer and smaller half. During the time I resided in Gunnison, a feeling pervaded some quarters that those living east of the boulevard were fashioned from just a trifle better grade of clay than those residing on the opposite side. That feeling, however, never seriously worried the younger crowd, for the social lines dividing the town was a most elastic one—the banker's daughter rubbing elbows with the blacksmith's son, and the washerwoman's comely daughter meeting as a social equal the capitalist's son.

Gunnison in 1881 was a lively, booming town. The Rio Grande had been completed to the town a little over two months before my arrival, and at this time was building down the Gunnison valley.

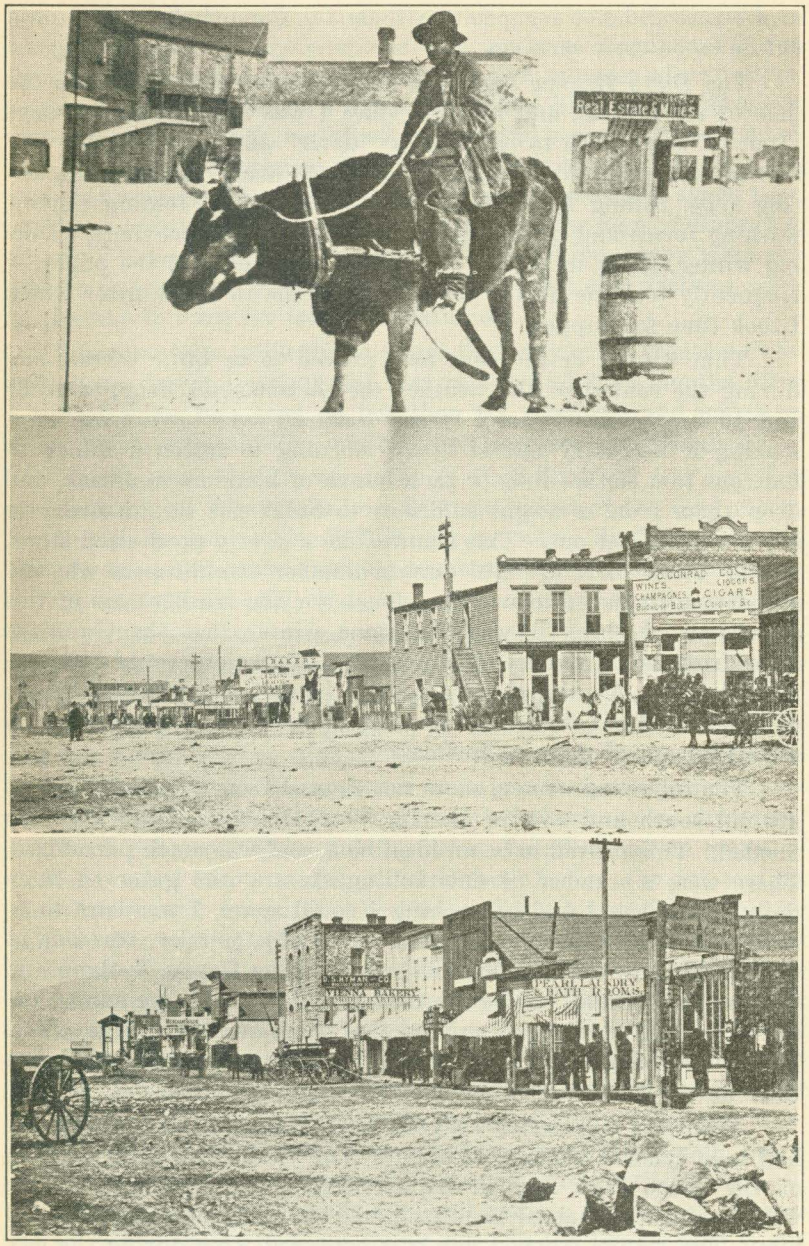
New York Avenue was the west section's most important thoroughfare and business on that street was pretty well scattered be-

*Mr. Root spent a number of years in early Gunnison and writes interestingly of his experiences there. He has a complete file of the Gunnison newspapers of the period and for this article supplemented his memory by reference to those papers. He is an employee of the Kansas Historical Society today.—Ed.

tween Ninth and Twelfth streets, no block in this section being solidly built on both sides of the street.

There were not over two dozen two-story business buildings in this part during the entire time I lived there, the Mullin House being the largest of the early ones, and the La Veta, built later, being the finest structure in the whole town for years. Mullin House, named in honor of Captain Loudon Mullin, the father of the west town, was on the northwest corner of Tenth and New York Avenue. It was a frame building, containing some thirty to forty rooms, and must have enjoyed a considerable patronage, judging from an item in the little *Daily Review* which casually remarked that it took 125 pounds of beefsteak daily to supply the Mullin House for breakfast.

In the same block with the *Review* were two or three eating houses, two groceries, a hardware store, assay office, a meat market, a drug store, jewelry store, two or three saloons, two dance halls, and perhaps some other places of business. Of those palaces of entertainment, one was called the "Red Light Dance Hall," while the other was known as "Fat Jack's Place," both being a combination of saloon and dance hall. One of these, probably the last mentioned, affected a modicum of respectability, inasmuch as it always observed the Sabbath by requiring the orchestra to play sacred music on Sunday evenings for patrons to dance by. It was by no means an uncommon sight to see sundry couples cavorting about on the floor of a Sabbath evening, the "ladies" bedecked and bespangled in brief and extravagantly decollete dresses, with their sturdy companions, garbed in a miner's costume of khaki, or the smart outfit of a successful gambler, or perchance the outfit of a cowboy—buckskin breeches with wide fringes running down the legs, pants stuck in boots, spurs on their high-heeled footwear, blue flannel shirt, red bandanna tied loosely about the neck with the knot at the back, a wide-brimmed hat covering their usually unkempt hair, and a brace of six-guns strapped to their hips. These were the sort of patrons who celebrated every evening, Sunday included, at which time they tripped the "light fantastic toe" to the strains of such good old hymns as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" or "The Beautiful Gates Ajar." Other old-time sacred standbys, written to common or four-four time, also apparently served the crowd as satisfactorily while they went through the evolutions and convolutions of the old-time square dances. No stranger could set foot in one of these dance halls without being importuned to have at least one dance or to stand treat—the "ladies" receiving a certain percentage on every dance or treat. As a rule they encouraged their partners to celebrate, while they partook of lighter refresh-



EARLY VIEWS OF GUNNISON
Upper: "Gunnison's Water Works, 1880."
Middle: Tomichi Avenue, West from Main Street, 1882.
Lower: East side Main St., North from Tomichi Ave., 1882.

ments that did not incapacitate them for dancing, as that would cut down on their earnings.

The *Daily Review* had been started about a week before the date of my arrival, and into the office I was inducted a few days after. I was chosen to be the new "devil" and began at the very bottom, sweeping out, running errands, "kicking" a job press, setting type, rolling for a Washington hand press, folding papers, washing forms and helping do up the mail at various times. During winter, when snow was quite deep and I carried the paper, it frequently took me until 9:30 or 10:00 p. m. to finish, after which I took time for supper.

That winter, or the next one, proved to be quite severe, and during the coldest of the weather the thermometer dropped to 35 and 40 degrees below zero. Open wells all over town froze over, making it necessary almost every morning to fasten a bunch of flatirons to a clothes line, or tie a bunch of boulders in a sack, and drop them from a height sufficient to break the ice, in order to get a well bucket out. This sounds like a pretty good sized story, but no doubt there are still quite a number of old-timers who are still living in the town who can vouch for the truthfulness of this statement. I think it was this same winter that the Gunnison river froze solid, and ice of almost any dimensions could be quarried from it. A cube, about four feet in size, was placed in front of Burton, Moses & Bros.' store on Main Street, to serve as an advertisement of their ice business.

The following winter, snow was cleared from a vacant block of ground south and east of the La Veta Hotel site, and the area flooded. This proved to be an ideal rink, and was much patronized. There were a number of outstanding skaters who gathered there daily, and when I had an evening I could spare, I was sure to be there. A Miss Bixby, sister of J. H. Bixby, jeweler, was one of the best skaters among the ladies, while Judge Dexter T. Sapp and Charles Sutherland, among the men, and Arthur Hicks, among the boys, could fancy skate all around the "rank and file" at any time. There were others, no doubt, as good as those I've mentioned, but their names have escaped me after the lapse of years.

