

## Forty Years in Colorado Mining Camps

By CHARLES McCLUNG LEONARD

Charles McClung Leonard, born in May, 1860, on a farm in Big Lick Township, Hancock County, Ohio, lived there until 1876 with the exception of two years—1870 to 1872—when the family lived in Oberlin.

Young Leonard came to Colorado with his family in 1876 where his father was seeking relief from asthma. Their first home was in Evans, then the county seat of Weld County.

There Charles knew the half-breed sons of Elbridge Gerry, who were expert at breaking bronchos. He saw an army of grasshoppers move in and devour the crops which he and his brother Robert had grown with much hard labor. He played in the local band at the big Fourth of July celebration in honor of Colorado's statehood. On October 3, 1876, Charles' father, Abner Leonard, was elected to the state House of Representatives from Weld County.

Soon the Leonard family moved to St. Louis [Loveland] where Abner Leonard bought a flour mill. Charles was not very satisfied in mill work so obtained work in a wholesale grocery store in Denver. In 1879 he went to the new mining camp called Leadville. During the next forty years he was at some time or other in most of the mining camps then active in Colorado.

In 1894 he married Alice Walker who had come from Nebraska to teach at Red Mountain in San Juan County. They lived a few months in Boulder, then moved to Leadville. In 1897 they went to the Cripple Creek District, making the trip with a horse and two-wheeled cart.

The Leonards built a house in Elkton which was still standing in 1958, although Elkton is a ghost town. Mr. Leonard was on the Elkton Mine in the early years, later on the Golden Cyle, and was Master Mechanic of the Vindicator for eight years. In 1918 the family moved to Brighton where he was assistant Master Mechanic at the Great Western Sugar factory.

In 1926 he and Mrs. Leonard followed their son, Fred, and daughter, Katherine, to Southern California. They settled in Pasadena where Mrs. Leonard died in 1948; and Mr. Leonard, in 1951.

Mr. Leonard was a member of the Masonic Lodge in Leadville for 61 years. For more than 50 years he was a member of El Jebel Temple and Colorado Consistory No. 1 in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard had three children: one, a baby born in Leadville died there; a son, Fred, resided in Las Vegas, Nevada, until his death in 1959; and Katherine, of Pasadena, California. Miss Leonard, a graduate of the University of Colorado, has long been interested in the work of the State Historical Society of Colorado, and has made it possible for *The Colorado Magazine* to print the following article written by her father.—*Editor*.

In the spring of 1879, I left Loveland for Denver and worked in a wholesale grocery for about three months. Among my fellow workers there was a lot of talk of Leadville. It wasn't long before a few of us began to make plans to go there.

We met a man who took passengers for Leadville—and we were on our way. The coach was a farm wagon, and the motive power, a little pair of mules. There were eight of us passengers. I cannot say just what per cent of the distance we rode, but I believe we walked much more than we rode. We were six days making the trip, camping out at night without a tent. I cannot remember that it rained, so I guess we were lucky.

Our route was through Morrison, up Turkey Creek to the South Platte, up that river to Webster, then over Kenosha Hill to South Park. We crossed the Park to Como which was at the end of the South Park railroad. From Como on we had to get through the best we could. Traffic certainly hampered our "light and fast express," but we finally got through.

From Como we went to Fairplay, then we crossed the Park or Mosquito Range over Weston Pass at an altitude of 12,000 feet. On Weston Pass one short stretch was so steep that two rough locks wouldn't hold our wagon, so a two-foot diameter snubbing post was set in at the top of the steep pitch and a huge rope was used to let the wagons down. Beyond the pass there was an easy grade of about twenty miles up the river to Leadville.

I have never forgotten my first sight of Leadville. It was situated on the east side of the Arkansas Valley (there about eight miles wide), at the foot of the Park Range. We started up Chestnut Street. We could look up its length, possibly two miles. It was a crawling mass of horses, mules, wagons, and men. It looked impossible to get through, but we made it in about two hours.

Leadville then was a town of 25,000 or more people with around a hundred producing mines. The ore was practically all smelted by the six or so smelters in the mining district, so no ore had to be shipped out. But all mining and smelting supplies, all the food eaten, all the people wore and all they drank (this was a considerable item) had to be brought in by the two little, narrow gauge railroads to their respective terminals<sup>1</sup> and from there by wagon to town. We could only guess as to the number of wagon trains on the way from each railroad. Each wagon train was usually made up of either six or eight teams; each team usually of eight horses or mules, had a big freight wagon with a trailer, and both loaded. Each wagon train had a wagon boss who rode a good saddle horse. The drivers all drove with a jerk line and rode a saddle on the left wheel horse. The driver of the head wagon got ten dollars more than the others as he had to set the pace. There were still a few bull trains on the road, but horses seemed to outlast both bulls and mules.

<sup>1</sup> Como was then the terminal of the Denver, South Park and Pacific. The Denver and Rio Grande was a similar distance away, down the Arkansas River Valley.

As soon as I could, I looked up some folks from Loveland—the West brothers who, with their mother, were living seven or eight miles up the Arkansas. My first job was with the West boys, building several miles of fence for the Grant Smelting Company<sup>2</sup> who wanted to gather in all the timber land they could. The prospectors, however, objected to having their timber taken from them, and we were stopped in about a month.

My next job was for another man who had been in business at St. Louis,<sup>3</sup> owning a general store there. He now had a contract to haul lumber from a mill to a lumber yard in Leadville, some eight miles. I signed on with him as a mule skinner, and stayed on the job three months. It was interesting work and I enjoyed it. There were three teams and we made one-and-a-half round trips a day, being in Leadville one night and, the next at the mill.

When we were on the road we always had to keep an eye out for the stages which ran to and from Georgetown and which were driven by drivers whose normal condition was at least "three sheets in the wind." As they carried U. S. mail, they had the right of way. Also as the stagecoaches were heavy enough to wreck anything that got in their way, it was necessary to give them plenty of room.

One afternoon in December, with snow twelve to fifteen inches deep, I heard a stage coming behind me. The horses were on the run. They caught me at a place where I couldn't turn out on the left, and on my right lay a big pine that had fallen about parallel with the road. I was just passing the top of the pine whose lower branches extended to the road, so I couldn't go to the right. I hurried the team as much as possible, but you can't hurry a team of mules with a big load of lumber. As the stage came up to me, the driver tried to guide his horses between my load and the tree, but his lead team took to the right of the tree. They dragged the swing team into it, with the wheelers and the coach on the left. They piled up in a mess. The stage driver gave a fine exhibition of high, wide, and handsome cussing, while I, as soon as I came to a place where I could, got off the road and waited till he passed me. He was lucky that no horses were killed, and I felt the same that my outfit was all together.

<sup>2</sup> James Grant, a jurist and lawyer of national reputation, of Davenport, Iowa, entered into a partnership with his nephew, James B. Grant, of Leadville, and financed the building of one of the first smelting and reduction plants erected in the area, in 1878. He afterwards sold out his interest to William H. James and Edward Eddy. The partnership thus formed in Leadville was continued and developed in Denver by the erection in 1882 of the important plant of the J. B. Grant Smelting Company in Denver, later reorganized as the Omaha and Grant Smelting and Refining Company. The chimney stack, at the time of its erection, was one of the tallest in the United States. It was dynamited for the sake of safety in 1950.—*Editor.*

<sup>3</sup> The buildings of Old St. Louis gradually were moved into Loveland when that townsite was laid out, close by. Loveland was started in 1877 and incorporated in 1881.

One morning as I was driving in with my load, I met a man who told me that two men had been lynched the night before and were still hanging from the frame of the new courthouse then building. Our lumberyard was only a block from the courthouse, but I didn't think I wanted to see the spectacle so I passed it up. The lynching was said to have been done by a small group of prominent businessmen and was thought justifiable.

Leadville at that time was the noisiest place you could imagine. The ore haulers and freighters in the daytime were bad enough, but the dance halls, variety theaters, and saloons at night were worse. There were, as I remember, six large dance halls, about the same number of variety theaters, and innumerable saloons and gambling halls in operation.

As the holidays approached that fall, the folks became insistent on my returning home, so a few days before Christmas I left for Loveland. We had to go by stagecoach to Como which was the end of the nearest railroad. The stage line I rode had four coaches going out that day. There were several other lines, one connecting with the D. & R. G. somewhere near Salida, another which ran to Como over Mosquito Pass, and still another line running to Georgetown. The stage line over Mosquito Pass was owned by Wall and Witter of Denver, and was powered by mules. The road coming down the west side of the pass was in plain sight from Leadville, and was not over five or six miles away. It was quite a sight on a clear day to see stages coming down the zigzag road. Wherever the road straightened out enough those mules would be running their best.

At home I went to work again in the mill. But by spring, I had promoted a grubstake from two Loveland men for a former Loveland man and myself to prospect in the Gunnison country that summer. Our outfit, which exemplified our lack of knowledge on what a prospecting outfit should be, consisted of a light spring wagon and a team of horses. We also loaded the wagon down with about 1500 pounds of groceries and cured meats. I drove through to Leadville alone, and by pretty careful driving got that far in very good shape.

My partner and I left Leadville for the Gunnison country on May 25, 1880. A word about my partner—he was a six-foot, two hundred pound Pennsylvania Dutchman, a college man, grandson of a famous Westmoreland, Pennsylvania, distiller whose name, A. Overholt, is yet a well-known one on bottled goods. His name was Christian Overholt, shortened to Chris, then he became "the Dutchman," and finally "Dutch."

At that time in the mountains of Colorado wherever there were wagon roads one would find road ranches, equipped with corrals and a camphouse for travellers, as well as the larger house, with a small stock of groceries and a bar. The camp-



PROSPECTORS ON THE TRAIL

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house would have an old cookstove and usually several bunks where the unwary could unroll their blankets and sleep. At these places hay and feed were sold for the stock.

As the Dutchman was ten years older than I was, and more experienced, he, of course, advised me on the rules and conditions of life on the road. One of the first things he cautioned me about was sleeping in a camphouse unless you were very careless of the company you kept. In other words, they were all stocked up with various little animals known as gray-backs, bedbugs, and woodticks.

The first evening of the trip we camped a few miles above Buena Vista. Dutch picked a site for our beds under the pro-

jecting eaves of a stable where we would have some roof over us in case of rain. Another camper made his bed in a nice level place, near us, but lower. During the night there was a heavy rain, followed by snow. We were awakened by our fellow camper whose sleeping place seemed to have been an old channel. His first notice of it had been a two-foot wall of nice, cold water. From his language, he was quite upset. We only got a few inches of snow on our beds.

We early found that our combined knowledge of camping lacked quite a lot. In the first place our equipment was wrong. We should have had pack animals instead of a team and wagon. We had brought at least three times the load we should have. However, by patronizing most of the blacksmith shops along the way, and particularly by the use of plenty of baling wire, we finally got through with our load intact. The second day out from Leadville, Dutch said we should cook some beans, of which we had fifty pounds. So that evening we got out the two- or three-gallon camp kettle, put in about five pounds of pintos, and put it on the campfire. We kept the kettle boiling till we turned in. But as the beans were not cooked, Dutch said we could take them along and finish them the next day. Next evening they were still hard. I think we boiled them five or six evenings, and finally threw them away.

We reached Gunnison County some eight or ten days after leaving Leadville. Our route had been down the Arkansas to Poncha Springs, over Poncha Pass to San Luis Valley, Saguache, Cochetopa Pass, then down the Tomichi to Gunnison City. Our objective was Ruby, or Irwin<sup>4</sup> as it was then called, thirty-five or so miles north of Gunnison City. On reaching the foot of a spur of the Elk Mountains about ten miles from Ruby, we found we were a month too early to get across with a team. The pass was not so high, probably not much over 11,000 feet, but it was very heavily timbered, and as the Elk Mountains have more snowfall than anywhere else in the state, the road was impassable. There were probably two or three hundred of us camped there on the head of Ohio Creek waiting to get

<sup>4</sup> Irwin, Gunnison County ghost town, was founded November 20, 1879, and was first known as Ruby Camp because of the large quantities of ruby silver ore in the mines here. Later, it was renamed to honor Richard (Dick) Irwin, one of the founders of the town. For three years, Irwin was one of the most promising camps in the state, and in 1881 had a population of 3,000.—*The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, No. 4 (July, 1941), p. 9. Considerable confusion exists in regard to Haverly, Silver Gate, Ruby Camp, and Irwin. Colorado Business Directories describe Irwin as also known as Ruby Camp. All maps of the period except one show distinct location. One source identifies Haverly, Ruby Camp and Silver Gate as the same town and states that Irwin was one-fourth mile distant. The weight of evidence seems to indicate that Irwin was a separate town organization, and that Silver Gate, Haverly and Ruby were on the same town site and were name changes.—*Ibid.*, pp. 145-146. According to the *Gunnison Review*, May 29, 1880, p. 2 c. 2, "The town site of Irwin has been approved by the General Land Office, as will be seen by the following dispatch, received by Capt. Dunbar, attorney for the Irwin town site company: 'To John D. Henderson, Washington, D. C. May 21, 1880—Survey of town site of Irwin approved by this office on the 7th instant, J. A. Williamson, Commissioner General Land Office.'"

over the pass.<sup>5</sup> We put in our time hunting for deer and elk and also doing a little prospecting. We also picked up another man there, a Norwegian named Peter Davis, who had mined several years.

We got pretty chummy with two other outfits who were from Canon City. Several of them were ranchmen, one was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, one was a blacksmith, and another was an old-timer we called "Dad." One evening around the campfire we all decided that while waiting to go over the pass to Irwin, we would go over west along the range to another creek we had seen on our hunting trips. The next morning our horses were missing, so Dutch and I put in about two hours looking for them. The rest of the crowd got off ahead of us. However, we did get packed up about nine o'clock and followed their trail.

Just after we started we met a man with a saddle horse, a bird dog, and three burros. Judging by the trail they had left, they had been over in the gulch where we were going. Dutch and I got to the camp the others had made and we noticed the number of bear, deer, and elk tracks around. The armament Dutch and I had consisted of a made-over army needle gun, cal. .45-70 and a double barreled muzzle-loading shotgun. For light artillery I also carried a .44 cal. British bulldog revolver. I might mention that there were no game laws in force in the state in 1880, so one could hunt game at any time of the year.

By the time we reached camp the others had their rifles out and cleaned, ready for hunting. Dutch wanted to take our needle gun so I took the old shotgun. Our shot of two or three different sizes had been thrown together, and I had the mixed lot on a blanket trying to sort it. The rest of the crowd were talking about the number of bear tracks they had seen. All at once the old-timer we called Dad said, "Why, there's a bear now."

