R. T. Hodgeman

The subject of this sketch is a descendant of old New England stock, and was born at Beaver Dam Wisconsin, September, 26th, 1854. There he spent his boyhood days and attended school. In 1874, his father, who operated the S & N Hodgeman Lumber Yard, disposed of the business; and the family departed for Colorado.

They traveled on the U. P. Railroad to Cheyenne, there boarding a Kansas Pacific train for Denver. Mr. Hodgeman remembers that somewhere between these two points, the train was forced to a stop by a huge herd of buffalo crossing the tracks. The Hodgeman family went on to Colorado Springs, where our subject's uncle was engaged in the furniture and undertaking business, doing business under the name of Barton & Hodgeman. Mr. Hodgeman, our subject's father, then bought an interest in this firm.

Times were dull, and business conditions not favorable in Colorado Springs, so in November 1875, Mr. Hodgeman sold his share of the business, and, with his family, returned to Wisconsin.

Mr. Hodgeman was happily married to Miss Ella T Stevens, daughter of James Stevens of Marshall, Dane County, Wisconsin, on July 13th, 1881. Later, Mrs. Hodgeman's health began failing; seeking beneficial to her health, they came to Salida, arriving there on March 27th, 1885. Mrs. Hodgeman, however, passed away March 17, 1889; Mr. Hodgeman taking the remains to Wisconsin for burial.

Shortly after his arrival in Salida, or to be exact, on April 26th 1885, Mr. Hodgeman began an express and transfer business—the business he engaged in now, forty-eight years later.

On June 9th 1891, he was married again, this time to Mrs. L.E. Densmore of Salida. At 79 years of age, Mr. Hodgeman, who has witnessed almost fifty years of Salida's growth and progress, is enjoying good health and is actively carrying on.

(R. J. Hodgeman)
Don Valdez

He was born in Spain, February 28th, 1857. His father, Antonio Valdez, was a farmer, who, in quest of a more favorable location, left the Old World for the New during the latter part of the year '59 accompanied by his family, which included the mother and three sons. They first went to Kansas City, where they spent a short while, then to Colorado, crossing the plains to Denver in a covered wagon. Though our subject was too young to remember incidents of the trip, he remembers his father remarking that the Indians gave them much trouble.

From Denver the family went to Georgetown, where Antonio Valdez found immediate employment in the mines. One of Mr. Valdez's earliest recollections was of the burro pack strings, which carried the ore from the several mines down to the mill. Here he attended school in the winters, and worked, sorting ore, at the mines during the summer. He also found time to fish—every stream teeming with trout; and to gather the luscious red raspberries, which grew so profusely in that section.

(In the fall of '77, our subject, now a young man and master of his own destiny, struck out for Leadville, traveling by stage coach over Loveland Pass to Breckenridge, up the Blue River to Climax, and across the pass to Leadville. It required two days to complete the journey and the stage fare was $12.)

At Leadville young Valdez went to work at the 'Iron Mine' on Carbonate Hill, remaining there for two years, and receiving $3 for 10 hours work per day. He then entered the employ of Taylor and Brenton, who operated a stamp mill in California Gulch, receiving $3.25 per day there. He was employed there during those turbulent days of the strike in 1880.

In 1881, he was happily married to Louise Kangold, a native German girl, who had emigrated to New York and then on to Colorado. Two years later, our subject and a friend,
finding work none to plentiful, and upon hearing the favorable reports emanating from the White Pine district, decided to try their fortunes there; so they packed their outfit on two jacks and hit the trail. The first night found them at Buena Vista,—quite a hike—and on the following night they reached their destination, going by the way of Nathrop, up Chalk Creek to St. Elmo, and across the Alpine Pass to White Pine.

When the two travelers arrived there they found a town of two or three hundred souls, two general stores, Post Office, two saloons, and a large boarding house, referred to as the hotel. There were two producing mines, the 'Eureka' and 'Evening Star', both fairly rich in lead and silver. The ore was hauled by wagon twelve miles to Sargents, a loading station on the D&RG R.R., at a cost of $2½ per ton, and there shipped to the smelters at Leadville and Pueblo.

Mr. Valdez went to work at once at the 'Eureka' mine, where he remained until '64 when the mine was closed down pending the outcome of a lawsuit involving its ownership. He was then employed at the 'Evening Star' for a few months, then, in the fall of '65, he departed for Monarch.

There he joined the working force of the Madonna mine which had just completed the tram from the mine to the loading station on the railroad, about 3/4 of a mile. The following summer his family, wife and two daughters, Jessie and Lida, joined him there. Josephine, the youngest daughter, was born there in 1886.

For a period of four years, the 'Madonna' shipped approximately 30 cars—two trains—of ore per day. Antone Eilers was the owner. Other mines shipping then were the 'Eclipse' and 'Southern Friend'. There were about 200 men employed in these mines alone.

Monarch was a thriving town then with a population of 1,000, two general stores, four butcher, and three barber shops, two boarding houses and a large hotel,—and six saloons. Its heyday was reached in '93, and then it began to fade and wither. It did not become a ghost town, however, as the C F & I Co. is operating its quarries there, employing about 20 men.
Mr. Valdez remained at Monarch for eighteen years during which time he worked up, by successive stages, to the superintendency of the 'La Donna' mine; then leasing the mine for two years.

About 1906 he disposed of his leased and moved, with his family, to Salida, where he, associated with the Hampson Brothers, opened a coffee and tea store in the building now occupied by the Law Press. Their business prospered, so they added a complete line of groceries, and later, a butcher shop. Business continued to increase. Finding their quarters was now to small, they moved across the street to the present McKenna Building which they later purchased.

They continued the business until 1926 when they closed out. That year Mr. Valdez retired from active business. He and Mrs Valdez, both in good health, now reside at 645 P St.

Dow Valdez
Dr. And Mrs. W. K. Eggleston

The subjects of this sketch were both descendants of pioneer families, each tracing their ancestry back to the early New England days. The grandfather of Dr. Eggleston, Darius Eggleston, was born in New York State, and was one of the leading contractors of the Erie Canal. His father, Elisha Eggleston, also born in New York State, moved to Norfolk County, Canada in 1832, remaining there for five years, during which time he took up arms in the Canadian rebellion; for which he was ejected from that country, with all other citizens of the United States.

After remaining in New York for six years, he returned to Canada, where he was engaged in a sawmill. Again returning to the United States, he moved by successive stages to Illinois, Iowa, and Colorado; engaging in brickmaking, farming, stock raising, milling and prospecting in various locations before he finally settled on a farm home on Coal Creek, Boulder County in 1861. His first appearance in that county was in 1860; bringing his family and settling there the next year as related above. His irrigation ditch was the first taken out of Coal Creek.

In 1865, his sons, Wellington K., and his younger brother, Byron, returned to Iowa to complete their education, and were caught in the war fever, enlisting in the 1st Iowa Cavalry. Company G. Wellington served with this Company through the southern states until he was mustered out at the close of the war.

He returned to Colorado, locating in Boulder. He there engaged in dentistry, operating a drug store in connection with it, also combining photography with the other two trades. He and a brother made many scenic photographs of the country surrounding Breckenridge, Georgetown, and Boulder; mounting them for use with the stereoscope, which, at that time, was found on almost every center table together with the family Bible, and photograph album. He also found time to teach school, being one of the first teachers in Colorado, and having taught in the first school house of the Territory. The site of this school house, which is in the town of Boulder, is now marked with a tablet.
Returning to Iowa in December, 1872, he was one of a train load of passengers who snowed in on the plains, and did not reach his destination, West Liberty, until January 2, 1873. The day following, he was happily married to Esther Hosher, with whom he had become acquainted while both were students at Iowa University, before his first journey to Colorado.

That spring, he, his bride, and son four years old—by a former marriage—faced westward, traveling by train as far as Boulder, where all of their worldly possessions were loaded onto a heavy wagon drawn by oxen; thus they completed their journey to a small cabin built on Oak Creek, a few miles from the present site of Cotopaxi. At a point near Pueblo, the tired and thirsty oxen scenting water and made a wild rush down into an irrigation canal. Mr. Eggleston, who had been walking along beside the oxen, guiding them with a goad, was left behind; the two occupants of the wagon, having no means of controlling the beasts, expected to be drowned, but were finally rescued, thoroughly wet, but uninjured.

Scrub oak brush was cleared from the land surrounding their cabin, and farming began on a small scale. As this itinerant dentist and druggist was far from neighbors or settlements, thought on the direct route between Canon City and mining activities up the Arkansas, he traveled back and forth, up and down the river, plying his trade whenever a sufferer was located.

Meanwhile, the bride and small son, left to care for the new home, suffered with terror from Indian tribes, who were making their annual excursions from Southwestern Colorado to Manitou for the healing waters, camping and hunting on the way. Finding in time that a friendly swap of freshly killed game for molasses was their principal reason for visiting the cabin, the fears of being tomahawked passed away; but the mountain lions, bears, and rattlesnakes still filled the young Eastern woman with fear.

No wayfarer was ever denied a night's lodging or a meal, even though during the years of the grasshopper ravages, food for the family or the animals was of the scantiest. Itinerant preachers and missionaries were especially welcome guests, and the Reverend Cyrus A. Brooks, carrying the gospel to the scattered inhabitants, was the first white visitor to see and hold the baby Daisy, when she was several months old. He afterwards
lived in Salida where he was Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church.

During these early years, with an increasing family and but few neighbors, the parents, both well educated, furnished for their children the best of reading matter, music, and pictures. The "Youth's Companion" was a regular visitor in the home from the time little Ernest began to read, and for thirty years thereafter. The Berean series of Bible Study, begun in 1873, reached this home through a religious publication, and the daily Bible readings, by one of the parents, as outlined in this series, was as familiar from the children's infancy as their meals. A series of pamphlets dealing with the sun, the moon, the stars, and planets were bought, and each child, when old enough to read, took his turn in reading aloud from them during the evenings. A four octave organ had been freighted to the house during the early years, and music was instilled into the home.

