

Personal Recollections of Early Denver

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Recollections, like everything else, must have a beginning, and my first memory of early Denver has to do with a Fourth of July Christmas. It has remained vivid, unforgettable, undoubtedly because of the successive shocks to the sensitive ear drums of a small child. It was prior to the Chinese riot of 1880 and the large Chinatown of the city, extending from Sixteenth along Wazee and Wynkoop streets and directly in the rear of the American House for several blocks, was a busy mart, a growth of the steady immigration of the "Celestials" to Colorado, where thousands had been, and still were, employed in placer mining around Central City, at Fairplay, Tarryall, California Gulch, and other gold camps.

Chinatown was their supply source. Here were silk and clothing shops, stores of exotic atmosphere with shelves crowded with imports, fine tea, spices, drugs, and foods from China, tapestries, fans, laces, and there were many laundries. Underground floors were tunnels leading to burrows and the larger rooms where Nepentheized sleepers lay in bunks, the air sticky and sweet with the fumes of opium.

The steam laundry hadn't come, and the Chinese had a monopoly on laundering. To homes all over the city trotted the tireless, affable, pig-tailed little yellow men in their blue-black tunics, flapping trousers and felt white-soled slippers, delivering newspaper-wrapped bundles. We were living at Coffield's "family boarding house," a spacious two-story verandahed frame residence where the Colorado National Bank now stands at Seventeenth and Champa streets. This first recollection begins with a mild knock at our door. It was early and cold, for the fire hadn't been kindled in the nickel-ornamented isinglass-doored stove. Snow had fallen during the night and the sun, resembling, in the frosty air, the pale yellow

*Mr. Smith spoke from notes in addressing the Annual Meeting of the Society on December 8, 1942. Upon request he has expanded somewhat the material for this written version.—Ed.

yolk of a hard-boiled egg, was rising over the roof of Wolfe Hall across Champa street. My little sister Aimee and I were standing hand in hand before the gaily bespangled Christmas tree in the window recess. Mother went to the door.

Our squat, round-faced, grinning laundryman looked like a round ball perched on spindly legs, for instead of overcoats the Chinese wrapped layers of newspapers around the body under the bulging tunic, an effective insulation against cold. He thrust into her arms a robin's egg blue bowl bearing on clean pebbles a Chinese lily in fragrant bloom, packages of ginger, paper-shell Oriental nuts, a box of Oolong and Young Hyson tea, with a "Melly, melly Climas, missy. Plesents fo' all." Then, from the huge wicker basket used for the delivery of laundry, on the floor beside him, he brought forth packages of fire crackers, small and dainty ones for Aimee, larger ones for me.

That scene of gift-bearing was duplicated throughout the city, and by the time the church bells in the bitter air summoned worshippers a noisy celebration, a Fourth of July in December, was in progress. Small boys with sticks of smoldering punk to ignite the vicious tails of the crackers, were busy and they were no respecters of the decorous, high-hatted—we called them stovepipe hats—gentlemen and their ladies in furbelowed skirts voluminously draped over the universally-worn bustle. The rhythmic silvery melody of sleigh bells became sharp, frenzied discords as horses reared in fright over swift explosions at their hoofs.

Many-windowed Wolfe Hall, Episcopal seminary for young ladies, stood behind its brick garden walls where the Boston Building is now. Chaperoned by teachers, the young ladies came forth on their way to church, bonneted, muffed, bustled, and rubbered. I remember the frightened squeals and the high jumping, revealing lace-embroidered pantalettes, as the charmingly pious demureness of the line was broken when a boy threw a wickedly exploding fire-cracker while others of his group followed with well-aimed snowballs.

That was the moment I first really saw the famous Colonel Lewis N. Tappan, founder of Denver's very first Sunday school, one of Denver's first public school directors, and the inspiration of many other movements assuring the growth of the frontier village into a magnificent future. I had seen him many times, but always with the incurious eyes of the child. He lived in what was then described as an "elegant" frame residence in the midst of a lawn ornamented with iron stags, one in the attitude of being at bay, the other in the act of charging with lethal antlers an invisible pack of wolves or dogs, whatever it was those iron eyes saw coming

through the iron gate of the iron fence. An iron fountain that played rainbowed water in the summer stood near the corner of the lawn, now a part of the ground occupied by the Denver National Building. It was across the street from Wolfe Hall and Colonel Tappan, coming down his walk of brick, brandished his gold-headed ebony cane and shouted at the yelling young imps who promptly ran, dodging in the nick of time the horses of two sleighs. The colonel, with bared head and bowing low, constituted himself the rear guard of the young ladies, gallantly marching with them over the pine-board sidewalks to St. John's church at Fourteenth and Lawrence streets, and keeping a watchful eye out for juvenile disturbers.

It was Lewis Tappan from Massachusetts who, on a Sunday stroll in November, 1859, came upon a group of children playing in front of the log Union school house of Oscar J. Goldrick on the bank of Cherry Creek at McGaa, now Larimer Street, Auraria. To his inquiry, the children replied they were at school and this was recess time.

"Goldrick, do you mean to tell me that you teach school seven days a week?" asked Tappan.

"Of course. Their parents are only too happy for me to do so," answered the eccentric, brilliant young Irishman, graduate of the University of Dublin, who, in immaculate linen, broadcloth Prince Albert, glistening stovepipe hat and polished boots, and silk waistcoat embroidered with lilies of the valley, rosebuds, and violets—an attire he had donned within a mile of the town—drove his ox-team and covered wagon the preceding August into Auraria, using Latin and Greek and some Sanskrit phrases instead of the customary "hee-haw" and "gee-haw" to guide his beasts. When he explained to the admiring "multitude" it wasn't profanity but "classical objurgations, relished by the oxen," and acknowledged that David Smoke, hotel man, was correct in his assumption, "You must be a perfesser," his future was assured as a school teacher, but not, as generally believed, the first in what is now Denver.

Tappan now argued that the commandment to keep holy the Sabbath should be obeyed especially by a teacher of the young, the future citizens. Goldrick wittily observed that the "patron parents believed in the old saying a teacher's function was to 'teach the young idea how to shoot'" but he was amenable to reason. Thus the Union Sunday School was established during that recess period. Rev. George Washington Fisher, Methodist, the first preacher to arrive here—he came with General Larimer's party in November, 1858—was the teacher and after Editor Byers of the *Rocky Mountain News* had published a notice a score of youngsters

were enrolled and the Sunday School flourished, continuing at the school house until the building of the first churches.

Tappan, by the way—and this is interesting because it has been forgotten as have so many of the great stories of the earlier days—had a hand in Henry M. Stanley's successful search for Dr. David Livingstone, the Scotch missionary-explorer, in the jungles of Africa. Stanley, staff correspondent of the *St. Louis Democrat* in 1867, after covering the Indian campaign of General Hancock, presented a letter to Colonel Tappan from his editor, asking permission for Stanley to accompany the commission of which Tappan was a member to the San Juan region of Colorado to negotiate a treaty with the Utes. Tappan had a pretty gift of writing and his letters describing life in this vast hinterland were welcomed by editors of Boston, New York, and St. Louis papers.

On the return to Denver, young Stanley worked a brief period on the *Rocky Mountain News* as a reporter, borrowed \$50 from Tappan, bought a 12-foot skiff, filled the bow with provisions, and sailed down the Platte River to the Missouri and thence to St. Louis where he wrote for the *Democrat* his adventures. He was fired on by hostile Indians, had to beach the boat days at a time to permit the passage of the thundering thousands of buffalo, saw constantly the far-off ballooning saffron-colored clouds denoting the passage of immigrant trains to the Promised Land, the shining mountains of opportunity. Stanley went to Omaha, worked on a paper there, fell in love with a captivating variety actress who jilted him and came to Denver where she took the town by storm by her beauty. Returning to St. Louis, the disillusioned newspaper man sent the \$50 to Tappan and asked him for a letter to editors in the East. Tappan sent him one addressed to James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the *New York Herald*, and this procured him a job. He was ordered to London, where he was assigned to General Napier's expedition against King Theodore of Abyssinia. Following this, the *Herald* assented to his proposal to outfit an expedition to find the lost and long unheard-of Livingstone. Stanley, it will be recalled, especially by those who saw the recent million-dollar moving picture, was an English orphan when, at thirteen, he came as a cabin boy to New Orleans, where he was adopted by and took the name of his benefactor, a rich merchant. The last spectacular act in his romantic life was when good Queen Victoria laid her sword on his shoulder and he rose up a baronet.

My second sharply etched recollection has as its background Birks Cornforth's remarkable grocery store. Birks was an Englishman and his store was filled with the best potted foods his native land could send him for the delectation of palates of the many

English here in the days when they were "rawnching" in the Platte Valley and helping to make General Palmer's newly laid-out Colorado Springs, known over the country as "Little Lunnion." Mother was there shopping when in walked two figures so strange and ill-assorted that even my child brain registered curiosity. The man was a little over medium height, graying hair fell in straggly curls to his shoulders, his eyes were steady and commanding—that is the word to use—and his face was thin and deeply lined. A blue wool shirt was tucked into the band of buckskin-fringed trousers, old and dirty, and he wore beaded moccasins. The woman was an Indian, more than stout, but clean and fresh looking in her bright-colored gingham wrapper. Her hair in long plaits also was graying. She kept close behind the man who was shaking hands with Birks Cornforth. I heard the storekeeper say, "You needn't think about it, Mr. Gerry, not for a minute. Good Lord, man, your credit is good here as at everywhere else! I'm not worrying, so don't you."

"Mamma," I piped, "who is that man, and why has he the Injun with him?"