I thought, of course, he was trying to have a little fun with us and I looked up with a grin on my face. Glancing over where he was looking, I lost my grin. Not more than seventy-five feet from us was a big, brown bear, the first one I had ever seen. He looked as big as an ox. He had not seen us and the wind must have been wrong for him to get our scent. Talk about mobilization! We were all so excited that it took a minute or so before hostilities began. Everybody joined in as fast as he could. At the first shot, the bear started straight for our camp, coming to within twenty-five feet of us. Then he turned, jumped across the creek, went up the hill, and disappeared. I don't mind admitting I was pretty scared during the battle. I had had both our guns in my hands not five minutes before, but couldn't find either one of them after that

<sup>5</sup> This was probably Ohio Pass, though Kebler Pass also was near.

first shot. I did remember, however, by the time the bear jumped the creek, that I had my British bulldog on, so while I couldn't hit a barn at thirty paces with it, I was able to join in the racket. There were about twenty shots fired at the bear, but if ability to get over down-timber and over the hillside was any indication, I'd say we never touched him.

Soon afterwards five or six of us scattered out to see if we could get some fresh meat. I, with the old shotgun loaded for grouse, followed the creek down the hillside. In fairly heavy timber I was crossing a gully on a fallen tree when I heard quite a rustling in the big-leafed weeds under me. It was so dark in the timber I couldn't see what it was, but in a few moments a small, black bear went up over the bank in front of me. A few paces from the gully he stopped and looked over his shoulder at me. He was the finest looking bear I have ever seen, although it would be a gross misstatement to say I was glad to see him. Evidently he had not been out of his winter hibernation long as his hair was long and black. I suppose he was wondering what kind of an animal was disturbing his lunch. And I was wondering what he would do if I tickled him with my birdshot. I raised my old shotgun to give him both barrels but was relieved when he turned and disappeared.

I had heard a number of shots below me, so I thought I might as well circle down the hill and head for camp, and maybe if some of the boys had been luckier than I had been, I might help to get the game in. I soon caught up with Tom Welch, the Canon City blacksmith. He had brought down two fine bucks and was waiting for one of the boys to bring pack animals to get them in. While we were waiting there, the Dutchman arrived all out of breath and with perspiration running off him. He was black except where the perspiration had made channels down his face. He told us he had approached a small open park and had seen a big, cinnamon bear apparently feeding about a hundred and fifty yards away. He dropped down and took a rest over a big log, but realized he was shaking so he couldn't hit anything. He waited till his nerves quieted down and then shot. The bear evidently had not seen or scented him, but when the shot was fired, came directly toward him, stopping about seventy-five yards away. He had already picked out a tree he could climb if necessary, a small burnt pine with stubs of limbs on it. When he saw the bear come toward him, he almost started for his tree. But when the bear stopped, he aimed carefully and shot again. The bear came on and much faster, so Dutch knew it was time to go. He went up the tree all right and carried the gun. The bear came almost to the foot of his tree, stopped, and Dutch said he could see him wrinkling his nose and trying to get the scent. Dutch managed to get another cartridge in the gun and took another shot at the bear almost directly under him. When

he shot that time, the bear sprang up on a big quaking aspen only a few feet from the little pine. That was when Dutch really got scared! He said he knew that damn bear was going to climb that aspen and jump down on him! But after hanging on to the tree for a few moments the bear dropped down and leisurely moved off. As soon as he thought it was safe, Dutch hit for camp, and when he met us he couldn't have been any wetter if he had fallen in the creek. He took two of us down the gulch the next day and showed us his and the bear's trees. The marks of the bear's claws were there all right, so his story was duly accepted as all true. Dutch and the bear furnished many hilarious moments that summer. We got the two bucks to camp and had fresh venison for supper. After more than a month on bacon it was very welcome.

The next day we were confronted with tragedy. Soon after noon we had callers—several men who had come from Irwin down Anthracite Creek and over into our gulch from the north on a trip similar to ours to hunt and prospect. One was a deputy sheriff and another was connected with the *Elk Mountain Pilot*,<sup>6</sup> a small newspaper published in Irwin. They found most of us in camp and seemed to look us over quite carefully. After quite a visit, they finally told us of having found a dead man up the gulch about a mile or so, who had been shot through the head from behind. They had buried him where he was found. In going over the ground carefully, they found some small footprints, which they thought must have been made by the murderer. The murdered man wore the ordinary miner's boots of that time—they were large, about size nine or ten.

After the men told us of their find, several of us went with them to the scene and verified their story of the footprints. They were apparently made by about a number five, the shoe size for a small man. After a little talk, we all started down the gulch to see if we could find where a camp had been located. As we went it occurred to me that someone should try to trail those small footprints. I did so, while the others followed the creek. I made pretty good time on my trailing and after covering a half-mile or so, I came to a campground. As I reached it, I called to the boys who were about one hundred and fifty yards below me where they had just found a bundle of bloody blankets.

The camp showed where a tent had been set up, and inside that area was what looked like a mass of large-leafed weeds used in making a bed. Around the camp was a miscellaneous lot of mining tools, picks, shovels, a timber saw, a windlass rope, and a lot of clothing such as miners wore. The carcasses of two does were also lying close to where the tent had been.

<sup>6</sup>J. E. Phillips, who moved a handpress from Rosita, Colorado, to Irwin by train, ox team, burros and men on snowshoes, printed the first issue of the *Elk Mountain Pilot* on June 17, 1880.



ELK MOUNTAIN PILOT OFFICE, IRWIN  
About 1883

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As the others arrived at the campsite, I casually kicked over some weeds and noticed the ground had been dug up. Taking a shovel I stuck it into the ground and uncovered another body. We found the man had been shot through the head, from behind. He had evidently been in bed, and from his position, asleep. His left hand had been under his head and he was clothed in only his underwear. The murderer had dug a shallow grave alongside where he lay and rolled the body into it face down, covering it only with a few inches of earth. We dug another grave, wrapped the body in the blankets we had found, and buried it again.

We all then went down to our camp and held a council on ways and means to catch the murderer. We, who had come into the gulch from the east, had been forced to come through quite a lot of snow on the divide between this gulch and Ohio Creek. We had noted that the only tracks in the snow were of a horse and some burros—where they had come in and gone out again. The Irwin men also had to come through considerable snow between Anthracite Creek and the gulch, and were certain no one had come in that way ahead of them. So we were all very sure that the man with the saddle horse and three burros that we had met was the murderer. I don't mind admitting that it took me a long time to get to sleep that night. Being pretty young, it seemed to me between the unsociable bears and digging up murdered men, the life of a prospector was not so attractive.

The result of our conference was that the Irwin men went back to Irwin, called a mass meeting and raised a reward of \$500 for the arrest and return of the killer to Irwin, with the generally understood idea of saving the state and county any further expense in the matter. But they were denied the anticipated event by a drink or two of booze. The same deputy sheriff who had been over in the gulch with us was given a partner and ordered to find the suspect and bring him in. It could have been done easily, too. But the deputy made three bad mistakes. He neglected to swear out a warrant in Irwin; he stopped at King's Ranch on the head of Ohio Creek and tried to carry too much of their liquid hardware with him; and instead of keeping his business to himself, advertised it in Gunnison City, telling about the reward. The sheriff at Gunnison, hearing of it, quietly went out and arrested the murderer about twelve miles from town, and that was that.

As we got more information about it, we learned that the two murdered men had been camped there like the rest of us, waiting to get over the range; that they were brothers, ages 22 and 23, both over six feet, and from Leadville; that the man with the saddle horse and bird dog had struck up an acquaintance with them, finally going over to the gulch with them. When he came out, someone asked him about the two boys

and he replied that he had bought their outfit and they were to meet him later. We were all subpoenaed before the grand jury. The man who had met and talked with him, identified him in jail although his appearance had changed somewhat. But he was not even indicted, and we were told was given a bodyguard and sent out of the county before it was known.<sup>7</sup> We also learned he was from Philadelphia and was of a wealthy family, which could explain the miscarriage of justice.

When we returned to our old campground on Ohio Creek from the gulch of the bears, which we named Dead Man's Gulch but which is now called Cliff Creek, we found the pass still closed. We walked over one day to Irwin and found lots of snow on the pass. Where the snow was gone in a little meadow near the top, the mud was nearly bottomless. Dutch and the blacksmith, Tom Welch, decided to start out on foot for the territory north of Irwin. They were gone several days and told us they had been in a gulch called O Be Joyful that was a tributary to Slate River, emptying into that stream above Crested Butte. They had staked two claims apiece over there.

The next day we managed to get over to Irwin, but it was the toughest trip we made in our whole summer. We had no more than reached Irwin when a groceryman came to our camp and wanted to buy all our supplies at a big price. The town was nearly out of eatables and what they had been able to get in up to that time had been carried over the pass on snowshoes at a cost of ten cents a pound from King's ranch on Ohio Creek. Knowing we could replace our supplies at a cheaper price as we would need them, we sold most of our stuff.

Irwin at that time had about 2,500 residents, and was built in a narrow gulch that permitted only one street. Most of the people lived in tents, and most of the saloons likewise were housed in them. The first Sunday after we got there, our Reverend Ferguson preached in a big tent saloon. Business was suspended during the services and we all took seats on beer kegs and barrels. I don't think the preacher made much impression on his hearers, but possibly it did him some good anyway. Dispensing of booze to the thirsty was resumed as soon as the services ended.

On my first trip up to the post office a mile or so above our camp, I passed a family living in a tent who had a little

<sup>7</sup> According to the *Gunnison Review*, June 26, 1880, p. 2 c. 2: These murders occurred near the headwaters of Anthracite Creek on or about June 14. James and William Edgeley, brothers, and Chester Biggs, prospectors, were on their way to the reservation. They were living together in one tent when they started out. A warrant for the arrest of Chester Biggs was issued by Justice M. F. Waller. "Mr. Resner, Marshal, Officer Roberts, and Deputy Sheriff Sam Howe left early Monday to arrest Biggs. They found Biggs at Pitkin and brought him to Gunnison. A strong guard over the prisoner that night and every night since. Thursday night a large party came down after midnight and made a demand of the guard for the keys or the prisoner, but were unsuccessful in getting either."



IRWIN ABOUT 1881



MINERS AT THE FOREST QUEEN, RUBY CAMP

N. Johnston

girl possibly five years old. For playmates she had a small black and tan terrier and a young grizzly cub. The cub then couldn't have weighed over eighteen or twenty pounds and ran around the camp with a light chain about eight feet long to which was fastened a block of iron. The girl, the dog and the cub were all full of life and had a great time together. The cub didn't like strange dogs though. I saw him a month or so later when he was quite a bit bigger, and a big dog got too close to him. The cub sat up on his haunches and gathered his chain in with one paw so it wouldn't cramp his style. When the dog came within reach, the cub struck him just once which was plenty for the dog. Knocked away at least ten feet, the dog got to his feet and limped away with a few broken ribs and the marks of the bear's claws.

We camped below Irwin near a family who lived in a tent and who agreed to look after our stuff while we were over in O Be Joyful gulch doing our assessments. We had to pack what we wanted to take and had to go around by Crested Butte as there was no trail over the range between Irwin and O Be Joyful. Our claims were located on a bench a thousand feet or more above where we camped in the bottom of the gulch. There were probably fifty or more men prospecting in the two or three miles of the gulch and as nearly every man had at least one burro, we never lacked for music.

We finished the assessments in about a month, and after working a few days near Irwin, we started out again, camping on Ohio Creek the first night. We had been told that there were trout in the creek but one couldn't catch them. However, Dutch and Pete rigged up some tackle and tried it out. They came in later with so many fish that I went down to Gunnison the next day for more flies and lines, and we sold about one hundred dollars' worth of trout in Gunnison during the next three or four days. Another grubstake!

We looked over a new strike south of Gunnison, then headed for Saguache. On the way we heard of a big strike on Kerber Creek eighteen miles north of Saguache so we went up there, locating one claim and doing the assessment on it. Then we went on to Leadville where we arrived early in October, none too soon for there was about a foot of snow there then and the ground was covered till the next May. It seemed rather nice to sleep under a roof again after nearly five months in the open.

Leadville was in the midst of a hot Presidential campaign, with the last torchlight processions I have seen. A few days after the election I stopped at a "saddle livery" owned by a former Loveland man who wanted me to ride over to the London mine with two of the mine's owners and bring the three saddle horses back. It looked like more snow and I didn't want to go, but having no really good excuse, I agreed.

The London mine<sup>8</sup> is on the east side of the Park Range and only about a half-mile from the top. The road over Mosquito Pass (elevation 13,188) ran close to the mine buildings. Until recent years at least, the mine was still working, and has produced millions in gold. The two owners were eastern men and they wanted to get to the mine in time to catch the company team which made a daily trip from Fairplay to the mine, so they could go on to Fairplay and Como and make connections with the train for Denver. It started snowing soon after we left Leadville, and how it did come down! We made it to the mine in good time but found the team had already left. The men then insisted I should take them on to Fairplay after they had looked through the mine. They agreed to take care of expenses for me and the horses, as I would have to stay there all night.

The owners took plenty of time to look over the mine so it was dark before we started down the hill. None of us knew the road so we just stumbled down and were lucky enough to escape any bad injuries. On our way down Mosquito Gulch we were hailed several times with questions about how the election had gone. We could tell the inquirers that Garfield and Arthur were elected.

The next morning I left Fairplay bright and early with the horses tied together. It was a beautiful, clear, frosty morning and I made good time to the foot of the pass. Before I got there I could see feathers and plumes hanging around the range but I didn't realize what they meant. I soon learned, however. There was little wind in the deep gulch but as I began to climb I had an indication of what it would be like on the pass. By the time I reached the mine buildings, it was a gale. I stopped to get warm and found a young ranch hand, also on his way to Leadville. We were advised not to try it, but we started out, the young rancher ahead, as he had only one horse. The wind must have been sixty or more miles an hour and the snow cut so badly that we couldn't face it. We had made probably a quarter of a mile from the mine when the rancher stopped, saying he couldn't make it any farther. We had both been walking, trying to break trail and leading the horses. There was no sign of a road or trail ahead, and when we stopped I looked back and found I had lost a horse.

I had tied the led horses, each to the tail of the one ahead, and the third horse had pulled loose. I went back a little way and saw him standing, tail to the wind, ten or fifteen feet off the trail on what looked to be nothing but a snowdrift. I got a hold of him and got back to the trail. If he had broken through it would have meant a drop of several hundred feet.

<sup>8</sup>The London Mine, one of the most famous gold mines in the Mosquito Range, was opened in the early 1870's, and became a great producer in the early 1880's.—Norma L. Flynn, "History of the Famous Mosquito Pass," p. 237. Reprinted from the *Denver Westerners' Brand Book*, 1958.

As soon as we could we turned around and made it back to Fairplay. After another night's stay, we returned to Leadville over Weston Pass, about twenty miles south of Mosquito, where the altitude was much lower.

Back in Leadville, I acquired a job in the Morning Star Mine. My experience in prospecting had shown me that I had quite a bit to learn in both prospecting and mining, so I stuck to the underground job that winter.

