Reunion at Fourteen Thousand Feet, 1872

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In the annals of Georgetown, Colorado, a once booming silver camp, there is a record of a reunion of the three greatest figures in American botany—John Torrey, Asa Gray, and Charles Christopher Parry. The occasion was the official naming of Gray’s and Torrey’s peaks. The assembled company, in addition to the three honored guests who had traveled from Denver by stage coach, was an enthusiastic delegation of local citizens from Georgetown. The setting for this impressive ceremony was the top of Gray’s Peak at an altitude of fourteen thousand feet—the crest of the continent. The year was 1872. But the story behind this meeting goes back earlier into the lives of each of these nineteenth century scientists.

John Torrey (1796-1873), a New Englander by birth, had early achieved fame as an American botanist, working at Columbia University. He was the outstanding man in his field in the 1820s and 1830s. To him were referred for classification most of the then unknown plants.

"The opportunity for extending his investigations to the great plains and the Rocky Mountains was furnished by the collections placed in Dr. Torrey’s hands by Edwin James, botanist of Major Long’s expedition in 1820," Thus wrote Professor Gray, in a biographical sketch of Torrey.

Dr. Torrey subsequently contributed to the published reports of John Fremont ("the Pathfinder"), General Marcy, and General P. W. Lander of Pacific Railroad Survey fame. Torrey classified and named most of the plant life of the plains and mountains from these collected specimens. This summer of 1872 was the first time he had ever seen in their natural setting the hundreds of plants he had identified fifty-two years earlier.

Asa Gray (1810-1888), was a student of Torrey’s at Columbia. Their combined effort, the monumental Flora of North America, first appearing in 1840, established Gray’s reputation on the same level with his friend and Professor. In 1842, Gray accepted the Fisher professorship at Harvard and there developed the largest and most valuable herbarium and garden in America. Gray’s Structural

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Botany, first published in 1848, has gone through innumerable editions and is today still the accepted textbook in this field.

Charles Christopher Parry (1823-1890), had studied under Torrey at Columbia and had worked with Gray. Parry at heart was an adventurer and an explorer. In 1849 he first pushed into the unknown regions of the great plains and began his collecting of specimens and recording of his travels. From his own writings, is given an account of his trip to Colorado:

"In my first botanical exploration of the Rocky Mountain region of Colorado, in 1861, I pushed high into the mountains. In my solitary wanderings over the rugged rocks and through these alpine meadows, resting at noontday on some sunny nook, overlooking wastes of snow and crystal lakes girdled with midsommer ice, I naturally associated some of the more prominent mountain peaks with distant and valued friends. To two twin peaks, always conspicuous whenever a sufficient elevation was obtained, I applied the names of Torrey and Gray."

Parry continued his exploration and scientific studies of the plants of the Rocky Mountains, returning each summer to Grizzly Gulch at the foot of Gray's and Torrey's peaks where he had built himself a cabin. Each winter, upon his return to the East, he visited his good friends, Gray and Torrey, and painted for them colorful and exciting pictures of the beauties of the Rocky Mountain West. His annual insistence that they accompany him some year led to plans for the expedition of 1872.

Georgetown, Colorado, in 1872 was a bustling mining camp as yet not reached by the railroad. Having taken two visits by President Grant in its stride, the lively town was excited over the prospects of visitors of so much dignity and learning. A local wag referred to Professor Gray as a "weed sharp" but the town turned out in grand style—volunteer fire companies in full regalia, the Georgetown band, and a delegation headed by the "Professor" of the local public school. The stage coach was escorted through town to the leading hostelry, "The Barton House."

William Barton, a gentleman of "agreeable deportment and the finest host in the Territory," greeted the venerable Professor Torrey, his friend of several seasons—Mr. Parry—and his fellow Bostonians, Professor and Mrs. Gray, with great cordiality. The record has it that long after the great banquet and reception had concluded that night, Professor and Mrs. Gray sat up in the "back parlor" and told Billy Barton stories of his native Beacon Street, of Cambridge, and other scenes he had left behind when he joined the gold rush and came to Georgetown in 1867.

Early the morning after their arrival, the distinguished guests and a company of Georgetown citizens started on horseback for the Gray's Peak country. They proceeded west, up the narrow rocky
We, your friends, would say to you who now stand here upon the very central pinnacle of our widely extended country, as the inscription on the monument of Sir Christopher Wren, at St. Paul's says: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.* We bid you welcome to this magnificent peak. May you and your excellent wife, when you leave these wild and rugged scenes for your classic home in Cambridge, remember the pleasant social gathering we had on Gray's peak.

And we who stand around you here today, in the presence of Dr. Parry, in the name of Colorado, and in the name of science, now solemnly confirm and ratify the name of this mountain. Gray's peak let it be called to the end of time! Yonder, the peak a short distance north of where we now stand was also named in 1861 by Dr. Parry, and is by these same tokens called Torrey's peak, in honor of your teacher and fellow laborer. You and your illustrious teacher and life-long co-laborer occupy a high niche in the temple of fame!

'The national air, 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' was sung by the ladies and, what was interesting, a son of the author of that patriotic song was present and helped to sing it. The party then enjoyed the grand scenery for an hour and left for Georgetown where all arrived safe and sound at eight o'clock, well pleased with their visit to the peak, from whose summit is had perhaps the most extensive and magnificent view in the world.'

Professor Torrey, unable to tax his strength by the long climb, had been ably represented at the top of Gray's Peak by his daughter. He cheered himself by watching from a vantage point the progress of the party and responding to tiny flecks of white which were handkerchiefs waved lovingly in his direction.

Gray wrote: "Torrey enjoyed the rare pleasure of viewing in their native soil and plucking with his own hands many a flower which he had himself named and described from dried specimens in the herbarium. Here he stood on the flank of the lofty and beautiful snow-clad peak to which his grateful former pupil and ardent explorer had given his name."

Torrey was more philosophical about his infirmity which had prevented his ascent of the peak. Dispelling any suggestion that he might have missed something, he uttered his now famous phrase, "'No, give me the fountain of old age!'"

Nor did Charles Christopher Parry go without honor. His name was later bestowed by Surveyor-General F. M. Case on a peak not far distant. The two peaks, Gray's and Torrey's, have since been climbed by hundreds of adventuresome folk. The region which they tower over is still a paradise for collectors of botanical specimens. Their names, given them by a rugged, exploring botanist, are testimony of the honor to the men who first gave the world knowledge of the floral treasures in the Rocky Mountain West.
Cache Creek, Chaffee County. This ghost town was founded in 1860 after the discovery of placer gold on the site, and for many years was a mining camp and supply town. At one time it had a population of 300. In this gold camp H. A. W. Tabor, later one of the great Leadville silver kings, had his first experiences with the difficulties and disappointments of mining. It probably was named for the stream upon which the placers were found; the reason for the creek's name, a French word meaning "hide," is not known.

Caddoa (100 population), Bent County. This town is at the site of Martin Reservoir (formerly Caddoa Dam, but renamed in...
honor of former Congressman John A. Martin), now under construction on the Arkansas River. There are several versions for the origin of the name. One version is that the Caddo (Caddoa) Indians were settled here, the site of the old Big Timbers Indian Agency, by the Federal Government after they were forced to flee from Texas for aiding the Federal cause during the Civil War. Another gives the name as the Comanche and Kiowa word for the sacred Sun Dance. Still another asserts that the word is Spanish, meaning "ferret hole." The most probable version is that the town was named for the Caddoa linguistic stock, to which the Pawnee, Caddo proper, and Wichita tribes belonged.