About ten days after I struck town, I learned that an Italian had been lynched during the night. The victim had been working on the South Park road at Alpine tunnel, and in an altercation with a contractor named Hoblitzell, had shot and mortally wounded him. The Italian escaped, but was captured later during the day and taken to Gunnison, where he was given a preliminary examination the following evening. The sheriff and district attorney feared for the safety of the culprit, so he was placed in a room on the

second floor of the courthouse, where it was thought he could be better protected. Everything was quiet up to midnight and it was thought there would be no trouble. A few minutes after twelve, however, the guard heard a light rap on the door and, thinking it was one of the guards, unlocked the door to see what was wanted and found himself staring into a small flock of six-shooters. He was overpowered, the prisoner hastily removed and a short time later was swinging at the end of a rope from the sign of Kelmel & Allison's livery stable on Tomichi Avenue. A few days later the town was somewhat stirred by the report that 300 Italians were on the way to burn the town in retaliation.

Gunnison was probably no worse than any other frontier Colorado town, but it so happened that in the first nine months after I arrived there had been no less than six shootings and murders, all of which ended fatally, one lynching and one legal hanging.

At this time the Denver & South Park Railroad was building a roundhouse in West Gunnison, in anticipation of the road reaching Gunnison early in the following year, while the Denver & Rio Grande was putting the finishing touches on their freight depot.

In the fall of 1881, Hon. Frank C. Goudy was running for district attorney. Mr. Goudy made Gunnison his home within the next few months and was associated with Alexander Gullett in the law business. Later the firm became Gullett, Goudy and Twitchell. Goudy was a fine public speaker, in demand on many occasions, and one of the papers dubbed him "The Silver Tongued Orator of the Rockies." He later moved to Denver and was prominently identified at that place. Mr. Goudy served Gunnison as city attorney for a time, and while holding down the office had an engineer on the Crested Butte branch haled before the law for not tooting the whistle until far within the limits of the town. The engineer paid his fine and left the courtroom. Mr. Goudy at this time lived in the north central part of town, close to the railroad. The morning following the trial, he was awakened by the shrill screeching of the whistle of the engine approaching town from Crested Butte. This was not the usual short "toot" he had been accustomed to hearing, but one long, drawn-out, ear-piercing screech which lasted till nearly half way through town before ending. The next day, and the next, and the next, it was kept up, until Mr. Goudy called on the engineer and "squared" himself. The engineer had refrained from blowing the whistle until close to the end of his run out of consideration to those living close by the tracks, who might wish to sleep late.

In 1881 the two towns had a population of approximately 3,500, while from 500 to 750 camped along the Gunnison river for a mile

or more up and down stream. A goodly proportion of these campers were attracted by the Ute lands which would soon be opened for settlement, and were patiently awaiting their chance to stake out claims for themselves.

Opening of the Ute Reservation was a live subject discussed by all the old-timers. Everybody was interested in the opening, hoping to get hold of claims in the rich farming land down the Gunnison and along its tributaries. Whether the opening of this reservation had anything to do with the dissatisfaction of Utes in 1884 and 1885, the fact remains that these Indians did get off the reservation in 1885 and caused considerable uneasiness among citizens in the southwest corner of the state. The governor was appealed to, to send the militia to help preserve peace and, after much parleying, the citizens of that section got out their Winchesters and squirrel guns and put down the Ute war themselves. The writer was a member of a company of militia stationed at Lake City in the fall of 1885, and he was not a bit sorry when he heard that the ranchmen had settled the matter themselves.

Street cars were seriously considered as early as 1882, but the project never got past the "hot air" stage. A bus line was put on by a West Gunnison firm and ran for a while. It never paid, so was discontinued after a fair trial.

Frank Adams operated the largest grocery store in the county. His establishment was located on the northwest corner of Main Street and Tomichi Avenue, and his trade was by no means confined to citizens of the town. Many wagon loads of goods were sold to ranchmen living down the Gunnison valley and over on the Cebolla and Powderhorn. It was a common sight to see prairie schooners, freight wagons or a drove of "Rocky Mountain Canaries" halt on Main Street while waiting for the clerks in that store to get a huge order of goods ready for a customer. Frank Adams was a brother of Alva and "Billy" Adams, later governors of Colorado.

Gunnison had no water system until 1882. Before that time water was hauled from the river by private individuals and hawked about the city. One of the most successful of the venders had a skid or sled formed from a large forked limb of a tree. This, with a cow for motive power, held a large barrel in which the proprietor hauled water from the Gunnison and found a ready sale for it. Water in early days sold for about 10 cents for a five-gallon can full—these cans being square and originally having held coal oil. A barrel of water usually sold for from 50 to 75 cents, depending on the distance it had to be hauled.

Some volunteer fire organizations must have been formed before my day, for early in January, 1882, Gunnison Fire Company

No. 1 was organized. About the first thing the new organization did was to appoint a committee to scout over the town and round up such scattered fire apparatus as could be found in hands of individuals. Captain E. W. Burton was captain of these fire laddies, Fred J. Leonard first assistant, James L. Preston second assistant, E. Schluter secretary and J. Reily treasurer. Steps were taken to employ a fire patrol of three persons and to purchase three Babcock fire extinguishers. At a subsequent meeting of the fire committee the propriety of having all merchants keep a barrel of water in the front of their places of business so that in case of emergency it would be at hand when needed was discussed.

Early in March, 1882, work was begun on gas and water works. While buildings for these public utilities were being erected a gang of several hundred men were put to work all over the city digging ditches and laying mains. When the systems were completed the water company gave the fire companies a chance to test the pressure. On the appointed day picked squads of Company No. 1 and the E. A. Buck Hose Company, rival organizations, met at the intersection of Main and Virginia avenues and, attaching a length of hose to fireplugs on opposite sides of the street, the lads turned the water on one another. For about half an hour they heroically and stoically stood their ground until one side was drowned out. The water company demonstrated that water could be thrown more than twice as high as the highest building in that vicinity. The test was a success and furnished plenty of fun for the onlookers.

One of the popular high-class eating houses on Main Street, which was opened in 1882 by a man named Halfer, was the "Poodle Dog Restaurant." Despite its name it was pretty well patronized. My mother, however, could never be induced to eat a meal there, the name being more than she could stand.

Early in January, 1882, a "mock legislature" was organized in the town by the menfolks, and provided a perfectly good excuse for their staying out late for at least one night a week. Gen. W. H. Fishback, one of the veteran members of the bar, was elected speaker of the house; Judge R. M. Pickering, chief clerk; A. J. Spengel, assistant; Gus J. Williams, doorkeeper; D. W. Solliday, chaplain; Eugene P. Shove, engrossing clerk; J. S. Lawrence, enrolling clerk; J. Bailey Brown, postmaster. The legislature being duly organized, other state officers were elected. Prof. Sylvester Richardson was chosen governor; W. H. Whittlesy, lieutenant governor; George B. Spratt, superintendent of public instruction; M. S. Waller, state fish commissioner, and Alexander Gullett, attorney general. Among those in the foregoing list Professor Richardson was the most picturesque character. He stood about six feet in

height, slightly stooped, wore a full beard which, like his rather long hair, was beginning to turn from a gray to white. He had traveled on foot over most of the country west of the "backbone of the continent," was owner of the Mount Carbon coal mine a few miles north and west of Gunnison, owned and ran a drug store in West Gunnison, and was a recognized authority on the history of the Gunnison country. Eugene P. Shove, cashier of the First National Bank, was a member of the Masonic order, and in addition was accounted one of the best three-ball billiard players in the town. Alexander Gullett was one of the leaders among the lawyers. General Fishback was also a lawyer. He had lived in Kansas during the early days of that state and had acquired the title of "general" from having been appointed brigadier general of the Kansas state militia.

About the middle of 1882 the *Review* moved from New York Avenue to a location on the boulevard, almost directly across the street from the Methodist church. Here the daily was enlarged to a six-column folio. A few days later the office got out a "red, white and blue" Fourth of July number—issuing this a day ahead of time in order to let all hands have a chance to celebrate the Fourth. Neighbors were few and far between at this location—the gas and water office, D. J. McCanne, superintendent, was about 50 feet north, and near the end of the block was Frank Smith's opera house—a substantial two-story brick. At the rear of the lot south of the *Review* office the city had recently erected a good-sized bell with an electric striker as an alarm in case of fire. Not another improvement in the block.