I had one extremely close call. Being a green boy, I was a mucker and the only tool I handled was a long-handled shovel. I was working in a drift which had been driven along the line adjoining the Evening Star Mining Company. Our drift had opened up a good body of ore and had followed the bottom of the ore body till it had opened to a thickness of more than the height of the drift, where a raise had been started to find out how big the ore body was. I was shovelling near the foot of the raise. On the Evening Star side of the line they had found the same ore body some twenty feet higher than we had, and had done quite a bit of stoping on it, as well as sunk a winze on the line, the bottom of which was at the level of our drift. This winze was back from our raise some twenty feet or so, and as our drift was driven, it had left an opening the size of the winze and as high as our drift, probably seven feet high.

One day the superintendent came in with a bunch of visitors, several of them women. As they came in the drift, I wanted to get out of their way, so stepped into this winze to let them by. I think I knew the winze was about twenty feet deep and also that there was quite a stope around the top of it. But there was no work going on in the stope and no lights in it. I noticed that small pieces of white porphyry which formed the roof of the stope were dropping occasionally but I had no idea of danger. I suppose I had been standing in the winze several minutes waiting for the visitors to leave when I heard a voice somewhere near the top of the winze saying, "I wonder what is all this stuff dropping in here." At the same time I looked up the man's candle lit up the roof—and the whole top of the stope seemed to let go with a crash. I jumped the instant I saw it start and only got a few bruises on one leg. The windlass and plat at the top of the winze were brought down, and the winze itself was filled. The visitors had no trouble getting out, and they seemed more scared than I was although they had been in no danger. When we got to the surface one of the ladies in describing it said, "A fourteen year old boy came very close to getting killed." That peeved me for I was about twenty-and-a-half at that time. But I have always wondered why the man across the line happened there with his candle just as the cave occurred. Anyway, my number wasn't up, although it was a very close thing.

The following April the Dutchman announced that he was going out a little early with two Pennsylvania friends to Rock Creek in northern Gunnison County, leaving me to go with Pete Davis when he came in from Twin Lakes where he had wintered. Dutch and I each bought a burro, as we had found out that they were better than horses in many ways,—would stay around camp better, ate less, and would go where a horse couldn't. Dutch picked a big jenny while I chose a young lively mouse-colored gelding. The Dutchman's burro would pack a large load, but if she got into mud over her hoofs, would invariably stop and lie down in it. We would have to get in and unload to get her out, and also waste a lot of profanity. My burro would follow me through mud, snow or water. He was the best burro I ever saw.

When Pete came in, he and I went down to Kerber Creek and did assessment work. Then we went over to O Be Joyful. Pete didn't like it that Dutch wasn't with us, so I made a trip over to Rock Creek to get him. It took all day and was a trip of at least twenty-five miles over mighty rough country. A few days after Dutch and I got back to O Be Joyful, while we were working on our claims, I saw a herd of burros around our tent down in the gulch. They looked to be getting curious as to what was inside the tent, so I started down the trail. By the time I got to the camp the burros had cleaned up about everything not in tin cans. So next morning I took my jack and went down to Crested Butte for supplies. While there I heard that President Garfield had been shot the day before, on July 2, 1881.

Back at camp, we decided to move up to the claims. A few days later one of the prospectors near us received a badly crushed leg when a big boulder fell from the side of the open cut in which we were working. We carried him on a stretcher made from two poles and a blanket down that one thousand-foot hill, which was so steep we couldn't go straight down. From the foot of the hill we carried him to the Slate River where there was a road. A doctor met us there. I never knew a 175-pound man could be so heavy.

After we got back to O Be Joyful and got the assessments pretty well along, I went on to Rock Creek to do the assessment on the claims Dutch had located there. About August 1, Schwartz and Uncapher, the two Pennsylvania boys, and I went down Rock Creek eight or ten miles for some venison. It was the greatest hunting trip I ever made—shot grouse, also duck on a lake; got a lot of frogs and frog legs, and finished up with two nice bucks. Then we returned to the claims, and after some more work, left for Leadville.

August is usually a month of rains, and we certainly got our share. It rained every day, a hard shower coming up after noon. The mornings and evenings were fine. Our route was

through Gothic up Copper Gulch, over a pass and down Maroon Creek to the Roaring Fork, which we followed three or four miles to Aspen. We would start out quite early and when the regular rain came, we'd camp, generally getting good and wet by the time we had the tent up. We got along pretty well though till we came to the mouth of Maroon Creek. We found the creek was high and the bridge washed out, only two stringers left. We were out of grub and were expecting to get to Aspen that night. But after looking at the creek we decided we had better wait till morning. All we had left were some dried blackberries and that was our supper.

The other boys had two burros, one a small jenny and the other a brown stallion. In packing them they always put the heaviest load on the brown jack, and the blankets and light stuff on the little jenny. In packing that morning, the Dutch oven was tied on top of the bedding, which was a mistake. My jack with his load was no trouble to get through. The brown one ditto. They waded as far as they could, then swam across. The jenny I think had a premonition of disaster for she was very reluctant to go in. However, we finally got her in and she waded till the water came up to the blankets. At that point she lost her feet and the weight of the heavy Dutch oven turned her upside down, and she started off downstream with all four legs sticking up. We had to do some quick rescue work. We finally got her out and turned up on her feet. Our blankets were a little wetter than usual that night when we tried to sleep.

We were in Aspen in another hour or so, stopping first for "an old fashioned one" or maybe two, then on to a restaurant for a big feed. Our route from there was up the Roaring Fork to Independence Pass and down Lake Creek past Twin Lakes to Leadville.

I went to work first in the Little Ella Mine, but soon went back to the Morning Star where I had worked the year before, and from there to the Evening Star. Until the following spring I was still after more mining experience. During the winter I was put into some particularly dangerous stopes. There I acquired a severe case of pneumonia which came very near to ending my career. After getting out again, I didn't feel like going underground so asked for and got a job firing. Having had some experience with machinery in the mill at home, it wasn't long till I was put on a hoist, and I followed that work for the next few years. In 1887, I went to the Iron Silver Mining Company<sup>9</sup> on repair and pump work, and after a few months was put in charge of all underground pumps and pumpmen

<sup>9</sup> "The Iron Silver Mining Company has been one of the largest producers in Leadville since 1878. It included nine claims, extending over a mile in length, and stretched nearly from Stray Horse Gulch on the north to California Gulch on the south. They were the Iron, Iron Hat, Porphyry, Dome, Rock, Stone, Lime, Bull's Eye, and Law."—Charles W. Henderson, "Mining in Colorado," *Professional Paper 138*, p. 139, U. S. Geological Survey, 1926.

at their different shafts on Iron Hill, Rock Hill, and in California Gulch.

One job was work on the pumps in the Moyer shaft, which with its three levels had been standing idle for several years with the water above the second level about two hundred feet below the surface. After pumping the water down to the second level and installing a station pump there, we continued on down eighty feet to the third level with a Cameron sinking



IRON SILVER MINE, LEADVILLE

*W. H. Jackson*

pump we had brought over from the main works to place for permanent work here. I had no authority over the other men and they annoyed me by spending their time talking with the pumpmen instead of getting the work done. I found that the discharge line from the pump needed a post under the ell where it turned up the shaft, and the only thing suitable was an old 8 x 8 timber which had been lying under water during the time the property had been shut down and was so well soaked and heavy that it was hard to handle. I got the measure of the post which was something like five feet long, got a timber saw and cut it. And being peeved at the way the fellows were doing, I dragged the post over to the shaft and tried to put it in place. That was my mistake. The post had to go in the opposite side of the shaft from the pump station and the shaft was five feet wide, the widest shaft I have ever met up with.

After dragging the post to the side of the shaft where I could reach it, I straddled the shaft, picked up one end of the post, dragged it in so I could get it across my leg where I could swing it over and raise it in place. I got it across my leg all

right but when the whole weight of it came as I tried to swing it over to place, my knee joint was twisted out of place. Believe me, I screamed with the awful pain but I couldn't let go of the heavy post. The scream brought the other men, of course, and they took the post away and dragged me out. There was eighty feet of clear shaft below me with a sinking pump to fall on, and I knew if I let go of the timber I would go, too. So I held on till the men reached me. They got me to the cage and then to the engine room where I lay for an hour or two. I finally was able to get to my room, fortunately nearby. In a couple of weeks I was back at work but I have always had to be careful of my right knee since then.

I left the Iron Silver Company to go on the pumps at the Maid of Erin Mine. I was there only a month or so when the master mechanic at the Iron Silver sent for me, offering me a place as his assistant, which with the advance in salary, I accepted.

Some two years later, early in 1890, the company at the end of an eight-year lawsuit, got control of the Crown Point Mine. It was located on top of Rock Hill about a mile south of the Moyer and about two miles from the headquarters of the Iron Silver. I was sent up there to get the property ready to open again. It was pretty well-equipped with machinery, but as it had been shut down for several years, there was a lot of work to be done. After overhauling boilers and hoist, putting in a new compressor, pulling out the small pumps and installing larger ones underground, getting out the old pipelines in the shaft and putting in new and larger ones for air, steam and water, we were through except for covering the steam lines.

The shaft was timbered with 8 x 8" cribbing, the sets had about two inches of space between them, making it a hard shaft to climb around in. The shaft as I remember it was 4½ x 10, with four feet taken off for the hoisting cage, leaving five and one-half feet less the partition for the pipelines and ladderway. The old ladders were sixteen feet long with a small platform at the end of each ladder. But as the ladders were unsafe on account of dry rot, we could not use them altogether. So since we had to cover the whole shaft, we took out a partition board about every forty feet. The partition was of 2 x 12" plank and all put in crossways. As we only took out one board at each place, it left us a hole about 12 x 22" to crawl through. Then we had the angle pieces on the cage to contend with as they cut off some of the 22" space. Since the shaft was pretty wet, we all wore heavy white rubber coats, black, heavy, waterproof hats, and hip-length rubber boots. For lights we used kerosene torches with shades. The partition being fairly tight, there was a heavy draft through the holes we made and we were not able to carry a light through any of the holes.

One morning when we were about halfway up the shaft with our covering job, something happened that none of us ever forgot. I had cautioned the pumpman at the bottom never to ring the cage away when we had it located at one of the openings. I had told the engineer too, not to move the cage unless we gave our own signal. Noon came, and with my two helpers, I got to one of the openings. Seeing the cage there I started through head first. As usual the light went out but I got my head and shoulders through and could just reach the bottom of the cage with the ends of my fingers when I heard the bell rope being pulled. I couldn't reach the bell rope to stop it, and I felt the cage starting down. It went only a few inches and stopped. I knew what the cage would do to me if it went either up or down. So I did a lot of wiggling and squirming and finally made it. Dressed as I was, it probably took two or three minutes at best to get through. After one man got on the cage he could get hold of the bell rope, and that man made it safe for the rest to go through. When the other two got on the cage we went down after the pumpman, and in my state of mind I felt like braining him. He had no excuse to offer, and I guess I didn't give him much opportunity. The engineer, Jimmy Maguire, told us later that he got the signal we were supposed to give and he started to lower the cage. But he just got a hunch he had better wait for another signal before he answered it. His hunch certainly saved my life. I still think that was the closest call I ever had.

In May, 1890, I went to the Yankee Girl Mine in Ouray County as Master Mechanic. Most of my work there was caused by the kind of water we had to contend with, both in the mine and on the surface. The mine water, as is usual in copper mines, was loaded with copper and sulphuric in solution, and it gave us plenty of trouble by eating holes in everything made of iron or steel. As a result, cutting out and replacing tubes in the boilers was almost an everyday job. The one-inch cable we used for hoisting was kept well covered with a heavy sticky oil, and the cages, of which we had two, were changed every month. I had inaugurated the changes as soon as I saw what the water in the mine did to equipment. The cages were made by Fraser and Chalmers Company of Chicago and were put together with bolts instead of being riveted as most of them were later. So, after a month's use we took the cage to pieces and repaired or welded as was necessary. After reassembling, the safety chairs were carefully adjusted and all painted up again. Our care was duly appreciated the following year.

The shaft of the mine, sunk under a former superintendent, was timbered, then lined with two-inch planks on the open sides of the cage. They found that the nails in the lining planks were eaten off in a month, so they had to be renailed. I recom-

mended that they be taken off as they might cause accidents, but my idea was vetoed. One day Mr. Wilson, the superintendent, the cager, and I were being hoisted to the surface from one of the lower levels. We had reached nearly halfway when a piece of lining came loose at the lower end just enough to catch the bottom of the cage. The cable snapped off at the attaching thimble. I don't think the cage dropped an inch, the safeties took hold so quickly. I had been looking at the top of the cage and the stop was so sudden it put a kink in my neck that lasted for days. There we were, about five hundred feet from our destination, and I have never liked climbing ladders too well. I did climb up to the next level where I found a piece of bellrope, rang up the cable, and rang myself to the



STOPE IN VINDICATOR MINE  
Cripple Creek District

surface. George Forrester was on the hoist and I was taken up very carefully. When I got there I found quite an audience. Everyone had been so certain that all who were on the cage were dead in the bottom of the shaft. An insurance agent who that morning had sold Mr. Wilson an accident policy was in the engine room, and he was very sure his company was out five thousand dollars. It didn't take long to get out some cable clips, put the other cage in the shaft, and go down and chain the first one on and lift it out. What had made everyone in the mine so confident that we had been killed was the fact that in every case where a cage had broken loose, it had gone to the bottom. Our escape was due to the care we had given the cages.

This kind of episode happened wherever there were mining activities. I left the Yankee Girl in 1894, and returned to Leadville for three years, subsequently following the mining trail to the Cripple Creek District. I well remember an accident we had in 1914, on the Vindicator Mine where I was Master Mechanic. A cager forgot to pull the landing chairs out when changing from an upper to one of the lower levels. The hoisting cable in use was flat,  $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 5", and weighed three pounds to the foot. Having about four thousand pounds of cable hanging down the shaft, the engineer did not know the empty cage was hung up, so of course he lowered enough cable to reach the level the cager had rung to. The slack cable happened to fall on the side next the other hoisting compartment, went through over a dividing timber and the loop hung down several hundred feet. About the time the engineer supposed the cage was at its destination, the cager woke up to what he had done. But instead of having the cable hoisted up carefully, he jumped off the cage and pulled the chairs out. The cable in going through the other compartment held enough tension on the safeties to keep them from operating, so of course the cage dropped probably four hundred feet. And as it weighed at least four thousand pounds, when it took up the slack, something had to give. The cable was held by four heavy clamps made of three-quarter inch steel and seven inches square. Each clamp had a bolt at each corner, and also a bolt through the center which passed through two thicknesses of cable. All bolts were of five-eighths inch steel. When the cage took up all that slack, it tore out all the clamps and went on down into some two hundred feet of water. It was an expensive accident to repair but fortunately no lives were involved. Perhaps the challenge of meeting or preventing such happenings is part of the fascination that kept us in the mining camps.