Calhoun (20 population), Moffat County. This stock-raising village was founded in 1921 and named by Edward M. Caisson, the postmaster.

Calvo (40 population), Fremont County. This village, named for the lime (calcite) quarry here, was on an old Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad branch line. Two hundred men were once employed here in quarrying lime rock for the Pueblo Steel mills.

Calhan (399 population) El Paso County, was founded in 1888 as a water tank-station because good water was available at a shallow depth from Big Sandy Creek. Calhan was originally named Calahan, in honor of the railroad contractor who built this section of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad. The railroad company, in listing the place on its time tables, shortened the name to Calhan, its present form.

Calumet, Chaffee County. This former iron mining camp was once surrounded by vast beds of rich magnetic ores, exploited by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company during the 1880s; large deposits of white and variegated marbles were found near-by. The Calumet Mine, a valuable iron mine, was discovered here.

Cameo (150 population), Mesa County. Named for the cameo-like outline of a stone formation on the face of a cliff overlooking the settlement, this coal mining town was founded in 1907, when

*The Denver Post, May 24, 1940.
1Information from Raymond Craig, Las Animas, Colorado, field writer, Colorado Writers' Project, 1936.
2Information from Fred L. Harris, Two Buttes, Colorado.
3Place Names in Colorado," M. A. thesis by Oiga Kocher, University of Denver, 1939.
4Ibid.
5Letter from E. M. Caisson, postmaster, Calhoun, Colorado.
6Ibid.
7Information from Ranger Roy M. Truman, San Isabel National Forest.
9Information from P. P. Huston, postmaster, Calhan, Colorado.
10From Frank Hall, History of the State of Colorado, IV, 86.
11Hubert Howe Bancroft, History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming (1890), 182.
13Cameron, Teller County. This town came to life in 1892, after the great rush to the gold fields on Cripple Creek. It was originally planned to call the settlement Cripple Creek; but in the contest for supremacy with the neighboring town of Fremont, the latter won because of the nearness of water and a paying mine, and the victor took not only the prestige but the very name of its rival. The defeated town then took the name of Gassy, for a stockman of the region. Later, the name was changed to Grassy, as descriptive of the site. Early in 1899 gold strikes were made around the town, and the rich Lansing Mine was discovered in the town itself. The community now took still another name, Cameron, honoring the Cameron Mines, Land & Tunnel Company, which was active in developing the mines here. Active for years, the town died with the decline of the mines; nothing remains of it today.
14Camfield, Weld County, is now little more than a siding on the Purcell branch of the Union Pacific Railroad. It was named for D. A. Camfield, former Greeley hotel man. The town site was laid out in 1909 by the Camfield Town and Improvement Company.
15Camp Bird (25 population), Ouray County. This now almost-abandoned mining camp was founded in the late 1880s, and named for the famous Camp Bird Gold Mine. Originally a silver claim, this mine, which made Thomas J. Walsh a millionaire, produced almost $4,000,000 in the six years between 1896 and 1902. The mine, still a good producer, was named for the camp bird, the miners’ name for the Rocky Mountain or Canada Jay; also called the "Whiskey Jack."
16Campo (200 population), Baca County. Campo is a Spanish word meaning "field."
17Camp Providence, Clear Creek County. This ghost camp was named by A. J. Van Doren of Boulder, owner of the mines here, who believed that he was providentially led to their discovery.
18Camp Salina, Boulder County. The village, founded as a colony enterprise in 1873, was first settled by a party of seven people from Salina, Kansas, who named the new site for their home town. In a single year Camp Salina became a village of thirty families, and had a post office and telegraph station.
19Canfield (25 population), Boulder County. A coal mining town that dates from the 1870s, when the Canfield brothers operated...
the Rob Roy Coal Mine here. The settlement grew up around this important mine, which is now closed, and adopted the name of the owners. The railroad name for Canfield is Tabor Station.

Canon City (3,938 population), seat of Fremont County. The name of the city is derived from its owners. The railroad name for the important mine, which is now closed, and adopted the name of the miner sprang to his feet suggested that the settlement be named Oreodelphia, but a grizzled Canon City! "The suggestion was cheered, and Oreodelphia was never heard of again. The site was used as a camping ground by Zebulon Pike in 1806 and was laid out as a town in 1859, being incorporated in 1872. The city is the home of the Colorado State Penitentiary.

Capulin (106 population), Conejos County. The name is a Spanish word meaning "choke-cherry." The first settlement dates from 1867, and was founded by Spanish immigrants from Ojo Caliente, New Mexico.

Carbonate, Garfield County. Founded in 1880, but now a ghost town, Carbonate was the outgrowth of a small blockhouse called Fort Defiance built by prospectors the year before to guard against Indian attacks. The name refers to the carbonate ore deposits in the vicinity, which led to settlement on the site. The town was the first seat of Garfield County, retaining the title for four months. In August, 1883, the decline of mining activities had led to the almost complete abandonment of the town, and the records were moved to the new seat at Glenwood Springs. A year later E. E. Winslow, who held a Government contract to make a daily mail delivery to Carbonate in addition to his regular route, discovered that only one inhabitant remained. Rather than make the long and difficult side trip to serve a one-man community, Winslow paid the lone resident $100 to move.

Carbondale (283 population), Garfield County. This agricultural town, incorporated in 1888, was named by John Mankin, one of its founders, for his home town in Pennsylvania.

Carroho (24 population), Garfield County. The name is a Spanish word meaning "coal mine," and refers to the numerous coal mines of the region.

Cardiff, Garfield County, was founded in 1888 by a group of Welsh miners, who named it for the capital city of their native country. It is now little more than a long line of abandoned coke ovens, but it was a busy coal mining and coke-burning center for several years after 1900.

Caribou, Boulder County, took its name from the great Caribou silver mine, around which it grew. The mine was discovered in 1860 by Sam Conger, well-known prospector of the region, who nine years later formed a corporation with five other men to work the vein. One of these men, George Lytle, had worked in the Caribou gold diggings of Canada; he named the mine for the Canadian fields. The town was platted in 1870, and thrived for several years; but in 1879 it was almost totally destroyed by fire and was never completely rebuilt. It is a ghost town today.

Carmen, Saguache County. The name of this ghost town is a Spanish word meaning "sheep" or "mutton," probably referring to the sheep-raising industry carried on in the vicinity. The town itself, however, was once a mining camp of considerable importance.

Carr (63 pop.), Weld County, was named for Robert E. Carr, a contractor associated with former Territorial Governor John Evans, who completed this section of the Union Pacific Railroad. Later, Carr became the president of the Kansas-Pacific Railroad.

Carraheah (35 pop.), Archuleta County, is one of the oldest towns in the State. It is believed to have been named for the capital city of Venezuela. The name is a Spanish word meaning "laden ship" or "caravan." The reason for the choice of the name is not known.

Carrie Springs, Baca County. The name of this ghost cattle town is a Spanish word meaning "reed grass." Founded in 1887, it was soon known as one of the most disorderly towns on the frontier and the haunt of many of the tough characters of the cattle country. By 1893 it was abandoned and only the rock foundations of the buildings remain to mark its site.