Newsboys selling the *Review* made a good thing of it on June 30, 1882, when Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, was hung. Several hundred extras were sold; pretty good for that occasion.

The Denver & Rio Grande road was completed through the Black Canon to Cimarron early in August, 1882, and on the morning of August 13 the first passenger train to pass through to the end of the track left Gunnison. There were 121 tickets sold for the celebration, the representatives of the press—including myself—being "guests" of the railroad. The Gunnison band boys also accompanied the excursionists and from time to time made the walls of the canon ring with their musical efforts. The distance through the canon traversed by the railroad is 15 miles, the last mile following up the Cimarron from where it empties into the Gunnison. It was said that this last mile cost more money to build than the entire work on the road running through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas and took more than a year to build. Cimarron is

just 40 miles below Gunnison, and at the time of the excursion was a city of tents, there being but one log house on the townsite. The excursionists had plenty of time to enjoy the wonders of nature on the downward trip, for it took two and one-half hours to go and three hours to complete the return trip. Four companies of the 9th U. S. Cavalry (colored), D, H, L, M, were stationed five miles from the end of the track up the Cimarron, having come out from Fort Riley, Kansas, about a month before. There was but one woman in camp at this time, a cook from Cantonment. Stores were few in the new town, but there was no dearth of saloons, and by the time the excursionists were ready to depart for home the townsite was pretty well cluttered up with empty bottles bearing labels of a popular St. Louis brewing house as well as the one that "made Milwaukee famous." It was a delightful day for the excursion and one I'll not soon forget.

Railroading on the Rio Grande was not always a humdrum job. Crossing Marshall Pass furnished occasional thrills when air brakes failed to work and control of the train was lost. Black Canon also furnished its hazards, when from time to time large boulders rolled down the mountainsides and lodged on the tracks. Frank Martenis, of Gunnison, whose parents were neighbors of the Root family, had a close call during 1886 when a westbound freight on which he was fireman ran into a large boulder, throwing the engine off the track and into the river. The engineer, George Hutchinson, was instantly killed, and young Martenis painfully injured.

Completion of the Denver and South Park Railroad to Gunnison early in September, 1882, was the occasion of a hilarious jollification on the evening of the fifth. This road came by way of the Alpine Pass tunnel, the highest railway tunnel in America at that time—and may be yet for aught I know. Once the tunnel was completed, the force of graders and track layers was set to work building the line down the valleys to Gunnison, the last of the track laying being completed at the rate of about two miles daily. The "South Park" shortly extended a branch line up the Ohio Creek valley to Mount Carbon to tap the rich coal deposits there, this coal finding a ready sale on the Gunnison market.

In the fall of 1882 steps were taken for the establishment of a first-class hotel in the town. This resulted in the completion of the fine brick hotel on the boulevard, first known as the Lewis Hotel, later the La Veta. This building was completed in the latter part of 1883, but for business reasons was not opened until the following year. On April 15, 1884, the house was ready to receive guests, the first meal being dinner, served between 6 and 8 p. m.

On May 22 following, the hotel was formally opened, celebrating the event with a grand ball and banquet, at which the elite of the town were present. The La Veta is still the finest hotel in the town.

The Methodist Church, located on the boulevard in West Gunnison, apparently had the largest membership of any church up to the middle '80s, and was the only organization in town that had a church bell. This church was the meeting place for the West Gunnison Literary Society and the various ladies' church societies gave concerts, oyster suppers and ice cream socials to help raise funds to "pay the preacher." During the suppers and socials the belfry was a favorite place with the fun-loving youngsters, who would congregate there, lock the outside doors, and then bolt the big double doors to the church assembly room and have an impromptu waltz to the music of a Jew's harp or a mouth organ.

Gunnison's first smelter was erected by E. R. Moffit, of Joplin, Mo., and "blew in" for its first run on Sunday, December 17, 1882. Ore from the Silent Friend mine at Pitkin was treated only, as it was a most refractory ore on account of the quality of zinc it contained. This smelter was located at the base of a good-sized hill situated about one-half mile northeast of the old town. One of the "new-fangled" improvements of Moffit's process for treating ores was a flume that extended a thousand feet, more or less, up the side of the hill, ending in a two-story frame at the summit where a dozen or more "two-story" woolen sacks were suspended from the top of the building with the mouths dangling open and downward to catch the mineral-laden sulphur fumes that were forced up the long flume. From time to time these long bags were shaken and the dust set afire, the result being a mineral product resembling a cross section of a huge bundle of spaghetti. This smelter was operated for several years, but was never made to pay and finally closed down. The hill the smelter was located on was a favorite one for skiing and tobogganing.

A second smelter, located on the Gunnison river north of town, was started in 1883 or 1884, but after about a year of experimenting it also closed down.

The third smelter, started by the interests that put in the hotel and gas and water works, was known as the Tomichi Valley Smelter. This institution was located between the D. & R. G. and D. & S. P. railroad tracks, a short distance from the La Veta Hotel to the southwest. This was started sometime in 1885 and, like its predecessors, failed to make a go of it and was later dismantled.

About the first of April, 1883, in company with George S. Irwin, I left home for White Pine to become first assistant on the

White Pine Cone, the first issue of which we got out on April 13 following. This camp was reached via the D. & R. G. to Sargent and from there by stage up the Tomichi Valley, through a little settlement first known as "Heelsburg" and later as "Cosden," then on up the valley to White Pine and ending at the little mining camp of Tomichi. I was at White Pine until May the following year, when I returned to my old job on the Gunnison *Review-Press.*

Tomichi Hot Springs, about 30 miles east of Gunnison, situated at the base of Tomichi Dome, was one of the most popular resorts for people living within a radius of 50 miles in every direction. The springs had been discovered in 1876 by Dr. Nathaniel Jennings, for years a successful physician in Gunnison. The writer, while living at White Pine, frequently visited these springs, the first occasion being at the "lower" springs, then known as the "Elgin" springs and about one-half or three-quarters of a mile down the creek in a beautiful canon.

Alfred Packer, the "cannibal" tried at Lake City early in April, 1883, for the murder of several companions near that place some years before, was found guilty and sentenced to be hung. He obtained some sort of a reprieve and in 1886 was tried again for his crimes, this time at Gunnison, and received a life sentence. While in the Gunnison county jail Packer made a little spending money by fashioning little gew-gaws, such as rings, bracelets, watch chains, etc., from horse hair, which he found a ready sale for to the morbidly curious who wished souvenirs made by this notorious man.

The *Sun* was the second paper started in the west end, making its initial appearance September 29, 1883. Prof. Sylvester Richardson was editor and owner, and Alonzo W. Moore, an early day Kansas newspaper man, was the publisher. Moore, in the early '70s, had started the *Dodge City Messenger*, the first paper in that famous cattle town, then in the heyday of its glory. The *Sun* failed to pay expenses and after a few months was discontinued.

The winter of 1883-84 brought much snow, one authority stating that there was more than during any winter since 1879-80. One Gunnisonite returning from a mining camp in the Elk Mountain district related to the writer that he followed the telegraph line from that section down to Gunnison, sitting on the crossarms of the telegraph poles to rest as he came down the mountain sides.

Gunnison had a band organization early in the '80s. This first one had ceased to exist by 1884. Early that year a new organization was perfected, the personnel being composed of "kids,"

William Coombs and Fred Zugelder being the only members of the old band to join. On my return from White Pine I was asked to join, being given a battered old brass horn and enrolled as third alto. My brother was playing second. Shortly afterwards the first alto resigned or quit and brother and I each advanced a point. A few weeks later the solo alto player moved away and once again we were promoted—he then being "solo" and I "first." About this time Mr. Zugelder, tired of helping "tutor young tooters to toot," also resigned. As he owned the only E flat bass in the county we were in a bad way. Mr. Coombs had a heart to heart talk with him, but could not persuade him to remain with the youngsters. However, he agreed to let the beginners have the use of his old bass if they would take care of it. This condition was agreed to and Coombs brought the horn along and asked for volunteers to take the instrument. "Takers" were scarce as hen's teeth. He appealed to the loyalty of the bunch and in a reckless moment I volunteered to try it, figuring that if I didn't succeed he could, or would, pass it on to one of the other boys. I was assured it was no trick at all to toot the tuba, so tackled it with all the confidence of verdant youth and, to my surprise and the delight of "Billy" Coombs, inside of two weeks I was able to play such of the pieces the old bass player had been required to play.