## Baca House and Pioneer Museum in Trinidad Now a State Museum

On July 1, 1960, the State Historical Society of Colorado took over the Old Baca House and Pioneer Museum in Trinidad, and is operating the new acquisition as a regional museum.

With an appropriation of \$16,500 for repair and maintenance of the museum, allotted to the State Historical Society by the recent Legislature, official ownership of the property was transferred to the State by the City of Trinidad and Las Animas County Commissioners. Felipe Baca, a rancher and freighter, provided land for the present townsite of Trinidad.

The house, a two-story, ten-room adobe structure, was built by Baca in 1869. Behind the house across a seventy-five foot courtyard, is a 160-foot long, L-shaped adobe building with twelve rooms in which Baca quartered servants or visiting cattlemen and sheepmen. Baca House was the family home from 1870 to the 1920's.

The long building is the present Pioneer Museum, with eight of the rooms developed as exhibit centers for displays from the early days of the West. In the courtyard are various vehicles used in the Trinidad vicinity in earlier times.

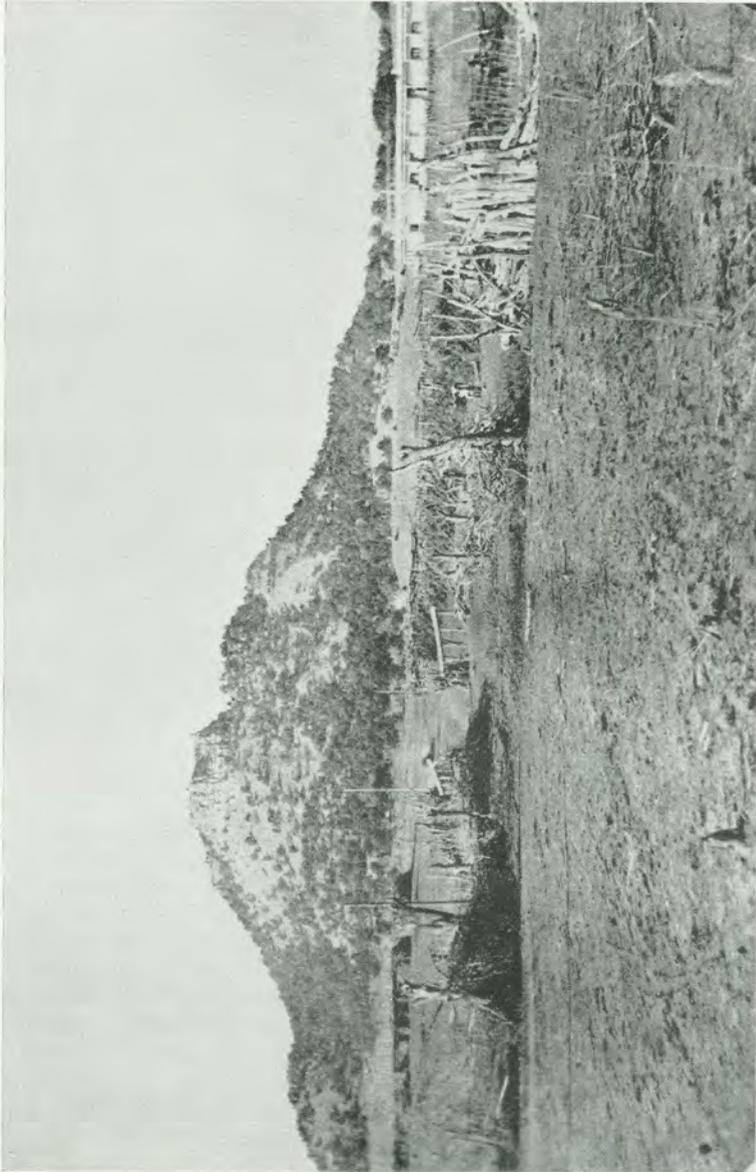
On the old Santa Fe Trail between Bent's Old Fort and New Mexico, Baca House site was crossed by the wagons of early traders, by William Becknell and his four companions in 1821, by General Stephen W. Kearny and Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan with their 2,000 troopers in 1846, and by Kit Carson, Ceran St. Vrain, the Bent Brothers, "Uncle Dick" Wootton, and many others.

From the 1860's many great ranch outfits ranged and watered along the Purgatoire (Picket Wire) River, a main tributary of the Arkansas River, which flows through the center of Trinidad.

Located on Main Street, opposite the Post Office, this museum eventually will tell the entire story of southern Colorado's part in the vigorous pageant of the great western migration and the coming of the Spanish-speaking people from the south; of the great cow outfits and other ranching ventures once operating in southern Colorado; of the wagon traffic along the Santa Fe Trail which rolled past its door.

Arthur Roy Mitchell, State Junior College art instructor, has been employed as curator to keep the museum open to the public from May 30 to September 15. Mr. Mitchell has done much to develop the museum.

Accomplishment of state acceptance is the result of the efforts of many persons both in Trinidad and elsewhere. In Denver, a group of more than one hundred residents of Trini-



RANCH OF DON FELIPE BACA ESTABLISHED 1869  
Now in the heart of Trinidad, Colo.

dad, known as "Friends of Historical Trinidad," has contributed greatly to this end. Their officers are: Barron Beshoar, honorary president; Delores Pledsted, acting president; Douglas McHendrie, vice president; Emily Hally, secretary; C. J. Dawe, treasurer; William B. Chenoweth, public relations; and Mrs. James Henritze, projects chairman.

Locally, many persons have generously given of their time and money to preserve this heritage. The local museum board of control is comprised of Mrs. Gilbert Sanders, Mrs. Mae Verquer, Mrs. Jerry Thompson, Sol Schiffman, Rev. Melvin Moyer, and Morris Taylor.

Old Baca House and Pioneer Museum was opened to visitors on May 30, 1955.

In announcing the museum as a state installation, President Stephen H. Hart of the State Historical Society said: "At Trinidad, as at the sites of all of our other regional museums, we will have to depend in large part upon local support."

Baca House is the fifth regional museum maintained by the Society. The others are Healy House and Dexter Cabin, Leadville; Fort Garland Historical Monument, Fort Garland; Ute Indian Museum, Montrose; and El Pueblo State Museum, Pueblo. Also under the Society's supervision are Pike's Stockade, Conejos; Fort Vasquez, near Platteville; and the site of Bent's Old Fort, near La Junta, soon to be transferred to the National Park Service.



SOME VEHICLES IN YARD OF BACA HOUSE AND PIONEER MUSEUM,  
Trinidad

## Ouray Remembered

By DR. LOIS BORLAND\*

Town halls have burned, and have been all but forgotten. But Ouray remembered.

It was still over an hour till midnight, Saturday, January 28, 1950. The Ouray town hall was burning. The two streams of water playing upon it were utterly inadequate, as was the work of the fire truck rushed from Montrose, the nearest town. Men and women stood in a half-circle before the doomed building, tears on the cheeks of some, while the glare of the rising fire crimsoned the peaks and boulders that walled-in the small mountain park.

Then a dramatic moment came as the tower was enveloped in flames. The large clock in the seventy-foot tower of the building which had struck every hour, day and night, in the lives of all the middle-aged who were crowded around, now, as they watched, began the first stroke of eleven, and clearly carried it through to the end! Then the tower and the clock toppled into the burning mass.

Thus the number eleven came to have especial significance to the watchers—but a further reference to that later.

Ouray is but a small town in the San Juan mining district of southwestern Colorado, located in a pocket formed by the Uncompahgre River. It was almost inaccessible until Otto Mears, once a resident, built a toll road giving access to the north, and laid out the toll route above the town which later became part of the Million Dollar Highway. The site of Ouray is about a fourth of a mile wide, and a mile long, steeply walled on three sides by brilliantly-colored stratified rocks. It is a mile of sublimity, with its flashing waterfalls and its amazing Box Cañon, the latter the objective of multitudes of tourists. The town, itself, is about 8,000 feet in elevation, and is close neighbor with peaks topping the 14,000-foot mark.

The Uncompahgre River which digs this cañon from the San Juans north to the Gunnison River, is, in its own right, an historic stream: it formed part of the route up from Santa Fe, followed by Escalante and his dozen faithful Franciscans on their "Pageant in the Wilderness," in 1776. The ill-fated Captain John W. Gunnison, in 1853, made his way along its banks with his military escort of thirty, his eighteen wagons each drawn by a six-mule team. Some twenty-five miles down the stream from the town, lived the renowned Chief Ouray, for whom the place was named. Most of all, perhaps, the Uncompahgre was favored, time out of mind, by the Utes for fishing, hunting, and bathing in its warm springs.

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That is Ouray—or rather a hint of it, so that the reader may locate the story in time and place. It can be only a hint! "A million dollars' worth of scenery for five dollars!" said Ernie Pyle on his visit to the town.

It was the discovery of gold in the San Juans about 1875 that brought settlers to the spot that was to be called Ouray; and, although Ouray County ranks among the foremost of the ore-producing counties of the state, it is only Thomas J. Walsh of the fabulous Camp Bird mine six miles above Ouray, almost at timberline, who is connected directly with Ouray's town hall.

While Andy Richardson, working the Camp Bird on a share basis for Hubbard W. Reed, was in quest only of silver, the miner, Tom Walsh, discovered that the white quartz being discarded was heavily impregnated with gold. He invested what he could. After grueling months of development, he realized a sizable profit by 1897. And the young Evelyn Walsh, according to her own later story, *Father Struck It Rich*, began to watch for the jack trains coming down into town—the ultimate source of the Hope Diamond, of "Friendship House" in Washington, and its social brilliancy. But of course the little Evelyn Walsh who was to be Evelyn Walsh McLean had no understanding of the wealth to come. The Camp Bird, said to have already produced sixty millions, netted, by conservative estimate, eleven millions for Tom Walsh, counting production and sales price.

By the turn of the century Ouray, then a town of nice homes and some wealth, had a one-story, substantial brick and stone town hall—with plans to eventually add another story. It was this story that the newly-rich Tom Walsh proposed to finance without regard to cost.

Plans made by Walsh's architect were accepted by the town council in April of 1900, and the work was to start. A board of control was appointed by the donor: George A. Scott, mayor of the town; Judge William Story; and Lieutenant Governor Francis Carney.

The plans comprised a three-room library on one side and a gymnasium and amusement hall on the other. The second story was to be reached from the city offices on the first floor by a beautiful central stair done in antique oak. A balcony across the front was supported by uniquely-carved Roman pillars.

From the library a spiral stairway led to a tower in which was to hang a bell once donated to the city of Denver by Senator H. A. W. Tabor and previously used on one of the fire department houses in that city. The bell was to swing sixty feet from the ground, the top of the tower being seventy feet in the air. The four sides of the base of the tower, as described at the time by the local editor, "are to be provided

with massive clock faces, and a monster timepiece will propel the hands, indicating the time. A large striker will be provided, and the hours will be tolled off night and day. At night the clock faces will be illuminated by electricity so that they can be read with ease." The tower was to be surmounted by a massive dome.

Walsh furnished the library lavishly. The tables and chairs were hand-carved purchased by the donor in Boston of manufacturers famous for fine office furniture. On the walls were pictures Walsh had purchased in Italy. Glass cases contained specimens from almost every mine in metal-rich Ouray County. (One could wish that the accounts were more specific as to just what the items were, but one must accept the general statements which seemed currently satisfactory.)

On the shelves was a "complete complement of books." A few of the most unusual were named: There were the initial numbers of *Punch* in bound volumes; there was the *Edinburgh Review*; initial issues of the *National Graphic*. There were 11,000 volumes in all, many autographed by the authors.

At the completion of the Walsh addition, a two-day celebration was planned with band and parade. Walsh hired a special train of nine passenger cars, gathered three hundred friends from Colorado Springs and Denver and came on for the event. He had made all arrangements for an elaborate banquet to be served in the library.

One incident must be related here, although in the present age of large gifts, it may not seem so memorable as it did to Ouray then. Howe Ridenour, for four years county clerk, had met with dismaying reverses. His wife had died, leaving him with a family to care for. In a somewhat recent accident, he had lost a hand. When the party "turned their plates," according to the current account, Ridenour found ten twenty-dollar gold pieces.

"What is this?" he said. "This surely can't be intended."

"That sure is yours, Howe," said Tom Walsh. "It's all yours."

There was general applause. Ridenour was silent. Finally: "I'm going to save two of these gold pieces as long as I live. When I die, they will go to my children."

\* \* \*

But in 1950, a half century later, town hall, gymnasium, library, were destroyed. According to the local newspaper, the town was thoroughly aroused. Factionalism was forgotten; jealousies and feuds were laid aside. A dinner of forty businessmen was called. It was decided to rebuild regardless of cost and personal sacrifice. True there was some insurance, but it seemed that the town could not be bonded. Dr. C. V. Bates, old-time booster and leader in civic enterprise, was to direct the cleanup of the debris within the walls of the ruined

building on Washington's birthday. All would be present to help with the job. Trucks would be furnished.

Most of these men had come up through the public schools of Ouray and whether at home or at school, their lives had been regulated by the mellow sound of the town clock proclaiming the hour. For home work or for reading pleasure their steps had led to the library daily, and deep in their consciousness was the whirring of the town clock gathering force to strike.

Frequent meetings of this citizenry were held under the chairmanship of Ralph Kullerstrand, who had been born in Ouray and grown to manhood there and was the efficient president of its bank. The local editor, who had no small part in its activation, said there was a revival of "the old pioneer spirit, the old community pride."

"Let us set our sights on a two-story building, and nothing less," said Tom Williams.

To quote from the *Herald*: "With Ralph Kullerstrand heaving coal, Martin Johnson operating the Irish buggy, Mayor Frank A. Rice shoveling trash into dump grounds, and the Rice Lumber Company unloading donated materials," the work of construction under architect's plans and a competent director of work, was well under way by March, 1950.

In April a Spring Festival was planned by a committee of fifty, the banker as chairman. The objective was to raise \$3,000. It was a charity ball, not given by the Elks, but aided by them in every way possible and held at their Home. "It was a hill-shaking affair," declared the editor, with large delegations arriving from all the towns in the surrounding mountain valleys.

Scores volunteered time and labor—some money. With each issue, the *Herald* used cuts of the workers, laying walls, pouring concrete. This encouraged others to make their offering and unified the town behind the enterprise. Letters came from those who had lived in and loved Ouray. James Pierson had been away forty-two years, but he had come to Ouray at the age of four, and "he would be there now if the elevation did not prevent." Such letters appeared regularly, and the contribution that came with the letter was usually named. The reader's interest is carried from issue to issue by the continuous enthusiasm of the *Ouray County Herald*, its pride in Ouray, its untiring devotion to the enterprise.

Various organizations, youthful as well as adult, spiritedly emptied their treasuries to add to the town hall fund. More than once arose the question: Shall we attempt a second floor? At the final decision, twenty-five stood. "We can do it," they said.