Carson (Carson Camp, Carson City), Hinsdale County, was named for J. E. Carson, a prospector who discovered some silver lodes here. This thriving mining camp of the early 1890s declined in later years as silver mining operations slackened.

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Information from Mrs. Edna Tawney, Grand Junction, Colorado, field writer, Colorado Writers' Project, 1937.

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Information from Donald White, Greeley, Colorado, field writer, Colorado Writers' Project, 1937.
Cascade (50 pop.), El Paso County, was founded by a group of Kansas men, most of whom were connected with the Santa Fe Railroad. The name was selected because of the many beautiful waterfalls in the canyon streams. In 1889 the Pikes Peak carriage road was built from this point.

Castle Rock (478 pop.), seat of Douglas County, was named for the near-by castellated rock formation. A famous landmark of early days, it was named by Dr. Edwin James, botanist of Major Stephen H. Long's expedition of 1820. The town was platted in 1874, but was not incorporated until 1881.

Castileton (10 pop.), Gunnison County. This freight station on the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad was laid out November 1, 1882, by Henry Payton, acting for a town company. It was named for the castle-like rocks in the vicinity.

Cattle Creek (75 pop.), Garfield County. This Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad station was named for the near-by stream, which was so called because it was a local watering place for range cattle.

Cebolla (12 pop.), Gunnison County, is located on the Gunnison River at its junction with Cebolla Creek. The town was first settled by J. J. Carpenter and family and was named for the creek, which received this Spanish name, meaning onion, because of the abundance of wild onions growing along its banks. It is a fishing resort.

Cedar (1 pop.), San Miguel County. This post office probably received its name from the scrub cedar prominent in the vicinity.

Cedar Creek (20 pop.), Montrose County. This freight station on the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad was probably named for the creek on which it is located; the creek was named for the many scrub cedars of the vicinity.

Cedaredge (463 pop.), Delta County. There are two versions for the naming of this town, which was founded in 1882 and incorporated in 1907. One asserts that the town grew up on the site of "Cedar Edge," the ranch of Henry Kohler and his wife, adopting the name and later compounding it into a single word. The other has it that the town, named for the heavy belt of cedars at the near-by edge of Grand Mesa, was named by a ranchman named Sutte, who founded the town on his Bar I Ranch.

Cedar Point, Elbert County. A freight station on the Union Pacific Railroad, Cedar Point was probably named for the heavy cedar growth on the surrounding hills. It was from this vicinity that much of the timber used in building the first houses in Denver, in 1859, was brought. In 1868 the town consisted of a single stone house and stable; the subterranean fort and canvas barracks of Company F, Fifth Regulars; a pile of posts that served as the "depot;" and a small camp of wood choppers.

Cedarwood (30 pop.), Pueblo County, a station on the Colorado & Southern Railroad, was founded in 1912. This southern Colorado town was named by the Reverend J. H. White, a native of Pittsburgh, who settled near-by. He suggested the name Cedar Wood, because of the many cedar trees in the vicinity.

Center (1,011 pop.), Saguache County, was founded and platted in 1898 by J. L. Hunt, owner of the townsit land. Originally called Centerview, the town was renamed by the Post Office Department. Presumably the name was given because the town lay in the central part of the San Luis Valley. The town was incorporated in 1907.

Central City (572 pop.), seat of Gilpin County, began in 1859 as a trading center for miners in the surrounding mountains. William N. Byers, then publisher of the Rocky Mountain News, suggested the name because of the town's hub location among the gold camps. During the Civil War, Central City reached its peak population of about 10,000. Gradually, as the mines were worked out, it declined; by 1870 it had only 2,500 inhabitants. The introduction of smelters brought renewed activity and a rise in population, and in 1886 the city was incorporated. Today, Central City is best known for its annual Play Festival, held in the opera house built in 1879. The first legal execution under Colorado Territorial Government took place here when a man named Van Horn was hanged for murder in January, 1864.

Chama (350 pop.), Costilla County. In the early spring of 1859 a party of men came up from Chamita, New Mexico, and started a settlement here the following spring (1860) on the bank of the Culebra River. Chama is a Spanish word meaning "lack" or "little girl," and was named for the settlers' former home. These
first settlers were driven away by the Indians. A later settlement on the same site retained the old name.58

Chance, Gunnison County. The name of the town, suggested in 1880 by gold prospectors who settled here, was indicative of the luck of the camp.69

Chandler (450 pop.), Fremont County. There are two versions for this name. One asserts that Chandler was named in honor of a neighboring rancher.69 The other states that the town grew up around the Chandler Creek Mine, opened in 1889, so called because of its proximity to Chandler Creek.60

Chatooga, Weld County. The name of this "town on paper" is an Indian word meaning "buffalo." Chatooga was laid out in the fall of 1886 by Nebraska Townsite Company officials, who anticipated its development because of railroad construction in the area. However, the Burlington route missed the town, which never materialized. For a short time the name was applied to the town of Grover, southwest of the projected site.62

Chenoa, Logan County, was founded in 1885 by an agricultural group from Chenoa, Illinois, for which it was named.63 A post office was established in 1887, but the town failed to prosper and was abandoned a few years later.

Cherokee City, Weld County. This ghost town was laid out in 1861 by John T. Rollins, about two miles east of the present town of Greeley. Several houses and a sawmill were erected, but the place was soon abandoned, after which the Wells-Fargo Company used the settlement's deserted buildings as an express and stage station. The village was named for the Cherokee Trail that passed close by.64

Cherry Creek, Arapahoe County, an early settlement on Cherry Creek, about ten miles east of Littleton, was named for the creek.65

Cheyenne Wells (685 pop.), seat of Cheyenne County. A station on the Union Pacific Railroad, Cheyenne Wells took its name from the several wells that were dug at the old town site, coupled with the name of the Indian tribe then inhabiting this area. Cheyenne Wells was the name of a stage station five miles north of the present town of Cheyenne Wells on the old Smoky Hill Stage Route. The town was founded when the Kansas Pacific Railroad came through and was incorporated in 1890.66

Chicora (35 pop.), Las Animas County. Chicoa is a Spanish word meaning "place of chico brush" (a variety of mesquite).

Chihuahua, Summit County. Founded and incorporated in 1880,67 this mining community boomed for a few years, but decline in mining activities led to its abandonment. It was presumably named for the State of Mexico.68

Chivington (65 pop.), Kiowa County. This station on the Missouri Pacific Railroad was founded in 1887, and named for Colonel John M. Chivington, former minister, whose volunteer troopers in 1864 engaged in a bloody battle with Indians at Sand Creek, not far from the town's location. At one time Chivington was a freight division of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, which erected a $10,000 hotel here.69

Chromo (203 pop.), Archuleta County, was originally known as Price, for its first postmaster (1881), Charles W. Price. Later the post office was discontinued, and mail was received at Durango. When application was made for a new post office, the authorities suggested the selection of a new name to avoid confusion with Price, Utah. The present name, suggested by Mr. Price, was taken from Chromo Mountain, New Mexico, which Mr. Price had named many years before. The name, derived from the Greek word for "color," suited the vivid landscape around the town and was therefore adopted.70

Churches (Churches, Church), Jefferson County. A small settlement on the Burlington Railroad, named for a butcher and cattle dealer who lived near-by in 1862-63.71

Cimmaron (42 pop.), Montrose County, was founded about 1875, taking its name from the Cimarron River, on which it is located. The name is Spanish, meaning "wild" or " unruly." There is also a town named Cimarron City in Baca County.