(Mrs. Eggleston, having been a school teacher in Iowa, not only taught her own children the rudiments of education, but as neighbors settled in the vicinity, the children of these homes also gathered there for regular lessons. Too, both parents were close observers of natural phenomena, of native flowers, birds, animals, and trees; and gave accurate, thorough knowledge to the children of the surroundings, augmenting it with the authorities obtainable.

During the mining excitement in California Gulch and Leadville, Mr. Eggleston freighted to the new camps, hauling loads of potatoes and grain, which had been raised on the fertile acres, the grain being out with a cradle, thrashed and winnowed out. As he made the trips up and down the Arkansas River, he watched for a new home; and in September of 1868, moved his family to a newly purchased forty acres on the Arkansas River, west of Salida. This place is now a part of the Frazhurt Trout Farm. Mr. Eggleston constructed the first pool on his forty acres in 1868, stocking it with trout from the Leadville hatchery.

Mr. Eggleston, or Dr. Eggleston, as he was now addressed—after he had attended Dental College, taken the examination, and held a certificate entitling him to maintain an office displaying a sign of his profession—established an office in Salida, associating with a Dr. Mallory, and he went back and forth from home daily.
On the ranch his pioneering instincts still prevailed, and he introduced alfalfa into Chaffee County, having experimented with it on his Oak Dell land. The neighbors ridiculed the idea of there being a crop which could be repeatedly harvested during the season, and for many years in succession, but they, too, soon adopted the new forage plant. In his ideas for poultry houses and culture, bee keeping and dairying, Dr. Eggleston was also many years ahead of the times; carrying out many of the methods in vogue at the present time, lacking, however, the present markets or marketing facilities.

Religiously inclined, Dr. Eggleston and his wife helped to organize the Methodist Church in Salida, contributing of their means to the erecting of the first little one room frame building, added to later by an ell. They also paid in full, their subscription to the present edifice, though no longer residents of Salida at the time. He sponsored and helped to raise the funds for the Academy which carried education a step farther than the public school did at that time.

Mrs. Eggleston was an active worker in the ladies' organization of the Church, a teacher in Sunday School, and a worker and officer in the W.C.T.U. She taught school in the winter of '84-85 in the little Fimon Glen log building against the hill. Children from Missouri Park and part of Adobe Park attending it. An almost fatal attack of Pneumonia contracted by wading through the two miles of snow, breaking a trail for her two youngest children who attended there, brought the school term to an abrupt end. The next year the Eggleston ranch was included in the Salida district, and the rest of the public school life was spent in the town schools.

As Salida grew and its inhabitants increased, Dr. Eggleston's office was moved to more desirable locations as to business, sharing that of Dr. Jessie Hartwell's at one time, and later that of Dr. F. A. Jackson's.

When the panic of 1893 reached Salida, Dr. Eggleston tired his fortunes at Grand Junction, which was just coming into prominence as a peach growing district. Buying a five-acre tract of land, he erected buildings on it, planted it to young peach trees; and in 1897 his wife and younger children joined him there.

Both parents spent their last months with their daughter, Mrs. Elsie E. Freeman of Howard, Colorado; and are buried there in the Howard Cemetery among old time friends.
and neighbors.

Of their sons, Ernest, who for years was associated with the electrical work in Salida, rising from night watchman and fireman of the first electric light plant, through successive stages to the superintendency of the Light & Power Co., now lives in Spokane, Washington. Wallace, who has a license from the state of California to maintain an office and do business as a draftsman, architect, estimator, and builder, lives in Pomona. Alwyn, the only one born in Chaffee County, is a preacher and missionary in Northern Canada.

Of the daughters, Mrs. Elsie E. Freeman, a member of the first graduating class of the Salida High School, has for a number of years been postmistress at Howard; and was recently given signal recognition by the government by being appointed as one of the few postmasters or postmistresses to furnish vital statistics on employment in this country.

Mrs. Lyra Nelson, wife of a farmer lives near Durango, Colorado.

Mrs. Effie Gardner lives in Center, Colorado. Her husband, also a teacher in Chaffee County in the '90's, has served in the State Legislature, spent several terms as County Superintendent, and also County Commissioner of Saguache County.

Amongst the grandchildren is one welfare worker, a preacher, a printer, and teachers, some holding high office positions, a worker in a lumber camp, electrical engineers, builders in wood, concrete and stone, construction engineers, and one who has won local recognition in music, being a soloist, a member of fine quartets, and glee clubs in Monrovia, California.

(Mrs) Mayra E Nelson
Lee Anna Everett

Her grandparents, Judge Galatia Sprague, and his wife Caroline, were born at Marysville Ohio; he on February 14th, 1823; she on April 2, 1822. In 1860 they came to Cherry Creek, Colorado, then by successive stages to Cache Creek, Brown's Creek, then to Adobe Park; arriving there in '65 or '66. There they homesteaded a ranch. (Now the Howard Sneddon place)

Judge Sprague was an attorney by profession, later serving Lake County as Judge for a considerable period. He defended Elijah Gibbs—who was acquitted—for the alleged murder of George Harrington; this, together with the fact that he had loaned to Gibbs, for hunting purposes, a gun, which was in the latter's possession the night the "Committee of Safety" called at his cabin, caused him to become more or less involved in the "Lake County War". Mrs Everett's uncle, J. W. Sprague, a mere boy at the time, had his "neck stretched" in an attempt to force him to reveal facts of which he knew nothing.

Judge Sprague was also interested in Leadville. Being the owner of the Sprague Hotel, which he either operated himself or leased, he and Mrs Sprague spent much time in that city. They later established their home at Poncha Springs; and there Judge Sprague died in August, 1904. Ten years later his wife followed him, she having died in Meeker in 1914. Thus this region lost two of its earliest and most prominent pioneers, and many mourned the passing of these likable people.

Lee Anna French was born at De Soto, Kansas, June 18, 1862. Her mother was a Virginian, and her father, J. B. French was of Scotch, Irish, and English descent. In 1879, Lee Anna was 17, the family emigrated to Colorado. They traveled in covered wagons, having two horse teams and 1 mule team. (This mule team was sold in Leadville for $500) Included in the party were J. B. Owen, a school teacher, and John Hodge and family; Her brother, J. Grant French, having preceding them for the purpose of sowing the crops for the spring. After a five week trip, they arrived in Adobe Park and there located on Judge Sprague's ranch.
At that time the ranches in Adobe Park included the home ranch, (Judge Sprague's) the William Malcolm place, C. B. Harrington's, Frank Hill's, Cameron's, and the old William Knowlin ranch. Miss French's father purchased the latter, paying $2,800 for the 160 acres. Here the schoolhouse was located, Miss French teaching one term—in 1880. Miss French, who had five pupils, received $35 per month for her services at the school, which included six grades. There were no churches.

Oats were the principal crop, and brought seven cents a pound at Leadville. The surrounding country was a veritable garden with luxuriant green grass knee high. Cattle were wintered out, and were always fat, as were the deer, which were plentiful.

In the earlier days, prior to Miss French's coming, butter brought one dollar per pound, eggs one dollar per dozen, and flour $1.00 per barrel. Clothing could not be bought nearer than Canon City; later a few things could be gotten at Cleora and Poncha. While on the subject I may add that when Miss French came to Adobe Park in '79, she found living there, three families, Hamm, Bacon, and Coffman.

As for amusements, literary societies and dancing parties were the chief indulgences. An occasional ball held in the scattered towns was an affair of delightful anticipation, and attended by all; people going by horseback and wagon as far as Granite, forty miles distant, to attend these fun festivals, which lasted "from sun down 'til sun up."

Lee Anna French and Peter C. Everett were united in marriage at Adobe Park on March 5th, 1884. Three sons were born to them, Claude, Cecil, and George; Claude and Cecil dying in infancy. Their first home was the Kraft Ranch at Brown's Canon—the house is still standing.

In 1885, the Everetts, accompanied by her brother, J. Grant French, departed, in a covered wagon, for the San Juan country. There they settled on a ranch which included the present site of Bayfield. They remained there until '87, when Mrs. Everett's mother died, this, together with the necessity of aiding Mrs. Everett's father rear the younger children, demanded their return to Adobe Park.

In '88 they bought a ranch—the site of the present Fairview Cemetery—and erected a log cabin. Here George Galatia Everett—namesake of his great grandfather—was born on February 2, 1890. Two years later they purchased the William Bacon ranch, where they built
a comfortable home and became prosperous.

George Galatia Everett was happily married to Bonnie Verle Heister on June 18, 1910. They have four children, three sons and a daughter. Mr. Everett is—as his ancestors were—a rancher, and is one of the most prominent cattlemen in the county.

In 1915, Mrs. Lee Anna Everett established her residence in Salida where she operates a rooming house; and, although she is not actively engaged in ranching, she is very much interested in it as she still owns her ranch.

Mrs. L.A. Everett
My father, George F. Bateman, when a young man, came west from Mass., where his ancestor, Thomas Bateman, had landed from England in 1630. I was born at Mattoon, Illinois, March 2, 1866. My mother’s name was Horn; but I know little of her family.

My father was a semi-invalid, suffering from asthma; so, hearing of the beneficial effects of Colorado’s climate on this disease, he came to this state early in 1875. He was immediately freed from the ill effects of the disease, and it never returned again as long as he lived in Colorado. After a short stay he returned to Mattoon, sold everything he possessed, excepting his tinners tools, and moved with his family to Pueblo. Our family was then comprised of, my mother; my sister, Mable, now Mrs. J.W. Hardy of Gardenia Calif—who is two years younger than I; and my brother, Walter, who is six years younger.