During the summer we practiced assiduously two or three times a week, and by fall had quite a nice little repertoire of easy selections at our fingers' end. About election time in November the weather turned cold, dropping away below zero. This was the year of the Blaine-Cleveland presidential campaign. One evening as the band met for practice we had an invitation to play for either the Republicans or Democrats and met at the intersection of Main and Virginia Avenue to do our part. A selection in which I had a bass solo was handed around to the members and everything being ready the leader gave the signal to play. The music started with a vim, the players all being pretty well chilled and putting in their best licks to work up a circulation. After playing a few bars I made the discovery that I was out of tune. The leader also had come to the same conclusion. About that time I discovered the reason I could get but one tone from the horn was that the valves were frozen solid. "Hustle into Richardson's bakery and thaw your horn out," admonished Coombs, "and get back in time for your solo." I scooted and stuck the horn close to a red-hot stove and soon had it in working order. Stationing myself close to the front door of the bakery, I listened to the piece being played. Timing myself so that I would not have more than a minute to wait I hustled out through the freezing air to take my place. Alas,

before I had a chance to show off my old horn had again frozen so solid the valves wouldn't turn for love nor money.

On January 16, 1884, L. Lindauer's wholesale liquor house at the northwest corner of Main and Tomichi avenue burned. The fire laddies did noble service in preventing the fire from spreading and sundry citizens helped salvage a portion of the bottled goods and cigars that Lindauer had in stock. It was common report that quite a number of those "helping" did not buy any liquid refreshments or cigars for some time afterwards.

Late in January, 1884, the town was shocked on receipt of news of a terrific explosion in the coal mines at Crested Butte. Over 60 miners lost their lives in this accident which wrecked the plant so badly it took several weeks to get it in working order again.

Late in August, 1885, I left for Lake City to take a job on the *Silver World,* run by Henry C. Olney. Shortly after I arrived the paper was leased to a Denver printer, A. R. Pelton, and I worked for him a few months. While in Lake City I joined the "Pitkin Guards," a local military company, and drilled with them for the next few months. This military company was the nearest of the Colorado National Guard to the Utes when they were causing the most uneasiness. The captain of the company was Mauritz Stockder, a civil engineer, who later removed to Denver.

The first county fair ever held in the county was at Gunnison on October 2 and 3, 1885, in the old "bank" building near the postoffice. George Cornwall, E. W. Burton and Dr. Louis Grasmuck were the committee in charge of arrangements. There were 61 exhibitors and 320 exhibits in all—pretty fair for a starter. By the next fall a fair grounds had been secured and a start made for a permanent organization.

In the fall of 1886 the Root family returned to Kansas, where father, brother and myself became associated in the publication of the *North Topeka Mail.* I continued on the *Mail* until 1889, when I again went west and became associated with George S. Irwin as joint publisher of the *White Pine Cone.* I stuck there until late in the fall of 1890, when I took a notion I would like to see Alaska, but unforeseen events prevented my going.

I returned to Topeka late in December, 1890, and again commenced work on the *Topeka Mail.* The middle of March, 1891, I became an employe of the Kansas State Historical Society, which position I am still holding.

The Smoky Hill Trail*

MARGARET LONG, M.D.[1]

About 50 years ago the railroad drove the stage coach from the overland trails. By a turn of the wheel of fortune conditions have now come back which resemble the stage days of yore. The automobile is a serious competitor of the railroad and huge transcontinental busses carry passengers from town to town and hotel to hotel. Filling stations, instead of stage stations, dot the country, even on lonely roads; and the man who once "bummed the bull-trains" is represented by the hitch-hiker.

The Smoky Hill and Overland Trails were the two main stage routes to Denver from the east. The Overland came from Julesburg via the Fort Morgan cut-off to Bennett and Watkins, and entered Denver on Sixth avenue. The Smoky Hill Trail came from Atchison, Kansas, and followed the Smoky Hill River across Kansas, passing near Ellsworth, Wallace, Sharon Springs and Cheyenne Wells, Colorado. The name Smoky Hill (or Smoky Hills) is derived "from the prominent isolated buttes within the great bend, landmarks widely known, to be seen from a great distance through an atmosphere frequently hazy from smoke." (*Transactions of Kansas Academy of Science*, Vol. XVIII, 215. Article by J. R. Mead.) From the headwaters of the Smoky Hill River the trail crossed a low divide to the Big Sandy, which it followed to Lake Station

*Although we cannot hope that this article contains no errors, yet every care within the author's power has been taken to make it reliable and authoritative. It represents over 1600 miles of automobile travel and a considerable outlay of time and money.

[1]Dr. Long is a practicing physician of Denver, who has interested herself in tracing out the routes of historic pioneer trails.—Ed.

and continued west across Bijou and Kiowa Creeks to Cherry Creek. It followed the latter some 15 miles to the junction of Cherry Creek with the South Platte at Denver. The short-lived Leavenworth & Pike's Peak Express, before it was transferred to the Oregon Trail and via Julesburg to Denver as the Central Overland & Pike's Peak Express, took a more northerly route than "The Smoky" and followed the Republican River. This was longer but there was more water. There is no trace left of the Smoky Hill Stage Station, which was four miles north of the town of Cheyenne Wells, but the wells which the Indians showed to the pioneers are still there. The town is now supplied with water from wells 250 feet deep just south of the railroad tracks. Before the gold rush to present Denver the trail, which later became known as the Smoky, passed north of Kit Carson and bent southward in eastern Colorado to the Arkansas River. In 1859 an extension of the trail was broken from this bend in the trail over nearly waterless plains to Denver and became known as the main line of the trail in Colorado.

Indefinite reports of gold in Cherry Creek and the mountain regions of Colorado had circulated among trappers and hunters previous to the first real discovery in 1858. The first gold was found at Russelville Gulch, a tributary of Cherry Creek near Franktown, and other finds were made near the mouth of Cherry Creek. The settlement at Denver became known first as the Cherry Creek Diggings. In the winter of 1858-1859 gold was found in the hills at the Jackson Diggings (Idaho Springs) and at Gregory Diggings (Black Hawk and Central City).

A considerable part of the gold rush came over the Smoky Hill Trail in 1859 and the years following. The Smoky was shorter than the Overland or the Santa Fe Trails, but due to scarcity of water was the hardest and most dangerous of the three great prairie roads from the "Big Muddy" (Missouri River) to the "Pike's Peak Region." More people died on the trail from hunger and thirst than from Indians. The emigrants came in covered wagons and on foot, even with pushcarts and wheelbarrows. Poorly equipped and scantily clad they faced the inclement weather and chilling winds of early spring, and when their shoes wore out many went barefoot through the mud and snow. Before reaching their goal, the desolate city of tents and cabins that was to become Denver, many deaths occurred from sickness and starvation. There is one authentic case of cannibalism on the trail (Villard, *Past and Present of the Pike's Peak Gold Region,* p. 24). The Smoky, like the Oregon Trail, was lined with abandoned property, broken wag-

ons, dead horses and oxen and, saddest of all, with many unmarked graves.

The Leavenworth & Pike's Peak stage ran to Denver for a few months in 1859, but not over the Smoky Hill Trail in Kansas. The Butterfield Overland Dispatch began sending stages over the Smoky Hill Trail in 1865. This was the line of D. A. Butterfield, not John Butterfield of the Great Southern Overland Mail which operated to California before the Civil War. The B. O. D. continued to run from "the end of the rails" ever building westward, until the completion of the Kansas Pacific in 1870, now one of the two Union Pacific railroad lines to Denver. As the railroad advanced the stage line was shortened at the railroad terminus.

Today automobiles and railroad trains speed over the routes of the forgotten trails of more than half a century ago. The trail was often 10 miles wide, depending on the widely varying local circumstances. It followed the contours of the country, avoiding hills whenever possible, but taking to the higher ground in wet weather, or perhaps swinging around some sandy spot. Grass for the stock, or even the highly essential "buffalo chip" for fuel, would often change the location of a trail for several miles.

The parallel, grass-grown ruts of the old trail can still be seen in many places as a faint line fading away on distant hillsides between Denver and Limon and beyond. It ran, or rather wound, diagonally from southeast to northwest, and cuts across the modern roads which almost all run on section lines. By traveling the two sides of the square in an automobile it is often possible to follow the course of the old trail that ran across lots.