Clear Creek Junction, Jefferson County. Now a suburb of Denver, this junction point of the Colorado & Southern Railroad and the Denver Tramway Lines is just across the city line at the northwestern edge of Denver. It probably received its name from Clear Creek, on which it is located.

Cleora (5 pop.), Chaffee County. In 1878 representatives of the Santa Fe Railroad laid out a town about one mile below the mouth of the South Arkansas; they named it Cleora, in honor of the daughter of William Bale, keeper of a stagehouse known as Bales Station near the townsite.72 But when difficulties between the Santa Fe and Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroads were ad-
justed, Cleora was denied any assistance. A new town was laid out 2 miles above Cleora, and the latter soon became a town of the past. The new town was called Salida.73

Clifford (100 pop.), Lincoln County. This village on Big Sandy Creek was formerly known as Mirage. The name was changed to honor William Clifford, a local rancher and old-time employee of the Kansas Pacific Railroad.71

Clifton (300 pop.), Mesa County. The name Clifton was originally applied to a section of track on the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad. When the railroad was opened (1890) for operation in this region, it was necessary to indicate a station even if there were none; later a town grew up and adopted the name. As nearly as can be determined, Clifton was selected because of the Book Cliffs that are near the railroad at this point.75

Climax (250 pop.), Lake County, was founded in 1917, although a scattering of families had lived on the site since the 1890s. The town was alternately called Fremont Pass and Climax. The former name referred to its location near the natural gap whose name honored the explorer John C. Fremont; the second was given because the town was the highest station on the railroad. When a post office was established, the latter name became official.76 Climax produces a large part of the world's supply of molybdenum. This element, used as a steel hardener, was discovered here in early gold-rush days, but it was not until the twentieth century that its true nature and usefulness were learned.

Coal Creek (435 pop.), Fremont County, was founded in 1872, when the Atherton, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad was completed to the Musser Coal Banks. The year before the coming of the railroad, the Colorado Coal & Iron Company had become interested in this region, which now became a center of its activities.77 Mining is still carried on here. The name of the town is taken from that of a near-by stream, so-called because of the seams of coal along its sides.78

Coaldale (125 pop.), Fremont County. Originally a coal mining camp, from which fact the name originated, the town of Coaldale is now supported by gypsum mining. Large deposits of this element, which is used in the manufacture of plaster of paris, lie in the mountains all around the town. The railroad name for Coaldale is Pleasanton.79

Coalmont (300 pop.), Jackson County. This North Park village is the terminus of the Laramie, North Park & Western Railroad. Founded in 1911, Coalmont received its name, a contraction of "coal mountain," because of the coal deposits of the area. Here the coal lies so close to the surface it can be dug with steam shovels.80

Cochetopa (36 pop.). Although there are many interpretations of the name, Lieutenant Edward F. Beale, who passed through here in 1853, recorded that Cochetopa (spelled Coochatope) signifies, in the Ute language, Buffalo Gate; and that the Mexicans had the same name for it—El Puerto de los Cibolos, the Pass of the Buffalo. The pass and creek were so called because of the large herds of these animals that used the pass.81

Cokedale (500 pop.), Las Animas County. This station on the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad, is a coal mining community owned by the American Smelting & Refining Company, which operates the largest ovens in the county, giving the town its name.82

Coleman, Weld County, had its beginning about 1910, when D. C. Coleman homesteaded in the vicinity. Shortly, a store was built, and a post office established. Today, there is little except a store and a school.83

Colfax, Fremont County. Founded in 1870 as Colfax, this ghost town was named to honor Schuyler Colfax, who had used his influence towards having Government wagons escort the colony on the way to its new settlement. The town and surrounding land was first settled by a German semi-cooperative colony from Chicago, originally organized under the name, "Colfax Agricultural and Industrial Colonization Company of Fremont County." However, dissension caused the colony to break up, and the post office was moved to the Palmer Ranch in 1872. It was then named Blumenau; later it was returned to the original site and again became Colfax.84

Collbran (341 pop.), Mesa County, was founded in 1891. The original name was Hawhurst. Later (1894), through the influence of Dr. DeBeque (founder of DeBeque), the name was changed to Collbran, for a former railroad man of the community.85 Collbran was incorporated in 1908.86

Colona, Larimer County, was settled in 1858 by Antoine Janis and other French trappers who were married to Indian wives.86a The name is doubtless derived from the French word, colonie, meaning settlement or colony. In the spring of 1860 Hal Sayre,
pioneer surveyor, visited Colona, which was located a short distance west of present La Porte, and became interested in its possibilities. He and several associates joined with the first settlers and organized a town, which was later moved to La Porte. The change of name was made in 1862. The founders expected the town to assume great importance as a point on the first transcontinental railroad. In 1858 and 1859 the name "Colona" was proposed and seriously considered for the Territory that became Colorado.

Colona (100 pop.), Ouray County. The name is the Spanish word for "colonist." First named Hotchkiss, for Preston Hotchkiss, early settler and brother of Enos Hotchkiss, who established a town by the same name in Delta County. The advent of the railroad gave it the name of Colona.

Colorado City, El Paso County, was the forerunner of, and now a part of, modern Colorado Springs. Founded in 1859, it became the first capital of the Territory in 1861, although none of the functions of state were performed here after the sitting of the First Legislature. It became a center of population, second only to Denver, and during the first year more than a thousand people had settled here. It was incorporated into Colorado Springs in 1917.

Colorado Springs (33,237 pop.), seat of El Paso County, was laid out in 1871 near the site of the older settlement of Colorado City. It takes its name from the numerous mineral springs in the vicinity. For a time the site was known as El Paso (Spanish for "the pass") because of its proximity to Ute Pass, which served as a natural gateway to the mines on the upper reaches of the Colorado River. It was also known briefly as Fountain Colony. General William J. Palmer, head of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad, was the moving spirit in the Colorado Springs Company which organized the city. Always an attraction as a health resort, Colorado Springs drew many wealthy Eastern and European notables, and at one time was regarded as the wealthiest city per capita in the United States.

Columbine (11 pop.), Routt County, was founded in 1895 by F. G. Bermdy, Tom Stuley, and Jack O'Donnel, and was named for the State flower, which grows here in profusion.

Como (80 pop.), Park County, was laid out in 1879. It was originally the Stubbs Ranch. The town, mainly occupied by Italian coal miners, was named for Lake Como in Italy.

Concrete (35 pop.), Fremont County. This almost-deserted community was once active in producing cement for the Portland Cement Company, and was named for its chief industrial product.

Conejos (90 pop.), seat of Conejos County and one of the oldest towns in Colorado, was settled in 1855 and contains the first church and the first convent built in Colorado. Major Lafayette Head was one of the leaders in founding the town. Conejos is the Spanish word for "rabbits."

Conifer (100 pop.), Jefferson County, is situated in a thick growth of conifers, and received its name from this natural setting. There is a rural school, a church in which services are occasionally held, and a few scattered farm houses.

Cope (94 pop.), Washington County. Cope, a farming community, was founded in 1888 by Jonathan C. Cope, for whom it was named. Mr. Cope, an employee of the Burlington Railroad, was sent here to take a homestead that would serve as a terminal for a projected line. The settlement grew up about his ranch house, which boasted one of the most beautiful artificial groves in the plains section.