The journey to Pueblo was made by rail, thru St Louis—where we crossed the Mississippi on a ferry—then thru Kansas City and west via the Kansas Pacific R.R.—now part of the Rock Island System—to Denver. It required four days to make the trip to Denver. There were no dining cars, and, as far as I know, no sleeping cars, so we rode in the day coaches all the way; and mother prepared a large basket of food which lasted the entire trip.

The journey was very interesting to a small boy, and my recollections are still vivid. Missouri was a beautiful land with many trees. I remember the engines burned wood then. From Kansas City west the country was wild and new. I don’t remember seeing many farms but broad expanses of treeless plains. Antelope were in sight almost constantly; and one night the train was delayed working its way through an immense herd of buffalo.

At nearly all of the small stations were large stacks of buffalo bones, gathered for use as fertilizer; and at one place, I remember seeing a great corral of Texas long-horned cattle. Wild flowers were beautiful and profuse.
From Denver south the D&RG extended to Pueblo then on west only to Canon City. There was nothing south of Pueblo, which was quite a busy town, where freight teams of mules and oxen came and went to New Mexico and Southwestern Colorado.

My father went to work, at his trade for Alva Adams—afterwards Governor—who had a hardware store in So. Pueblo. I remember how nice Mr. Adams was to me, giving me fish lines and hooks, etc. I attended a small school in So. Pueblo, and later, to a small school in East Pueblo.

My mother, whose health was not good, made several trips back to Mattoon with her three children. On one of these trips, in 1875, I think, my father hired a team and drove east to Los Animas with us. This was the end of the track of the Santa Fe Railroad which was building west, and reached Pueblo in 1876.

In 1876 I began attending the new Centennial school studying there until 1883; going back for two winters after we moved to Salida. Prof. J.S. McClung was principal, a fine gentleman and splendid teacher; and to him I owe all the education I have.

June, 4th, 1879, my mother died. My sister and brother returned to Mattoon to live with my mother's sister; and father and I moved into a little place where we "bached". Upon me fell the cooking and household work, and a 13 year old boy is not very proficient. But I remember of roasting a turkey that year for Thanksgiving.

My father had wanted to go into business for himself, so in Dec. 1879 he set out to find a location. Leadville was booming, and the D&RG building west from Canon City; so he secured a saddle horse and rode to Leadville. He decided, however, that Buena Vista, which was the end of track of the Denver & South Park R.R., was the best location; and there we moved in January 1880.

I went from Pueblo with the freighter who hauled my father's tools and small stock of goods. It took eight days to make the trip for the load was heavy, and we found it necessary to double—having a trail wagon—on many hills. There were many freight teams on the road, causing many delays at narrow places. We came thru
Canon City, Gras Creek to Vallie, and Cleora. The railroad had not reached Vallie yet. We crossed the site of Salida at a point on present F Street, about sixty feet Northeast of second Street; but not a house was in sight from there, and Salida was unheard of.

Business was very good in Buena Vista and we were very busy. It was the forwarding point then, and 15 or twenty stages, loaded to capacity, departed from there every morning for Leadville. The road was also lined with freight teams, mostly six male outfits with a trail wagon, driven by a single (jerk) line—the driver being called the mule-skinner.

At that time Buena Vista was the most lawless town in the west. Dozens of saloons and gambling-houses,--I remember one saloon displayed the sign, "Mule Skinner's Retreat"—and several dances halls infested the young town. The government of the town was in the hands of the gamblers and saloon men; shooting affairs were very common and killers unpunished.

We heard that a new town was to start near Cleora which was to be a division point for the D&RG R.R., so my father went down to investigate it. In May 1880, we moved to Salida, then called South Arkansas. Again I traveled with a freighter; this time driving one of his "sixes" with a jerk line. This newly-born town was then the end of the rails of the D&RG. The town was just building and houses were being moved up from Cleora; but tents and canvas-roofed shacks were in the majority. Father rented a plot of ground, on west first street near C, from Peter Lulvaney, and there built a shack about 20'X30'; thenstarting a tinshop and store. I worked with him, excepting the two winters I spent in school at Pueblo. We were rather poor, so I had to work for my board and room while going to school. I earned some money, though, during the summer months selling papers on the streets; and trout, which I caught in the South Arkansas River (Little River), so I managed to get along.

Salida was incorporated in October, 1880, my father being one of the incorporators and first councilmen. In 1883, he was married to Miss Sue Smith, and then went for my sister and brother who lived with them until they each married.

When the railroad started building over Marshall Pass many people left Salida,
and the town didn't grow much for several years, but we got along and gradually made a business. In 1887 I became of age and my father gave me a third interest in the business; and the name was changed to G.F. Bateman & Son. I was married in June of that year to Anna Hallock, who died a year later with our daughter Ina.

November 2nd, 1892, I was married to Alice F. Ward in Zanesville, Ohio. In March 1894, a daughter was born, Kathryn—now Mrs. Lloyd P. Hamilton of Inglewood, California; and in March 1896, a son was born, Frederic Ward Bateman—now living in Ventura, Calif.

In 1893, my brother, Walter, became of age, so father gave him a third interest in the business, which became known as the Bateman Hardware Company. We carried on a general hardware business with heating, plumbing, and sheet metal work. Walter was the outside man, having charge of that work, while I was manager and office man. My father, through illness, had practically retired in 1896. He died in 1912. My life has been devoted to business which has been successful.

I did serve one term on the city council; but I learned that I did not have the tact to remain honest and keep my friends. I never sought another public office. My brother, who had been experiencing bad health, went west, leaving me alone.

I hoped to have my son, Ward, with me but the war came along. He enlisted, served 15 months overseas; and came home, almost a wreck. He concluded to go to California, and later, when I felt I must have rest, and wanted him to come back; he decided against it. We then sold the business to J.C. Patterson and associates, who are still operating under the name of Bateman Hardware Co.

Fred Lincoln Bateman
William E. Crutzer

He was born on May 12, 1850, at Big Spring, Ky. He sprang from pioneer American stock; the Crutchers having been in the United States for several generations. When he was 6, the family moved to Davis County, Ky., where they located on a farm. In 1872 he came to Nebraska; then on to Colorado in the spring of '97. Hearing of the mining activities in Cat Gulch and vicinity, he went there, and was engaged in prospecting and mining during the next two years.

At the time of Mr. Crutzer's arrival, there wasn't a business enterprise or building in the Gulch; and the total population counted, perhaps, ten.

In '96, George L. Smith discovered and located the "Gold Bug" mine in Cat Gulch; and later shipped some ore averaging, probably, from 1 to 2 oz. gold—the vein soon pinched out, however. Other mines in the vicinity were the "Vivandier" and the "Independence," the later was located by Dave Austin; and Mr. Crutzer was one of the owners. The "Independence" proved to be the biggest producer of the vicinity, shipping over 100 car loads of ore. The ore was hauled to Reola Junction by wagon, and shipped from there to Pueblo via the D&RG—freight rate was $2.25 per ton.

In '97 a town site was platted, and the embryonic town called Turret. This name was derived from nearby Turret Mountain, and was suggested by Robert Denhan. Charles Robert opened the first store, followed soon after by another owned by M. E. Zenor; then a butcher shop; and a saloon, operated by E. Becker. The citizens of this new community established a bi-weekly stage and mail route from Salida, 15 miles distant. Later, a Post Office was established, and A.H. Robinson appointed as the first Post Master. He also published the town paper—a sheet called "The Gold Belt.'

In the summer of '98, Mr. Crutzer was appointed delegate to the Democratic Convention at Buena Vista. At the county election held that year, there were about
200 votes cast in Turret. To the best of his knowledge, Mr. Crutcher says, there were no city elections held, or had the city any officials, except, perhaps, a marshall. 1899 saw the culmination of Turret's greatness; its population reaching, probably, 500. In 1900 the decline of Turret began, most of the mines having " petered out"; many of them having never shipped any ore.

According to Mr. Crutcher, a mild mining revival is in progress there at the present time; the "Jasper" mine employing 5 men, and the "Endeavor".

A celebration was staged on July 4th, 1900, the principal speaker of the day being U.S. Senator William Mason of Illinois. The Senator was a very pleasing speaker, his address being enjoyed greatly by the citizens of Turret.

In October '99 moved his family to Salida and established his home there. A year later, he founded the W.E. Crutcher Wholesale Fruit & Produce Co. Later, he took a partner into the business, E.S. Plimpton, changing the name of the firm to The Crutcher—Plimpton Merc. Co. Mr. Plimpton died in the fall of 1913, and the name of the firm changed again, this time to The Crutcher Merc. Co. He was engaged in this business until 1923, when he retired; selling the business to Moses Todd, who later sold to The Quin Produce Co.

At the time of this writing (Dec. 33), Mr. Crutcher, though retired from all business, is active and in good-health.

William E. Crutcher
Though he sprang from old New England stock, Spencer was born in Fillmore County, Minnesota, Dec. 12, 1862. When he was two years old—the awful massacre—by the Sioux Indians—of Ulm occurred. Deciding that the country was unsafe, the Spencers departed for Wisconsin. Young Hollis lived there until he was fourteen and then went to North Dakota. He spent four or five years there and in Canada. He and a friend going to Canada with the intention of joining the Mounted Police. Upon learning that it was first necessary to become a subject of the King, they decided against joining and so returned to the U.S.

After returning to Minn., young Spencer then headed for California; taking the D&RG thru Salida and Marshall Pass to Grand Junction. After spending a short time in Stockton he decided to go to Leadville. When he inquired about the fare, he learned that it was $34 to Leadville, yet only one more dollar to Kansas City, so he purchased a ticket to the latter town.