"Hush," she said. "Hush!" as the squaw slowly let her eyes run over mother and me. Then she smiled. I knew, without looking up, that mother had smiled at her. As the man turned to leave, mother did what I thought was a startling thing. She dragged me by the hand to him and said, "Mr. Gerry, I want my little boy to shake hands with you so that he will always remember meeting the Paul Revere of the West."

"You do me too much honor, madam," he said, and then, with a laugh that blew out of me the fright at the nearness of the Indian woman, "but, I'm free to say, I like it. What is your name, little man? Well, well, I am glad to see you're a true Westerner, and wear your hair in curls, like I do."

There were interested glances as customers saw mother shaking hands with the woman whom she called Mrs. Gerry. A long time later, when I heard more of the story mother told me that day, the full realization of a dramatic highlight of my life came to me. Elbridge Gerry, grandson of the signer of the Declaration of Independence and delegate from Massachusetts of the same name, came west when a youth, married an Indian maiden—a ceremony afterwards legalized by him—and finally took up a ranch in the Platte Valley. One moonlit night in the summer of 1864 the two brothers of Gerry's wife came to the adobe ranch house and wakened her so quietly her husband was not disturbed. Outside, they gave her warning of an uprising wherein the Plains Indians had vowed not a white should be left alive three days hence. They told her when and where the tribes would strike. They had come to whisper

what they had sworn would not pass their lips for they knew of "Little Gerry's" kindness to their sister and how she loved the white man. "Go away with him and your children," they said. "Hide him well or nothing can save him." Their ponies bore them swiftly into the night as she stood battling within herself, her blood and its loyalty to her people pointing one way—to keep her peace while finding an excuse to flee—her love urging the breaking of her promise not to divulge what she had been told.

Love for the white man who was good to her and proud of and loving to the children she had borne him, won and she entered the room, woke Gerry and told him everything.

"Where are you going?" she asked in alarm.

"To save the ranchers. I will not betray your brothers, and with me gone you will be safe here. I will come back."

He saddled his best mare and as the dawn came, was pounding on the door of the nearest ranch. For two days he sped to the right and the left of the lazy Platte, warning the isolated families so they could gather for protection at hamlets and Fort Lupton and Fort Collins and Boulder. And on his fourth horse, lathered and sagging as he threw the reins over its neck, he staggered down and into the Governor's office in Denver. The telegraph lines to Julesburg and to Colorado City were working. Messengers were dispatched to ranches east and south of Denver in time. Instead of a wholesale slaughter by surprise, but few whites were murdered, thanks to Elbridge Gerry, hailed now as the Paul Revere of the West.

He was a true gentleman, was Gerry. Friends occasionally would say, "Why don't you take your rightful place in society, assume the station your breeding and birth entitle you to? Leave your wife like so many whites have done——"

Always came the stern "Stop! You forget she is my wife and I respect and honor her as the mother of my children. Nothing can part us. I owe her much happiness." William B. Vickers, one-time managing editor of the *Rocky Mountain News* and private secretary to Governor Pitkin, paid him this tribute in type back in 1880: "Bearing his grandfather's name, Elbridge Gerry never dishonored it by a mean or ignoble act. He was the soul of honor and hospitality. His door was always open alike to friend or stranger, and he would never accept money from anyone for food or lodging."

I began to take note of things when in the start of the dramatic decade, 1880-90, we were living at the then fashionable family hotel, the Lindell on Larimer Street, with its broad upper-story piazzas, the glassed-in observatory on the flat roof, and the massive

stone lions guarding the ground floor entrances. And in later years that decade takes in my mind the shape and strains of a grand symphony. Again it is noise, but very different from the crackling burst of the Chinaman's firecrackers. It is the surging melody of a city in quick and mighty building. In this orchestra of my memories the brass instruments are the picks and shovels; the drums, the hammers and stone cutters' mallets; the wood instruments, the chisels and saws; the reeds, the sounds of never-sleeping life on the streets; the violins and French horns, the laughter and weeping of men and women, the oratory in pulpit and on platform, the golden voices of actors on the Tabor Grand stage; the roll of the kettle drums, the crescendo of exploding fireworks at River Front Park.

The giants that builded the state walked the streets and almost overnight, it seemed, they wrought so mightily that the quiet residence district with stately homes east of Lawrence Street was uprooted, and imposing buildings took their place. The Golden Kingdom of Gilpin was still going strong and Leadville, that "amazing mother of millionaires," was pouring a stream of gold into the capital city.

Where the Union Station now stands was John Brisben Walker's River Front Park. The man who was to reap a fortune from the sale of his alfalfa farms around Berkeley and Rocky Mountain Lakes, the gold that enabled him to go east and found at Tarrytown-on-Hudson the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* which William Randolph Hearst bought from him for a million dollars, built the stone castle still standing beside the Sixteenth Street viaduct and within its towered, bastioned walls were held agricultural and horticultural and mineral fairs for the benefit of the thousands of visitors who annually came to the New Land. Where now is the smoky railroad terminal yard were gigantic cottonwoods under which Colorow and his band of Utes camped not so long before, when they came down from South Park for their rations apportioned by the Indian agent. A race track, baseball diamond, and extensive grandstand and bleachers faced the Platte River where a flat-bottomed steamboat offered a river excursion to far out on the prairie and return, fifty cents for the round trip. Summer after summer Denver went to this, its first City Park, to witness Paine's magnificent fireworks spectacles, "The Siege of Sebastopol," "The Burning of Rome," "The Destruction of Pompeii." The broad Platte was the foreground. Against the high, clay bluffs marking the beginning of the municipality of Highlands, was erected the hinged iron scenery, realistically painted and representing palaces, temples, houses, grottoes, streets. Gondolas propelled by picturesquely costumed gondo-

liers moved across the water. Dances and elaborate ballets by white-robed maidens carrying garlands and wreaths of blossoms were poems of motion, and hundreds of actors and actresses, correctly and gaily garbed, filled the great stage under the stars.

We were thrilled hearing the prophecies delivered by indignant priests as warning to the pleasure-loving crowds neglectful of their gods and serving the four-flusher Bacchus. We were awed by the deafening eruption of Mount Vesuvius shortly after a wild, tattered prophet had painted the walls of the sinful city with the words "Sodom and Gomorra"—in Latin, if you please!—and we sat horrified at the rain of fire and streams of red molten lava flowing down the mountain to the destruction of Pompeii in the year 79 A. D.

We were spellbound as Nero fiddled while Rome was a crimson booming holocaust. We were tense when, during the last phase of the Crimean War the heroic charge of the Six Hundred took place before our eyes and into the Valley of Death they rode while "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them volleyed and thundered!" Adding to the awful realism was the presence of Alexander Sutherland, bugler at that immortal charge of the Light Brigade, now a resident of Denver, and blowing from the same bugle as he lived over again on a painted stage the hour he blew that order at Balaclava that sent the British cavalry straight at the Russian guns to leave two-thirds of their number on the bloody field. Not one of the thousands that nightly packed the benches at River Front Park ever dreamed that there would be another siege of Sebastopol and that they would live to see it in the year 1942!

Baron Walter B. von Richthofen afforded us the opportunity, whenever we willed, to take the very low-price excursions along Cherry Creek and out to a castle on the distant horizon, over his Circle Railroad. The big, jovial, bearded baron was born in Breslau, Germany, graduated from Heidelberg, and fought in the Franco-Prussian War. After the defeat of France—history does repeat itself!—he came to Denver in 1871. He built to the east the first castle to pimple the skyline. Brick Pomeroy, widely known newspaper man from the East, built the second on a hill overlooking Rocky Mountain Lake, beyond Highlands, west of Denver. It stood small against the backdrop of purple mountains, and was on what is now Federal Boulevard, and was an imposing brick mansion with slate mansard roof set in beautifully landscaped grounds. To one side were brick stables as large as many an aristocratic home in Denver. Brick could afford it. People all over the United States had bought stock in his Atlantic and Pacific Tunnel which, beginning near Georgetown, was to pierce the Continental Divide, thus

cutting through and disclosing all the various treasure veins, the gold and silver, the hidden riches of the mountains. Poor Brick! His tunnel after a few miles in was proven a failure and he died, bequeathing his widow suits totaling millions of dollars for recovery of investments.

With Baron von Richthofen it was a different story. He came with money and a great dream. He built his castle of stone out of his own pocket, planning to make Montclair another Carlsbad, with sanatorium, a gambling casino second only to that at Monte Carlo, an art gallery, museum, gymnasium, a race track and stables. With all this was to be a bathhouse equipped with Turkish baths in Byzantine splendor and a grand swimming pool filled with the radium-impregnated waters of Idaho Springs which, he asserted, were the best mineral waters in the world. They were to be piped from the springs over the mountains and through the plains the fifty miles to his resort. To reach Montclair and develop it as a town he interested capital in building and equipping a railroad which started on the west bank of Cherry Creek at Larimer Street. Along the route were beer gardens in typical German style, with music and dancing on summer evenings, iced beer in steins and seidels and for those who did not bring their own lunches a bewildering, delicious menu of imported cheeses, sausages, and black and pumpernickel and other bread, with salads that never have been forgotten by those fortunate in partaking of the crisp lettuce-embowered contents of the huge wooden bowls.

The baron was a good citizen. He interested foreign capital to invest millions in Colorado, especially in Cripple Creek mining properties. Still vivid in my memory is the sight of the tall military-looking baron and the blue-eyed, dimpled baroness Louise beside him, driving in their smart English trap with liveried coachman and footman down the one rutty road bordered by cactus, soap weed, and prairie dog towns, to distant Denver for dinner at Tortoni's, to be followed by attendance in their box at the play or opera at the Tabor Grand. The equipage with the von Richthofen crest emblazoned on the sides was followed into town by two gracefully loping Russian wolfhounds.