Copper Rock, Boulder County, was so called for a large patch of green copper stain on the side of a cliff in Four-mile Canyon. When gold was discovered here, about 1891, this name was given to the mushroom camp, which is now a ghost town.

Copper Spur (26 pop.), Eagle County, was founded in 1909 as a station on a spur of the Denver & Salt Lake Railway. The town was first known as Coppertown; this was later changed to Copper Spur. The name is derived from a copper mill built on the railroad spur.

Cornish (140 pop.), Weld County, was laid out in 1911 by Henry Breder, owner of the land, when the Union Pacific Railroad built a branch line through this area, from Greeley to Briggsdale. It was named for a Mr. Cornish, a civil engineer in the employ of the railroad.

Cortez (921 pop.), seat of Montezuma County, was founded in 1886 upon a part of the homestead owned by James W. Hanna, who suggested its name and who sold the land to the Montezuma
Land & Development Company. The name is that of the Spanish leader who conquered Mexico in the sixteenth century. The town was incorporated November 10, 1902.

Cory (17 pop.), Delta County, was named for Cora Hurshman, wife of the first postmaster. The spelling was changed by postal authorities when the office was granted in March, 1895.

Cosden, Gunnison County. This ghost town, founded in the early 1880s, was probably named for a Dr. Cosden, a resident. Formerly known as Wagontown, because wagons had to be abandoned here and the rest of the journey up the canyon made by jack trains. It was situated where the valley of the Tomichi begins to narrow into the canyon.

Costilla, Taos County, New Mexico. Formerly in Costilla County, Colorado. In 1848, George Gold of Taos, New Mexico, attempted to make a settlement at Costilla, but the settlement was a failure, due to opposition from the owners of the Sangre de Cristo Land Grant. A permanent settlement was established in 1849, however, and a store was opened in 1851 by Moretz, Bielshowski, and Koenig. Costilla is Spanish for "rib" and "furring timber." The Costilla River was named by the Spaniards before 1800, and the town and later the county adopted the name. The present Colorado-New Mexico boundary line was settled by the United States Supreme Court, January 26, 1925.

Cotopaxi (238 pop.), Fremont County, was founded before 1880. In 1882 a Jewish colony was started here. There are two versions of the meaning of this word. One is that it is of Quechua Indian origin, meaning "shining pile"; another source defines the word as meaning "low pass." The name was probably derived from the Cotopaxi Volcano of South America; there is a hill south of the town that bears the same name, possibly given by Spanish explorers. The vicinity has large deposits of granite, calcium, carbonates, and lime.

Cottonwood (Springs), Chaffee County. This name is derived from the resort's location at the mouth of tree-filled Cottonwood Canyon and the hot springs that rise here.

Cowdrey (25 pop.), Jackson County, was named for an early settler, Charles Cowdrey, who, in the 1880s, established a hotel, or roadhouse, in the village.

Cragmor (150 pop.), El Paso County, was founded in 1906, when Dr. Edwin S. Sally established Cragmor Sanatorium here. The name was chosen for its geographical site—at the foot of Austin Bluffs, where the "crags" and the "moor" meet.

Craig (1,418 pop.), Moffat County. Settlement began here in 1875, ranch claims being developed. In 1889 Craig was laid out by the Craig Townsite Company, which was formed by Reverend Bayard Craig. The town took its name from its promoter. It was incorporated in 1908.

Crawford (157 pop.), Delta County. The town was named for George A. Crawford, frontier capitalist, speculator and former Governor of Kansas, who started many towns of the Western Slope in the 1880s. A post office was established in 1893, and the town was incorporated December 19, 1910.

Creede (384 pop.), seat of Mineral County, was founded in 1890. Shortly thereafter, Nicholas C. Creede made important mineral discoveries, which led to such an influx of miners and others that almost overnight the town had a population of 10,000. Creede absorbed several mining camps in its rapid growth, including Amethyst, Jintown, and Bachelor. Under the name of Creede, it was incorporated in May, 1892.

Crested Butte (1,251 pop.), Gunnison County. This coal mining town was named for a near-by mountain whose top resembled a cock's comb. Crested Butte was founded by Howard F. Smith, who, in the spring of 1879, brought the first saw mill here. The town was incorporated in July, 1880.

Crestone (86 pop.), Saguache County, was founded in 1879 by gold prospectors. The name is Spanish for "cock's comb." (free translation) and was derived from near-by Crestone Peak (14,291 ft.). The village was incorporated in January, 1902.

Cripple Creek (1,427 pop.), seat of Teller County. The site was settled as a homestead in 1876 by William W. Womack of Kentucky. In 1884 Womack sold the land to the Pikes Peak Cattle & Land Company, which, in 1885, sold it to the cattle firm of Bennett and Myers. These men used it as grazing land for their thousands of cattle. "Bob" Womack, son of the original owner, had turned to prospecting for gold. The assays of his ore brought miners hurrying into the area, and a mining camp known as Fremont soon mushroomed into existence. This name was changed in 1891, after
Bennett and Myers platted a townsite. Incorporation papers, naming the town Cripple Creek, were filed the next year (1892). The new name was taken from the creek that ran through the town. The creek is said to have been so named by early cowboys because a cow was crippled while attempting to cross it.

Crisman (Camp Crisman) (35 pop.), Boulder County, a mining town (silver and lead), began as a general store-post office in 1875. It was named by G. A. Kelley, trader and postmaster, for a prominent pioneer of Gunnison County.

Crook (251 pop.), Logan County. Named by the Union Pacific in 1881, after Major General George R. Crook, who commanded the Department of the Platte from 1875 to 1882. The Holland Colony settled here in 1893, but failed the same year.

Crookton, Gunnison County. This ghost town, originally Crookville, was named for C. E. Crooks, father of H. S. Crooks, both prominent pioneers of Gunnison County.

Cross Mountain (48 pop.), Moffat County. The town was settled in 1912 by a Mr. Thompson, and was named for a near-by mountain that was cut in two by the Yampa River.

Crowley (323 pop.), Crowley County. Named for John H. Crowley, State Senator from Otero County in 1911, when Crowley County was organized from a portion of Otero County. The town was incorporated in 1921.

Crystal (Crystal City), Gunnison County. This ghost town, which had a population of fifty in 1882, probably derives its name from the Crystal River upon which it was founded.

Cuchara, Huerfano County. Cuchara is a Spanish word meaning “spoon.” The town was named for the Cuchara River, which in turn derived its name from the spoon-like shape of the valley through which it flows.

Cuchara Camps, Huerfano County. This resort, founded in 1906, was also named for the Cuchara (Spoon) River.

Cumbres (15 pop.), Conejos County, is at the top of Cumbres Pass, for which it was named. Cumbres is Spanish for “summit” or “highest point.”

123Frank Hall, History of the State of Colorado, IV, 166.
125O. L. Bashin (publisher), History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys, 452.
126Emma Conklin, History of Logan County, 165.
127Denver Republican, January 30, 1892.
128Gunnison News-Champion, November 14, 1929.
129Information from E. C. McMechan, State Historical Society.
130Information from M. D. Fazzini, Pueblo, Colorado.
131Gunnison Republic, September 27, 1901.
132The S. S. G. S. Origin of Certain Place Names in the U. S. A. (Bulletin No. 258).
133Information from Albert E. Jameson, Cuchara Camps, Colorado.