The main line of the D&RG then was over Marshall Pass, so he found it necessary to come to Salida and there change trains for Leadville. He arrived in Salida, and, having a lay-over between trains, he strolled towards the business section. He saw a rather large smoke stack nearby, denoting some sort of industrial activity, so he headed in that direction and discovered that it was the planing mill of the Salida Lumber Co. S. H. Jackson, one of the owners—the other was V.C. Davenport—offered young Spencer a job, and he promptly accepted. Incidentally, he has never, as yet, reached Leadville; and he sold the remainder of his ticket to Kansas City.

After working three weeks for the Salida Lumber Co., he entered the employ of a contractor, Dave Yates, who was erecting a brick store building for Webb & Cochrin; (This building is now occupied by Kour's Store) receiving $3.50 for a ten hour day. A short time later, however, he returned to the employ of the Salida Lumber Co.

In '87 Peter Kaulvany erected a four story brick hotel on the corner of 2nd and
F Sts. (Now occupied by The First National Bank Building) Shortly after completion, this building was destroyed by fire. This fire, the worst in Salida’s history, occurred on New Year’s Day ’88, one of the coldest days ever experienced in the town—and completely destroyed four business blocks, excepting a small frame building, which is still standing just to the rear of the Commercial National Bank Building.

Mr. Spencer was happily married to Carrie Snell of Emporia Kansas, February 29th, 1888. Two sons were born to the couple, one in ’90, the other in ’95.

In 1890 he was appointed night marshall by Mayor Jason Gillette and the City Council; three of whose members were, Whitcomb, Deans, and Andy Rogers. The City Clerk at that time, according to Mr. Spencer, was a certain Mr. Conover, who absconded with the City’s funds in ’90, and was never apprehended.

In 1890 there were 27 saloons in Salida, each of them paying the city yearly, one thousand dollars for the privilege of operating—quite an income in itself. The only time the saloons’ front doors were closed was on election days; and then the rear doors were propped open first.

One of Mr. Spencer’s recollections as night marshall was the foul lynching of Briley. This was one of the worst crimes perpetrated in Salida; one that did much towards blackening the city’s reputation.

Briley, an employee of the railroad,—a mere boy,—and Paddy Sullivan, boss of an extra gang, (they were laying the third rail thru Salida) engaged in an altercation over some coal. This took place in the railroad yards where young Briley was on duty. Sullivan, who was a huge man, and could have beat two such boys as Briley with his bare hands, struck Briley with a slab of wood. Sullivan, after being warned by Briley not to do so, struck the latter again. Briley pulled a gun and shot him—clearly in self defense. The shot was fatal, Sullivan dying soon after.

Mr. Spencer going to work that evening heard the shot but thought nothing of it at the time; he was to become very much involved in the aftermath, however. Briley was lodged in jail before he arrived. Shortly before this the old jail, located near the railroad crossing at First and C Sts.—it was nothing but old ties spiked together and covered with an dirt roof—was badly burned when a negro incarcerated there, started
a fire, hoping to liberate himself thereby. I might add in passing that it proved to be the negro's death pyre. A building was selected as a temporary jail on West Second St. (Now occupied by the Ideal Cleaners) It was nothing more than a mere shell of a building; leg chains, bolted to the floor, being used to retain the prisoners.

Sullivan's friends formed a mob and were determined to lynch the boy, so a line of guards was thrown about the jail, Mr. Spencer being stationed at the front, where first tried to force an entrance. Warning them that the first man to cross the ditch in front of the jail was a dead man, he succeeded in holding the lynchers off for the time being. The guard at the rear, however, became frightened, and deserted his post; the mob then gained an entrance, secured their victim, and immediately shot him. They then tied a rope around the poor fellow's neck and drug him thru the streets to the railroad crossing where he was hung. Mr. Spencer being wounded trying to avert the lynching.

Later, a group of the lynchers—fifteen in number—very angry because of his protecting the dead boy, instructed him "to wade the Arkansas", (An expression used then, meaning, To leave town and never return) or else. Mr. Spencer, undaunted, took a position behind the old "iron mike" at the corner of First and F Sts, unlimbered two 45s; and dared his enemies across the street, to come and get him. The lynchers, sensing the apparent disastrous result of such a venture, wisely left the vicinity.

In April, Mr. Spencer resigned his position and entered the employ of the Salida Transfer Co. Later he purchased this concern, selling out in 1904, when he went to Wisconsin on a visit. Upon his return to Salida he was elected street and water Commissioner; filling this position for two years. He then became heavily interested in city real estate, which proved to be unprofitable. He then traded some of his town holdings for a 170 acre ranch, ½ mile south of town. Later he was employed as County Supervisor, and also returned to the transfer business for awhile.

Both of Mr. Spencer's sons are now dead, and his wife passed on June, 10, 1929. Mr. Spencer, active and in good health, and surrounded by his grand children, still resides in his old home—which he had built in 1890—at 224 Palmer.
William M. Newman.

He was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin on Dec. 27th, 1855. When he was two years old his parents moved to Dixon, Illinois. There he lived and attended school until the spring of 1873. Vacation time was at hand, so when friends of the family invited William to accompany them on an overland trip to Denver, his father gave his consent for the boy to make the trip.

The party, which was under the leadership of Andy Ellicott, numbered 9 men and our subject who was thrilled and overjoyed with the prospects of such a trip. There were only two covered wagons in the outfit but there were plenty of draft and saddle horses. The outfit was well armed; and all equipment was of the best.

The trip was more or less a pleasure excursion, and much time was spent hunting and fishing. The Indians were threatening, so when they reached the aborigines' territory they joined a larger party; and each night they "made circle" with them. Although they experienced several scares, they were not attacked. Six weeks after leaving Dixon they arrived safely in Denver.

Shortly after his arrival in Denver, William was employed by Lewis Brothers; and herded cattle for them on the present site of City Park. Often he stalked antelope there, and once killed one where the bear dens are now.

Returning to Dixon in November, he re-entered school, where he remained until the spring of 1876. Upon leaving school, he joined his father in the coal and grain business; but this proved to be irk-
some. Being interested in, and having many friends associated with
the railroad, he resolved to follow that business as a career.

In May, 1877, he returned to Denver. This time he came by
rail, and reached Denver on the Denver and Pacific Railroad. He was
unable, however, to secure a position on a railroad, so he began
clerking at the Grand Central Hotel—it is now the Markam—at 17th
and Lawrence Streets. At that time Larimer St. was the main business
section.

The next year, he was still clerking at the hotel, he seized
an opportunity to make the trip to Leadville; on a salary and expenses
paid. Our subject's friend, Mr. Ed Gaylord, superintendent of the
Wall and Witter stage line, wanted a man to go to Grant—which was
then the end of the rails of the Denver, South Park and Pacific R.R.—
get a string of stage horses, and take them to Leadville.

William left the Denver the next morning on the passenger
train, en route to Grant. He left there the following morning with the
horses, arriving in Fairplay that night. He mooned on Weston Pass the
next day, and arrived in Leadville late that night.

There were 40,000 people in Leadville then. Finding it impos-
sible to secure a bed for the night, he returned to the stage barn and
slept in the hay. After visiting for a few days in the bustling town
and its vicinity, he returned to Denver. Instead of boarding the stage
at Leadville, he hiked across the Mosquito Range—there were still
many snow banks—to Fairplay. He and the stage departed from Leadville
about the same time, yet he found time to play several games of
billiards at Fairplay, before the stage arrived.

The same year, his ambitions were partly realized, when he
was hired as a brakeman at Como. The next three years he spent on his
run between Como and Denver. In 1881 he was promoted to the position of
extra passenger conductor.

On June 16, 1881, an excursion train bound for Dome Rock was standing at the Union Station in Denver. When Mr. Newman shouted, "All aboard," and the train began pulling out of the station; he earned the distinction of being the conductor on the first passenger train to leave from the Union Station. Engineer Jack Horton was at the throttle.

Held up, awaiting the erection of a bridge across the Arkansas just below Buena Vista, the South Park Railroad didn’t reach that town until after the D&RG in the spring of 1880. The spring of 1880 found the end of the rails at Granite; and in August 1881, the railroads reached their objective—Leadville. This right of way belonged to the D&RG, but was used also by the South Park.

Meanwhile, the South Park, which had begun to build its line from Nathrop to Gunnison in the early summer of 1880, reached its objective also. In the spring of 1882, Mr. Newman began a regular passenger run over this route from Buena Vista to Gunnison. The distance between the two points was 72 miles, and a passenger train’s scheduled time was 4½ hours. The passenger rate was ten cents per mile, or $1.50 from Denver to Leadville; and $7.20, Buena Vista to Gunnison. A lower berth in those days, however, was only $2 from Denver to Leadville. The trains were always loaded to capacity, and did a "land office business" at each stop.

In December 1883, Mr. Newman decided to transfer to the Denver division. Mr. D.K. Smith, superintendent, however, would not approve the transfer; so he resigned. Visiting Leadville in December 1884, Mr. Newman met George W. Cook, superintendent of the D&RG. This gentleman immediately employed Mr. Newman as conductor.

From December 1884 until February 1924, forty years—when he was retired, Mr. Newman faithfully served the D&RG R.R. During those years, he witnessed the building of the road on to Minturn, to Glenwood,
(He had charge of one of the first trains to run into Glenwood) then up to Aspen in the fall of 1887, and to Rifle the same year.

The joint track—with the Colorado Midland—was completed from New Castle into Grand Junction in November 1890. This was standard gauge. Meanwhile the D&RG was throwing their track over from narrow to standard gauge. Using hundreds of men, this change was made from Minturn to New Castle in the very short time of two days.

On November 16th 1890, the Rio Grande Western was to deliver to either the Midland or the D&RG, at Grand Junction, the first through passenger train for the east. The Western favored neither side, so remained neutral. It was a case of "first come, first served". The winner having the honor of operating the first through passenger train east from Grand Junction.