He was at work on his grand resort plan and confident of success when he died May 8, 1898, after an operation for appendicitis. Just the month before, in April, the baron in dramatic yet exquisite fashion showed his love for America when the Seventh Infantry left Fort Logan to entrain for the Spanish-American War in Cuba. He personally presented every man and officer with a bouquet, 1,200 of them, from his castle greenhouses. It was a cruel effort physically; it was apparent he was ill, but he did not permit weakness

to show in his manner. With his wagons and servants he stood at salute as the regiment, for the last time, marched across the parade ground to waiting trains on the branch railroad, flags flying and bands playing.

He lies in his native land while the baroness, who survived him until eight years ago, remains in death in Denver. The baron was the uncle of the celebrated German ace of World War I, Baron Manfred von Richthofen.

Denver loved her music and her beer. Ed Chase in the seventies brought from Chicago a string orchestra which played nightly at the Palace gambling hall on Blake Street. Summer evenings the windows were open, and the street for a block was lined with broughams, berlins, phaetons, surreys, and other vehicles occupied by entire families drinking in the strains of classic selections which, fortunately for the audience, drowned out the voices of croupiers, the whir of the roulette wheels, and the clink of chips and gold at the tables.

The Sunday afternoon concerts at the Tabor Grand Opera House were crowded. Below in the basement, at the Hofbrau, a picturesquely garbed Hungarian ladies' orchestra played Strauss waltzes and feet-tapping gypsy melodies. Out at the baron's beer gardens, and at River Front, Shaffenburg, Sheridan and other parks, orchestras and bands accompanied the noisy banging of steins and mugs on the long painted board tables under the trees, and carefree couples waltzed and polkaed on the dance platforms. All of which displeased the Rev. H. Martyn Hart, dean of the newly erected Cathedral of St. John in the Wilderness, that beautiful edifice that until its burning around the turn of the century stood in impressive grace of architecture at Welton Street and College Avenue, now Nineteenth Street.

The dean, from Yorkshire, England, was a character, a stormy petrel throughout his life in Denver. He loved music and had brought here Dr. John H. Gower, Oxonian, as organist, a brilliant composer. Gower packed to standing room the vast Cathedral when he gave his "Storm" and other compositions on the organ. During his rendition of "The Storm" we could actually hear the pattering raindrops preceding the artillery duel of the heavens, and the relieved sigh of the breeze and the chorusing of rejoicing birds after the cessation of the thunder echoing from the peaks. Weekly during Lent the choir, which boasted Signor and Signora Carlos Sobrino, and 150 men, women, and boys, gave oratorios, "The Crucifixion," "Elijah" and others at ten cents a ticket, and audiences filling every pew in nave and transept, with hundreds standing at the rear and in the aisles. But church music was different from theater and cafe

and beer garden music, and the dean vehemently launched for the sake of the morals of the populace a crusade for blue-law Sundays.

The campaign which he had waged with characteristic vigor in the press and before the city fathers came to an abrupt end when a mob numbering thousands marched one Sunday afternoon up Welton Street to the deanery, close by the Cathedral, and bombarded it with rocks, brickbats, stones from slingshots, nauseous eggs and too-ripe tomatoes, breaking every window and plastering in kaleidoscopic colors the brick walls of the dignified home of the dean. He was fearless, but when he appeared to expostulate at the first volley, he, too, was plastered and withdrew in the middle of a sentence.

The change from the big sprawling village to what we proudly called—and our right to do so was generally acknowledged—the Queen City of the Plains started in 1878. Street cars were horse drawn. The downtown district was lit by gas. One of the lamp lighters carrying on his shoulders his short ladder from post to post was young Elias Ammons, who had come from a logging camp at the head of Elk Creek to attend high school and was destined to become a governor of Colorado. Not a street was paved. Sidewalks were of rough pine planks. Cottonwoods were the shade trees, and ditches carrying water from the mountains lined the sides of streets. Lawns were irrigated by the simple expedient of lifting a wooden gate and permitting the current to flow into the yard through a narrow culvert under the walk. Pumps and wells were everywhere and soon artesian wells were to be drilled.

Not a building was more than three stories in height. Of these early brick buildings several still stand, notably the Evans Block at Lawrence and Fifteenth streets, which was built by Governor John Evans on the site of Milton M. DeLano's lumber yard.

In 1880, when the census of that year gave us a population of 35,629, our town leaped forward with seven-league boots. Horace Austin Warner Tabor, newly made millionaire and lieutenant-governor of the state, a year before had come down from Leadville and commissioned Colonel John M. Berkey to buy a site for a business block. Berkey bought the four lots occupied by the large white-painted frame hotel, the Broadwell House, built in 1859 by James M. Broadwell. Berkey, according to his own story, which he was fond of relating, obtained an option on the property for \$20,000 from John M. Eckhart, formerly a partner in Daniels & Eckhart, afterwards Daniels & Fisher, and told Lieutenant-Governor Tabor he could have it "for a song" at \$39,000. Tabor bought and when Eckhart heard the price he refused to honor the option held by Berkey, though the latter had in his hand \$20,000 in cash.

Eckhart was a heavy eater and it was his custom to take a nap after lunch. Berkey aroused him as he slept on a cot in the carpenter shop in the basement of the dry goods store on Larimer Street near Charpiot's Hotel. It was the afternoon of the day Tabor had given the commission to buy property. Sleepy Eckhart, anxious to be rid of his caller, named the price at which he held the Broadwell property. Neither had paper, so Berkey picked up a long, clean shaving on the floor, and with his indelible pencil wrote out on the shaving a simple form option which Eckhart, with a sigh of relief, signed. When he was confronted by Berkey with papers to sign and a thick roll of bills, he flatly refused to go ahead with the sale.

"But I have your signed option, and I hold you to it," said the real estate man. He took the carefully rolled shaving out of his pocket.

"Oh, that!" scoffed Eckhart. "That's not legal; that's not worth the wood it's written on."

"Who's your lawyer?" asked Berkey.

"Judge Markham."

"We'll see him, and now!"

Vincent D. Markham read the shaving. When Eckhart was shown his signature and admitted it might be his but explained he was so drowsy he had no recollection of what had occurred, Judge Markham remarked: "This option is just as binding as though written on foolscap in this office. When you acknowledge this as your signature, you acknowledge the transaction. You have sold the Broadwell property for \$20,000." And that is how Tabor came to erect at Sixteenth and Larimer streets his first building in Denver, the first above three stories, and the first of fine cut stone, each block being dressed in Ohio and shipped here marked and ready to put in its proper place.

Then Tabor commissioned Architect Edbrooke to build the finest opera house between Chicago and San Francisco "and no expense spared." Workmen immediately began demolishing the two-story brick residence of A. B. Daniels, proudly sitting on a fine lawn with well trimmed shrubbery and flower beds, at Sixteenth and Curtis streets, and across from Walhalla Hall, built by Charles Leischenring above the old "Baptist dugout," and where the second session of the Colorado state legislature was held and Governor F. W. Pitkin inaugurated and Professor Nathaniel P. Hill elected United States senator.

Jordan Bean's Story and the Castle Valley Indian Fight*

With Supplemental Notes by EDGAR C. McMECHEN

We left Texas the twentieth of May, 1872, went to Paul's Valley, Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), stayed there until May 20, 1875; left for Colorado, landed in Del Norte about the tenth of August, 1875. Had moved overland with a wagon train.

In the spring of 1876 we moved to Los Pinos River by way of Pagosa Springs. My father took up a ranch between where Bayfield now stands and the Southern Ute Reservation. I also took up a ranch. I lived there until the fall of 1879. While living on Pine River I ran cattle with Charles Johnson, the race horse man. Summer of 1878 I worked for George W. Morrison, who died just a few years ago at Dove Creek, Colorado. Al Nunn, who died at Cortez two years ago, left the Indian Territory with us and he and I rode the range together until I left there (Montezuma Valley) in 1884.

Tom Click and I drove a herd of cattle from San Luis Valley to Pine River in 1876. We were friends until he was killed in the Little Castle Creek Valley fight in 1881.

While living on Pine River my brother and I were looking for cattle on the Ute Reservation. We saw some Indians coming and they had a dead Indian lying across a pony, tied on. Our curiosity was aroused, of course, and we started to follow, but didn't get a good start until a big Indian rode out of the crowd and yelled at us and motioned for us to go back, and we did, without ever hesitating. A few days after, I was at the Agency and was told it was Chief Ouray, who had died there while on a visit.¹

Frank P. King, assistant civil engineer for the Denver & Rio Grande railroad also had cattle on the Los Pinos. His brother Charley lived on Pine River and ran his brother's cattle. I knew them well.

In the fall of 1879 I left Pine River and went to the Dolores River. My father took up a ranch on the Dolores River one-half mile above where the town of Dolores stands, but our cattle were in the Montezuma Valley along with those of I. W. Lacey (Henry

*Jordan N. Bean of Bridger, Montana, is the sole survivor of the Little Castle Valley Indian battle, which took place June 15, 16, 1881, about twenty miles east of Moab, Utah, between renegade Indians and a detachment of cowboys and miners, most of whom were from Southwestern Colorado. Mr. Bean, now 84 years old, is a grandnephew of Ellis Bean, a member and later leader of the disastrous Philip Nolan invasion of Mexico in 1800. Some months ago we made contact with Mr. Bean. He dictated the following story to his wife, who wrote it down and sent it to the State Historical Society of Colorado.

¹Ouray died in 1880.

Goodman, foreman), the Johnsons, and Spud Hudson of Pueblo (Green Robison, foreman).

The Indians were bad all the time. At night we never exactly knew where we were going to wake up, *above* or *below*. The first post office was started in 1879. Mrs. Crumley named it Dolores and it was located about four miles up the river from the present town.