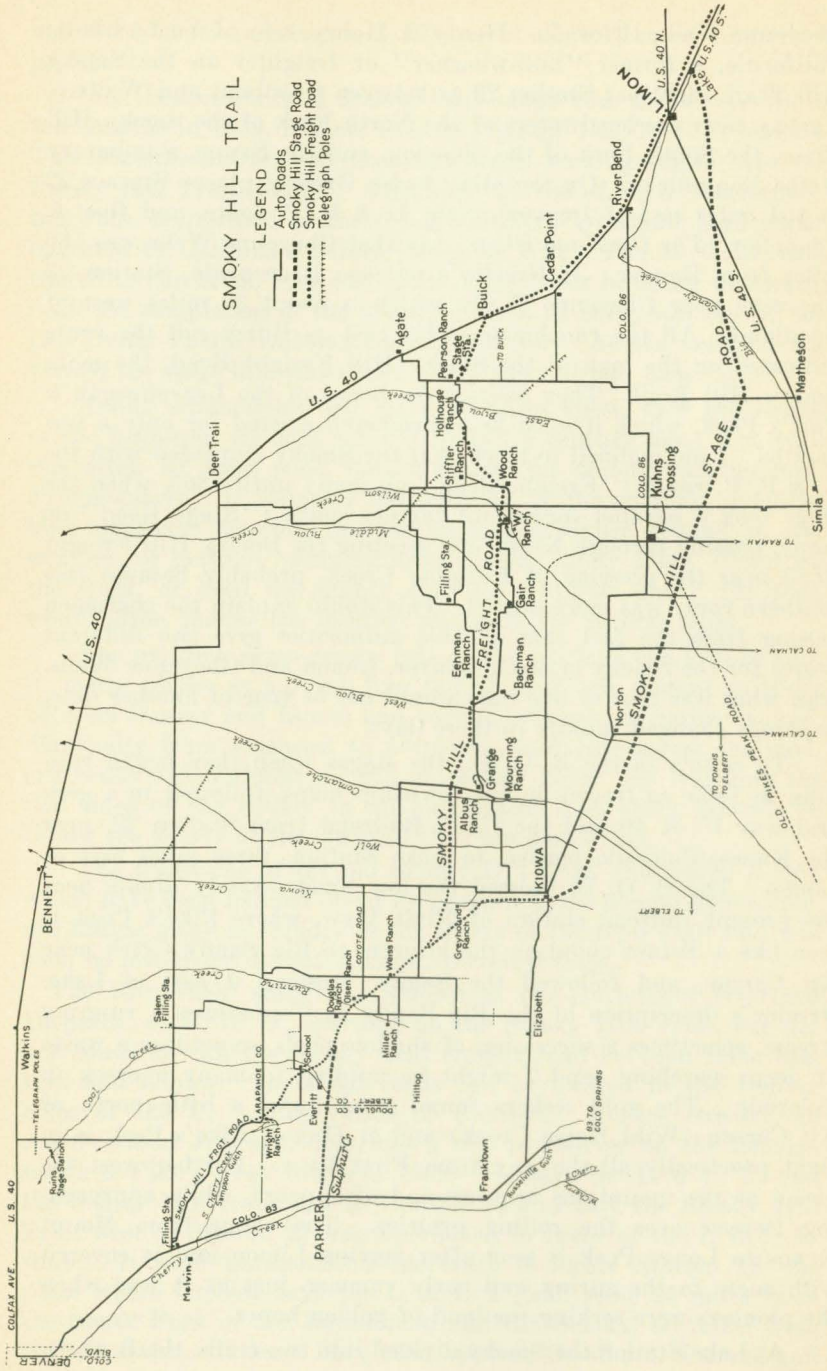
The traditions of the old Smoky Hill Trail and where it ran, which have been handed down by parents to the second generation, are fading away as rapidly as the tracks of the trail itself and will soon be lost if we do not attempt to record them.

The Butterfield stage line, known as the Butterfield Overland Dispatch, or B. O. D., operated on the Smoky Hill Trail, but did not coincide with the Smoky Hill freight road between Lake Station and Kiowa. These old roads can be located in the Denver office of the U. S. Supervisor of Surveys. Horace Greeley, in *An Overland Journey*, describes a trip to Denver on the Leavenworth & Pike's Peak Stage in 1859. He says the L. & P. P. and the Smoky Hill trails met at Station 22 and that the Smoky Hill Trail west of Station 22 was abandoned in favor of the L. & P. P. route. It is of paramount importance to locate Station 22, the place where Greeley says the L. & P. P. had come 25 miles from the South Fork of the Republican and the Smoky, 60 miles from the last water. It must have been between Goodland, Kansas, and

Cheyenne Wells, Colorado. Henry R. Honey, now of Yorba Linda, California, a former "bull-whacker" or freighter on the Smoky Hill Trail, identifies Station 22 as between Goodland and Wallace, Kansas, near the headwaters of the North Fork of the Smoky Hill River, the South Fork of the Solomon, and the Sappa, a tributary of the Republican. On the other hand, Greeley places Station 22 as 154 miles east of Denver on the L. & P. P. route, and Root & Connelley (*The Overland Stage*) say that Cheyenne Wells was 166 miles from Denver. If Greeley's mileage is accurate, Station 22 was very near Cheyenne Wells, which is about 30 miles west of Goodland. All the ranchmen as far east as Buick call the route indicated on the map as the Smoky Hill Freight Road, the main Smoky Hill Trail. They have never heard of the Leavenworth & Pike's Peak, which it must be remembered existed for only a few months. I am inclined to think that the Smoky coincided with the L. & P. P. route ("Freight Road" on map) until 1865, when the stage took a parallel course but farther south ("Stage Road" on map), passing through Kiowa and meeting the Smoky Hill Freight Road near the crossing of Running Creek, probably because this southern route was more settled. This would explain the confusion arising from the fact that reliable authorities give two different routes for the Smoky between Denver, Limon and Cheyenne Wells. Also what was true of one date would not be true of another date, as things changed rapidly in those days.

To return to the B. O. D., the stages when they began running in 1865, as traced on the township maps, followed in a general way U. S. 40 and the U. P. Railroad from Station 22, near the Kansas-Colorado border, to Lake Station, three miles east of Limon. The B. O. D. crossed the low Smoky-Sandy divide near the present railroad station of First View, where Pike's Peak is seen like a distant cloud on the horizon, to Big Sandy Creek near Kit Carson, and followed the Sandy, crossing it east of Lake. Greeley's description of the Big Sandy as "sometimes a running stream, sometimes a succession of shallow pools, sometimes a waste of deep, scorching sand," might be applied to many a creek in Colorado. The gold seekers found good water a little north of Kit Carson (Wild Horse Creek) and at Hugo. Pike's Peak is in sight practically all the way from First View. Farther west the vision of the mountains appears and disappears, while approaching Denver over the rolling prairies. The range from Mount Evans to Longs Peak is seen after leaving Limon and is covered with snow in the spring and early summer just as it was when the pioneers were seeking the land of golden hopes.

At Lake Station the Smoky divided into two trails, the B. O. D.



THE SMOKY HILL TRAILS, DENVER TO LIMON

This map is not drawn strictly to scale, but is foreshortened in the east to west direction.

and the Smoky Hill Freight Road, the latter known as the Starvation Trail. Both trails crossed the Arkansas-Platte or, to be more specific, the Sandy-Bijou Divide, where the pine trees in the higher altitudes replaced the desert scenery of the plains, and came to Beaver Creek 10 miles east of Bijou Creek. Today these creeks are called East and West Bijou. The two branches of the trail met east of Cherry Creek and entered Denver by the same route.