That evening in Glenwood, after just arriving from Grand Junction on an inspection train, Mr. R.M. Kidgway, supt., informed Mr. Newman that unless the D&RG was there first the Midland would get the train. So he and engineer James Downing, with a 500 class locomotive, scouted for Grand Junction.

When they arrived there, the Western passenger train was standing at the station, awaiting an engine for its trip east. Also, standing nearby with an idle crew, was a Midland engine; but it was headed west. The Midland had lost. They were unable to turn the engine on the wye because the switches were all secured with D&RG locks; and they had no key. Moreover, it was a serious offense to break a switch lock.

So Conductor Newman and Engineer Downing quickly turned their engine. Shortly afterwards, they left town with the first eastward, standard gauge passenger train to run over those rails. The train consisted of 10 cars, and there were 275 passengers aboard.

Mr. Newman resides in Salida, where he has made his home for a number of years. He is now 76 years old, yet active, vigorous, and enjoying life.
Fred A. Seelinger was born of German parents in Dearborn County, Indiana, Oct. 22, 1858. Shortly after, the family moved to Ripley County. There he lived until he was 20 years old. When the rich mining strikes were being made in Colorado, and the rush to mining fields was in full progress; Fred felt the urge, too. So he joined an emigrant outfit—who had contracted for a car via the Santa Fe Railway—and came to Pueblo. This was in 1879.

(The next day after his arrival in Pueblo, he was hired as a teamster by Dan Kelsey, freighter; and, as a member of a supply train, he started for the booming town of Leadville. They followed the stage route through Canon City, Grape Creek, Cleora, Buena Vista, Granite, and then on to Leadville. It was a rough up-hill trip, and it required 8 days to traverse the 160 miles.)

Lured by the higher wages paid in Leadville, Fred quit his job as teamster when he arrived there, and became an employee of the Granite Smelting Co. He received $3.20 for 10 hours labor which was considered to be very good wages in those days.

Two weeks of this work, however, convinced Fred that the smoke and gases of the smelter were not beneficial to his health, so once more he quit. He left Leadville and started down the Arkansas, arriving in Cleora in the spring. At this time there was nothing at the present site of Salida except a small slaughter house and the recently completed railroad grade.

Cleora, being the end of the rail from Nov. 1879 until
the spring of 1880, was the "metropolis" of that vicinity. During the short duration of Clewra's boom quite a number of buildings were erected, which included a general store, hotel, various business shacks and residences.

John T. Blake, proprietor of the general store, asked Fred if he wished a job as clerk and handy man; and he accepted. The work proved to be too constraining, however, so he wasn't satisfied. What did appeal to him were the stages; and he always managed to be at hand when they were due at the station. Even after he had seen it many times, he always thrilled to that final wild dash, the dusty, slithering halt, the hustle and bustle of unloading express and passengers, and the quick changing of the teams.

So it naturally followed that Fred should become a stage-driver; and he took that position with Barlow and Sanderson in May, 1879. His regular trips, or "runs", were from Dale's Station (Clewra) to Canon City, 61 miles, 5 hours scheduled time; and from Dale's Station to Leadville, 61 miles, scheduled time 4½ hours. On account of carrying mail and express, the matter of keeping the stages on their schedule was of great importance to the stage company; to any nothing of the personal pride of each driver. So it wasn't often that the stages were late.

On the western trip, the stage was due to leave Dale's Station at 8 a.m. Stops were made at approximately every 10 miles to change horses. The first one being Brown's Creek, (near Centerville) Nathrop, (the station was 1½ miles above the present site) the station opposite Wild Horse, Granite, Crystal Lake, and Leadville, the terminal.

Post Office stops were Brown's Creek, Buena Vista, and Granite. Each stop required about 10 minutes. Almost before the stage came to a halt the mail pouch was flung to the Postmaster who dumped its contents sorted out his mail, added the outgoing mail, and returned the pouch.
to the driver.

If it was a stage station, also, the horses were changed. This was done in two or three minutes by merely removing a pin at the end of the tongue, where it was connected to the stage coach, driving in the four fresh horses, affixing the tongue in the clevis, dropping the pin, and they were ready to go.

On the eastward trip from Bale's Station, Valley was the first stop, then Texas Creek, the 12 Mile Station, and Canon City. In some places it was necessary to add an extra span of horses, making a total of six, due to the steep grades.

The capacity of the coaches, excluding the driver, was eight inside, two by the driver; and about 600 lbs. of baggage, express, and mail. Only a small amount of gold dust and nuggets was shipped from Leadville and vicinity; most of that being routed through South Park. There was considerable gold, though, in the silver bullion which was transported in 100 lb ingots, or bars, by the freighters.

On Tuesday morning an armed messenger usually accompanied Mr. Seelinger as that was the regular day for the weekly money shipments from Denver to Leadville. These shipments totaled from $50,000 to $100,000, mostly currency, and the express rate was $1.50 per thousand. Denver to Leadville. Passenger fares were, $21.50 Bale's Station to Leadville, and $22.50 Bale's Station to Canon City. On every trip the stage coaches were loaded to capacity.

Because of his excellent record, Fred was always selected to make emergency runs, or to drive special parties, which called for the best equipment and drivers obtainable.

On one of these occasions, Jeb Sanderson, stage supt., informed Fred that he was to take a new coach the next morning to Leadville. There he was to meet a party of mining men who had contracted for a coach to Canon City.
Early the next morning, Fred piloted his four eager horses and bright new coach down Harrison avenue to the Tabor Opera House, to load his passengers for the rough, long trip to Canon City. One of the six men who boarded the coach was H.A. Tabor. Though Fred was not acquainted with any of the party, they proved to be friendly; and they were well supplied with "liquid refreshments" which they offered to Fred quite frequently. They finally desisted, however, with Mr. Tabor's remark: "Well, son, you are the first stage driver I have ever seen who wouldn't take a drink!"

It took 12 hours to make the trip. There was eventful occurrence, except the frequent stops for visits and "refreshments." At Canon City with steam up, ready for a quick run to Denver, there was a special train awaiting the party.

When trains became an actual reality in Colorado, Fred resigned his position as stage driver. He went to Leadville once more in Nov. 1879; and began work at the Little Pittsburg mine. He was employed there until the miners' strike during the summer of 1880. He quit then and went to Poncha, which was experiencing a boom caused by the rich mining discoveries at Walsfield, Garfield, and Monarch.

After working there for a short while in the Post Office, he departed for Canon City. There, in 1881, he entered the employ of the D&RG R.R. as a fireman. His first work was on a construction train, which was assisting in the building of the Silver Cliff branch.

After that he began running on the main line between Canon City and Leadville. During this time the railroad was being built from Salida to Gunnison; the end of the rails was at Parlin in November 1883.

The next year found the railroad completed to Grand Junction, where it met the Rio Grande Western. At this time the railroad companies purchased 130 new locomotives; and Mr. Seelinger helped to
deliver some of them to the railroad in Utah. He then located in Gunnison; working between there and Montrose.

In 1887 he was promoted to engineer; and in November of the same year, he was happily married to Miss Amelia Gaiser, daughter of Mr. John Gaiser of Gunnison, formerly of Hornell, N.Y.

Mr. Seelinger foresaw the brighter possibilities on the standard gauge, (via Tennessee Pass) so he transferred to that division in 1895; and in 1894, he moved his family to Salida.

After 47 years of faithful service, and with an unblemished record—of which the latter years were spent as engineer on the crack passenger trains—he was retired in October, 1928.

At 75, he is still young and vigorous. He resides in Salida, where he and his wife can enjoy the companionship and love of their sons, daughters, grandchildren, and great grandchildren.

Fred A. Seelinger
322 E St
Salida Colo
Max Dickman

To have made a prenatal, and two other crossings of the plains, before having attained the age of 1 year—all by covered wagon—such as Mr. Dickman did, is, if not a record, at least something to be proud of.

In May, 1860, Herman Dickman and wife Charlotte, crossed the plains from Bloomington, Illinois, to South Park; traveling in a covered wagon drawn by a spiked team—three horses—and leading a milch cow. Lax was born in Park County, about five miles from Fairplay, August 27, 1860. The "old timers" informed the Dickmans that their son was the first child born in what is now Park County.

When Lax was five weeks old, the family went to Lyandotte Kansas to spend the winter; returning to South Park the following spring. This daring and intrepid German family, in making these crossings, always traveled alone; they were extremely fortunate, too, because they were never attacked by highwaymen or Indians.

(Herman Dickman was employed in various capacities and worked as a miner in the Orphan Boy Mine in Mosquito Gulch. In '61 and '62 the family was in Duckskin, where Mrs. Dickman managed a boarding house; the family always spending the long winters in Pueblo. Then for the following four years, the family roamed a great deal, going from the Fairplay district to Oro City, and thru Lake County; but always spending the winters in Pueblo.)

In 1872, Lax was 12, the family located on Bear Creek—a small tributary of the Arkansas—about five miles from the present site of Salida. There they homesteaded a 320 acre ranch, and stocking it with cattle, which soon counted 200 head. This business yielded a good return, though no large profits were made.

Branching out in 1880, the Dickmans began the operation of a sawmill on Bear...
Creek, and about five miles from its mouth. Here was an excellent stand of timber; the newly-born, and rapidly growing town of Salida provided a demanding market. The average price received for the lumber was $20 per thousand feet. In the fall of '81, young Max and his father erected in Salida the Dickman Opera House—the first theatrical house in Salida. Occupying a corner at P and 2nd Sts., the building was 40' x 60', two stories high, and cost $8,000 to construct. The first performance was a home talent affair. Uncle Tom's Cabin played later that season, and the admission was $1. Proving to be more popular for dancing than theatrical performances, however, the opera house was the scene of many a gay ball.