JORDAN BEAN (in 1886)

We had good times, too. Charles Johnson went to Kentucky and brought back some race horses and three "niggers," all banjo pickers and "fiddlers."

When we were moving from Pine River to Dolores River we camped at Mancos and went to the blacksmith shop to get some work done. The blacksmith and my father were visiting and I found they had been Texas Rangers together under "Big Foot" Wallace.² The blacksmith was J. M. Rush, father of J. M. Rush, Jr., now living at Dolores, Colorado. No man ever had truer or better friends than the Rush family, Mrs. Rush included. The Rush family and their son-in-law, Jack Wade, were the whole town of Mancos at that time (1879).

²W. A. A. Wallace (Big Foot) was a celebrated Texas Ranger captain who participated in the Mier Expedition to Mexico while Texas was a Republic, and later in the Mexican War. Walter Prescott Webb, *The Texas Rangers*, 86.

Soon after, George Bauer come and started a little store and gin mill (if you know what that means). Manse Reed [Reid] got married on the Mancos. The Roundup come in for the dance. George Bauer was shy any liquor in the morning but that eve we had a whole barrel of what he called gin, but it tasted like hell. Still it made the boys all feel good and we all wanted to kiss the bride (but, nix). Manse Reed's wife was Minnie Weston, a sister of Dave Willis' wife.

The Indians got worse and worse. They would round up our cattle, cut their tongues out, shoot at us and didn't care if they hit; stole our horses.

John Thurman was running J. B. Alderson horses at Burnt Cabin Springs. Alderson lived in Nevada. R. W. May and a man by the name of [Frank] Smith³ went to Thurman's camp the evening of April 30, 1881, to stay all night. That winter about fifteen cowboys had wintered at Thurman's camp. On the last day of April they packed up and moved up to Piute Springs. The next morning some of their horses were gone. Mike O'Donnell and Jess Seeley tracked them to where Thurman's cabin had been. They rode up on a rise and looked for the cabin but couldn't understand the situation, so they rode down to where the cabin had stood and found it burned to the ground. Dick May was in the cabin. John Thurman about one-fourth of a mile from it, dead, with his bridle on his arm—evidently looking for his horse. Smith had gone about half-way with Thurman and had turned to the right. His body was never found, so much high sagebrush.⁴ Then, of course, all the settlers were mad. They buried Thurman where he fell and brought May's body back to the Dolores and buried him on his own place.

As soon as the boys were buried the roundup started at Blue Mountain. Mike and Pat O'Donnell, Spud Hudson, the Johnsons, Lou Paquin [Louis Pequan],⁵ Al Nunn, George West and Dave Willis. The first day the Indians attacked them the men killed one Indian. None of the whites were hurt, they got into the timber.

The roundup stopped right there. The men came to the Big Bend of the Dolores and started looking for volunteers to fight

³*Denver Tribune*, June 25, 1881, p. 2.

⁴An article in *The Overland Monthly*, December, 1893, gives Smith's first name as Byron, and adds two curious facts not found elsewhere, namely: that Smith escaped and was found years later living in Santa Fe under an assumed name, and that Thurman and May had \$1,000 at the ranch when the murders took place. The story ascribed to Smith was that he had been chased out of the country by the Indians and then, fearing that he might be suspected of complicity with them, left the country entirely. However, we have been unable to find any confirmation of this Smith story and it appears to be a fiction. In a letter dated September 30, 1942, Bean ridicules this Smith story. He also gives the names of two white men who sold their hats to Indians soon after the Little Castle Valley fight for \$20 apiece. These Indians apparently had plenty of money but little idea of its value.

⁵*Denver Tribune*, June 25, 1881.

Indians. The volunteers came from Mancos, Dolores and Rico; mostly from Rico. Hi Melville [Hiram H. Melvin],⁶ Tom Click, Billie May and myself went from the Big Bend. Dave Willis, Tom Pepper, Jess Seeley and Hi Barber come from the Mancos. Marion Cook, Harg Eskridge and Ike Stockton come from Durango. The two Tarter boys, the two Taylor boys,⁷ Tim Jenkins, Billy Parks, Jimmie Heaton, Charley Reynolds, Jimmie Hall, Jack Galloway (Tar Heel Jack), Bill Dawson, Purdy, Ed Summers, Bill Robbins and Tex La Fone.

We all met at the Big Bend May 31, organized and elected our officers: Bill Dawson, captain; Billy May, first lieutenant; and Tom Pepper, corporal. On the morning of June 1 we started. We picked up their trail at Blue Mountain [Sierra Abajo] at Lacombe Wash, then went down through the head of Indian Coulee. While camped here we realized we were getting short on grub. So the Captain sent Green Robison and Pat O'Donnell on the hill to Hudson's cow range to get a beef. They never came back and we didn't get any beef.⁸

Went from there to Hatch Springs. The morning of the fifteenth of June we come onto the Indians about 9 o'clock on what is called Mill Creek, which rises in the La Sal Mountains about twenty miles east of Moab, Utah.

Right there the fun begun. The Indians scattered and went across a deep canyon. We shot a few times, then Dawson said: "Boys, get over there where they are."

We crossed the canyon but the Indians kept going. Bill Dawson picked Dick Curtis, Harg Eskridge, Ike Stockton, Harg Tarter, Billy Parks and myself to overtake the Indians and make a stand on them, and he would bring the rest as fast as possible. And he did. Then it was each man for himself. Harg Tarter and I rode together. Hadn't gone far when Tarter's horse was killed. There was an old mare with a mule colt close to us. I roped her. Harg rode bareback with my rope for a halter.

We soon found some big rocks, lay down there and were shooting at some Indians above us on the mountainside. We were doing fine until one Injun seemed to be a pretty good shot for he got me in the left temple. I had my head thrown back so far—the hill was steep—the bullet didn't go in very far but grazed my skull and knocked me out. I told Harg I was done for and for him to take

⁶Contemporary references give this name as Melvin, a San Juan pioneer of 1873. *Denver Tribune*, July 9, 1881, p. 3. A letter from Jordan Bean, dated September 30, 1942, states that Melville was the right name.

⁷Wiley and H. S. Tartar, both killed. T. C. and D. G. Taylor. The former was killed but his body was not found. *Ibid.*

⁸O'Donnell and Robison were cut off by eight Indians and chased into the timber. They then rode to the Big Bend and gave word of the fight. *Denver Tribune*, June 25, 1881.

my outfit and hunt up some of the men we knew were farther down the mountain. He did and told them I was dead. Soon he was killed.

Right here I want to say Harg Eskridge did not die from the wound he received in the fight. He was shot in the foot. If there was ever a reward for Harg Eskridge "dead or alive" I never heard of it, and I knew him well. He was no quitter. He had his faults, but I never heard of but one perfect person on earth, and He was crucified. When a man like Harg Eskridge and the boys we left on the side of La Sal Mountain offer their lives so men like some of the historical writers of Dolores, Colorado, can stay at home and talk about them—then I want to fight again.⁹

I don't remember when Harg Tarter left. The last I remember is when I told him not to stay there alone. About four o'clock in the evening I come to and jumped to my feet and looked up the mountain. There was a big Indian standing on a rock. He never saw me. I got down as quickly as possible. He got down off the rock and I crawled under some scrub oak. The old mare and colt had never left me. The Indians come after her. They talked about the blood. That was the longest conversation I ever heard in my life. While they were talking I heard an Indian start for the brush. He made a whistling sound, but I never moved. By that time it was getting late and they had a lot of mutilating to do, so they left.

I lay still until dark, but oh, how I suffered for water. I had my gun and remembered where Harg and me had got a drink that morning. I crawled most of the way to the spring. I drank so much it made me sick. I lay and rested, finally took a regular drink and I could stand up and walk part of the way.

That morning, before the fireworks started, we agreed on a meeting place if any of us were left. We also all agreed if any of us got into a jam we would save one cartridge for ourselves.

Day was breaking when I saw some of the men starting out again. I "hollered" and Ed Summers came to me. They couldn't believe it was me, because they were so sure I was dead. Ed put me on his horse and led the horse to camp. My head by this time was terrible.

I stayed in camp. The second day the boys fought all day. But there would have been no second day if the Mormons who were herding cattle on the mountain hadn't heard the shooting and come

⁹Mr. Bean here refers to later events when the so-called Eskridge-Stockton gang was active. Ike Stockton was killed by a deputy sheriff near Durango and Eskridge disappeared.—Pam 360, p. 109, State Historical Society. Stockton, a noted gun fighter, later became involved in a Silverton bank robbery, and was killed by a deputy sheriff. Harg Eskridge was in a cattle war between the Stocktons and Farmington cattlemen, but was not mentioned in connection with the Silverton affair.

to us. There was a big Mormon by the name of Walt Moore who gathered up sixteen men and come to the men.

Some time during the first day there was two of the Wilson boys¹⁰ from Moab come and they were both killed where Hi Melville, Tom Click, Harg Tarter, Jimmie Heaton (just a boy), Jack Galloway and Hiram Tarter were. Taylor's body was never found.¹¹

Dave Willis was killed out on a little flat. On the trip I had ate and slept with Dave Willis, and no braver man ever gave up his life for his country than Dave Willis. While in Mancos in 1929 we visited his daughter-in-law and her children. Sorry not to have seen Ray Willis—he was in Rico and didn't get his wife's letter until we were gone.

The evening of the first day — — — — — and one of the — — — — — boys run. Walt Moore shot at them but didn't hit them. They went to Dolores and Rico and a bunch of men at Rico started right now. Led by a man by the name of Worden Grigsby, they didn't wait for anything.

I'm sorry I don't know the names of the men who came to our rescue. I was too sick to pay attention to anyone.