Let us first trace the B. O. D. stage line across Elbert and Arapahoe counties on the township maps. From Lake it passed south of Limon, crossing the Big Sandy somewhere north of Matheson, and East Bijou at the vanished stage station one or two miles south of Kuhns Crossing and Colorado Highway 86. It came down off Hangman's Hill in a northwesterly direction to Kiowa, which was founded about 1860. There was a Wells-Fargo stage station on the site of the Stock Growers State Bank at Kiowa. The Smoky stage route was controlled successively by Butterfield, Holladay and Wells-Fargo. Westward the stage road crossed Kiowa Creek about four miles north of the town of the same name, and met the Smoky Hill Freight Road on Running Creek at Ruthton (Root & Connelley), 10 miles north of the town of Elizabeth. It soon diverged from the freight road, crossed the headwaters of Coal Creek and followed Sulphur Creek to Parker, then known as Twenty Mile Station. The Smoky Hill or B. O. D. stage station was a mile and a half east of Parker on Sulphur Creek. (Data from Charles Pennock, a former "bull-whacker" and now of Bellevue, Colorado.) Mr. Pennock freighted from Denver to the Divide, the country east of Parker which divides the Cherry Creek drainage from that which empties into the Platte from Coal Creek. At that time the Kansas Pacific Railroad was completed from Limon to Denver, but freighting still continued from Denver to Parker and Kiowa over the Smoky Hill stage route. From Parker it followed Cherry Creek to Denver on what was formerly a part of the Cherokee Trail and is now Colorado Highway 83. The stations were as follows, according to Charles Pennock:

Twenty Mile House (Parker);

Sixteen Mile House;

Twelve Mile House (Melvin, across Cherry Creek from the Melvin R. R. station);

Junction with Smoky Hill Freight Road;

Seven Mile House;

Four Mile House (east toll gate on Working Farm, South Forest Street, Harmon);

Denver.

Now let us motor east from Denver and scout the Smoky Hill

Freight Road to its junction with the B. O. D. stage road at Lake Station, checking with the township maps. The Smoky ran between Cherry Creek and Colorado 83 to a point 10 miles out from Colorado Boulevard and Colfax Avenue. This is eight miles southeast of Four Mile House, 10 miles north of Parker and a mile or two northeast of Melvin. Here we leave No. 83 at a filling station and follow for 10 miles the Smoky itself, along the east side of Sampson Gulch, called South Cherry on the U. S. Geological Survey map. Half a mile east of Sampson Gulch and one mile west of the point where Arapahoe, Douglas and Elbert counties meet, the automobile takes to section line roads and the old trail is seen disappearing over the brow of the next hill to the left in the pasture. In the early spring, before the prairie green has turned to brown, the tracks of the Smoky are a darker line of green stretching away to the horizon.

The Smoky can be followed by driving east and south on unfrequented section line roads which it crosses at an angle, and can be traced accurately on the Denver and Castle Rock quadrants of the U. S. Geological Survey maps. Unfortunately, the next quadrant to the east, Elbert county, has not yet been surveyed, but the trail can be outlined on a Clason road map of about 1910, made before the era of new highways and based on the Department of the Interior's land office map for Colorado. These maps of 20 years ago are invaluable because the roads of those days followed the pioneer trails more closely than do the modern roads.

The Smoky Hill Freight Road, different here from the coach road, passed north of Kiowa, Elizabeth, Hilltop and Parker; it did not go through any of them. In a general way it lay between U. S. 40 and Colorado 86. From the point where the three counties meet, the Smoky crosses Coal Creek (called Sand Creek nearer Denver), on the Everitt ranch, and can be followed for three or four miles across their ranch to the fence line. This course brings it to Running Creek (Gold Running Creek, or Box Elder as it is called at Watkins) on the Olsen, formerly the Tyning, ranch. On the east side of Running Creek, on this ranch, there is an old dug-out which may once have been a part of the stage station called Ruthton.

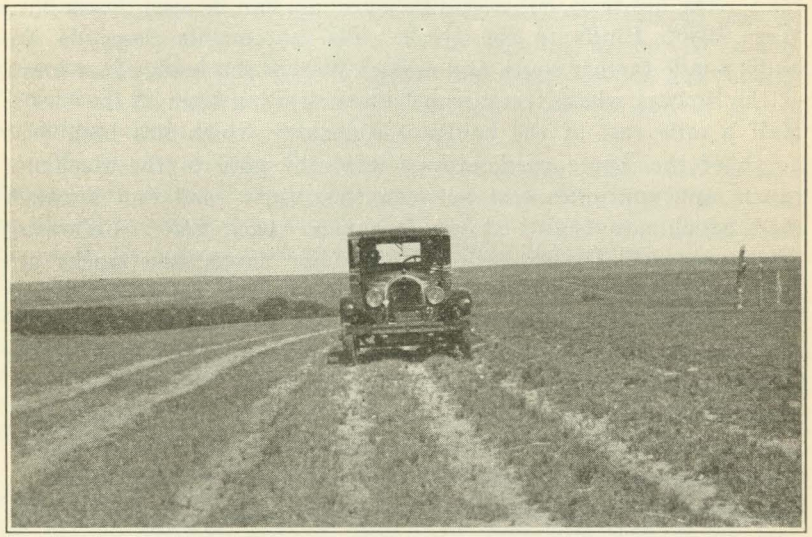
South of the Running Creek bridge, which is a mile or two above the old Smoky crossing, the road turns east, north, east and south, crossing the Smoky twice before passing the Weiss or Big Springs ranch in Hay Gulch. Again turning east the road crosses the Smoky where there are two gates in the fences on either side, and just east of the Kiowa Creek bridge it again turns north. It is often difficult to distinguish between the old trail and local old

wagon roads, but the Smoky, which can be seen at these crossings, has been identified by the local ranchmen. The Smoky divided west of Kiowa Creek. The section known as the Starvation Trail crossed this creek five miles north of the town of Kiowa, and two miles south of the automobile bridge, and thence went pretty nearly due east to East Bijou Creek. It goes just north of an unfrequented section line road across Wolf, Comanche and West Bijou Creeks. A mile or so west of Comanche Creek and the Albus ranch the tracks lie between the fences on either side of the grass-grown road. The old trail, cut deep like a trough, can be seen descending West Bijou Bluffs to the creek. The automobile descends the bluffs a mile farther south and crosses West Bijou bridge just south of the Smoky, whose tracks can be seen leading back to the bluffs. Half a mile east of the bridge the Smoky, which has been just north of the Agate road, crosses it at the gate to the Bachman ranch, and continues east between the Agate road and a ranch road which also begins at the Bachman ranch gate. Following the ranch road for six miles to the Gair ranch, the tracks are again seen just east of the Little Muddy, a local name for Middle Bijou Creek. Five miles farther east, still following the turns in the road, the ranch road and the Smoky coincide for a mile, which brings them to the "W" ranch on Wilson Creek. The Smoky consists of many parallel tracks, plainly marked, like cattle trails; in fact, the road is on the two northernmost of the Smoky tracks. The Smoky and the ranch road continue eastward, the Smoky to the north, for a mile, and cross the graded road to Simla between gates 13 and 14, which means that fourteen gates have been opened and closed in the fourteen miles since entering the Bachman ranch.

The trail and the road continue east for another mile and turn north, where a wood road, whose tracks might easily be mistaken for the Smoky, bears southeast. The wood road goes to Colorado Highway 86, about 30 miles east of Kiowa. It was used to haul wood in the days when the railroad was building. The Smoky and the ranch road diverge for a few miles and meet again east of the Stiffler ranch, where they pass under a line of telephone poles and make a very gradual descent of East Bijou Bluffs. After following the tracks of the Smoky for two miles more, they disappear in a plowed field. The automobile fords the sand of East Bijou Creek on what was formerly the Holhouse ranch, at the same place where the Smoky crossed it, and circles some cornfields to the graded road between Agate and Matheson at the Pearson ranch. There was a stage station on this ranch. Absolutely no trace of it is left today, but the ranchmen in the neighborhood can remember the

walls and the tunnel to the mule cellar where they played when they were boys.

The two miles of the Smoky Hill Trail from the Pearson Ranch to Buick on U. S. 40 have been obliterated. Buick was formerly called Godfrey and was so named for the Godfrey Station on the Pearson Ranch. The Old Trail went just east of U. S. 40 from Buick to River Bend, Limon and Lake, where it rejoined the Butterfield Stage Line. A mile or two east of Lake the tracks of the Smoky can still be seen on the hillside north of the road. Much of



SMOKY HILL TRAIL LOOKING EAST TO WILSON CREEK

the original road has been destroyed in making the new highway, U. S. 40.

At Lake railroad station there was until recently, about fifteen years ago, the ruins of an old stage station, famous in frontier history as "Lake Station." Now there is nothing left but a hole in the ground, once a horse barn. A house has been built over the cellar of the station itself. Originally the station and barn were partially underground, dug-outs, as a protection against Indians. The two dug-outs were formerly connected by a tunnel, that is now mostly destroyed. It has been converted into a potato cellar. This is comparable to the fate of Fort Bent, the most historical building in Colorado, which was pulled down to make adobe chicken houses on adjoining ranches. The main current of Big Sandy Creek, that once ran several hundred feet from the station, is now within about ten or fifteen feet and is rapidly cutting away the bank. Unless the

bank is soon riprapped, it will not be long before the Big Sandy will erase all signs of the once famous "Lake Station."