During '81 and '83, young Max also operated a sawmill at Alder, where he sawed out timbers for the railroad bridges that were being constructed between Salida and Alamosa. On March 7, 1884, Max's father died, and Max took over the management of the ranch and sawmill. The same spring he journeyed to Clearfield, Penn., and there was happily married to Emma Mosher. Five children were born to the couple, three of whom are still living. Mr. Dickman passed on in 1940.

In 1902 he purchased a ranch in Missouri Park, and after serving as superintendent of the County Poor Farm from '98 until '07, he made his home on this ranch, and engaged in stock raising once more. From 1909 until 1915 he served as water commissioner for district No. 11. In January 1916 he sold this ranch and then bought another—the present Fish Farm—which he sold to the Frants family; and in '27 established his residence in Salida.

On August 29, 1922, Mr. Dickman was married again, this time to Mrs. Maggie Smith. In the same year he was elected to the position of Justice of Peace, and was also appointed as police magistrate. At the time of this writing—Dec. 1933—Mr. Dickman, active and in good health, is still filling these two positions.

Max Dickman
Fred W. Brush

Was born at East Constable, Franklin County, New York, January 5, 1853. After receiving an education in the common schools and academy, he became a clerk in a store, which vocation he followed for ten years; during this period, he was also employed as a telegrapher. Then, feeling the lure of Colorado's frontier, he started west; arriving in Canon City, aboard a Santa Fe passenger train on May Day, 1879. That summer he came on to Cleora with a freight wagon outfit by the way of Grape Creek.

There he entered the employ of "Old Uncle Billy" Seals, installing partitions in his hotel. (This building was razed by Sterling Jones, whose residence now occupies the same spot.) At that time, according to Mr. Brush, Cleora's population was about five or six hundred people. Due to the fact that it was a supply point for the newly discovered mining camps at the headwaters of the South Arkansas River, and the Tomichi District; Cleora grew rapidly during '79.

After working a few months in Cleora, our subject returned to Canon City. Later, that same fall of '79, he went to Leadville, traveling by the way of Current Creek, Chubb's Cut-off to the Arkansas Valley above Buena Vista. The trip required four days.

During the few months he was in Leadville, he was employed as a carpenter erecting residences. In February, 1880, he went to Buena Vista. At that time, neither the D&RG nor the South Park, had reached the town. The South Park, however, was at Free Gold; held up there, awaiting bridge materials necessary to span the Arkansas.

Mr. Brush tarried but a short time in Buena Vista, but went on to the town of Alpine. It was thriving then, and a small smelter-owned
by a Mr. Huggins—was in operation; the population was about 1,000; there were two hotels; (One, the Judson House) and a large general store owned by Land brothers. During the summer of 1860, Mr. Brush constructed a hotel for a Mr. Brittenhagen, who discovered the Virginus Mine in Grizzly Gulch.

In the fall of 1860, Forrest City was located and laid out by the St. Elmo Town Co. Three of the men interested in this company were, Griffith Evans, C.E. Seitz, and Joa Evans. A Post Office was applied for, but permission for its installation was withheld on account of the name of the town; the name was changed to St. Elmo, and later in the same year the Post Office was granted.

That same year, Howard Russell started a newspaper which was later published as The St. Elmo Mountaineer. Also, The Mary Murphy, Pioneer, Stanley Tunnel, Tressa C, Iron Chest, and Quincy mines were discovered; causing a wild scramble to this locality. The population amounted to at least 1,500.

After finishing the hotel, Mr. Brush continued his contract construction work erecting a store building for Campbell, Raymond, and Stahl Hardware Co.; the Commercial Hotel building; the Griffith Evans, and Francis Brothers store buildings. Lumber prices ranged from $12 to $60 per thousand feet; carpenters were paid $4, and laborers $3.50 per day.

After that, Mr. Brush was employed at the Mary Murphy mine as boss carpenter. Then it was necessary to haul the ore to Alpine by wagon; later a tram was installed from the mine to Romley a mile distant. At this time there was considerable excitement at Hancock which lasted two or three years; the town acquiring a population of several hundred souls. During the construction of the Alpine tunnel,—1,800 ft.—the town was the end of the rails, and a transfer point for the freighters from there tounnison.
The Western Stage Line operated from St Elmo, via the North Fork of Chalk Creek, Tiid Cup Pass, Taylor Park, Ashcroft, to Aspen. (Ashcroft, about a day's drive from St Elmo, is another ghost town)

In 1885, Messrs Brush and Scofield, operating under the title of Brush & Co., purchased a drug and notions store from A.C. Merrill. Mr. Brush later bought out his partner's interest, and operated the business himself until 1890. In this year the big fire occurred, consuming two complete business blocks, including Mr. Brush's store. During this period, he was Postmaster, being the fourth, and serving from '86 until '90 (C.E. Seitz was the first)

During the intervening time from '80 to '90, Mr. Brush also served as City Clerk & Recorder, Trustee, and Mayor. As City Clerk, he issued, each year, 12 saloon, and 2 dancehall licenses; and, though he failed to remember the city fee, the government license cost $25 for a saloon.

On Dec. 4, 1889, he married Mergeret Ann Richards, daughter of John P. Richards, an employee of the Mary Murphy Mine. In 1890, he resigned as Mayor of St. Elmo and departed for Salida, where he purchased an interest in a real estate business; and transacted business under the name, Wallace & Brush

From '96 to '100 he served as Postmaster at Salida; and as County Assessor, 1900 to 1911. He then re-engaged in the real estate business. A daughter, Frada Thelma, was born in 1895, who is now married and resides in Denver. Another daughter, Margaret Frances, was born in 1900; and is now teaching high school at Sterling.

At the time of this writing (1933) Mr. and Mrs. Brush still make Salida their home; where Mr. Brush, yet active and in good health, carries on in the real estate business.

[Signature]

123 W. Fourth
Salida, Col.


Passenger Engineers, Rocky Hoffsmith, Charles Jones, Denny O'Brien, Bill Hockett, and Newton Moreland.

President, W. J. Palmer

Passenger Engineers, Frank Wilson, Billy Ryan, Quinby Lamplou, and John Walker.

Vice-Pres., Robert H. Lambourne.

Freight Engineers, Pap Marston, Bill Keal.

Secretary and Treas., M. S. Jackson.

Jack Edgar, Frank Summers, Frank Greenwood, and Jack Kingsbury.

Master Construction and

Firemen, George Pool, Tommy Mason, Mike Gleason, Bob Edgar, Shorty Brown, Bill Evetretts, Abe Mitchell, George Crater and Al Hart.

General Supt., H. Greenwood.

Chief Clerk to Supt., W. W. Borst, Denver.

General Ticket and Freight

Chief Clerk to Supt., J. Hamilton

Agent, D. C. Dodge, Denver.

Assist. Chief Clerk and

Roadmaster, Tom Bradstreet.

Telegraph Operator, J. J. Harris.

Foreman, John Grady, J. M. Collins.

Master Mechanic, John Greenwood, Durham.

Yardmaster at Pueblo, Jim Hassey.

Chief Engr., McNulty.

Boarding Boss, Pat Tamey.

Assist. Engr., Frank King, Has Thompson, and —— Decker.

Water Boy, Track Laying

Supt. of Track Laying, Mike Greer.

Gang, Monty Moorland.

Freight Conductor, Jimmie Hines, Tom Durre, Frank Stoddart, John McDowell.


Passenger Brakeman, Phil Stimwell, Wm. Hawthorne, Dan Reilly, Cog Watson, Dan Turney, Jack Blakey, and Jim Britt.

Freight Brakeman, John Cunningham. (Was later engineer) Wm. Brown, W. M. Hoffsmith.
Newton B. Moreland

His father, Robert Moreland, was an attorney by profession, a pioneer and frontiersman by choice. The subject of this sketch was born at Freeport Illinois, July, 30th, 1852; and when he was two years old the family moved to Nebraska, where Robert Moreland founded the town of Fremont. They did not remain there, however, but moved on to Kearney in 1860; where tragedy overtook them.

Robert Moreland set out for Lone Tree, riding a magnificent race horse, which had excited the admiration and envy of every one in that vicinity; he nor the horse were ever seen again. A Sioux war party was seen nearby, a fact which, no doubt, explained the disappearance of the brave man and his horse. This occurred in 1866.

Our subject spent his boyhood in those frontier towns of the plains, where self-protection was a grim necessity. He became wise in the lore of the plains and was an expert marksman with both the rifle and six-shooter early in life. When he was but 18, he was appointed Captain of a body of men to pursue a band of Indians who had slain three trappers near Adobe Town. One day, from his position on a house top, he witnessed a Sioux attack upon the Pawnees at Genoa. When he was living at Kearney a large war party of Sioux attacked and burnt a train near Plum and Elm Creeks. The conductor, who was wounded, scalped, and left for dead, recovered; and while walking down the track to flag, discovered his own scalp laying on the ties.

Later young "Newt", as he was familiarly called, went to Wyoming. At Cheyenne he entered the employ of M. S. Hall, a contractor; and on August, 6th, 1866, he helped to complete the first house built in that town. In '69 he drove stage from Cheyenne to Fort Laramie. He was later hired by Major Whoam of the Red Cloud Indian Agency to drive stage from the agency to Fort Laramie, 32 miles.
He was then a brakeman on the Union Pacific Railroad, running between Cheyenne and Sidney, and Cheyenne and Fort Laramie.

In the winter of 1873 he entered the employ of the D&RG Railroad as brakeman, running between Denver and Pueblo, then the end of the line. He was in one of the first train wrecks on the D&RG. It happened a few miles south of Pueblo when the engine he was riding struck a cow and turned over. Engineer Summers, one of the road's earliest engineers, was killed in this accident. In those early days the locomotives owned by the Rio Grande numbered 12, including the Fairlee—that double-headed freak of English design and construction. The first 'switch engine' in the Denver yards was an old white mule.