The town clock was due to arrive June 15, 1950. It was to cost the city \$2,500. The old bell was as good as before the fire

and was to be hung in the tower. The new clock was to have the same tone as the old to satisfy those who had grown used to it through fifty years.

Four thousand dollars was raised in a town clock carnival—\$2,900 from the carnival, \$1,000 from donations in cash. Said the *Herald*: "Hats off to the Town Clock Committee, with the backing of the Elks and the American Legion, and Ralph Kullerstrand, chairman."

By the last of July rooms were made ready on the lower floor for city officers. The "I Am" movement had established national headquarters in the mountains near Ouray, and it was Mrs. Ballard, herself, head of the organization, who was the donor of oak desks for the officials.

By August 18, the town clock had been installed. "Check your timepieces," admonished the newspaper, for businessmen and citizens generally, never got over looking up at the tower. The beautiful numerals on the clock faces were an intense black, the four distinct units weighing 175 pounds each. The striking mechanism had not yet been shipped. But by September 22, 1950, the clock was booming out the hours, and it came to life on the stroke of eleven!—a thrill to the whole community.

## Cotillion Hall, Denver

By WILLIAM L. MYATT\*

It was in the summer of 1869 that William Warren arrived in the frontier town of Denver. Soon thereafter he opened the first dancing academy in Colorado. Although he went into other lines, including pottery, a barber shop, and real estate development, he followed the dancing profession as his career from the time he arrived from his native England until his death in Denver in 1896. Even during the Silver Panic of the mid-'nineties, he had a hall at 1739 Champa Street, on the second floor of a building recently razed and now (1960) used as a parking lot.

"He originated new dances, and, himself the perfection of grace in waltz and round dances, it is small wonder that he caught the popular fancy . . . he soon took his place among the ranks of the wealthy . . . and it so happened that he crossed the ocean eleven times to visit the scenes of his youth."<sup>1</sup>

Returning from one of these trips in 1889, Mr. Warren brought with him a beautiful English girl, Ellen E. Stone, as a bride.

In 1894 he bought Cotillion Hall located at 25 East Thirteenth Avenue, a genteel, dancing academy for ladies, gentlemen, and children anxious to learn the terpsichorean arts or to perfect themselves in such arts, and then to enjoy the dancing at the informals held there.

According to Historian Frank Hall, "The Cotillion Academy was purchased by Mr. Warren and, while not the largest, it is easily the best ballroom in the state in point of arrangement, light, heat, and decoration."<sup>2</sup>

There was a frieze of clay-modelled, gilded roses around the walls near the ceiling, designed and installed by Mr. Warren himself soon after he acquired the building. The floor was exceptionally fine and was smoothed with sandstone each summer while the hall was closed. No one was permitted on the floor in street shoes. Many of the "regulars" left their pumps there and changed on arrival. For many years Mr. and Mrs. George Bell, colored persons, were the cloakroom attendants—Mr. for the boys' room and Mrs. for the girls'. In later years the rule regarding shoes was relaxed a little, but even so, street shoes, when used on the dance floor, were scrutinized carefully.

When Mr. Warren first acquired the hall, the neighborhood was largely residential, on the fringe of Brown's Capitol

\*William L. Myatt, a native of Colorado, recently retired from his position of many years with Morey Mercantile Company, Denver, and is devoting time to research and writing. He is a member of the Editorial Staff of *Trail and Timberline*.—*Editor*.

<sup>1</sup> Frank Hall, *History of Colorado*, Vol. IV, Second edition (Denver: The Blakely Printing Company, 1895), 88.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

Hill. In fact, H. C. Brown, builder of the Brown Palace Hotel, lived a block east of the hall at 1311 Sherman Street. The H. A. W. Tabor home was at 1260 Sherman. Jerome S. Riche, the real estate developer and empire builder, lived at 1321 Broadway. The original St. Mark's Church was across the alley on Thirteenth Avenue, and although the building was still there in 1894, the church moved in 1890 to its new location at Twelfth and Lincoln, the cornerstone of which was laid December 13, 1889.



WILLIAM MYATT, 1907  
Who Knew Well Cotillion Hall

Just before the turn of the century commercialism began to creep into the neighborhood. The Capitol Fuel Company, with a coal and woodyard, was on the northeast corner of Thirteenth and Broadway on the former St. Mark's property. The Natatorium, a circular, enclosed swimming pool, was on the southeast corner. Store buildings began to appear on both sides of Broadway toward Fourteenth Avenue.

After Professor Warren's death in 1896, Mrs. Warren, a superb dancing teacher, having undertaken the life work of her husband, carried on the dancing classes and entertainments with flattering success.<sup>3</sup>

She enlarged the hall, and it endeared itself to old and young alike as a proper and refined place of the dance. Children

learned "fancy" dances at Saturday morning classes—Highland fling, Sailor's hornpipe, Skirt Dance and others. At the close of each season the pupils gave an exhibition of their art for dotting parents and suffering friends.

Adults took lessons on Monday and Thursday evenings during the winter season, with the assistance of Miss Hattie Green beating out the time on the piano. After the lessons, an evening of social dancing was enjoyed until midnight, Miss Green's music being supplemented by Mr. Nimitz on the violin.

Speaking of these social dances, Gene Fowler in his *Solo in Tom Toms* refers to a trip he made to Denver, at which time he called on some "old jilters."

"Gene, dear," said one, a spinster who forty years ago had

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

sonnets for lips, "How was I to know you cared? Why, one night we were sitting out a dance at Cotillion Hall and you suddenly remarked above the music, 'I wonder if a horse's legs ever go to sleep?'"

Just after the turn of the century several dancing clubs were formed, some by young men, alumni of the Cotillion classes, and the usual procedure was to issue engraved invitations to qualified young men to club dances held once a month, preferably on Friday nights when the hall was available. There were several such organizations including the Arcadian Club, Carpe Diem, Delta Sigma (not a fraternity, but formed by some high school fraternity members), Entre Nous, Sin Lazare, and others. Some held dances only once or twice during the season.



WILLIAM WARREN  
1880

Club dances were black-tie affairs, and you brought your girls in a "wagon," that is to say, a hack drawn by two prancing steeds, and with a coachman on the box. The "prancing" was largely in the dreamy eyes of the girls who graced these

<sup>4</sup> Gene Fowler, *A Solo In Tom Toms* (New York: Viking Press, 1946), 210.



MRS. WILLIAM WARREN-HAYDEN

chariots, as most of the carriages were hired from mortuaries, there being few funerals at night. The tariff for a carriage for the evening including pickup of the escort, then the girl and after the ball deliver them to their respective homes, was \$3.00, so in the interest of economy double-dating was sometimes done.

The admission to club affairs was usually \$1.50 per couple, although an occasional white-tie affair was \$2.00. The price included the evening's dancing to A. S. (Tony) Lohmann's orchestra as it dreamily played "Toyland," "Kiss Me Again," or "The Blue Danube" for waltzing, and the more lively tunes, "Zanzibar," "In My Merry Oldsmobile," etc., for the other steps. Baur's catered the punch, sherbet and mints, and there were also cigarettes for the boys. The Arcadian Club, for one, had its cigarettes monogrammed with its crest in club colors, blue and gold, and had the mints decorated with the club letters, "A. C."

Programs listing the waltz, two-step, schottische, varsoviene, and occasionally the lanciers were furnished. These were filled by asking the different girls for a dance. The popular girls had their programs filled early in the evening. The Grand March, the first waltz and the Home Sweet Home waltz were with the girl taken to the ball and, of course, other dances, too, but if a boy danced with one girl three times in the evening, other than the three musts, glances were cast at them; if four times with her, eyebrows were raised; and if five times, why, of course, he was "that way" about her. At some of the club dances as many as 125 couples were on the floor.

It was customary for the boy to carry in his right hand a large silk handkerchief, one at least twenty-four inches square, to protect the girl's gown while dancing, and as all the clubs had colors, club members had their handkerchiefs in the club colors hemstitched by their girls.

The Denver high schools also used Cotillion for their big affairs, usually using Lohmann's Orchestra of seven pieces.

A few years after William Warren passed away, his widow married William P. Hayden, Assistant General Manager of the Colorado and Southern Railroad, and for some time in order to maintain the tradition of the Warren name used the name—Mrs. William Warren-Hayden. Hayden loyally assisted in the operation of the dancing business until the couple decided to retire in 1922 when Cotillion Hall was sold. Although some of the original walls still remain, most of the hall was razed to make the driveway for the filling station which now occupies the property.

Many persons living in Colorado today fondly remember Cotillion and no doubt experience a twinge of nostalgia when something happens to bring it to mind. Among former Denverites who attended Cotillion may be mentioned Paul Whiteman and his sister, Ferne Whiteman Smith, Harry Rhoads and his sister, Mrs. Charles C. Gates, Sr., Gene Fowler, Gladys Royal who later became the mother of Loretta Young, and many others who do not come to mind at the moment.

Thus ended a way of dance life, but jazz, rock 'n roll, and other modern music haven't dimmed the beauty of the waltz, that most graceful of ballroom dances.

Goodbye, happy Cotillion! Au revoir, friends. May you linger long in our memories.

## Boettcher Mansion Becomes New Executive Residence

On April 21, 1960, Governor Steve McNichols accepted for the State of Colorado, "as a residence for present and future Governors," the Boettcher Mansion at 400 East Eighth Avenue, Denver.

Presentation of the 27-room Colonial house, built in 1908, was made at a ceremony in the mansion followed by a buffet luncheon attended by the Board of Trustees of the Boettcher Foundation, state officials, officials of the State Historical Society of Colorado, their wives, and a few invited guests.

"Colorado now truly has its own White House," said Master of Ceremonies Hudson Moore, Jr., a Boettcher Foundation trustee.

In making the presentation to Colorado, Mr. Charles Boettcher II, Chairman of the Board of the Boettcher Foundation, said that the trustees had voted to provide a \$45,000 grant to help pay for maintenance of the house and its luxurious furnishings and grounds, during 1960, '61 and '62.

"It is a great pleasure for me to accept this wonderful gift on behalf of the people of Colorado," Governor McNichols assured the trustees, "and I think it is appropriate and proper for the governor and his wife to live here."

The deed from the foundation conveyed the house as a gift in perpetuity to the state as long as it is used as an executive mansion. Pending its occupancy as Colorado's official Executive Residence, Governor McNichols arranged with President Stephen H. Hart of the State Historical Society of Colorado for public tours of the property during the summer of 1960. Volunteers of the Historical Society, led by their president, Mrs. Britton Smith, are conducting the tours.

Members of three of Colorado's distinguished, pioneer families—Cheesman, Evans, and Boettcher—have occupied the palatial dwelling which was completed in 1908 as a home for the Walter Scott Cheesman family.

The site was purchased in 1904 by Walter Scott Cheesman. Subsequent to his death his widow and daughter, Gladys, planned and built the mansion. On November 11, 1908, Gladys Cheesman married John Evans, grandson of Colorado's second territorial governor, the ceremony taking place in the residence. The Cheesman and Evans families occupied the residence for fifteen years. There the Evans' first child, Alice, was born. She is now Mrs. Hudson Moore, Jr.

← *Denver Post*  
Charles Boettcher II, Governor Steve McNichols, Mrs. McNichols, Mrs. Boettcher  
AT BOETTCHER MANSION PRESENTATION

→ *David Mathias*  
BOETTCHER MANSION FROM THE SOUTH







Mr. and Mrs. Claude Boettcher, who purchased the mansion in 1926, made few changes except for some redecorating and enhancing the grandeur with rare antiques and furnishings obtained in far corners of the world. They enlarged the Palm Room, which opens on to formal gardens. Friends declare that it was typical of the Boettchers that they preserved a simple home life, using the palatial Palm Room for a family gathering place. Claude Boettcher took great pride in the beautifully landscaped grounds.

The Boettchers, who traveled extensively, and maintained a home in Florida as well as in Colorado, greeted many world-famous guests in the Denver mansion, including President Dwight D. Eisenhower, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charles Lindbergh. In June, 1934, Mrs. Boettcher was presented to King George and Queen Mary at the Court of St. James's. Her court gown and accessories are now in the custody of the State Historical Society in the State Museum.

Beginnings of the great Boettcher fortune were made by Charles Boettcher of German extraction, who came to America in 1869, at the age of 17, to visit his brother, Herman, who had a hardware store in Cheyenne, Wyoming. During the next three years Charles learned the business. With his earnings he started a hardware store in Fort Collins, where he met and married Fannie Augusta Cowan, in 1874. They established a store and a home in Boulder, where a son, Claude Kedzie, was born on June 10, 1875. With unusual business ability Charles Boettcher soon had branch stores in Greeley, Evans, and Loveland, which he supervised from his Boulder headquarters by means of horse and buggy transportation.

At the beginning of the silver boom in Leadville in 1879, Mr. Boettcher bought a site and built a store there. His family moved to Leadville and resided there until 1890, when a new home was established in Denver.

In 1899, while engaged in building a beet sugar factory in Loveland, Charles Boettcher was intrigued with the fact that the cement used was made in Germany, arrived in wooden barrels, and the freight cost was far greater than the value of the material itself.

He bought into a struggling little cement plant between Pueblo and Canon City on the banks of the Arkansas River. His company soon brought the quality up to a standard of uniformity which enabled the product to compete with the best of the imported cements. That plant became the nucleus of what is now the Ideal Cement Company, one of the largest producers of portland cement in the world.

With the help of his son, Claude, and his namesake grand-

son, Mr. Boettcher built a financial empire in the Rocky Mountain region through sugar beets, cement, livestock, mines, steel, real estate, theaters, transportation, and other businesses. He died on July 2, 1948, at the age of 96.

Claude Kedzie Boettcher received a degree in engineering from Harvard University in 1897. He married De Allan McMurtie in January, 1900. There was one son of this marriage, Charles II. The marriage ended in divorce. In 1920, Claude Boettcher married Edna Case McElveen, who for many years presided over the elaborate home at 400 East Eighth Avenue. She was the daughter of the late Austin G. Case, well-known Colorado physician.

During his lifetime Claude Boettcher gave many millions to philanthropies, but even so, when he died on June 9, 1957, his estate still was estimated at \$8,000,000 or more.

Last resident of the mansion was Mrs. Edna Case Boettcher, widow of Claude Boettcher. Mrs. Boettcher, who passed away on October 6, 1958, made no specific mention in her will of the mansion. The will directed that "any property not mentioned be turned over to the Boettcher Foundation."

The Boettcher Foundation, established by Charles, Claude and Charles Boettcher II, in 1937, is dedicated to religious, charitable or educational purposes within the State of Colorado. Officers of the foundation are: Charles Boettcher II, Chairman of the Board; Cris Dobbins, Vice Chairman; Dr. Robert L. Stearns, President of the foundation; and Mrs. L. C. Brown, Treasurer and Secretary. Trustees are: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boettcher II, Cris Dobbins, C. Bruce Flick, Hudson Moore, Jr., Henry C. Van Schaack, and E. Warren Willard.