The morning of the third day the boys went out, but the Indians had left in the night and our boys had enough, too. They looked around and found the dead. Walt Moore knew the Wilson boys but didn't know when they come into the fight. This Walt Moore was a big man and had a principle and heart to go with his body. I always wanted to see him again. I don't believe there was ever a finer bunch of men in one group. Jimmie Heaton was about 19 years old. I was 23. The rest were all older.

On the way—fifteen days of traveling together—there was never a cross word spoken. The morning we left the Big Bend, Hi Melville told me he would never get back. He said he would rather

¹⁰Alfred and Isadore Wilson of Moab. Frank Silvey in the *Dolores Star*, September 20, 1940.

¹¹Mr. Bean, as he relates, was in advance of this party, and did not see the main engagement. A contemporary account of this is contained in the *Denver Tribune*, July 9, 1881, a reprint from the *Dolores Star's* account:

"The first day's fight began on a small creek near Mill Creek, the Indians firing and retreating for a distance of seven miles, to Little Castle Valley, which is about 800 yards wide, walled in with steep bluffs on both sides. The Indians took shelter or protection in the rocks at noon, from where they kept up a continual firing for about an hour-and-a-half, when they divided their forces, sending mounted, to the valley, sixteen Indians, armed with Winchester rifles. Captain W. H. Dawson had with him in this engagement eighteen men, whom he says were brave without exception. The party of eight who were killed, together with the Wilson brothers, were in the rear, and were first seen and met by the Indians who were mounted and sent into the valley. Dawson, with the remainder of the party, were further up the valley and nearer to the Indians who were firing from the rocks. The killed, it is supposed, fought for about seven hours where they were killed. They had been engaged in the running fight from 10 a. m. and fought till sunset. Jack Galloway had one hand neatly bound and tied with a white handkerchief, when found. . . . The white party fought in every conceivable manner, the Indians having a great advantage the first day. The mounted warriors would charge, and a number of the footmen would sneak up nearer the whites and fire."

go to be killed than to be called a coward. He didn't want someone else to fight to protect his property. He and Cal House had a bunch of cattle in partnership.

I went for my father and myself. Lots of the boys didn't own a cow but they didn't want any more killed and burned as Dick was. Harg Tarter was one of them.

The seventeenth, a man by the name of Frank Beck, and his partner came to us with a spring wagon. They put the three wounded in the wagon and we all went to Pack Creek. The wounded ones were taken to a man's house by the name of Peterson. He had three wives. We rested there five days and started back to the Dolores.

In the meantime, the rescue party from Rico, led by Grigsby, went to the battlefield and we passed while they were looking for us. The third day after we made camp on Pack Creek (we had traveled nearly all night) the men went back to bury the dead. They had to bury them chaps and all. Cal House went after Hi Melville's body and buried it by Dick May (I think). Mrs. Willis took Dave's body to Mancos and buried it. The first day, back we went to Hatch Springs and was there met by my father and brother, William Denby, Willis Rogers, Charley Foster—I can't remember the rest, but feel grateful to everyone that came.

From Hatch Springs we went to Hudson's camp right where Monticello, Utah, now stands. While we were camped at Hudson camp the Grigsby rescue party come to us on their way back. And Major Carroll¹² from Fort Lewis with a company of Negro soldiers met us too. Told us we were everyone under arrest for attacking and disturbing the Indians. Bill Dawson drew his rifle out of the scabbard and told Carroll he just didn't have "niggers" enough to arrest his men. Every man pulled their guns. Grigsby and his men, too, never faltered.

Carroll said, "Tut, tut, I don't want to fight."

Dawson said, "We have just come from a fight and can fight some more."

Then Carroll said, "If any of your men will show us the Indian trail we will overtake them."

Dick Curtis and Gus Hefferman (of Rico) stepped out and said, "We will show you the trail."

They started back the next morning. Carroll had a cannon. Dick and Gus said everything was fine and Carroll wanted to fight

¹²*Denver Tribune*, June 25, 1881. "Four companies of the Ninth Cavalry under command of Captain Carroll, and a detachment of the Thirteenth Infantry will start from Fort Lewis this morning for the seat of war. Captain Carroll is the most noted Indian fighter now living."

until the Indian signs got fresh; then Carroll discovered he was short of rations and turned back.¹³

There was no certain tribe among the renegades, but they were led by Posy (Posey);¹⁴ Utes, Navajos, Pah Utes and more, all bent on doing all the damage they could.

From Hudson's Camp we went to Piute Springs, Cross Canyons, and on to the Big Bend of the Dolores. There we all separated. The men from Mancos went back to Mancos with Dave Willis. The Rico and Durango men went their way, and what was left from the Big Bend were home and glad to be there.

Adam Louie and myself were riding on the lower Disappointment one day and we come onto a dead Ute Indian. He wasn't cold. I took a handmade silver bracelet and Adam took his blanket. I still have the silver bracelet.

I left Colorado July 21, 1884, with a pack horse (my folks had left in 1883). I come by the Green River desert, through Fort Bridger and I reached the Rosebud about the twenty-fifth of September.

Took a preemption of 160 acres and my father and me took out the first ditch on the Rosebud River—1885-86. In 1888, I went back to Wisconsin and got married while there to a girl by the name of Bean, but no relation of ours.

We come back to the Rosebud River and went to housekeeping in a dirt-covered shack, 16x16, but it was home. Soon built more house. Had horses and cattle. The spring of 1893, we sold out our ranch and cattle and moved to Pryor Mountain, sixty-five miles south of Billings, Montana. Took up a homestead on the ceded strip of the Crow Reservation, which had been thrown open in October, 1892. We had a boy four years old when we left the Rosebud in a covered wagon. We moved by the Crow Agency on the Little Horn River and to Billings, then turned south. We were sixty-five miles from a post office. We got our mail and all supplies from Billings. We crossed the Crow Reservation going and coming. Made friends with the Pryor Creek Indians and still have them. We always attended strictly to our own business and the Indians to theirs, but we could always go to the Reservation to fish and pick plums or camp just as long as we wished.

In 1906, we sold the ranch on Piney (Pryor Mountain) and

¹³Considerable mystery attaches to the action of the troops in this matter. The Indians were never punished. In view of the pending removal of the Utes to Utah after the Meeker massacre, this suggests that pursuit of the Little Castle Valley renegades by the troops might not have been pressed because it might have started a general Ute War again.

¹⁴Indian police of the Los Pinos Agency captured two of the renegades and turned them over to "the commanding officer at the contonment, near the agency." No reference as to their disposition has been found. These prisoners said they belonged to Tah-kun-ni-ca-vatz's band, which had been committing depredations during the previous six or seven years. *Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs*, 1881, p. 20, by Indian Agent W. H. Berry.

come to the Clark's Fork River. Bridger started in 1898 and we live one-half mile south of the town. We have seen this country grow and prosper, and feel we had a part in it. When the first mail line was started from Billings, Montana, to the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming, we had one of the stage stations and a post office—Bean. We got rid of that as soon as we could. But there had to be so many offices to get the line established.

We have lived the life of the West and loved it. We have always been lucky to have good neighbors. I don't believe any one family in the West ever had better neighbors than we have. Our youngest son was born in 1898. We sold our place on Pryor Mountain to move where our boys could go to school.

We have met lots of noted people and like them. They are just common, everyday folks same as we. I will mention Buffalo Bill and Calamity Jane. In 1895, Cody came to Wyoming and started the town of Cody. We were living at Pryor Mountain at the time, about sixty-five miles from Cody, but most of the stuff was freighted from Billings and lots of the freighters camped at our place on Piney.

Bridger sprung up in 1898. Coal was discovered. The winter of '98, Calamity did laundry work in Stringtown (Bridger). The land wasn't surveyed, so the town was built in the county road. At that time she was married to one of the Dorsey boys of Livingston, Montana, and he hauled water in barrels for the residents of Bridger. We were almost in Heaven when we could come only twenty-five miles for supplies. The railroad was built into Bridger the winter of '98-99. Calamity was the main drawing card for Bridger.

I would like to go back to Moab or La Sal Mountain and see the graves of the boys we left behind on the side of La Sal Mountain. I went there in 1929, but could not get up to where the fight had been. I saw Henry Goodman in Moab and he told me I couldn't possibly make it. When this war is over and we can get tires, I hope to go back.

I have a grandson, Roy Bean, on Corregidor. That is, he has never been on any casualty list and we hope to see him. Our other grandson, Harry Bean, is in Temple, Texas, in the Tank Corps. They each volunteered and got to go where they wanted. So, if they don't come back we have that for consolation.

If any of the old-timers of Southwestern Colorado ever come this way I want them to stop. We are on the main highway from Billings to Cody, Wyoming, Yellowstone Park entrance.

Yours truly,

Jordan Bean.

Place Names in Colorado (T)*

Tabernash (150 population), Grand County, stands on the site of the old Junction Ranch, the homestead of Edward J. Vulgamott, a Grand County pioneer of 1882. The ranch was so named because it lay at the junction of Rollins Pass and Berthoud Pass roads. During stagecoach days it was a famous stopping place.¹ Here the Ute Indian, Tabernash, was shot by "Big Frank," a white man, in 1879.² This killing was a forerunner of the Meeker and Thornburg massacres. The town received its real impetus with the building of the Denver & Salt Lake Railroad in 1902.³ It was named by E. A. Meredith, chief engineer of the railroad, for the murdered Indian. Tabernash is now a popular year-around resort near Winter Park and Berthoud Pass sports areas.

Table Mountain, Pueblo County, see *Rye*.

Tabor City, Lake County ghost camp, originally known as the Chalk Ranch,⁴ lay on Chalk Creek and the Kokomo extension of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad (narrow gage), some thirteen miles north of Leadville and seven miles from Kokomo. The camp, consisting of a store and about a dozen buildings in 1881, was named for H. A. W. Tabor.⁵

Tabor Station, Boulder County, see *Canfield*.