His mother and family moved to the Dolores country in '79; Mr. Moreland going there later to visit them. During this time the D&RG, with Silverton as its objective, had reached Chama, and from then on the growth of Durango was rapid; and accompanied by the usual wild booming times.

That spring, Kid Coulter, an outlaw, came to Durango and became boisterous and obnoxious in a dancehall. Three members of the police force attempted to arrest him but he scared them off. The next day the entire police force was discharged; and, thru the recommendations of a friend, Mr. Moreland was hired as marshall. Kid Coulter soon returned to town, and, as usual, started trouble in a dancehall; whereupon Mr. Moreland immediately tamed, and arrested him. Coulter was later hanged in another town by a vigilance committee.

Mr. Moreland served on the Durango police force about two years and then re-entered the employ of the D&RG, and worked on the construction of the Silverton branch. On July 3rd, 1882, the first passenger, with Mr. Moreland, conductor, entered Silverton, in honor of this transportation event a big celebration was staged, and a wild, hilarious time enjoyed by the populace for several days. Mr. Moreland continued on his run for sometime after this during which time he acted as baggagemaster, train porter, flagman, brakeman, as well as being conductor; in addition to this he was yardmaster, between runs, at both ends of the line.
When, or before, he was promoted to conductor it had been the custom of certain
gangs of that vicinity to board the trains and ride them to their destination, refus-
ing to pay their fare. Mr. Moreland's reputation as a cool, fearless man was well
known, however, so he never experienced any trouble in this manner; in fact, these
gangs always seemed eager to relinquish the required fare. To quote an admirer: "In
1881, Newt Moreland was the only kind of a man who could have been master of his train,
so sporty were many of the passengers of that early day. He never drew second money
or a booty prize.

His mother was Postmistress at Antelope Springs in '77 and '78.

In '84 he entered the employ of the Rocky Mountain Detective Agency and was sent
by Dave Cook, the manager, to Los Aninas to break up a rustling gang, which was steal-
ing cattle belonging to the Prairie Cattle Company. He was very successful on this
mission, breaking up the gang and capturing two of its members in less than a week.
Later, on the same trip he broke up another gang, capturing five of its members. While
waiting for the next term of court, when he would have to appear as witness against
his prisoners, he went to Dodge City for a visit. While there he undertook the capt-
ure of a gang of horse thieves. Riding day and night on the trail of this gang he
finally succeeded in getting every man for which he received a substantial reward.

In '86 he went to Telluride where he served as marshall for about two years. He
also engaged in ranching in this vicinity and served as undersheriff. Later he acquired
a ranch and located in the Grand Mesa district.

He entered the employ of the D&RG Railroad again as conductor and later estab-
lished his home in Salida. He was retired on April 1st, 1922 after a long term of
faithful and conscientious service, and is now living happily at his home in Salida
with the thought of work well and honestly done.

[Signature]
George W. Knox

He was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, February 10th, 1837 of Scotch ancestry. He departed from Pennsylvania and located at Jacksonville, Illinois. Here he engaged in his profession, Civil Engineering. In 1862 he was happily married to Eliza Couchman, daughter of Dr. Benjamin Couchman, who settled on the first homestead at the present site of Jacksonville.

Ten years later he came to Colorado, going first to Aspen, where he was employed as manager of a mine for a short while. He then went to Alpine, which was beginning to thrive, and began prospecting for mineral. In '74 he discovered and located the "Tilden" mine, and began shipping the ore that fall. The ore was packed on burros from the mine to Alpine, a distance of 40 miles; there it was loaded onto wagons and hauled to Pueblo—requiring eight days to make the trip—and there shipped by rail to Argentine, Kansas, for smelting.

At that time, the "Tilden" mine was considered the richest in that district. With ore bringing as much as $1,500 per ton, the mine yielded, within a period of six months, $80,000 clear profit.

In '69-'70 Alpine was a booming town, boasting of a population of almost 10,000 souls—one bank, several general stores, four or five hotels—the largest was operated by Captain Reed and his wife—and 23 saloons.

Because of the wild, rough life of the mining camp, Mr. Knox did not bring his family of wife and seven daughters to Alpine. However, he spent the winters with his family, and in 1881, Mrs. Knox joined him at Alpine. Mrs. Knox was deeply interested in religion, and a devoted worker to that cause, so it naturally followed that she should found the first Sunday School in Alpine during the year of her arrival.
Two years later, in '53, Mr. Knox purchased the old "Doc" Wright ranch consisting of 160 acres, and located one mile above the hot springs on Chalk Creek. This ranch, one of the most beautiful in this section, belonged to a member of the family until recently, when Mrs. H.C. Hayes sold it to Mr. Wright. Later Mr. Knox moved his family to the ranch and there established his home.

Mr. Knox spent the rest of his days at this beautiful spot, passing away there on August 13, 1909. Mrs. Knox followed him on July 6th, 1922.

They are survived by four daughters, Mrs. A. A. Hatch and Mrs. Sadie Baker of California, Mrs. Jennie Kent of Chicago, and Mrs. H. C. Hayes of Salida.

Mrs. H. C. Hayes
Lewllon Blank

Born at La Forte Indiana, May 27, 1864, of German-Irish parents, he moved with
his family when he was three years old to Cedar Rapids Iowa; spending his boyhood days
and attending school in various parts of the state. During these days he made the
acquaintance of "Old Bement", a buffalo hunter, who fired the young boy's imagination
with wonderful tales of the plains. The buffalo hunter displayed an old tally book and
skinning knife, the blade almost worn away, and swore that he had tallied a total kill
of 6,000 buffalos.

The summer of '78 found young Blank at Fort Leavenworth Kansas; he was then 14.
Upon learning that the "Little Mule" wagon train had completed their preparations and
was about to depart for the Black Hills, the boy asked the leader to be taken along,
but was refused.

The third day out, a member of the wagon train discovered a "stowaway". It was young
Blank. Determined to go with the outfit, he hid himself in a wagon amidst some freight
and tents; leaving his place of hiding only at night. He was well prepared with food and
water, but he became very tired and cramped. Unable to endure it any longer he ventured
forth and so was discovered. Having no alternative, the leader allowed the boy to go on.
one of the "mule skinners" took young Blank under his wing, and he retaliated by helping
with the chores as much as possible.

The Sioux, resenting the white man's intrusion in the Black Hills, were on the war-
path, so the wagon train always "made circle" at night; young Blank doing his share of
guard duty. The train, however, proved to be too large for the fierce Sioux to attack, yet
there were attacks made on other outfits close to them.

A short while after the wagon train had arrived at its destination, and was ready
for the return trip, the boy joined another train coming to Cheyenne, then on to Denver.
After spending a few days there he joined a freighting outfit bound for Arizona, travel-
ing with them as far as Pueblo. There he made the acquaintance of an old trapper, named Moore, with whom he spent the winter trapping in the region between Pueblo and Canon City. "Old" Moore was a veteran and an expert trapper. Using a No. 2 or 3 double spring steel trap, he would place it at the foot of a tree or bush, covering it with leaves, small twigs, etc. He would then hang the bait—a cottontail, prairie dog, or piece of venison—on the branches, four feet above and almost directly over the trap; then building a hut of branches around the trap and bait. After completing this he would then sprinkle everything with water to do away with the human scent. Even then the wise foxes were not always fooled, and often they sprung the trap with a stick and made off with the bait. Moore estimated that a fox, seeking food, traveled on an average of 60 miles a night.

The season was a profitable one for the two trappers who caught over 300 foxes, also a few coyotes, lynx, bobcats, and mountain lions. The pelts were shipped to John P. Lowry at Denver, the fox pelts bringing from $3.50 to $4 per pelt.

The pair afterwards went to the vicinity of Howard and Cleora, trapping up and down the Arkansas. Young Blank then traveled to Leadville with a freighter and prospected in that vicinity—with no luck—for six months. He then returned as far as Brown's Canon, where he prospected and engaged in various occupations and spending some time in the embryonic town of South Arkansas, this was in '79 and '80. While on the trip to Leadville—which I have already mentioned—he helped to erect the first building in the budding town.

In those days the present site of Salida was, during the summer, a veritable sea of green waving grass knee high, and there the freighters camped, turning their stock out to feed on the lush grass. One of the "mule–skinners" suggested to Joe King, who was looking for a saloon location, that in as much as the division point of the railroad was going to be located there a town was surely to spring up, so why not start a saloon there. Whereupon King confessed that he had no lumber with which to erect a building or whiskey for stock. Such a state of affairs did not bother the company of "skinners", however, for they promptly halted some freight wagons loaded with lumber con-
signed to Leadville, and forcibly took enough lumber with which to erect a small
building; and then secured 2 barrels of whiskey in the same manner. It is needless to
add that King was soon behind his bar, such as it was, doing a very brisk business.
This first building of the new town was a clap board shack, 12x12, located on the sec-
ond lot of the east corner of F and Sackett Sts, facing F.

In September 1879 our subject and Mr. V. E. Whipple, a geological engineer went to
the Mt. Shavano district on a prospecting expedition, seeking the main lode running from
the San Juan district to the Breckenridge country. Though they failed to do this;—Mr.
Blank discovered it 1910—the, located some promising claims which are still in Mr.
Blank's possession.

During '81 and '82 he was engaged in the freighting business with headquarters at
Rena Vista and Leadville. Later he freighted across Independence Pass to Aspen. On one
trip he was caught in a heavy snow storm, and had to pay $300 per ton for baled hay in
Aspen.

In '83 the freighters operating between Granite and Aspen lost many horses and mules,
all of them splendid animals, caused by a strange hoof infection, the disease breaking
out during the muddy seasons. A horse or mule would become lame, its hoof then turning
blue and swelling to immense proportions, finally bursting within six hours of its
inception, the animal then dying. Losses ran into the hundreds. This disease was thought
to have been some form of foot rot caused by a poison mud on the east slope of Indep-
endence Pass. A cure was not discovered, but the epidemic finally died out.