Towns on Which Place Name Material Is Lacking


Cedar Creek Mines, Saguache Co.; Cedarhurst, Las Animas Co.; Celeryvale, Adams Co.; Cement, Fremont Co.; Cement Creek, San Juan Co.; Cement Plant, Larimer Co.; Centlicco (now Labato), Conejos Co.; Centennial City, Routt Co.; Centerville, Chaffee Co.; Centerville, La Plata Co.; Centerville, Park Co.; Cerro Summit, Huerfano Co.; Cheria, Lake Co.; Cherva, Pitkin Co.; Chas, Huerfano Co.; Chacra, Garfield Co.; Chaffee City (now Monarch), Chaffee Co.; Chalk Creek (P. O. Nathrop), Chaffee Co.; Chalk Mills, Chaffee Co.;

*Data regarding these or any not listed will be welcomed. Send information to the State Historical Society, State Museum, Denver.
Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune sent out a committee to locate a temperance town in the irrigated section. I had a relative who was a member of this committee. They looked over the Poudre valley and then went out to Salt Lake where the Mormons had had wonderful success in irrigation. They found it very prosperous there but did not want to settle amongst the Mormons and came back to Poudre valley to look that over again.

The Denver-Cheyenne railroad made them an offer on lands for three dollars an acre, as they owned the alternate sections and the government the others. They finally made a bargain with the railroad people for whatever land they wished, which lay between the Cache la Poudre and the Big Thompson. They went back to New York and organized the colony, electing N. C. Meeker as president.

When the Greeley colony was organized they put the membership at one hundred and fifty-five dollars. That entitled each member to a building lot, a business lot and water for outside land, after they had built the ditches. The water was for ten acres joining Greeley, or twenty, forty, or eighty acres farther out. I chose eighty acres, out about five miles.

I had a cousin and her husband who had come out from Illinois and had been there about a year then wanted to go back to Illinois. She told me she owed a merchant about sixty-five dollars as they had been keeping a restaurant. I told her I would settle it with them and she could pay me later.

To show you how values increased, I offered my water right to Bill Dickens, a merchant, for one hundred dollars. He said, "Oh pshaw, Baker, they'll never get water way out there." But in about a month or so they were building ditches near this land and he called me in one day and asked me if I had sold the water right. I said, "No, but I wouldn't sell it to you now for less than one hundred and fifty dollars." Finally he took me up. A year or so later I asked him if he had ever sold the water right and he said, "Yes, I got five hundred dollars for it." A few years later the same land sold for over a thousand dollars.

I will give you an item of my experience trading with the Indians. On a buffalo hunt that went down the Platte for a hundred miles, a few of us that were not hunters went along. In coming back we camped on the river. After making camp we saw a light way up the river and thought it was another hunting party,

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*Mr. Baker, one of the few survivors of the famous Union Colony, wrote this in a letter of July 19, 1937. It came in response to the solicitation of James R. Harvey and was written from Watertown, Massachusetts.—Ed.
but before we had finished our supper there came a band of Indians yelling and shooting off guns and surrounded our camp. They were just friendly Indians giving us a scare, but it certainly made our hair stand on end! They had a lot of handsome spotted ponies and I bantered with one of the young Indians to trade with me as I had a nice black pony. He said, "Me trade but want boot." Finally I made a trade giving him an old revolver with a small sack of sugar to boot. I had a long lariat tied to my arm as I went to bed with my head on my saddle. In the night I heard a dog bark in the camp and I pulled my lariat in to see how my pony was getting along and lo and behold I didn’t have any pony! The lariat had been cut and the pony stolen. The Indians had broken camp and left. Some of the boys said, "Let’s get right after them, we can get the pony." The two old men who lived there said, "No, boys, you’ll come back without your scalps if you do, you’d better pocket your loss and forget about it."

I’ll give you my experience in riding bucking bronchos. I went to a friend’s camp soon after I went out to Colorado and the cowboys asked me if I could ride horse-back. I bragged, "Oh yes, I can ride most any horse," but I never had ridden anything but a plow horse. The next morning the boys said, "Come on, Baker, we have a horse for you to ride, we are going out to round up some horses." I thought it was queer that about three of them were holding the broncho for me to get on and after they had helped me on I said, "Let her go!" And the broncho surely did go; instead of straight ahead, it was straight up and down. The boys picked me up unconscious. I soon came to again as there were no bones broken, but I was pretty sore for a few days. The headman got after the boys, but they said, "Well, he said he could ride."

I am sorry that I can’t think of any more to tell you but my memory is rather poor and it is hard for me to recall things that happened so long ago.
Pioneer Life in the San Luis Valley
As Told by William Hansen to Velma West Sykes*

Like many another of the western pioneers my father, Peter Hansen, came west as a soldier and remained to help settle up the country. He was stationed with others of his regiment in 1862 under Major Chivington at old Ft. Garland in the San Luis Valley of southern Colorado. Then he was sent alone down on the Conejos River to make friends with the Indians in that section, and there seems to have been good reason for the commander's choice, for father always got along well with the redskins. His method seemed to have been much like that of Brigham Young, who always contended that it was cheaper to feed an Indian than to fight him. After my father began running cattle, he would make friends with the tribes that went through by shooting a few steers and saying to them, "These are for you." The savages never molested his other stock nor showed him or his family any hostility.

It was while he was stationed on the Conejos that he got hold of his first milk cows and began making butter which he peddled locally and then to Santa Fe for as much as $1 per pound. Santa Fe being more than 130 miles away, father would make only about three trips each summer. His butter he packed in big stone jars and kept it with salt over the top. When he would be making a trip with it, he would also pack green grass on top of it and then keep wet gunny-sacks wrapped around the jars. At every stream he would stop and wet the sacks again with the fresh, cold water. He usually had about 300 pounds before he would start out to sell it. Coming back from one of these trips he had $310 with him and was robbed of it by a bandit that held him up with his own gun.

It was growing late in the evening and father had made camp on the Ojo Caliente Creek in New Mexico. He built his campfire, set the coffee pot and various camp equipment near it, and then unhitched and led the mules down to water. When he came back up from the creek, there stood a man on the wagon tongue levelling father's gun at him, which he had left on the wagon seat. It was a lonely spot miles from any settlement and my father knew that the man could kill him, take his equipment, and no one might ever be the wiser. He handed the robber his roll and never did find any trace of it again, although he did learn through Mexican friends the name of the man who took his money. However, it could not be proven and perhaps father felt a little sheepish about being caught without his gun, for he always told it as rather a joke on himself.

He had been born in Germany and had come over to America at the age of seventeen, landing with one gold dollar in his pocket. For a year and a half he worked for $8 per month in Cincinnati in a box factory, and then decided to come out to the California gold fields. Believe it or not, he had saved out of that $8 per month, but must have found it a pretty slow process. At Garden City, Kansas, he fell in with some others drifting west and enlisted in the army. After that the government took a hand in the destiny of Peter Hansen.

The San Luis Valley was sparsely settled at that time and mostly by Mexicans who had been there before their homesteads and citizenship were transferred to the United States with the land purchased by this country from Mexico after the Mexican war.