It would be interesting to scout the Old Smoky Hill Trail east from Lake Station across Colorado and Kansas, and check it with the Kansas township surveys. In a general way it followed U. S. Highway 40 South and the Union Pacific railroad over many waterless stretches.

From Lake Station west, the automobile travels the ninety-odd miles to Denver over U. S. 40 in three hours or less. The slow moving ox-teams were often eight to ten days on this part of the route. The stage coach at first made it in three days, without changing teams, then later in one day, with relays of horses every ten to fifteen miles. When the stages attained this maximum of speed they made the entire trip from the Missouri in five days. Now airships fly from Kansas City to Denver in five hours.

An old-timer who drove a freight team over the Smoky has made the following statement: "I wish it were possible to again drive over the old ground, so familiar in the early days but now so changed by the efforts of an advancing civilization. One who never enjoyed experiences in a vast land unmarked by the hand of man can hardly appreciate what a difference in the appearance of the country follows the appearance of section line roads, wire fences and cultivated fields. In those days of the old freight wagons, before the motorcycle highway patrol, the man on the high seat behind eight mules followed the line of least resistance, shaping his course to fit the lay of the land, reaching his destination by the most direct and most easily negotiated trails."

Our first scouting trip, made in April, 1932, was an attempt to see how closely one could follow the Smoky Hill Trail on roads passable for an automobile. We established the line across country from Denver to Lake Station, as shown on the map accompanying this article. If one actually followed the Old Trail all the way it might be possible to identify it throughout its entire course by finding the ruins of more stage stations, or at least their sites as recorded by local tradition. We had to inquire our way from ranch to ranch, and often made false leads. I am indebted to the old-timers, Charles Wright, Wm. C. Weiss, E. R. Mourning, A. T. Albus and H. O. Buick for local information which guided us over the right roads. The Everitt brothers, sons of an old-timer, piloted us across their ranch on Coal Creek over the old trail. J. J. Kruse and F. D. Hart of Kiowa gave us much valuable local information. Lawrence T. Gray of Colorado Springs loaned maps of the Smoky Hill Trail for reproduction which belonged to his father, who came West over the Smoky. My brother, Pierce Long, charted the road

map in Elbert County. Most of all, I am indebted to the old-timer who accompanied us, Chauncey Thomas, whose parents came to Denver over the old trail by stage coach, who perhaps knows more of the unwritten history of the old West than any other man alive, and whose aid was invaluable in marking down the faint traces of the old Smoky Hill Trail.

AUTOMOBILE LOG OF SMOKY HILL TRAIL, EASTWARD FROM DENVER

Mileage

0.0 Denver. Colorado Blvd. and Colfax. Go south on Colo. 83.
1.6 Turn S. E. on Colo. 83. Cherry Creek about 1 mile west of road.
3.4 Cross So. Forest St. Four Mile House ½ mile south.
10.0 Leave Colo. 83, turn east.
10.5 Turn S. E. on Smoky Hill Trail. Sampson Creek is about a mile west of the road.
14.0 Sampson Gulch ½ mile west of road.
16.0 Smoky Hill tracks seen beside road.
20.0 Road goes south. Smoky Hill Trail goes S. E. Leave Sampson Gulch which is ½ mile west.
20.4 Road forks south and east. Go east on Arapahoe-Douglas County line.
20.7 Opposite Wright Ranch. Just east the Smoky tracks cross the road and are lost in a plowed field south of the road.
21.4 At point where Elbert, Douglas and Arapahoe Counties meet, road forks south and east. Go south on Douglas-Elbert County line.
22.1 Cross Smoky Hill Trail.
23.5 Turn east.
25.3 Cross Smoky Hill Trail.
25.5 Turn north at school house. The Smoky crossed Coal Creek on the Everitt Ranch, about half a mile south of the school house.
25.8 Turn east.
26.3 Coal Creek bridge.
26.8 Turn south.
27.0 Cherry Gulch bridge. Turn east.
29.0 End of road. Turn south.
31.3 Cross Smoky Hill Trail opposite Smoky Crossing of Running Creek on Tyning Ranch, east of present road.
32.7 Running Creek bridge.
33.1 Turn east.
34.1 Turn north.

Mileage

34.7 Cross Smoky Hill Trail.
35.1 Turn east.
36.0 Hay Gulch bridge.
36.1 Turn south.
37.5 Cross Smoky Hill Trail.
37.8 Weiss or Big Spring Ranch.
39.2 Turn east.
40.6 Cross Smoky Hill Trail where road passes between gates on either side of the road.
43.1 Kiowa Creek bridge.
45.1 End of road. North 26 miles to Bennett. South 6 miles to Kiowa. Turn south.
46.9 Turn east. There is no road west, but it is the point where the Smoky crossed Kiowa Creek, one mile north of the Greyhound Ranch and five miles north of Kiowa.
49.4 Cross Wolf Creek bridge. Continue east. The Smoky is a quarter of a mile north of the road and the Scott ranch house, and crosses Wolf Creek north of the bridge.
50.9 The Smoky tracks are between the fences on either side of the road and beyond the north fence. The road itself is two grass-grown tracks.
51.9 Ford the dry sandy bed of Comanche Creek to the Albus ranch house. The Smoky crossed Comanche just north of the road.
52.9 Roads south and west and east. Go east one-tenth of a mile and where the road jogs north, continue east through a gate for half a mile to the edge of West Bijou bluffs. The Smoky is plainly marked descending the steep grade of the bluffs and going on to the creek. Return to 52.9 and go south.
54.4 Roads north, south and east. Turn east at the Grange and descend Bijou Bluffs.
57.0 Turn north.
57.8 Turn east. The Smoky tracks are seen just north of the road for half a mile.
59.8 Cross West Bijou bridge.
60.1 The Smoky tracks are just north of the road.
60.3 The Smoky crosses the road at the top of the hill marked by the gate to the Bachman, now the Bishop, Ranch. Leave the road which goes east to Agate, and go southeast to the Bachman Ranch.
61.5 Bachman Ranch. Go east.
63.5 New Bachman Ranch. Go east.

Mileage

64.0 Go east through Gate 1. The Smoky is north of the road at the edge of the timber.
64.7 Ranch. Go north through Gate 2.
64.8 Turn east at fence corner.
65.7 Go east. Gate 3 at top of hill.
65.8 Lone pine north of road at summit of hill, a landmark from the last ranch.
65.9 Cross roads on top of hill. Go east, down hill, across a field to a road which can be seen ahead.
66.1 Reverse Forks, go east. N. W. fork connects with Agate road.
66.3 Go east through Gate 4 and turn south.
66.6 Turn east.
66.9 Turn southeast beside Old Smoky tracks.
67.2 Through Gate 5 and turn east.
67.3 Gair Ranch on Little Muddy or Middle Bijou Creek. Turn south and cross the creek, and then turn east up hill. A road south connects with Colorado 86.
67.8 Go east through Gate 6.
68.0 Reverse Forks. Go east.
68.8 Go north through Gate 7.
68.9 Roads fork north and east. Go east.
69.1 Go east through Gate 8.
69.3 Turn north.
69.7 Chicken Ranch. Turn east through Gate 9.
70.1 Reverse Forks. Go east.
70.2 Gate 10. Forks east and north. Go east.
70.4 Ranch. Go east.
70.7 Go east through Gate 11, and descend hill.
71.1 Road turns north.
71.3 Road continues north in bed of a dry wash.
71.6 Road leaves "wash" and turns east.
71.7 The Smoky crosses the road from north to south.
71.8 Road forks, go east or right. The road is on the northernmost two tracks of the Smoky.
79.2 End of road and Smoky tracks. Turn south.
79.4 South through Gate 12.
79.5 Cross Bland Creek going south.
79.6 Turn east at "W" Ranch and ford the sand in Wilson Creek. Before fording Wilson, a road goes south to Colorado 86.
79.8 Turn north and then east. The tracks of the Smoky are north of the road.
80.8 Cross Agate-Simla road between Gates 13 and 14. Go east. The Smoky is still north of the road.