To attempt to describe in detail the furnishings of the mansion, which are largely French, Italian, and Chinese, would require far more space than we have available here. The accompanying photographs should give some idea of the elegance and beauty of the mansion's interior.

The crystal chandelier in the 40-foot long drawingroom is said to have once hung in the White House. Among the tapestries, of which there are many, are two Gobelins, said to have been purchased a number of years ago by Claude Boettcher from the Russian government for \$50,000. One of the most beautiful antiques is a Louis XIV desk of carved mahogany and copper trim, in the library. The 60 x 70-foot pure white Palm Room, encased by glass walls, is stunning with its background of large palms and its white marble floor.

A six-foot wrought iron fence surrounds the grounds on which balustraded, stone steps wind down the terrace.

Colorado now unquestionably owns one of the most beautiful executive residences in the entire country.—*Editor.*



## A Michigan Correspondent in Colorado, 1878

Edited by SIDNEY GLAZER\*

*The Michigan Christian Herald*, the unusually well edited official journal of Michigan Baptists, frequently published letters to the editor. Often these letters were written by delegates to church meetings and conferences and contained specific references to problems of denominational interest as well as comments about the cities visited.

In 1878, however, the *Herald* published five letters from a subscriber identified only as "T." This most informative correspondent was interested primarily in describing his pleasure trip to Colorado. "T" glorified the spirit of the state which had been admitted to the union only two years earlier. He assembled an amazing amount of information on a wide range of subjects. His discerning comments should be helpful to present day readers interested in the social and economic history of Colorado.

\* \* \* \*

We were out of Kansas and in Colorado long before we had left the plains or reached the "backbone" of the American continent. This, too, is a great state, with over twenty-two and a half million acres of grazing lands and forty-five million acres of *Rocky Mountains*. Of farming land we should say there is not a square foot, but they are legion who rise up and assert to the contrary. The soil with its mounds and hillocks of pale yellow sand shining in the sun really looks like the desert our forefathers believed it to be; but irrigation makes it "bud and blossom like the rose," and the most skeptical can be convinced that gardening and the raising of small fruits will in time be a lucrative industry in supplying local wants. But to attempt the raising of wheat, corn and grains generally, under such difficulties seems like subverting the ways of Providence. The Rocky Mountain region is the nation's great and unfailing treasury vault. What the country needs is men to unlock the barriers leading to its hidden avenues of wealth. The Mississippi valley for wheat and corn, the mountains for majestic scenery, cool, health-giving retreats and the mineral deposit so lavishly bestowed.

At Denver one stands spellbound as the grand panorama of mountain-scenery, over three hundred miles in extent, bursts upon the view. Eighty miles to the north and west Long's Peak, and seventy-five miles to the south Pike's Peak loom up like sentinels to the right and left, while to the east as far as the eye can reach lies the broad expanse of plains dotted with herds of cattle, horses, sheep and goats.

It is a grand country to visit, presenting unlimited sources of interest. Colonel Benton in the summer of 1848, delivering an address in St. Louis respecting it, said, "Within the life time of the present generation the Rocky Mountains, with its parks surrounded by per-

\*Dr. Sidney Glazer, Professor of History at Wayne State University, Detroit, Michigan, is a graduate of the University of Michigan. He is co-author with Milo Quaife of *Michigan: From Primitive Wilderness to Industrial Commonwealth*. He also has contributed to various historical journals.—Editor.

petual snow, will be the places of refuge whither the people will flee in summer to cool themselves."

His words have been fulfilled. The remotest east, the distant south, and the intermediate and western states are now represented by those who seek health or enjoyment in its rugged fastnesses.<sup>1</sup>

#### Colorado Sketches

Before starting for Colorado perfect, as far as possible, your plans, arranging a full programme; purchase a round trip ticket including all railroad points desirable to visit, and as many places on the stage lines as practicable and possible. Not a few buy a ticket over the Union Pacific to Cheyenne, the "Golden Belt," to Denver, or over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe to San Pueblo, leaving the details of future progress to be arranged at the terminus of the trunk road. Such are sure to be disappointed in one respect at least, viz: the cost of travel. Regular railroad rates in this country, when not secured in a round trip or excursion ticket, are *ten cents* per mile; and there are more miles to an acre than were ever dreamed of in an eastern man's philosophy. In going from Georgetown to Central City by rail we travel 36 miles, while by carriage road the distance is six; from Black Hawk to Central City by railroad, five and a half miles, carriage road one; at La Veta pass around and up the mountain fourteen miles, across the ravine only *one-half mile*. But the railroads are indispensable, and the officials think the rates exceedingly moderate when compared with the money invested in building, and keeping the roads in repair. (The mountain roads are built on a gauge of three feet. The Denver and Rio Grande was begun in the spring of '71, and in January '78 were completed 307 miles, at a cost including necessary rolling stock of \$15,349,500, an average of nearly \$50,000 per mile.)

A satisfactory programme should include La Veta Pass; San Pueblo; Canon City (by which the grand cañon of the Arkansas is taken in); Colorado Springs (include the stage fare to Manitou); Denver, Georgetown; Central City and Boulder.

The guide books say make Denver headquarters; but from observation and experience we by far prefer Manitou, although a little off the railroad. As a rule the tourist in Colorado desires, above all else, rest, recreation, health and fine scenery; and in no place are all these requirements met so nearly as at Manitou. At Denver you are twelve miles from the mountains by nearest carriage road; at Boulder, five or six to scenery of special interest; at Colorado Springs from three to five miles; while at San Pueblo the mountains are in the blue distance.

Some, again, advise going directly to Georgetown, but this being over fifty miles directly into the mountains, rainstorms and dampness are more liable, and detract much from the pleasure of the visitor. During the present season residents report a shower every day, from May to September, and the writer can testify that September started in with abundance of moisture.

Manitou, cozily nestled among the lower "foot hills," presents a cool and equable climate, which, combined with the attraction of the medicinal springs, has made the resort very popular and quite famous. The number of guests and the numerous devices for amusement have already given the locality right to the title of "Saratoga of the West." Seven of the springs are easily accessible to the Manitou House, and all are more or less highly charged with some medicinal element; the Soda, Iron and Magnesia are the more popular. These and the various bath houses are situated on the banks of the Fountain-qui-Bouille, a beautiful stream which winds in and out among the rocks and evergreens. Here and there among the trees on

<sup>1</sup> *The Michigan Christian Herald*, October 10, 1878.

either side are little cottages, reached by rustic bridges, which span the rivulet at easy distances. Bowers, arbors, densely shaded foot-paths, are everywhere numerous. . . .<sup>2</sup>

Pike's Peak—San Pueblo—Arkansas Cañon—  
A Lamosa—Products, Prices, etc.

Almost all able-bodied men, and not a few women, feel that to go to Manitou and not make the ascent of Pike's Peak shows great lack of enterprise. It is, however, a more serious undertaking than the unacclimated think. Not a few, whose energy and rashness exceeded their strength, have been brought back insensible with blood flowing from mouth, ears and nostrils owing to the rareness of the atmosphere at this great altitude [14,110 feet]. The least exertion, with the robust usually results in dizziness, palpitation of the heart and other unpleasant sensations. Tourists at the base and at various standpoints on the lower hills, often bring to bear their field-glass expecting to see the U. S. Signal Service building, which all the guide books say is at the *top*; not believing it possible that the *peak* is so blunt that it contains an area of eighty-four square acres. Another surprise will be experienced, by those making the trip for the first time, to find a comparatively large plateau opening up before them after having climbed an almost perpendicular elevation for many hundred feet. It reminds one of "a great sheet let down from heaven," its four corners being pinned to the lower mountain tops. On its surface, 10,175 feet above the sea, lies Lake Moraine, half a mile long by a quarter wide. On its margin is the Lake House, a hotel which does a thriving business in the season. It is one story high, built of logs and has a flat roof. No one ever criticises the architecture or gives much heed to outward appearance. Its open arms and warm heart are eagerly sought for after a sojourn of a few hours among the frost, snow and biting winter winds which hold sway farther up. Twenty-five cents for a cup of coffee or tea, with etables in proportion, seem somewhat elevated as to price, also, but when it is considered that provisions of all kinds, including most of the fuel, are "backed" up by the little donkeys we conclude we had rather pay and be gone than to exchange places.

The impression, that in the vicinity of Pike's Peak are the richest deposits of gold and silver has long since been dissipated, and the mines, now most successfully worked, are in localities which have been trodden over and over again by prospectors in eager haste to find a richer lead. The present explorer in the vicinity is quite satisfied if his careful search is repaid by specimens of fine crystal, lapis lazuli and moss agates. The two former are quite numerous, the latter is becoming very scarce. A little to the north very delicate crystallizations of iron in red, brown and black, resembling variety of mosses and even landscape scenery, are sometimes found. The resident dealers in novelties, however, have their spies in the land, and the tourist is uncommonly fortunate who finds anything of great beauty, other than as he secures it from a local museum at a fabulous price. To search for them is like seeking for hidden treasures. Their existence is unheralded, and they now come forth from unexpected places and again secrete themselves under a cover of dust which the next wind or rain, perhaps, will sweep away, and the fortunate explorer will have his reward.

Another drive of interest is found a few miles to the south and west of Manitou; the entrance to Chiann [Cheyenne] Cañon. . . .<sup>3</sup>

Returning to Colorado Springs, we take the south bound train making our first stop at San Pueblo, a city of about 5,000 inhabitants. It does a lively business connected with the mining and stock-raising

<sup>2</sup> *The Michigan Christian Herald*, October 17, 1878.

<sup>3</sup> Because of limited space the description of this drive has been omitted.—Editor.

interests. There are several hotels, three banks, railroad machine shops, foundries, smelting works and a lively daily paper, the *Democrat*.

Pueblo will in time be a formidable rival of Denver. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad company with this as a center, have publicly announced their purpose to build ten different branches into the various mining and grazing districts, thus making tributary to that line all central and southern Colorado. One is to run north to Denver, another into the mountains to Leadville via the Arkansas Cañon [Royal Gorge] and thence forward to Salt Lake City. Not counting roads in prospect, the Denver & Rio Grande Co. have already completed and in running order over 376 miles, with termini at Pueblo, Canon City, Cucharas, El Mora and Alamosa. In the vicinity of Canon City are found precious metals, coal deposits, oil wells and numerous medicinal springs hot and cold. Notwithstanding nature has been so lavish with her gifts, thousands have come to this and other places near to amass wealth; but the oil failed to lubricate the wheels of the car of fortune and it sticks fast in some deep well, or excavation where all was not gold that glittered. For grand, wild and majestic scenery the Cañon of the Arkansas is acknowledged to be the most remarkable in the state. For miles the walls of granite open only wide enough to let the rushing waters crowd through. And, as the timid traveler peers over the precipice 3,000 [1,053] feet deep, the stream is almost lost to view.

Pursuing our way southward from Pueblo, the first object of special interest is a volcanic rock, detached from the range, which rises about 500 feet in the midst of a level plain. Here, it is said, Col. [Thomas Hart] Benton some thirty years ago halted after weeks of exploring toil, and looking upon the snowy caps of the Spanish Peaks at the south, and the grandeur of the Rocky range to north and west, and again out over the plains to the east uttered the prophetic sentence now engraved upon his statue in Lafayette Park, St. Louis. Pointing to the east and then to the west, he burst forth with these words: "There is the East, and there are the Indias," indication that Colorado was in time to be the great centre of the Western hemisphere, and to the westward would be the direct route to China and India.

Mount Veta looms up bold and bare in the distance, and the ribbons of steel with many a twist and turn are lost to view upon the hillside. Although we have risen 1,755 feet, in the 11 miles from La Veta station to the base of the mountain, there are hundreds of feet yet to make ere the summit is reached. The train crawls along the southern edge of the mountain and turns upon itself in a very short curve on an ascending grade of 217 feet to the mile. From the projecting spurs we look out through the opening vista down the ravine, where the beginning of the Cucharas River finds its way to the plains, out and beyond two hundred miles or more. The descent seems comparatively easy, and we soon find ourselves running parallel to the old Fort Garland<sup>3</sup> road, over the Sangre de Christo [*sic*] Pass, into the broad plateau known as San Luis [Luis] Park. Garland, a military post, is soon reached, a thriving city a few months since, like many localities through which we have passed, is now deserted. A few soldiers at the old fort remain as memorials of what once was, but is no more. "Where are the houses?" asked one of the party passing through. "Gone with the people," was the gruff reply. And surely enough the inhabitants had all gone to Alamosa, the present terminus of the rail-road, and taken their houses with them.

Only three months old, with 3,000 inhabitants, Alamosa presents

the peculiar characteristics found only in a western frontier town. Roofs of houses, a side or end of a shanty, doors, windows, boxes, tables and chairs are piled here and there, or indiscriminately scattered, where the flat car dumped them, awaiting the owner's disposal who is hard by in a tent preparing to drive stakes and begin business again. One hotel keeper boasts that he has moved sixteen times, and by practice has so improved, that in the last move his boarders took supper in Garland, and breakfasted in the new "Perry House," Alamosa, thirty miles away. Speculators are selling "corner lots" at a fabulous price. "This liveliest, smartest town; to be the future emporium of Southern Colorado" is the talk, but do not buy in haste and repent at leisure. The railroad will move on ere long and Alamosa may be numbered in the long list of names whose glory has departed.<sup>6</sup> There are few chances to contract debts with the hope of liquidating them with the net gain of a profitable investment. Although the residents have unlimited faith in the resources of the country, they would not trust you for your breakfast with security on a fortune not "in hand." But we are in a locality where it costs something to "live and move" and house "our being," and the people are all well schooled in the art of charging. A dollar pays for a reasonably large section on the floor, whereon you spread your bunk, but some of our eastern fat men would without doubt be charged extra price. Household supplies sold by the bulk in the east, as you near the Mexican border, are sold exclusively by the pound; for instance, corn five and six cents per pound; hay one and a half and two cents per pound; barley three and a half and four cents per pound; water in some localities 35 cents per barrel, household use; 25 cents per head for stock. (Notwithstanding there are so many beautiful mountain streams, coming down from the perpetual snow fields, in localities the water has been rendered unfit for use by the numerous mines and gulches along its course. At Central City the water supply, once abundant and pure, is now utterly destroyed by the mining interests. Water in this city was being retailed on the streets at 35 cents a barrel at the time the writer was in that place.) St. Louis beer, which there retails at 10 cts. per quart, here sells in localities at \$1. And we regret to say that every station along the railroad line pyramids of beer and wine bottles are as conspicuous as water tanks and about the same size. Wood is brought to market on the backs of pack mules (a beast scarcely three feet high) and sells for 25 cents per load. It is astonishing to see how the little beasts are burdened. Three full grown Mexicans think nothing of riding to town on the back of one animal, and when the little fellows come to market, with their burdens of hay and wool, one would be at a loss to find the motive power, as they are completely enveloped in the commodity, head and *ears*, and that is saying a good deal.