*Mr. Hansen is a prominent ranchman of the San Luis Valley. Mrs. Sykes lives in Kansas City, Missouri.—Ed.
Just as many of the early scouts became squaw-men, squaws being the only local available wives, so many of the American soldiers and early settlers in the Southwest, including Kit Carson, who for a time was stationed at this same Ft. Garland, married the dark-eyed Mexican señoritas. But father heard of a German colony that had settled over at Wet Mountain Valley, on the other side of Mt. Blanca, and he made a trip over that way to look over the rosy-cheeked girls with the blue eyes and yellow hair of his native land. Returning from his second trip over there, he brought with him the woman who later became my mother, Amelia Tessendorf. Their marriage may not seen romantic to some of our modern young people, but it was a happy one and lasted for 42 years, when my father died. He had been in the valley nine years when he and mother were married, had received his honorable discharge from the army, and had bought an old Spanish place down on the Conejos which obviously needed a mistress.

I was born at this first home but my recollections of it date from a later period, for I was only about three years old when father became a “squatter” up on the Rio Grande. The Spanish place remained in the family for years afterward and I recall how large it was, built around a square (this could hardly be called a patio for it had no fountain or garden) and the ‘dobe walls of it were three feet thick. Father never used his homestead rights, but when the piece of land on which he settled on the Rio Grande was surveyed, it proved to be school land so he bought it, and this was his and mother’s home until they died. In later years when the family holdings included a number of ranches we always referred to it as the River Ranch. It was good, bottom land and covered with a natural crop of hay. That first house there of three large rooms I can remember was built partly of logs and partly of sod, but neatly plastered with ‘dobe in the Mexican fashion. The sill of the door leading into the kitchen was almost a foot from the ground. I wore little red flannel dresses to play in, for children were dressed warmly in those days and the valley’s altitude of more than 7,000 feet makes it cool even in summer. In a coop outside the door my mother had a pair of geese, and I recall trying to get over that sill one day and the old gander would catch my little red flannel dress tail and keep pulling me back until my howls brought my mother to the rescue.

Both my mother and father were hard-working people and brought their children up to work with them. I notice the emphasis my parents put on teaching us to work is now put on teaching children to play, even after they are grown-up. I can’t help wondering how this will turn out. At times I thought my father was hard, though. We didn’t know then that there was artesian water in the valley and watered our stock from the river. One Christmas day when I was about fourteen years old and the river was frozen over at least two and a half feet thick, I had to chop a hole in that ice. It had to be done according to very rigid directions from my father. The hole was oblong, about 8 feet long and 3 feet wide, and it had to be chopped so that I would not break through the final inch or so until the whole opening was fairly evenly dug out—then we could just break through to the water. That’s one Christmas I always remembered as it took the better part of the day—and a bitter, cold day it was.

If my father was a hard man, he was also a just one, and when I was sixteen and already doing a man’s work, he said to me one day, “Willie, do you want to work for wages or for the first day’s branding of heifer calves?”

I looked at my father in surprise, for he had anticipated my restless thoughts the last few months. I had begun to have vague notions of more independence than a boy expects to have.

“I wouldn’t work for you for wages, father,” I said frankly, “because I could get the same wages from others who don’t demand so much of their men. So I’ll work for the heifer calves.”

That evening father and I stood at a bar and drank to our new agreement, but I should explain that both my father and myself were always temperate men and drank only moderately to
refresh ourselves after a hard grind. The hard-drinking cattlemen neglected their business, as is the case with men in any other line of work. We knew the bartender who served us and he also had cattle holdings and a son about my age, so father said to him:

“Well, Henry, I’m giving Willie all the heifer calves from the first day’s round-up after this.”

“Huh,” grunted Henry. “I pay my boys wages. Let them save and buy their own herd like I did.”

That first day we rounded up 260 heifer calves that were given my brand. Father’s was the house top brand—mine the house top upside down with a bar. I felt a little sorry for Henry’s boys when they saw me drive away with my own livestock, although they had their wages in their pockets and whooped it up in town for a couple of days. Five years later at another round-up I was weeding out a bunch of fat, young steers and one of Henry’s boys said to me enviously,

“Are they all from that first bunch of heifers?”

“Every one,” I answered.

“That just shows,” he said, “that money is no good to a fellow.”

One advantage that the new country has over the one long settled is that there is always plenty of work to be done. Slack seasons could be filled in with work on better living quarters, shelter for the stock, or looking after the food which was stored away. I can remember when my father used to make just two trips a year to Pueblo to buy groceries and other supplies and I used to go with him in the wagon—a matter of about 130 miles one way. So early would we start that often I have wakened up to find myself on the way, with no recollection of my mother dressing me and my father carrying me to the bed she had made for me in the wagon. Those trips were events in a boyhood somewhat lacking in experiences not connected with regular ranch chores. For several years I must have been too small to be more than company for my father, but I knew he liked having me with him. I was the oldest, and the only son, but I had two sisters, Lizzie and Emma, who stayed with my mother.

We would be about five days, going and coming, and I remember the big black mule team father drove and can recall their names, Jim and Nick. One night when we were camped on La Veta Pass the pack rats stole my shoes, a new pair just purchased in Pueblo. But the trips were not exciting ones and I even fail to recall much about how the city looked at that time. It seemed very big to me and I stayed close to my father and I do remember we always stopped at Bill Hamilton’s livery barn, sleeping in the wagon there at night.

How could we manage by shopping only twice a year? My mother must have figured very carefully the supplies needed, but I know if any staple commodity began to show that it would not last the required time at the rate we were using it, mother would cut down on it and after that doled it out to us. But we lived well, for we raised much of our provisions, and the butter mother made in the summer alone bought the provisions needed outside of what we raised. Modern dairy farmers would question our extravagant habit of letting the calves run with the cows and just milking them once a day, while they were allowed to go dry in the winter, but that was the most practical and profitable way for us to keep a milk herd in that climate at that time.

After Alamco was settled—about 1878, I think—I can remember how my mother would ride into town on horseback with her butter. Often in the spring of the year the Rio Grande would flood much of our place and she would have to ride “up on the saddle” as we spoke of the higher ground, and I would follow on horseback behind my mother, for she knew where it was safe. I still have a walnut bedstead that she bought me one year from her butter profits. While she had had to start with crude, home-made furniture, she was always fond of good pieces, and as she could, would buy them. This bedstead meant many a steady hour at the churn and many a long ride into town, but golden butter in neat, round molds paid for it—a pioneer form of the installment plan.

My father’s cellar was filled with potatoes to last until the next crop, and with everything else raised on the ranch that could be stored away during the long, cold winter—and we have cold winters in the valley. Father had a small stove in the cellar that sometimes had to be used to keep the temperatures from going below what it should, and there was seldom a day in severe weather that he did not investigate the store-room that meant comfort and safety for his family for the winter. There were no government agencies to step in and assist him or take over his responsibility—he and his wife must live and bring up their family by what they alone accumulated. The very lives of him and the rest of us depended upon the temperature of his cellar!

Hogs were butchered every winter and the meat cured in the many ways known to the German housewife. All the bread was baked in the home, and although fruit was scarce in the valley, my mother made choke-cherry jelly and used the wild currants in various ways. These were picked on Trinchera Creek, about twenty-five miles away, and mother and her sister, who lived on a neighboring ranch, would spend a whole week there gathering the currants in tubs. There were also plenty of wild raspberries then in the mountains—the large, juicy red ones—and these added to the
fruit part of our diet. Wild plums were always brought every year by acquaintances from Taos and the pinion nuts so plentiful in the foothills were bought from the Mexicans. The wild raspberries, by the way, are scarce now because of the precautions against forest fires. There seemed to be something about the fires which started them growing, and they would flourish for about ten years—but now it is very hard to find a patch.