Mileage

81.5 Turn north.
81.9 Wood Ranch. Go north.
82.0 Turn N. E. Smoky coincides with road.
82.4 Turn north at fence. Leave the Smoky.
83.5 Go north through cattle guard. Take right fork. Go northeast.
84.5 Turn east at ranch gate which is on north side of road.
85.1 Go east under telephone poles. The Smoky appears south of the road.
86.0 The Smoky crosses the road from south to north and coincides with it. Descent from Bijou Bluffs is gradual.
87.0 Turn northeast. The Smoky goes east and is lost in a plowed field.
88.1 Go east through Gate 15.
88.7 Go east through Gate 16.
89.0 Go east through Gate 17 to a ranch.
89.1 Go northeast through Gate 18 and ford the sand of East Bijou Creek.
89.4 East through Gate 19.
89.5 Southeast around a field.
89.8 East around a field.
90.6 North around a field.
91.0 Enter Matheson-Agate road through Gate 20 at Pearson Ranch. Godfrey stage station was half a mile south and half a mile east of the Pearson ranch house. The Smoky went two or three miles southeast from the stage station to Buick, formerly called Godfrey, and followed east of U. S. 40 to Lake stage station, at Lake, three miles southeast of Limon. Road between Buick and the Agate-Matheson road reported not open to autos.
92.4 Go north. Road west to Bachman's Ranch on W. Bijou Creek.
92.6 Turn east.
93.3 Turn northeast.
93.5 Turn north.
94.2 Turn east.
94.3 Cross railroad to Agate. Turn southeast on U. S. 40.
99.3 Buick. Road east not open to autos. Go southeast.
103.5 Cedar Point. Go southeast. Road east to Agate-Matheson road.
110.3 River Bend. Junction of U. S. 40 and Colo. 86.
116.3 Limon. U. S. 40.
119.3 Lake. U. S. 40 South.

David Barnes, "Father of Loveland"

LENA BARNES GIFFORD[1]

David Barnes, a pioneer builder, was born in West Moreland County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1821. He came of very religious parents, being of the Presbyterian faith. At the age of twenty-four he married Sarah L. Coleman and moved to Moline, Illinois. Being a millwright by trade, he found plenty of employment. Later he entered the lumber business and built two saw mills at Rock Island, Illinois. He remained in the lumber business there until the year 1859, when the gold fever got hold of him and he shipped machinery and horses to Omaha and from there brought them to Denver. He continued on to Russell Gulch, present Gilpin County, where he built a saw mill and a quartz mill. He sawed the lumber for the first frame house built in the gulch.

In the fall of 1859 he returned to Illinois and in the following spring returned to Russell Gulch, bringing with him his wife and their six children. He remained in Russell Gulch until 1863, when he sold out his interests and moved to a farm on Bear Creek, three miles east of Morrison. He was living there during the Indian outbreak of 1864. Having found out that they could raise wheat in Colorado, he built a flour mill on Bear Creek, being the first mill established in the region. He built an irrigation ditch, known as the Barnes Ditch, which is still in use.

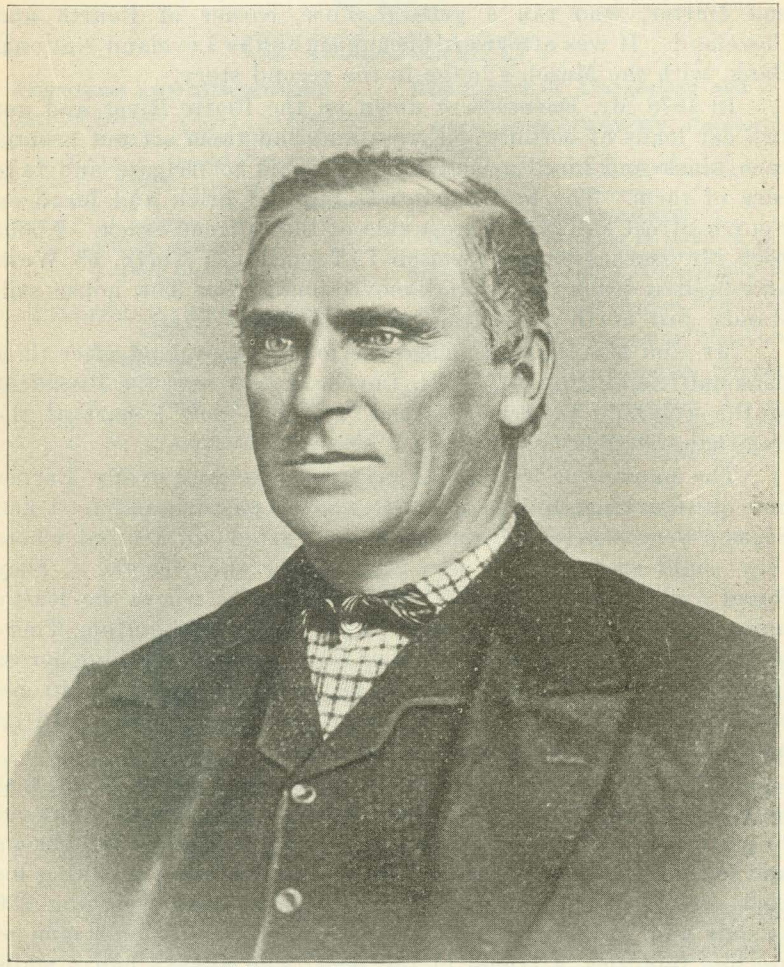
In 1866 he was induced by prominent men of Golden to move his mill to Golden. It is still standing and is located on Clear Creek at the Ford Street crossing. He also built a twelve-room, two-story brick house, which still stands in Golden. The flour ground at his mill was freighted by teams to Central City, Idaho Springs, Georgetown and all the mountain mining towns that were booming then. The flour sold as high as $25 per hundred pounds.

Having purchased a half section of land in the Big Thompson Valley, he decided to move on to it and try farming. So after plowing, fencing and seeding, he got out the Barnes Ditch, which still waters a large section of land north and east of present Loveland. He also bought what was known as the Chubbuck Ditch and enlarged it and afterwards sold it to an English company, now known as the Greeley and Loveland Irrigation Company.

He continued farming his land on the Big Thompson until

[1]Mrs. Gifford is a daughter of Mr. Barnes. She lives in Loveland today.—Ed.

the fall of 1877, when the Colorado Central Railroad was built through from Longmont to Fort Collins, running through Mr. Barnes' land. The city of Loveland was laid out in the spring of 1878. Mr. Barnes gave alternate blocks to the railroad and



DAVID BARNES

gave out word that he would give lots to any church organization that would build a church. The United Presbyterian Church was the first to accept and built a church, occupying the corner of Lincoln and Fourth Street. W. H. McCreery was the first pastor. Next was the M. E. Church which stands on Cleve-

land just south of the Loomas store building, corner of Third and Cleveland.

The first brick building was built by Mr. Barnes for an office and is still standing, just east of the depot, where Mrs. Riker used to live. The next brick building was built by Herzinger and Harter, who ran a general store, corner of Fourth and Cleveland. It was afterwards occupied by the Loveland National Bank, with the Mason's lodge in the second story.

In 1878 Mr. Barnes sent down on the Platte River and got two car loads of cottonwood trees and had them set out around each block and hired a man for two years to irrigate and take care of them. The first depot was built of brick and faced on Fourth Street and on the west side of the railroad track. About 1880 Mr. Barnes bought Section 7, Township 5 North, 68 West, and built a brick house and moved on to it. The house still stands, just north of where Tom McKee now lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes named the town of Loveland after their personal friend, Hon. W. A. H. Loveland, who was the President of the Colorado Central Railroad, which is now a part of the Colorado and Southern system.

The summer of 1880 was a very dry year and as Mr. Barnes had quite a large bunch of cattle and as pasture and feed had become very scarce, he and his wife started out to find where they could secure water and pasture for their cattle. They found a place on the Poudre River just below where the Rustic now stands, and purchased three miles of the river bottom. There he built a hewn log house and other buildings and a bridge across the river. He lived up there in the summer and brought his cattle to the valley in the fall and turned them in the field on his farm and fed them through the winter.

It was up on his mountain ranch on the Poudre River that he met his death in the year 1884. He and a hired man went out to get a load of hay and while binding it the binding bolt broke and let him fall to the ground. He fell on his head, breaking his neck, and died instantly. He was a large man weighing 230 pounds and was six feet tall. Thus ended the life of a man of sterling qualities, a friend of the poor, who always had a smile for everyone. He was known all over Colorado as "Uncle David Barnes."