Tacoma (14 population), La Plata County post office village, was established in 1906 for the convenience of the employees of the Western Colorado Power Company plant, then just completed and beginning operation. The plant foreman, when asked for a name for the new post office, suggested that of his home city, Tacoma, Washington.⁶ There is no highway or road into Tacoma; the nearest point reached by car is the old town of Rockwood, three miles distant.⁷

Tacony (60 population), Pueblo County post office village, lies in an agricultural and stock-raising area. Miss Mary Cook obtained the post office in 1916, and kept it in conjunction with a grocery

Prepared by the Colorado Writers' Program, Work Projects Administration. An (*) asterisk indicates that the population figure is from the 1940 census. Unless otherwise credited, all information or data has been sent to the Colorado Writers' Program.

Incorporation dates are from the *Colorado Year Book 1939-40*, "Gazetteer of Cities and Towns."

¹*Middle Park Times*, June 20, 1940.

²*The Trail*, II, No. 3, p. 16.

³*Middle Park Times*, June 20, 1940.

⁴State Historical Society, *Hand-Book of Colorado, 1879*, 87.

⁵George A. Crofutt, *Crofutt's Grip-Sack Guide of Colorado*, 148.

⁶Data from H. P. Gauner, Chief Clerk, Western Colorado Power Company, Durango, Colorado, February 11, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

⁷Data from Oliver Sharp, Treasurer School District No. 3, La Plata County, December 16, 1940.

store on her homestead for twenty-five years. Miss Cook once lived at Tacony Station, Philadelphia, hence the name.⁸

Tarryall (10 population), Park County gold camp. Late in June, 1859, a party organized in the Gregory District to search for new "diggings." It joined forces with a group of Wisconsin men and established a camp on a branch of the South Fork of the South Platte River. Within a few days rich deposits of placer gold were found in the creek bed. Happy over their success and believing there was gold enough here for all, they gave the camp the name "Tarryall." Late comers, finding the choice locations taken, said the name of the camp should be changed to Grab-all.⁹ About 100 men spent the first winter here. A pit in the richest part of the gulch, on a claim the owner of which had gone East, was the bank from which the hard-up drew their means of subsistence. Long before spring it was dubbed Whiskey Hole, and the locality was so known for a number of years.¹⁰

Taylor Hill, Eagle County ghost camp. Leadville papers of January 1, 1881, called the Taylor Hill strike the largest ore discovery of 1880. H. P. McClelland, once a commissioner of Eagle County, built a custom stamp mill here; around it grew a post office, store, saloon, a miners' hall and twenty houses. The settlement was named for George Taylor, a Leadville druggist.¹¹

Teller (Teller City), Jackson County ghost site, lay on Illinois Creek about seven miles east of Rand, and was for a time the principal town in North Park.¹² It was established in 1879 when reports of rich silver deposits caused people to settle in the southeastern corner of the park. In 1880 a coach for passengers and mail was operated between Laramie and North Park.¹³ The post office, established during July of that year,¹⁴ was named in honor of United States Senator Henry M. Teller¹⁵ (1876-1882 and 1885-1897). A few years later the post office was moved to Walden,¹⁶ and the camp of Teller City ultimately was abandoned.¹⁷

Telluride (1,337 population), seat of San Miguel County and center of a rich gold and silver mining district, is a product of the mining activities of the 1870s.¹⁸ The upper valley of the San Miguel River was called the Valley of Three Cities in 1881; Newport, San

⁸Data from Anna L. Rumsey, Postmaster, Tacony, February 18, 1941.

⁹Jerome C. Smiley, *Semi-Centennial History of the State of Colorado*, I, 256.

¹⁰*Colorado Magazine*, X, 139.

¹¹Data from Edgar C. McMechen, Denver, in 1941 to the State Historical Society.

¹²*Colorado Miner* (Georgetown), January, 1881.

¹³*Denver Post*, October 2, 1940.

¹⁴M. Wilson Rankin, *Reminiscences of Frontier Days* (1935), 106.

¹⁵*Denver Tribune*, July 29, 1880.

¹⁶Rankin, *op. cit.*

¹⁷"Derivation of Names in Routt National Forest." Bulletin by Henry C. Par, Forest Ranger, Forest Service Files, Routt National Forest.

¹⁸Wilbur Fisk Stone, *History of Colorado*, I, 157.

Miguel City and Columbia (now Telluride) all boomed at this time.¹⁹ Although Columbia was founded in January, 1878, its growth was slow until the Denver & Rio Grande Southern Railroad was completed in 1890.²⁰ Prior to this, machinery for the mines was freighted by ox teams from Alamosa.²¹ The town was incorporated as Columbia, September 30, 1879. The name was changed to Telluride in June, 1887, and reincorporation papers were issued February 10th of that year.²² The name derives from the tellurium ore found in the vicinity.²³

Ten Mile, Summit County, see *Robinson*.

Tercio (109 population), Las Animas County post office and coal-mining town, was settled and named by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. The Spanish names of the company mines and settlements indicate the order of their acquisition: *Primero*, "first," *Segundo*, "second," and *Tercio*, "the third part."²⁴

Texas Creek (20 population), Fremont County, center of a stockraising area, was named for nearby Texas Creek.²⁵ During pioneer times Joseph Lamb and a companion drove a herd of Texas steers north to California Gulch, to feed the miners there. During an overnight stop a prowling bear stampeded the herd, and the men were several days rounding it up. Lamb named the stream on which they camped Texas Creek.²⁶ The post office was established in June, 1882.²⁷

Thatcher (142 population), Las Animas County stock-raising settlement, originally was a stage station known as Hole-in-the-Rock, because of a natural spring where the stage horses were watered.²⁸ This name, retained for several years, finally was changed to Thatcher, for M. D. Thatcher, pioneer banker and business man of southeastern Colorado.²⁹ The post office was established as Thatcher in December, 1883.³⁰

The Forks, Larimer County, see *Drake*.

Thomasville (15 population), Pitkin County agricultural community, began about 1887 as Calcium, a station on the Colorado Midland Railway.³¹ The name was changed to Thomasville in 1890,

¹⁹*Ouray Times*, July 16, 1881.

²⁰Stone, *op. cit.*, I, 157, and data from the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, Denver, Colorado, in February, 1942.

²¹*Railroad Red Book*, XXXX, No. 1, 189.

²²Data from records of the Secretary of State, in 1935, to the State Historical Society.

²³*Carbonate Chronicle* (Leadville), January 8, 1940.

²⁴Data from John Searle, Postmaster, Segundo, Colorado, January 25, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

²⁵Data from Cecil Mullins, Superintendent, Cotopaxi Consolidated Schools, December 16, 1941.

²⁶*Canon City Record*, June 2, 1940.

²⁷*Denver Tribune*, June 15, 1882.

²⁸Data from Emily O. Munger, Trinidad, Colorado, in February, 1936.

²⁹*Colorado: A Guide to the Highest State* (New York: Hastings House, 1941),

326.

³⁰*Denver Times*, December 15, 1883.

³¹Data from Lettie Lee Brand, Thomasville, December 17, 1940.

honoring a Mr. Thomas, early-day preacher, who was interested in a nearby smelter.³²

Thornburg (35 population), Rio Blanco County stock-growing settlement. When news of the trouble with the Indians at the White River Ute Agency reached Rawlins in September, 1879, Major T. T. Thornburg was ordered there to aid Agent Nathan C. Meeker. At Milk River, near the site of the present village, Thornburg and 160 soldiers were ambushed by the Utes on September 29, and the major and twenty-five of his men were killed. A monument has been erected near the battlefield in memory of Major Thornburg and his gallant command.³³

Three Joes, Yuma County, see *Joes*.

Thurman (8 population), Washington County farming center, was settled in 1888 by J. Stone, who sold the townsite land to William Dunston.³⁴ Dunston had the town platted as Stone City, May 7, 1888.³⁵ Because there was another settlement of that name in Colorado, the name was changed the same year to Thurman, honoring an officer of the United States Army.³⁶ The post office was established as Thurman in September, 1888.³⁷

Tiffany (25 population), La Plata County farming and stock-raising center. In February, 1903, William H. Wigglesworth, John Edwin Tiffany, G. E. Tiffany and G. E. Tiffany, Jr., homesteaded here. The present settlement is on the old Wigglesworth filing. In 1905, at the instigation of J. E. Tiffany, the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad put in the west switch, and soon moved a box car here to hold freight. A store was built, a post office applied for and granted, and the present name, honoring John Edwin Tiffany, was chosen.³⁸

Tiger, Summit County ghost camp, established in 1918 by the Royal Tiger Mines Company, derived its name from the company's mines here.³⁹ Years before, when the first location was made, the prospector filed under the name The Tiger Mine, but after working eight days he was so enthusiastic over the prospects that he went to Breckenridge, the county seat, and amended his filings to The Royal Tiger Mine. In later years the Royal Tiger Mines Company consolidated a large group of mines, among which was the original Royal Tiger.⁴⁰ In Spanish-speaking countries Tiger is a favorite name for

³²Data from the Regional National Forest Office, Denver, Colorado, January 10, 1940.

³³*Colorado: A Guide to the Highest State*, 408.

³⁴Data from Onida Winn, Thurman, January 28, 1941.

³⁵Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado*, III, 286.

³⁶Onida Winn, *op. cit.*

³⁷*Queen Bee* (Denver), August 1, 1888.

³⁸Data from J. E. Tiffany, Tiffany, May 12, 1935, submitted by Mrs. Celia T. Marshall, County Superintendent of Schools, Durango, Colorado.