This section so long under Mexican rule still retains the peculiarities of the nation. Very few of the original inhabitants understand or speak a word of English, and the Mexican nomenclature, observed in the names of cities and towns, is a terror to the average Yankee; for instance, Conjos [Conejos] pronounced *Co-no-hos*; Huaferno [Huerfano]—*Wa-fa-no* (broad sound of a every time); San Juan, *San-wan*; Los Vegas [Las Vegas, N. M.] *Los Vago*, etc. Cactus here is at home; parties, who visited the New Mexico line, report farms fenced with a living cactus hedge three feet high. In the centre of the enclosure would be found a little adobe cottage, threshing floor, stockade for

<sup>6</sup>Contrary to the prediction, Alamosa remained and today (1960) has a population of more than 12,000. "Alamosa began existence in 1876. A hopeful land company, a little log school, an embryo church, and a few rude huts marked the beginning. . . . It was on the fourth of July of the year 1878 that the first train came rumbling across the newly constructed bridges. . . . Perched upon flatcars were two hotels and a saloon which had served their purpose admirably in Garland City."—*The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VIII, No. 2 (March, 1931), 41-42.

<sup>1</sup>Huerfano Butte (meaning the orphan) was a well-known landmark.

<sup>2</sup>Fort Garland, established in 1858, as a successor to Fort Massachusetts built in 1852 six miles up Ute Creek, was an important garrison during Indian troubles. It was abandoned in 1883.—*Editor*.

the goats, wooden shovels, with which the *senoritas* throw the grain high in air, their only method of separating the wheat from the chaff. The sheep, goats and cattle have learned how to utilize some of the more succulent varieties of cactus, and by a dextrous movement of the hoof slip open the leaf and then eat the inside, which is said to be very nutritious and quite a luxury. But the thorns visible and invisible are fearful to contemplate and awful to experience.

After a week's rest from this, our lengthy, and perhaps tiresome Southern trip, we will return to civilization as found at Georgetown, Idaho [Idaho Springs] and Central City.<sup>7</sup>

#### Clear Creek Cañon—Storms, Heat—Mines.

Returning northward we pass Denver and in a few minutes halt at Golden, 17 miles distant, one of the oldest cities in the State, having been settled in 1850,<sup>8</sup> before the discovery of gold in this locality. It is situated at the mouth of Clear Creek Cañon, at the base of the foot hills and Table mountain; all of which are easily climbed, and from whose summits beautiful views unfold. There are manufactories, a college, the State School of Mines; coal, also gold and silver mines nearby. We leave the broad gauge *via* Clear Creek Cañon. It is a rushing mountain torrent dashing against the rocks or recklessly leaping over and against precipices in utter heedlessness. The rocks which tower above us are tunnelled here and there, and along the margin of the stream, the Chinaman stands with arms akimbo, leaving his pan of unwashed dirt until we pass by, when he will carefully sift out the gold and get rich out of what the white man has left. Notwithstanding we are ascending one of the steepest grades, and the stream in places is almost falling headlong down the hill, it is the first instance in which the appearance of water "running up hill" has proved deceptive. The stream is so deep, and the bed so uneven, that as the volume of water strikes upon the submerged rocks, it forms a backward flow which with the circling eddies gives one the impression that the stream is following an opposite direction.

After a ride of eight miles we come suddenly upon a charming little pavilion upon the rocks at the junction of Beaver Brook and Clear Creek. We need not be told that this is a favorite resort for Sunday-schools and picnic excursionists. A huge swing, suspended from the pines, which carries the youthful venturer far out over the yawning chasm and dashing waters below, would prove exciting sport for our Michigan boys and girls who never saw a very high precipice or very deep mountain chasm. A few years since a fearful mountain storm visited this locality and carried away all the buildings and many of the trees.

The present season, rainstorms have been unprecedentedly numerous, and those fearful phenomena called "cloud bursts." When they occur torrents of water come crashing along down the ravines from six to twenty feet high, carrying everything before them.

A traveller, on horseback, in these mountains recently, saw and heard the dreadful waterspout and tornado coming, and in haste dismounted and fled to the shadow of a great rock. When the storm had passed, he went forth to find his faithful beast lifeless, half covered with drift wood and debris at the bottom of the ravine, where the wind and water had carried him.

Going on, and up from Beaver Brook at the rate of 170 feet to the mile, the rocks become more and more terribly sublime, at the right seeming an impenetrable wall reaching to the sky, while a threatening torrent at the left dashes spray into our faces or hangs threateningly overhead as we creep under the rocks and pass on. The little station houses stand on stilts in the water like boys with their

<sup>7</sup> *The Michigan Christian Herald*, October 24, 1878.

<sup>8</sup> "T" was mistaken. Golden was founded in 1859. Thomas L. Golden and others previously had a camp there.—*Editor*.

pants rolled up, ready for frolic. We squeeze through between them and the hill-side, fearing we shall tumble them over, but they are steady in nerve and used to hard knocks and rough usage, and we leave them as good-natured as we found them.

At Idaho the mountains have stepped back and left a very roomy plateau which has been utilized by hotel men and medicinal spring owners. Here are the famous hot soda springs (not volcanic but chemical heat), eight in number ranging in temperature from 60 to 100 degrees. There are also cold iron and sulphur springs, which give a variety, and if you pay your money "you take your choice," plunge bath, swimming bath, or no bath at all. As we continue our way, evidences of mineral wealth multiply, men knee deep in water are washing out the gold; flumes follow along the mountain side; now on a level with the road-bed, again high up the mountain side. Great hydraulic pumps are lazily moving their long arms as they lift the water from the deep pits where the men are at work below; quartz mills and smelting works come to view, and we are in Georgetown, 8,412 [8,512] feet above the sea; yet mountains, 6,000 feet higher, look complacently down upon us. It would hardly seem possible that summer heat could find its way into a ravine like this, but on the 7th day of August, this year, the thermometer recorded 92° in the

shade, the highest temperature known since the settlement of Georgetown. At Denver, 52 miles away, it was 105° in ordinary shade, and a good deal hotter in the hall where the Republican Convention were nominating their state ticket. Democrats declared that it was that Republican Convention which caused the plutonian fires to burn so fiercely. But we found warm weather in Georgetown later. Within twenty-four hours the thermometer registered 45°, 60° and 80°. If the past season was a fair sample of Colorado weather we would advise all tourists to carry with them a trunk in one end of which should be a coal stove and in the other palm leaf fans, as each will be needed, at different ends of the day.



THE DEVIL'S GATE

A ride of two and a half miles farther up the mountain, and that wonderful body of water called Green Lake is visited. It is on the summit of a rocky elevation, 10,500 feet high. The water is of the richest emerald color, and so clear that the many curious formations at the bottom are plainly visible. The effect of the surrounding mountain peaks, the gray background, and pine growth and luxuriant

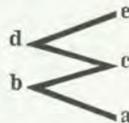


GREEN LAKE ABOVE GEORGETOWN

green foliage in foreground, shadowed in the translucent depth is delightful. The copper, iron and other ores in the locality are supposed to have given the water its peculiar and brilliant coloring. Notwithstanding this characteristic, most excellent fish abound. Those who never tire continue their way up Gray's Peak, and returning, enjoy the many waterfalls, caverns and dells along the course; notwithstanding the temptation to pass through the "Devil's Gateway" on their downward course. Others spend their time in Georgetown, inspecting J. V. Farwell's Silver Reduction Works. It is stated that the mines along Clear Creek have yielded \$14,000,000 of the \$71,000,000 already exported from Colorado. As there is no abatement in the yield, Mr. Farwell will probably cast many gold and silver bricks, which the Young Men's Christian Associations stand ready to use in the extension of their work.<sup>9</sup>

#### Railroading—Bob-Tail Mines—Silver Mills The Business Generally

A few miles west of Golden the Colorado Central Railroad branches to right and left. We followed the left hand canon in our last trip going to Georgetown. We now turn to the right and follow Black Hawk Creek [North Clear Creek] to the terminus of the railroad and halt at a place of the same name. Immense smelting works fill the atmosphere with coal dust and darkness. One mill at our right is sending forth volumes of blackness from *seventeen* huge smoke stacks. We said we followed the road to its terminus; true in one respect, but not in another, for the road has several termini. Arriving at what seemed the end of the line, our little engine determined to *go*, and as it could no longer pull, it reversed wheels and *pushed*. We found ourselves rapidly making the ascent of the mountain on an angle with the track upon which we entered the town. At one moment we looked in at chamber windows; anon we were hovering over chimney tops, sailing through the air, over telegraph poles, church spires and tree tops. The residents look upon the feat as a commonplace affair; away up the mountain height at almost any time of day a train of cars can be seen moving along at the summit. The track is built on this wise:



Advancing to *a* the train backs to a switch at *b*, then advances to another switch at *c*, backs again to *d*, forward again on another grade to *e*; by this system of engineering residents of Colorado affirm that engines may yet "climb trees." After seeing so many strange and wonderful things we do not venture a show of skepticism.

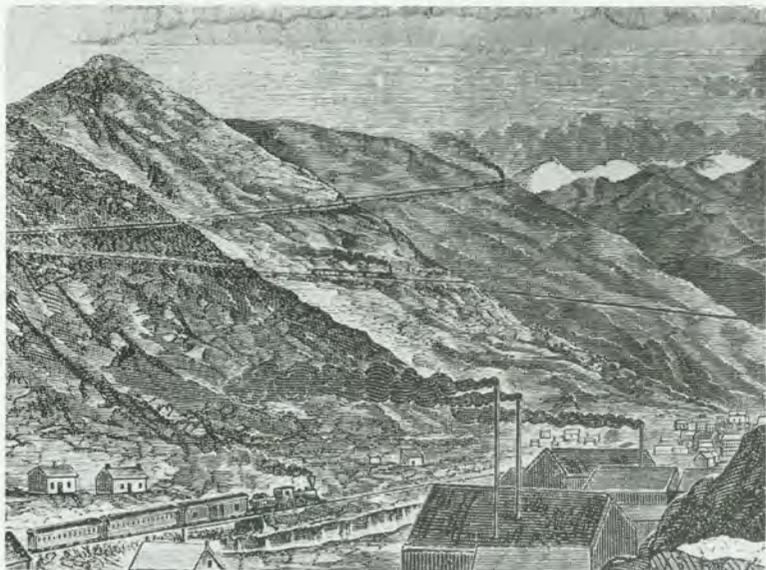
We halt at Central City, the oldest mining camp in the State; five years ago, however, a disastrous fire nearly destroyed the place. Rescue came from Golden, a special train running the distance (21 miles) with the fire engines in 90 minutes, the fastest time on record in this locality. Speed is at a discount, owing to heavy grades and sharp curves.

The town, having been rebuilt with brick, presents a new and substantial appearance, quite in contrast with other mining districts. Notwithstanding the railroad was built specially for the transportation of ores, horses and mules do not find their "occupation gone" but are constantly hauling tons and tons of quartz, which is piled in heaps or stored in bins around the Reduction Works, much as bran about a flouring mill.

We will begin at first principles, visit the silver in its native bed

<sup>9</sup> *The Michigan Christian Herald*, November 7, 1878.

and trace it through its various lines of travel until its value is officially stamped at the mint. We enter one of the longest tunnels in the place, leading to the "Bob-tail Mine," and find an extensive cave, roughly roofed over, in which are dump-carts, mules, men and mud. Having been provided with candles, lamps and lanterns, our leader advances, we follow, entering an opening about six feet high, and, in places, wide enough only to admit the passage of the mule and dump-



COLORADO CENTRAL RAILROAD  
Switchback—Black Hawk to Central City, 1878

car. The roof is propped up by timbers and roughly boarded over. Through the cracks the rocks and debris fall upon your head from the tramway above, not a pleasant sensation to experience, even if convinced that the bombardment is with silver bullets (which is not the case). We followed the railroad track, not stepping to the right or left, as considerable streams of water are flowing at the sides (surplus drippings from the soil above). Coming to a switch we crowd to one side that the mule and his car of ores may pass by. Proceeding, we notice entrances to other galleries, which have already been worked, or into caverns from [which] shafts are sunk to other levels hundreds of feet below.

Rumbling noises and tremor of the earth give warning that we are nearing active mining operations. In one locality the rock is easily detached by the shovel or pick; in another the drill with difficulty forces room for the charge of powder. Over a thousand feet below the surface of the soil, and sixteen hundred feet from daylight by the route we have entered, we find two steam engines at work full blast, supplying power for drilling, hoisting, pumping and revolving the system of ventilating fans. At a curbing, much like that of an old-fashioned well, we stop and peer down; we are told that there is another level beneath our feet, and a ride on the elevator will land us safely 300 feet below. We go down, down, down through darkness made visible by the sickly glimmer of the tallow dip, and again hear the sharp click of the pick, the rattle of the drill, and the steady puff of another steam engine. Crowding by machinery, mules and men, we explore the winding way glistening with precious metal, above,

below, and on all sides. A windlass and rope (but no curbing) indicate that another shaft yawns at our feet. Looking down as far as the eye can penetrate we discern the little points of brightness where candles are stuck in the wall, and notice dark objects moving as ghostly shadows in the twilight. Returning to the elevator, at a signal the flat car comes down with the useful donkey and returns with the burdensome sightseers. We now follow the ore to the Reduction Works or Silver Mill.

Digging the metal from its native bed is but a small part of the labor to be done before it assumes real marketable value. The choicest specimens and richest ores have become contaminated by bad associations. A severe and lengthy discipline in the school of fire will with difficulty remove the corrupting influence. The car containing the crude materials dumps it *en masse* into bins from which are chutes leading down to the very jaws of death. At the bottom is a system of hammers, some rising as others fall, each, with fearful clatter and noise, delivering a blow from six to nine hundred pounds at a stroke. Under this grinding process, gold, silver, lead and rock are reduced to powder. Notwithstanding a stream of water is kept running through this huge mortar the dust is stifling, and if breathing apparatus were equal to the emergency the visitor would soon be worth his weight in gold.