In spite of all this, mother had time to sew for us all, to make quilts and rag rugs, and to keep her house immaculate. Of course she had Mexican help most of the time as did my father, but this brought responsibility as they usually lived with their families in little 'dobe houses on the place. Some of their ways irked my mother, who had the German housewife's love of cleanliness. The fellow who tracked into her kitchen with muddy boots received the full measure of her just resentment and was not likely to forget the next time.

My mother's social life for years consisted of her infrequent trips to town with her butter, occasional visits with neighbors who were few and far between, and the unexpected guests for dinner who would be men coming to see my father on business and who were of course asked to stay for the next meal—usually the noon one. Yet I never heard my mother complain of her lot. If she was ever discontented, she kept the matter to herself and I'm very sure she would not have mentioned it to my father. Husbands and wives were less familiar with each other then. They were working partners but each one was supposed to keep up his part of the relationship—and when necessary, help the other.

An instance of this was the time my father wanted to buy some more land and had negotiated for it, but there had been some delay in clearing the title, so that when the other party was ready to close the deal, my father lacked temporarily $1,500 of having the $21,000 cash he needed to pay for the land. He had plenty of cattle and other land for security to borrow such a trifling amount from the banks, but he never liked to do that unless he had to and so was grumbling at the table about it one day. My mother liked to tease him and now she said, "So, you're really in bad straits, eh? Trying to buy more land without money enough to pay for it. Maybe you'd like to borrow some money from me!"

My father laughed because he had no idea that she had any money on hand worth mentioning, but mother went over to a cupboard and brought down a large baking-powder can that seemed strangely heavy, and before the astonished eyes of all of us, turned out a bunch of gold pieces.

"Count out your money," she said to my father, who was staring at the gold in great surprise, "but remember that when your steers are sold in the fall, I want my money back. Willie, you be a witness to that!"

My father was not a demonstrative man but he was pleased with my mother's thrift as much as being able to get the money. "Well, well, well," he said smiling, "She's a pretty good old lady, I guess."

And mother blushed a little at such high praise from father—but that fall she got her money back and $500 more. They were neither inclined to soft speeches but my mother had a habit of telling father by the ears and saying affectionately, "'You darned old mule'"—only she used the German word for mule. And lest you wonder at her ability to save so much of her butter earnings, I must tell you of a funny habit she had which may have helped to swell the gold pieces in the baking-powder can.

After Alamosa became something of a town, every Saturday afternoon we regularly drove in to trade and for such recreation as could be found. Mothers and the children could not take in a picture show then as now and had to spend their time visiting with others, but of course fathers could find plenty of company in the saloon. In fact, it was the cattleman's club in those days, but mother would get through with her trading and then sit in her top buggy across the street from the saloon where father was usually to be found when in town, and she would count the men going in whom he would be likely to treat. Father always resented someone's trying to treat him, yet he always was a great hand to treat the others—although I never saw him drunk. Mother would coolly estimate the amount he would spend in that way and that evening she would say on the way home, "Pete, you treated so many men in the saloon today—now that adds up to so much—so the same amount is coming to me." And father always paid, with a chuckle at her shrewdness.

Some men are naturally gifted at finding chances to make money, and it was either that or luck that made my father one of the wealthiest men in that part of the country before he died. He kept buying land when he could until finally he had 8,300 acres of it right along the river, which meant the best land in that part of the country for grazing and hay. Once he had wanted to buy a piece of land, and before he had saved enough cash for it—which was the way father bought land—someone else came in and bought it and put about $10,000 worth of improvements on it. I kidded him about not getting the property but he had been watching the new owner's extravagance—putting so much money into the place before ever taking a dollar out of it—and he said quietly,

"I'll get that property yet—and I'll get it at just what the land is worth without having to pay for this fellow's improvements."
He did, too. The other fellow went broke and moved away—and father paid $10 per acre for the place, the current price of the land.

In 1883 father built what we called “the big house” on the River Ranch. It was of ‘dobe, cemented over, and although there were only seven rooms, these were all very large and there were large porches, while it must be remembered only the family occupied the main house. There were bunkhouses and tenant houses for the help. Father had let the contract for the house, but as he had really been a bricklayer and carpenter by trade in the old country—it was quite possible then to have a trade at seventeen—he came over one day and found that the man was doing a very poor job of work. When he spoke to the contractor about it, the fellow became quarrelsome and ordered father out of the house with a shotgun. We were all frightened and begged father to keep away from him, but this was one time when gun play did not bluff my father—or perhaps he realized this was only bluff, for he walked up and took the shotgun away from the workman, paid him for what he had already done, and then kicked him off the place. Then father finished up the house from a supervision standpoint himself. It is still a very good house.

I remember in the fall of ’92 he said to me, “Willie, we’ll sell every steer we can round up and every fat cow—even some of the younger stuff we usually keep. I have a hunch beef is going ‘way down.”

Other stockmen laughed at my father but he had the last laugh when they came to him later to see if he could tell them how long it would last—and to borrow money, for the banks are never very accommodating in bad times. Billy Meyers rode over one day and I happened to ride over the same day, as I was living on my own place then. We stayed for dinner, of course, and Billy told father he had come over to see if he could borrow $500 to run his outfit until fall.

“You can’t run an outfit the size of yours on $500,” said father.

“I’ve got to,” said Meyers desperately.

“No, I’ll lend you $1,500,” said my father. “You can give me your note, not because I think you’ll pay it any sooner with one than without, but if anything happened to either one of us, the note shows what you owe me.”

“I’ll give you my note and a bill of sale for the stock,” said the very much relieved borrower.

“You intend to pay me this money, don’t you?” said my father impatiently.

Of course,” said Meyers fervently.

“Then I don’t need anything but your note,” father said bluntly. “Just a minute and I’ll get it for you.”

“Have you got it here in the house?” asked Meyers, astonished. “Why, I’m afraid to take it—I might be robbed on my way home.”

“Nonsense,” said father. “Don’t tell anybody you’ve got it, of course.”

In times like this, that may seem a very unconventional way of lending money. But my father never lost any money that way. I remember being up at the corrals with him one day when an old Mexican who had worked for him at one time came up and spoke to him, saying he wanted to see him after he got through about borrowing some money.

“I’m no national bank,” father said shortly, and went on with his work. Old Juan hung around for a while and then as father paid no more attention to him, he started gloomily off about the time “the boss” had finished what he was doing.

“Where’s old Juan?” he asked me. “I thought he wanted some money.”

“Well, from the answer you gave him, I guess he figured you didn’t intend to let him have it,” I answered.

With a grunt father rode after Juan and brought him back. It seems he had to have about $250 to save a piece of property he was trying to buy, so father let him have the money for six months and made out the note for it.

“Now, Juan,” he said, “when this day comes, I want to see you coming in that gate.”

I was out milking the morning Juan’s note came due and here he came, asking for father. He looked uncomfortable and pulled out $80, which was all he had been able to save of the amount.

“That’s all right, Juan,” said my father, “but have you got any flour at home?”

“A little,” admitted Juan.

Father gave him back $10.

“I’ll keep only the $50 now,” he said, “and when you get more, you bring that to me. But take the $10 home and buy flour, Juan.”

Did I say my father was a hard man? He was—but only if he thought you had not tried as hard as you should. He could be strangely tender at times.