³⁹Data from John A. Traylor (deceased), President, The Royal Tiger Mines Company, in 1936, to the State Historical Society.

⁴⁰Data from T. E. Allen, Postmaster, Tiger, February 1, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

mines. One of the claims or locations of the Rio Tinto Mines in Spain, considered the world's oldest operated mines, is *Tigre* (Sp. "tiger"), and the name is much used throughout Mexico and South America.⁴¹

Tigiwon, Eagle County, the base camp of the Mount of the Holy Cross Pilgrimage, lies on the east face of Notch Mountain, four miles from the Mount of the Holy Cross. The first pilgrimage, July, 1927, was sponsored by Dr. and Mrs. O. W. Randall of Gypsum, and a camp of some twenty tents was pitched on the present site of Tigiwon. Camp Fire Girls from Gypsum selected the name. A beautiful park was laid out, and the Pilgrimage association built a log post office, an administration building and a cook house. An assembly hall, accommodating several hundred, was built by the Forest Service. The Mount of the Holy Cross Pilgrimage, Incorporated, sponsors a yearly pilgrimage to the well-known natural shrine.⁴²

Tijeras (*Tijeras Plaza*) (13 population), Las Animas County, a small community of adobe huts occupied by Italian and Spanish-American coal miners, was so named because the early Mexican settlers left the roof poles of their dwellings projecting beyond the adobe walls in a "V" shape, suggestive of scissors blades.⁴³ *Tijeras* is a Spanish word meaning "scissors."

Tiltonville, Fremont County ghost town, was named for an early-day prospector.⁴⁴ The village was in the vicinity of Yorkville, some nine miles south and four miles west of Canon City.⁴⁵

Timnath (147 population), Larimer County agricultural village. Soon after the building of the Greeley, Salt Lake & Pacific Railroad, in 1882, a village sprang up six miles southeast of Fort Collins in the center of the thickly-populated farming district of Sherwood. Twenty years later, when the Presbyterian Church was organized, Reverend Charles A. Taylor, the first minister, named it Timnath. The 14th chapter of Judges in Holy Writ states, "And Samson went down to Timnath," a Philistine city where he saw a woman whom he later married. The village soon came to be called Timnath also.⁴⁶ It was incorporated July 16, 1920.

Timpas (80 population), Otero County, lies on Timpas Creek in a sparsely settled cattle and sheep raising community. It was settled about 1868 by Mr. Rounds, rancher and station agent at that time,⁴⁷ and was probably named for the creek.

⁴¹Traylor, *op. cit.*

⁴²Data from Dr. O. W. Randall, Chairman, Mount of the Holy Cross Pilgrimage, Inc., Gypsum, Colorado, January 23, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

⁴³*Colorado: A Guide to the Highest State*, 347.

⁴⁴*Canon City Record*, June 20, 1940.

⁴⁵Data from Claude S. Rogers, Canon City, Colorado, in 1940, to the State Historical Society, and Nell's Map of Colorado, 1883.

⁴⁶Ansel Watrous, *History of Larimer County*, 265.

⁴⁷Data from Lizzie Halsey, Postmaster, Timpas, February 17, 1940.

Tin Cup, Gunnison County near-ghost camp. In 1861, Fred Lottes and B. C. Gray, with other prospectors, engaged in placer mining on West Willow Creek. While hunting for game, one of the men found strong indications of gold in a dry wash. He took some of the dirt back to camp in the little tin cup he always carried attached to his belt; it proved to be very rich. This incident gave the names to Tin Cup Gulch, Tin Cup District,⁴⁸ and finally to Tin Cup Camp, founded March 2, 1879.⁴⁹ The town experienced its first boom in 1880, when thousands of miners and gamblers gathered here. By 1884 it was one of the richest gold camps in Gunnison County.⁵⁰ It was known as Virginia City for a time,⁵¹ and was thus incorporated August 12, 1880, but it was reincorporated as Tin Cup, July 24, 1882.⁵² Tin Cup is now deserted, except for summer visitors.

Tiny Town, Jefferson County summer resort, was named for the elaborate miniature city built on the bank of Turkey Creek, by George E. Turner, of Denver.⁵³

Tolland (50 population), Gilpin County mining camp and summer resort. When the Moffat Railroad was built through Boulder Park in 1904, the officials gave Mrs. Charles H. Toll, nee Katherine Ellen Wolcott (owner of the townsite and the park), the privilege of naming their station. She chose the name Tolland, for the home of her ancestors; for Tolland, England; plus the coincidence that she had become Mrs. Toll. She intended that the name should be pronounced with a short "o" (to rhyme with Holland), as it is in England, but there has been no usage to support anything but the long "o," because of the association with the name Toll. Mr. Henry Toll, who has acquired much land surrounding the park, now prefers the pronunciation that emphasizes his family name.⁵⁴ Mrs. Toll built a large hotel here in 1904, and the railroad erected a restaurant and a station.⁵⁵ The village was known as Mammoth for a short time, but Tolland became the official name in August, 1904.⁵⁶

Toltec (50 population), Huerfano County coal mining town, was named for the Toltec Mine,⁵⁷ opened in 1894 by P. F. Sharp and John McNeil, first state coal mine inspector. After being leased to various individuals it was closed, but the post office here, supplying

⁴⁸*Denver Tribune*, October 12, 1881.

⁴⁹Data from Regional National Forest Service, Denver, January 10, 1941.

⁵⁰*Colorado Magazine*, X, 143.

⁵¹*Colorado State Business Directory*, 1880, 35; 1882, 313.

⁵²Records of the Secretary of State.

⁵³*Colorado: A Guide to the Highest State*, 391.

⁵⁴Data from Joseph Ewan, University of Colorado, submitted by E. H. Ellis, Denver, Colorado, December 16, 1940, to the State Historical Society, and Henry Toll, Attorney, Denver, Colorado, March 8, 1942.

⁵⁵State Historical Society, *The Towns of the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific (Moffat) Road in Colorado*, August 15, 1904.

⁵⁶*Weekly Register-Call* (Central City), August 12, 1904.

⁵⁷Data from Tom Allen, State Coal Mine Inspector, in 1935, to the State Historical Society.

both Toltec and Pictou (see also *Pictou*), is still in operation.⁵⁸ The Toltec Indian tribe preceded the Aztecs near Mexico City, shortly before the Spaniards arrived.

Tomichi, Gunnison County ghost camp, lay near the headwaters of the Tomichi River.⁵⁹ Unusually rich silver ores were found in the Sleeping Pet and Lewiston lodes, and an inrush of prospectors created a lively settlement.⁶⁰ The place was known variously as Tomichville, Corning,⁶¹ and Argenta. A post office was established as Argenta in July, 1880, but on August 23 of that year, Tomichi became the official name.⁶² The town was platted by the Tomichi Mining Company, and the plat was filed June 18, 1881. Among its early promoters were W. C. Wyncoop, Herman Beckurts, owner of the *Denver Tribune*, and E. H. Eastman.⁶³

Tomichi Hot Springs (now *Waunita Hot Radium Springs*) (14 population), Gunnison County summer and health resort, lies at the foot of Tomichi Dome (11,384 feet altitude). The springs, more than two hundred in number, were purchased in 1884 by Dr. Charles Gilbert Davis of Chicago, Illinois, who built a health and pleasure resort here, and changed the name to Waunita Hot Springs. During the World War, the Geological Survey of Colorado, under the supervision of R. D. George, State Geologist, found that the hot springs contained permanent activity and a strong emanation of radium; Dr. Davis then renamed the place Waunita Hot Radium Springs.⁶⁴

Toonerville (16 population), Bent County prairie community. Saturday night dances and Sunday baseball games and rodeos sponsored by the community drew large crowds. Reports of these events, chronicled in the Bent County Democrat and other papers under the heading "Red Rock District," became so enthusiastic that the community determined to take a more unique name. It was suggested that there might soon be a street car line to accommodate the visitors, so the title Toonerville, from the mythical town made famous by the cartoon of Fontaine Fox, was adopted. The newspaper column was changed to "Toonerville Toots," and the people of the community were referred to as the Toonerville folks, for the cartoon characters. A village was founded, but never incorporated, yet in their good humor they proceeded to "elect" a full set of city officials. The drought years took heavy toll in this vicinity, but Toonerville remains.⁶⁵

⁵⁸Data from Helen L. Allen, Principal, Pictou School, in 1939.

⁵⁹*Colorado State Business Directory, 1884*, 342.

⁶⁰Hall, *op. cit.*, IV, 151.

⁶¹*Colorado State Business Directory, 1881*, 63.

⁶²*Gunnison Daily Review-Press*, January 1, 1883.

⁶³Hall, *op. cit.*, IV, 151.

⁶⁴Data from Mrs. Charles Gilbert Davis, Wilamette, Illinois, March 16, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

⁶⁵Data from Carl Campbell, Toonerville, in 1939.