The manager hurries us forward and we see the muddy mass rushing through troughs into a great tank which is constantly overflowing; we wonder at this waste, but the overflow is not valuable, nothing but mud and refuse. In the bottom of the mortar, troughs, and tank, quicksilver has been placed, held in position by little bins and by process of "natural selection" the gold and silver seek it, as an affinity, while the coarse, impalable mass rushes on, not knowing that its virtues have departed. After the stamping process has been continued long enough to secure sufficient supply, the pestles, troughs and tank are carefully washed and scraped, when the material is submitted to still another process of grinding in great iron tanks with revolving bottoms. In this great pudding is stirred quicksilver, salt, sulphate of copper and, nobody knows what, or what proportion, save the metallurgist, —and he will not tell, for upon his skill in preparing the material, which shall with least expense liberate the pure gold or silver, depends his salary. (A metallurgist, who has had rare success and possesses a secret in this respect, is paid \$25,000 a year to practice his art for a special corporation, and not communicate his knowledge to others.) By the amalgamating process in the tank the precious ores lose their identity and by chemical union form a heavy substance (resembling neither gold or silver) which sinks to the bottom, while the water and refuse are carried away. This amalgam is then put into canvas, or bags of skin, and subjected to heavy pressure. Much of the quicksilver exudes and is ready for service again; a great amount, however, clings to its newly formed friends, and will not return to duty until driven back by the refiner's fire. The material is now placed in retorts and inserted into furnaces of burning coal. Heat soon expels the quicksilver in form of vapor, which, passing through pipes provided for it, is conveyed into a tub of cold water, where it is condensed and assumes its original identity, none the worse for its adventures. The silver is still submitted to the baking process until the baser materials (which we call *dross*) are burned away. The mold is then brought out and the liquid mass is turned in, and we soon have the solid silver brick.

The work is not yet done; the metal must go through yet another process of refining fire, under the direction of legalized officers, who at the U. S. Mint or some of its branches, submit the final test and affix the stamp of intrinsic *valuation*, by no means *fiat*.

Although the amalgamation process of refining gold, silver and other metals has been practiced for over three hundred years, it has

not until very recently attained anything like perfection. The aggregate loss of quicksilver alone was formerly 130 pounds in the manufacture of an 80 pound silver brick. At the J. V. Farwell Silver Reduction Works the manager believes they have arrived almost at perfection in the *art of saving*. In the manufacture of a brick of 80 pounds, cast, in the presence of numerous visitors this fall, the official register showed a loss of but few ounces of quicksilver (a mere nominal weight). So important is the matter of economically recovering gold and silver from its various alloys that over 200 processes have been registered in the Patent Office, Washington; besides the many methods, not patented, held in secret by inventors and experimenters now in practical use. Not only is there great loss in the materials used in chemical combination, but great skill is required to prevent loss of the metal itself when submitted to the refiner's fire. "By a slight miscalculation" in the heat of the furnace the silver and gold go flying up the chimney in imperceptible particles. To prevent loss of this kind the furnace smoke-stacks are often carried up the mountain sides hundreds of feet; all along the shaft are placed the little bins of quicksilver to attract the straying bits being carried away by the currents of heat and smoke. Every two or three months the waste is gathered and invariably yields a good return for the trouble, sometimes aggregating a valuation of many thousand dollars.

There is, at first thought, a fascination about working in gold and silver;—*owning* the precious metal as it is taken from the mine. But when the various and complicated methods of converting it into legal tender are considered the fantasy loses much of its charm. In the first place the miner chooses a very risky avocation. If he attempts to do his own prospecting he is liable to pass the richest leads and drive stakes in an utterly valueless district. There is no uniformity in signs, a rich vein may in one place be brown or red, in another black or yellow, according as the soil has been stained by the chemical substances in the vicinity. The ignorant prospector wanders at random, and feeds upon guesses or false hopes, until starvation compels him to accept a certainty in the sum of a dollar, or dollar and a half a day, as a laborer for a corporation, rather than take the risk of uncertain wealth, at the expense of life. Two-thirds of the adventurers who are now working the mines of Colorado and Nevada were driven there by attempting to combat these stern facts. Sometimes, it is true, fortune favors, as was instanced last June, when two prospectors by accident broke off a piece of rock on a highway, over which thousands and thousands of equally careful observers had passed unrewarded. These men by chance, and at a venture filled their miners' bags and took the result to an assayer, "A proportionate yield," said he, "will be a thousand ounces of silver to the ton." Stakes were hurriedly set, claims entered and the "Silver Cliff Mines" exceed expectations. Three men in four days marketed six tons of mineral for which they received \$5,400. One success is heralded the world over; the hundreds of failures pass unnoticed.

Ore is marketed much as we market wheat or corn. Milling as a rule is a distinct business. The miner sends in his wagon or car load; the assayer of the mill, gives the yield of ounces per ton; quotes the price per ounce; pays the owner, who departs for another supply. Quotations of gold and silver are as carefully studied by the miner as the Michigan farmer scans the changing rates of wheat and corn. If prices rule low, and the miner is able, he holds his commodity for better rates; if need of supplies is pressing, he sells at a loss and returns to camp grumbling and discouraged. Who will say after experience in the uncertainty, risk and mud of mining life, "*Here is poetry, but in raising and marketing wheat and corn is prose.*"<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, November 28, 1878.

## Pony Express Centennial

One hundred years ago—on April 3, 1860—Pony Express riders began their dash across 1,966 miles of prairies, plains, deserts, and mountains. Their route was from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California. Time, ten and one-half days. St. Joseph had been chosen as the eastern terminal since it had telegraphic and railway connections with the Atlantic states. Many of the riders could well fill the requirements of the advertisement which appeared in San Francisco papers for horsemen—“young, skinny, wiry fellows, not over 18 . . . willing to risk death daily.” These hardy frontiersmen braved dangers for wages of \$25 a week!

When the Civil War began many of them joined the North or the South. They left behind no records of their performances as Pony Express riders. Too, because of the short duration of the Pony Express operations—only about eighteen months in all—the history of the Express was neglected. In this Centennial year controversies have arisen and confusion has clouded some of the early events of the Pony Express. For instance, historians do not agree on who was the first westbound rider out of St. Joseph. The Centennial has, however, aroused much interest in the history of the Old West.

Two cross country re-runs were planned by different organizations to pay tribute to the 100th anniversary of the express. The first one, staged in April, 1960, was far from a success. One of the riders accidentally shot himself at Torrington, Wyoming; some riders did not appear as scheduled; and the run was completed by a saddle-sore rider who rumbled into San Francisco in a truck.

A second re-run, planned by the National Pony Express Centennial Association of which Waddell F. Smith, great-nephew of William B. Waddell, is president, will be launched in July, 1960. The westbound pony will leave Saint Joseph at 9:00 P.M., July 19. A Nebraska rider is due to arrive at the Colorado state line at 7:30 A.M., July 22. The Colorado rider who will relieve the Nebraskan will dash into Julesburg at 8:15 A.M.

Arrangements have been made to run a feeder line from Julesburg to Colorado Springs in order to carry a letter from President Eisenhower to the Boy Scouts Encampment where 50,000 Scouts will be gathered.

An eastbound rider will go through Julesburg at 10:45 A.M., July 26. Plans are under way to have him drop off a letter from President Eisenhower to Governor McNichols. The westbound and eastbound riders are scheduled to pass in the vicinity of Fort Bridger, Wyoming on July 24.

Since the old Pony Express route followed the Oregon and



*Gil Baur, State Archives*  
 DIORAMA IN COLORADO STATE MUSEUM  
 Made by Artists Juan Menchaca and Roy Hunt of the State Historical Society's staff, under the supervision of Mrs. Willena D. Cartwright, Curator of State Museums

California trails across Wyoming, it touched only the far northeast corner of Colorado. At Upper Crossing of the Platte called Julesburg, was Colorado's only Pony Express station. On special occasions William N. Byers, editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, paid special riders to bring news into Denver from Julesburg. But, as Byers said later, it was a very expensive business. News by Pony Express or telegrams usually reached Denver by stage coach from Fort Kearney or Julesburg.

In Colorado there are a number of reminders of the Pony Express. Near Julesburg are two markers. One reads:

To The Brave Men Who  
 Rode The  
 Pony Express 1860-1861



The other states:

Due North 1,235 Feet Is the  
 Original Site of  
 OLD JULESBURG

Named for Jules Beni,  
 Whose Trading Post was  
 Established at the "Upper  
 Crossing" of the Platte  
 prior to 1860.

Junction of Oregon and  
 Overland Trails.

Pony Express Station, 1860-61.  
 Overland Stage Station, 1859-65.  
 Burned in Indian Raid, Feb. 2,  
 1865.

Erected by  
 The State Historical Society  
 of Colorado  
 From  
 The Mrs. J. N. Hall Foundation  
 And By  
 Citizens of Sedgwick County,  
 Colorado  
 1931

In the Main Post Office in Denver, on Eighteenth Street, between Champa and Stout, are the names of ten Pony Express riders carved in stone. High up on the walls of the main lobby are: RAND, CODY, KELLEY, KEETLEY, BEATLEY, HASLAM, JAMES, RISING, BOULTON, BAUGHN.

In the dome of the State Capitol, Denver, there are sixteen stained-glass portrait windows of eminent Colorado citizens. Two of these windows are portraits of Alexander Majors and Bela M. Hughes, who were connected with the C.O.C. & P.P. Express, owner of the Pony Express.

In the Colorado State Museum, a special Pony Express Exhibition has been arranged under the direction of Mrs. Willena D. Cartwright, Curator of State Museums. A diorama, showing riders changing horses at a small station, was prepared by staff artists, Juan Menchaca and Roy Hunt. Center of the exhibition is a collection of forty-three covers carried by the Pony Express and early stage lines, probably the largest number of envelopes bearing such stamps and cancellation marks in the world. The collection, owned and loaned by Mose Iacino, Denver businessman and collector, has been insured by the Society for \$48,000.

There are two saddles on display. One, a replica of an Israel Landis-designed saddle such as the Pony Express riders used, was made on order for the Centennial, and has been loaned by a Denver physician. The second saddle, loaned by the B.P.O.E. of Denver, is a heavy, carved leather saddle once owned by William A. Cates, one of the best known Pony riders. It evidently was fashioned for parade and display purposes.

Four excellent oil paintings of William H. Russell, William B. Waddell, Alexander Majors, and Robert (Pony Bob) Haslam, painted by Juan Menchaca, some drawings by W. H. Jackson, a dating stamp used by the C.O.C. & P.P., a copy of a letter addressed to W. B. Waddell in 1860, an insulator used on the first transcontinental telegraph line, a Pony Express Diamond Jubilee medal, a 100th Anniversary medal, a .31 Cal. 5-shot revolver, two commemorative 3¢ Pony Express stamps, a copy of a painting of a Pony Express rider made in 1860, a postal carrier's sleeve patch, two fine maps, and other interesting items make up the rest of the exhibition.

One of the most historic things on display is the Bible carried by Pony Rider Jay G. Kelley. It is one of six such Bibles known to be extant. Each man who rode the ponies received one of these Bibles and was requested by Alexander Majors to sign a pledge that he would not use profane language, drink intoxicating liquors, fight or quarrel with any other employe of the firm, and in every respect would conduct himself honestly, and be faithful to his duty. Too, employees of the Pony Express were required to take an oath of loyalty to the Union. According to Miss Martha Kimball, a retired Den-

ver teacher, Kelley gave the Bible that he carried as Pony rider to the Ionic Lodge of Masons in Leadville. Later Judge R. D. McLeod, who was an officer in the Lodge, realized that this Bible, which was being used constantly in the lodge, had historic value and should be preserved. The Judge replaced the Bible with another one and saw to it that the Kelley Bible was permanently preserved by the State Historical Society.

The Pony Express served to hold the West for the Union after the Civil War was declared, by bringing quick information of all national happenings. It also increased and stimulated business. And, although the Pony Express was a com-



A PONY EXPRESS BIBLE CARRIED BY JAY G. KELLEY  
Now in State Historical Society's Library

plete success as a carrier of fast communications across a great central route, it was, without a government subsidy, a financial failure. It is estimated that Russell, Majors, and Waddell lost \$200,000 on the experiment.

The life of the Pony Express was only about eighteen months. When the transcontinental telegraph was completed on October 24, 1861, there was no further need for the ponies.

Six Pony Express riders are said to be buried in Colorado: Joseph Donovan, in Crown Hill Cemetery, and William A. Cates, in Riverside Cemetery, Denver; Buffalo Bill Cody, on Lookout Mountain, west of Denver; Levi Hensel and Thomas J. Elliott, in Pueblo; and James Taylor Sharp, in Grand Junction.

A six-page leaflet covering the history of the Pony Express, prepared by Agnes Wright Spring, State Historian, has been published by the Society for free distribution, in connection with the Museum exhibition.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM OUR CLIPPINGS

*Rocky Mountain News*, Feb. 15, 1860

## RUSSELL'S TELEGRAM

Washington, Jan. 27, 1860

To John W. Russell: Have determined to establish a Pony Express to Sacramento, California, commencing the 3rd of April. Time ten days.

*Rocky Mountain News*, March 4, 1860

B. F. Ficklin, general road agent of the California Overland and Pike's Peak Express Co., paid our city a visit a few days since; received the effects of the old L. & P. P. Co., on the 1st inst., and on the same day departed over the road. He is rapidly perfecting arrangements for the Pony Express, and for increasing the service on the present line.

*Rocky Mountain News*, March 7, 1860

## C.O.C. &amp; P.P. EXPRESS

The first coach under the new arrangement—departed on the 1st inst. with mails, two passengers, and \$4,500 treasure on freight.

*Daily Evening News* (Denver), Nov. 30, 1860

## THE PONY ON HIS WAY TO CALIFORNIA

The Extra Pony which left Fort Kearney on Wednesday, November 7th, with the election news, arrived at Salt Lake City in three days and 4 hours—distance, 950 miles. J. E. Bromley, company's agent, rode the last 45 miles in three hours and ten minutes. Pretty good ride for Jeems. The Regular Pony, leaving St. Joseph, on the 8th inst., arrived in Salt Lake City, a distance of twelve hundred miles, in 4 days and 23 hours. It had been snowing 36 hours when the Pony left Salt Lake.—*St. Joseph Gazette*, Nov. 24th.

FROM EXTRA OF SUNDAY MORNING  
THIS MORNING'S NEWS. [LINCOLN'S ELECTION]

Owing to misunderstanding at Ft. Kearney the Pony dispatches that should have reached us Friday at 12 o'clock, noon, were not left at Julesburg, and are now doubtlessly far down the Humboldt on the way to California. A copy of the regular Thursday morning dispatches from St. Joseph, was duly forwarded from the Crossing [Julesburg], and reached us this morning a little after six o'clock in *eighteen hours* from that point.

The Western stage coach that left Kearney on Wednesday evening, got in at half-past twelve this morning, six hours ahead of the pony, and furnished its dispatches of Wednesday evening to the *Mountaineer*, which issued an extra quite early this morning. Our dates are to Thursday, at 9 A.M. from St. Joseph, being a full twelve hours later than published by our contemporary. We have taken time to canvass and compile the returns, and are thus enabled—though at a rather late hour—to give our readers an intelligible report of the result. We will in tomorrow's daily give full compiled returns.

*Rocky Mountain News*, Jan. 26, 1861BY TELEGRAPH  
FROM FORT KEARNEY

Ft. Kearney, Jan. 20—Weather very clear and very cold. The Pony Express, bound east, passed here at 5 o'clock this morning. This horse is near two days behind time, owing to much snow on nearly the whole route.