Toponas (50 population), Routt County, is a farming, lumbering and stock-shipping point on the Denver & Salt Lake (Moffat) Railroad. The first settlers came into this district about 1880.⁶⁶ Near the village is a large hill capped with sandstone; from a distance it resembles a recumbent lion with head erect. The Indian word *Toponas*, meaning "sleeping lion" or "panther," is applied correctly.⁶⁷

Towaoc (50 population), Montezuma County, headquarters for a Ute Indian Reservation, consists of the agency buildings, a hospital, the Ute Mountain School, and a general merchandise and curio store, operated by P. P. Schifferer & Co.⁶⁸ *Towaoc*, a Ute word meaning "all right," was given the place when the Indians first settled here, because they liked the place.⁶⁹

Tow Creek (25 population), Routt County agricultural and mining community, was settled about 1880 by "Johnny" Tow, a trapper,⁷⁰ and named in his honor. Tow Creek is pronounced to rhyme with "now".⁷¹

Towner (175 population), Kiowa County, originally known as Memphis,⁷² serves a dry farming and stock-raising area. It was founded about 1887 by the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and named for a railroad official.⁷³ The town is chiefly known for the Towner bus tragedy, which occurred in March, 1931, when a school bus bearing 22 children was caught in a spring blizzard. The driver, who left his charges in the bus and set out afoot to bring aid, perished in a field a few miles distant. Five children also died from exposure. Others would have met a similar fate had not Bryan Unteidt, one of the pupils, compelled them to exercise and play games. In recognition of his heroism, Bryan was invited to the White House by President Hoover and publicly honored.⁷⁴

Trail City, Prowers County ghost town. During the years of the movement of immense herds of cattle from the southern ranges to northern markets, the government wished to avoid undue friction between the cattle herd owners and the settlers. It set aside a range of townships in Kansas and another in Colorado, over which all herds driven from Texas to Montana must pass. Trail City, just

⁶⁶Data from the Postmaster, Toponas, in 1936.

⁶⁷Data from W. B. Fay, Supervisor, Routt National Forest, Steamboat Springs, to the State Historical Society.

⁶⁸Data from Werner Helms, Postmaster, Towaoc, in 1939.

⁶⁹Data from Werner Helms, Manager P. P. Schifferer & Co., Towaoc, January 31, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

⁷⁰Data from A. C. Welton, teacher, Tow Creek, January 23, 1941.

⁷¹*Steamboat Pilot* (Steamboat Springs), March 7, 1923.

⁷²*Kiowa County Press* (Eads), February 2, 1940.

⁷³Data from Alma Vrooman, Kiowa County Superintendent of Schools, Eads, Colorado, in 1939.

⁷⁴*Colorado: A Guide to the Highest State*, 292-93.

inside the Colorado-Kansas border, came into being. Almost overnight, twenty or more saloons and gambling houses appeared, with nearly as many hotels to house the camp followers, just before the first big herd with its army of cowboys came up the National Trail. This was the typical sporting town of the frontier. Here the cowboys received their first pay and immediately proceeded to "whoop it up." Saloons and gambling houses were filled with boisterous men and women. It is said that half-tipsy women developed into Lady Godivas and, mounted behind the cowboys, rode up and down the streets and to the corporate line of Coolidge, Kansas, where officers armed with Winchesters warned them off.⁷⁵

Trapper (15 population), Routt County, is a shipping point for vegetables on the Denver & Salt Lake (Moffat) Railroad.⁷⁶ Established in 1908 when the railroad placed a siding here, it probably was named for Trappers Lake, as it is that resort's nearest railroad point.⁷⁷ (See also *Trappers Lake*.)

Trappers Lake (10 population), Garfield County, is a summer resort and sportsman's rendezvous on the shore of the lake for which it is named.⁷⁸ The lake, source of the North Fork of the White River, has been famed for its beauty since the days of the trappers who made it a favorite camping site, and for whom it was named.⁷⁹

Trimble, La Plata County, see *Trimble Springs*.

Trimble Springs (10 population), La Plata County, was a favorite resort during the 1880s and the 1890s. The medicinal waters here were said to be the finest in southern Colorado.⁸⁰ In 1882, a large brick hotel and a commodious bath house were started by Thomas Burns of Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico.⁸¹ The springs were named by Frank Trimble, who discovered them on a ranch he had purchased for \$100. The curative properties of the springs were considered so remarkable that R. D. Burns, owner of the tract in 1883, refused an offer of \$75,000.⁸² In 1898 the village was connected with Durango, eight miles to the south, by electric street cars.⁸³

Trinchera (railroad name *Trinchere*) (200 population), Las Animas County Spanish-American settlement, is a shipping point

⁷⁵State Historical Society, Pamphlet 355, No. 43 and 47. (From the *Lamar Register*, March 7 to May 2, 1928).

⁷⁶Data from J. D. Crawford, County Clerk and Recorder, Steamboat Springs, Colorado, December 18, 1940.

⁷⁷Data from Virginia B. Funk, Teacher at Trapper, March 10, 1941.

⁷⁸*Colorado: A Guide to the Highest State*, 409.

⁷⁹Hall, *op. cit.*, IV, 288-89.

⁸⁰*San Juan Herald* (Silverton), November 15, 1883, and *Denver Times*, December 31, 1898.

⁸¹*Dolores News* (Rico), April 1, 1882.

⁸²*Denver Weekly Republican*, July 19, 1883.

⁸³*Denver Times*, December 31, 1898.

for cattle. The name, a Spanish word meaning "trench" or "intrenchment," was given the village because of a gap or pass opening through the mesa nearby.⁸⁴

Trinchera, Costilla County, was started just above the mouth of Sangre de Cristo Creek, on the Trinchera Estate.⁸⁵

Trinidad (13,223 population), seat of Las Animas County. From the early days of the wagon trains, Trinidad has been a distribution center. The city's existence is due to its position on the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail and its nearness to the confluence of Raton Creek and the Purgatoire River (*El Rio de Las Animas Perdidas en Purgatorio*), the principal stream in the region. Several decades of coal-mining prosperity contributed to its growth.⁸⁶ Although the site had long been a favorite rendezvous of early trappers, traders and travelers, permanent settlement did not begin until 1859, when a cabin was built on the site by Gabriel and Juan N. Guiterrez, who came from New Mexico.⁸⁷ The settlement was first called Rio de Las Animas. Later a group of settlers met to select a name. Ramon Vigil suggested San Antonio, but Juan Ignacio Airiz wanted the village called *Santisima Trinidad* (Sp. "most holy trinity"). This name was accepted, but later was shortened to Trinidad.⁸⁸ It was incorporated December 30, 1879.

Troublesome (30 population), Grand County ranching community. Years before a post office was established here in March, 1878,⁸⁹ the stream had been named Troublesome Creek by early-day ranchers, because of the difficulties encountered in fording it. The shifting sands in the creek bed made it impossible to tell just where a safe crossing could be made. The post office was named for the stream,⁹⁰ which empties into the Colorado River at the village site.

Trout Falls, Douglas County ghost town, lay on Trout Creek, at the junction of Eagle Creek, just below the falls for which it was named. It was platted in the Spring of 1896, by the Trout Falls Land & Improvement Company, of Denver.⁹¹

Troutville, Eagle County summer resort and post office. P. J. Engelbrecht, a pioneer of the 1880s, and owner of 320 acres here, built two artificial lakes, Woods Lake and Lake Alicia, inundating some 120 acres of ground. These lakes are considered among the

⁸⁴Data from Bruce E. Mock, Trinchera, January 22, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

⁸⁵State Historical Society, Pamphlet 349, No. 18.

⁸⁶*Colorado Magazine*, VI, 159-161.

⁸⁷*Ibid.*, IX, 183.

⁸⁸State Historical Society, Pamphlet 359, No. 6.

⁸⁹*Rocky Mountain News*, March 26, 1878.

⁹⁰Data from Mrs. Cecil K. Ward, Postmaster, Troublesome, January 17, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

⁹¹*Denver Republican*, April 5, 1896.

best trout fishing spots in Colorado. In 1912, Mr. Engelbrecht requested a post office and chose the name Woods Lake, which was refused by postal authorities, as there was a town of this name in California. Engelbrecht, who has named many mountain peaks, streams and lakes in the vicinity, then suggested Troutville, which became the official title of the resort.⁹²

Trull, Routt County ghost town. In 1889, J. M. Trull kept a general merchandise establishment and operated a blacksmith shop here. In 1904, George E. Trull kept the store and was postmaster.⁹³ The name of the post office was changed to Puma, in May, 1896, but the town continued to be listed as Trull in the State Directories until 1923, when it ceased to appear.⁹⁴

Tungsten (50 population), Boulder County mining settlement, lies just below Baker Dam in Boulder Canon. During the first World War, when tungsten was in demand, the camp was supported by several ore mills. With the decline in the price of the metal, the mills were abandoned and razed.⁹⁵ The word *tungsten* is Swedish, meaning "heavy stone."

Turner, Huerfano County, see *Delcarbon*.

Turret (15 population), Chaffee County. In 1897 the townsite was platted and named by Robert Denham for nearby Turret Mountain.⁹⁶

Twin Lakes (50 population), Lake County summer resort, nestles at the base of Colorado's highest peak, Mount Elbert (14,431 feet). Settlement was not made until after the Leadville silver rush of 1878-1879, when prospectors found nearby the first traces and outcrops of the Gordon, Tiger, Little Joe and other rich lodes.⁹⁷ The village was named for the beautiful Twin Lakes nearby.⁹⁸

Two Buttes (158 population), Baca County agricultural village, was the first incorporated town in the county.⁹⁹ It was surveyed in June or July, 1909, and a postal station was commissioned in October, 1911. The settlement was named by the Two Buttes Townsite Company because of its proximity to the striking Two Buttes near the Baca and Prowers county line, about thirteen miles north of the town.¹⁰⁰ Incorporated October 19, 1911.

⁹²Data from P. J. Engelbrecht, Troutville, September 26, 1935, and November 17, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

⁹³*Colorado State Business Directory, 1889 and 1904.*

⁹⁴*Denver Republican*, May 9, 1896, and *State Business Directories.*

⁹⁵*Colorado: A Guide to the Highest State*, 269.

⁹⁶State Historical Society, Pamphlet 346, No. 6.

⁹⁷*Colorado: A Guide to the Highest State*, 253.

⁹⁸Data from Mrs. Harriet Rinker, Twin Lakes, in 1939.

⁹⁹*Colorado State Business Directory, 1911*, 1034.

¹⁰⁰Data from Fred L. Harris, Two Buttes, February 23, 1935, to the State Historical Society.