Mr. Blank was present and witnessed the "Nineyer Shooting." It started when the
Nineyers, accompanied by some friends, including Mr. Blank, came to Salida for the pur-
pose of preparing for a bear hunt. Later some members of the party entered Katie Bender's
restaurant for a meal. Service was to long forthcoming which displeased Tom Underhill, who
had imbibed enough liquor to make him boisterous, so he gave vent to his displeasure by
stabbing and cutting the table with his long hunting knife. Katie Bender, seeing this un-
warranted attack upon her furniture, such as it was, requested Underhill to stop, and
when he refused to do so, called in the police. Marshall Baxter Stingely, the first to enter, upon perceiving Underhill still industriously engaged, as before described, promptly drew his gun and killed Underhill. Ninemyer then joined the affair, wounding Stingely, and killing another officer. During the ensuing battle, three more men were slain—all innocent bystanders. Ninemyer was lodged in jail, but later escaped.

After his freighting experiences, Mr. Blank engaged in the contracting in "Two Bit Gulch" and the Granite district. He was sub-contracting under John Tipton, who was supplying ties for the D&RG. They received 25 to 30 cents for white pine, narrow gauge tie, paying 15 cents each to the cutters, some who made 100 ties per day. Later he entered the lumber business with Pat Gutchell, who furnished lumber and bridge timbers for the Colorado Midland Railroad, which was then preparing to build thru that country.

On December 23, 1886, he was happily married to Maggie Blanchard, daughter of John Blanchard, Poncha Springs rancher. Five sons and four daughters were born to the couple, all of whom are still living except the eldest, Roy, who died in 1923.

1891 found him in the livery business in Montrose, leaving there to join the rush to Creede. There he and a partner, Jack Bunch, "grubstaked", to the extent of $700, an old English prospector, Dick Tomlin; the best prospector Mr. Blank had ever known. He had prospected in many places in the world, including Africa, where he figured in some important discoveries.

Mr. Blank sent him to the Bear Creek District, where he discovered and located three rich claims. He proved his dishonesty, however, by selling the claims at a very handsome price and departing for Australia without Mr. Blank's knowledge; who, having no written agreement, could do nothing. These mines proved to be very rich, making wealthy men of their owners.

Our subject returned to Chaffee County during the panic of '93, and from then to the present time he has been engaged in ranching, stock feeding, and other various occupations. In 1931 he was employed by the state as an instructor to public classes in panning, placer mining, etc., a subject he knows well, probably better than any one
in this county, as he has spent a half-century at it, and a fortune of $40,000. At
one time he was the largest holder of gold claims in Chaffee County.

At the present time he still interested and as much faith in the Mt. Shavano
mining district; and in the spring he intends to secure financial aid to open and work
his mines there.

He and Mrs Blank, both in good health, now reside in Salida at 1030 E Street.

Dellon Blank
Founding of a new Home

In the year 1872 the brothers of the old home plopped their way through "sloughs" of mud in the public highway to take their sister, with husband and four-year-old August, to board the train for the then, far out west. In the gloom of early night, goodbyes were said, hands reached up for a final clasp as heartstrings wrenched. Car door banged, and the darkness enveloped the travelers. All night long the rattle of the car wheels and the toot, toot of engines, reverberated through the gloom of the night.

Another morning and the train was slowed down for the crossing of the "Muddy" river, with its whirl and swirl of rushing waters; then on and on again, following the Platte towards its source in the Rockies. For days and nights the Union Pacific led past telephone posts that had been chopped off by the Indians, leaving their stumps, re-established, and rubbed down by the then, still vast herds of buffalo.

Once the startled wife looked up with inquiring eyes at what looked like the sweep of cumulus clouds of her native land. "Yes it is mountains," was the reply to her unspoken question; and long did her eyes feast on what never became to her, a galling sight, during all the years of intimate acquaintance.

On and yet on, the slow moving train moved. This was not the day of flyers and lightning expresses. The roadbed but fairly laid out, was not certain in its tenure, and the depredations of Indians were yet to be guarded against. Occasionally a herd of antelope scurried away, holding tipped their white ensign on high.
But, finally, Cheyenne was reached, the U. P. left behind, and the first railroad through Colorado took them on to Denver. After a detour which carried them to Boulder, and a few days outfitting at Coal creek, and Louisville, the journey was resumed, this time by ox team. The road, which seemed to follow no beaten track, but looked a law unto itself, over billows of rolling land, behind ridges, and through meadows of the native grama grass. Denver was again reached, household furnishings, consisting of stove, with utensils, three or four chairs—not mission, but just plain kitchen chairs, were packed in the wagon bed, or secured behind; room was left somewhere in that wagon for sleeping for two people, with the little lad at their heads. Provisions were stored in the wash boiler, secured on top of the stove.

Then began the journey proper: what had come before seemed but child's play in comparison. The husband trudged along by the wagon side. The woman and little lad sat within, with eyes that were ever noting the fascinating scenes; for now Pike's Peak stood out in the grandeur of its snow-clad top at their right.

Once, in crossing the divide at Palmer Lake, a snow storm overtook them, causing the travelers to camp in a small "pilgrim" cabin for two days or more. There the wife learned to manipulate "baking powder" biscuit; her first initiation into the camp bake-oven cookery, with which she became very familiar later in many a camping bout. Here, under the snow-laden pine trees with their resinous, health-giving odors, she first fell in love with the piney, mountain fragrance, likening earth to one great altar—"where saints, their prayer-filled censers swing."

Again the journey continued, along the foot hills of Monument Park, with the grotesque form of rock-capped pillars and monuments.

Down across the barren plains the thirsty oxen had been panting with lolling tongues, until eagerly a new impulse struck them. No longer urged on by whip or voice, they galloped until suddenly a many foot wide
itch of running water gathered them into its cooling depths. The pitch down the bank jolted the boiler of provisions until they saw, in dismay, their cherished biscuits floating down the turbid stream. When the oxen had slaked their thirst another mighty effort took them out of the banks, but where was the good man? Anxious eyes looked sharply about, and were soon rewarded by seeing him make a mighty sprint, and by dint of hard scrambling, get out of the stream on the same side as the oxen.

Here, at Colorado Springs, terminated the railroad, and then was there taken into the wagon, the box shipped from the prairie home, containing bureau, sewing machine—taken from its frame and packed into bureau drawers, along with bedding; the invariable feather bed and pillows; emptied straw tick, to be refilled if straw could be found in that new country, if not, pine needles could be substituted; twenty-five yards of newly woven rag carpet; and cracks and corners filled with bed linen, quilts, home spun and woven wool blankets, table linens, towels, etc.

Oh, it was a very treasure trove, was that pine box! But its occupancy excluded any further sleeping accommodations in that wagon box, consequently a sleeping room had to be secured from that on. A barn, with its fragrant hay mow, formed such a room during the two or three night's stay in Canon City; and once a sandy arroyo was chosen, where, if one of the sudden, not infrequent mountain deluges had surprised them, there would scarcely have been left a fragment to tell the tale.

Next they came to the home of Joe Lamb, who for the next years to come was their friendliest neighbor, as it was he, who freighted lumber for flooring, doors, windows, etc., for the new home to be erected. It was he also, who broke the virgin soil to be planted to potatoes, grain, and garden, with the same meek-eyed oxen that hauled provisions from Canon City, for a long time the only post office, thirty miles distant.

Leaving this place there was another six miles to traverse when a
turn was made, leaving the county road, which in itself was barely a mountain trail, up a little stream bordered by scrub oaks, often having to use an axe to widen the way; until a laid foundation of poles was reached, which established the site of the future home in the little valley, ever after known as Oak Dell.

The quiet oxen turned out to graze on the tender grass and to browse on succulent herbage, the attention was next turned to unloading the full wagon of its contents, and the making of its box, now placed on the ground, into a comfortable bed chamber; for as such did it serve during the weeks employed in rearing the walls of this primitive house. The aspen grove surrounding the chosen site of the foundation was made to yield its substance. Day after day the chopping and hewing continued, and log after log was placed in position. The walls rose until the apex was reached, and the ridge pole was forced by all the united strength of the two, to its position. For this was the house that Jack built, with only the help of his faithful Jill.

Lumber had been freighted from the Texas Creek saw mill by their neighbor, Joe Lamb, with the ever faithful oxen, Buck and Bright, on the running gears of the dismantled wagon. A floor was laid in the cabin, doors and window frames made and put into place; puncheons split and laid on the roof, to be covered many layers deep with the black alluvial soil; the crevices between the logs chinked and daubed; the windows inserted, door hung, and the stove set up. A bed was manufactured from native material, the box unpacked to get at bedding, linen, etc., and one night the cottage was occupied for the first time. Under the shelter of their own roof and fig tree, they listened to the first rain that had fallen during their trip and labors.

There were still many hours, reaching into days, of work in getting settled. Three widths of the new carpet were laid in the back of the room; furnishing the parlor-bedroom were also the bureau and reconstr-
ucted sewing machine. A cot was framed at once side for little August, a bread board, secured to the wall under the window, to which was hinged a falling leaf, took the place of the here to fore primitive box tops for table. A cupboard was built in one corner back of the stove, for the dishes and utensils, and another in the opposite corner for a milk repositor, as a pile of shining milk pans had been brought, in anticipa-
tion of the dairy yet to be. For convenience of construction few mod-
ern homes could compete. The housewife could stand in the center of her realm and reach in any direction to parlor, table, stove, or boudoir.

All was now in readiness for the actual business of the enter-
rise, so one morning early, the good man started out in search of the dairy herd, which he expected to find in the up-river provinces.

The wife was busy in one of her apartments, unpacking her trunk, which she had not yet found time to do. Little August was prattling near her, and her occupancy of laying out familiar articles of clothing, all -olent with the home and life that she had left behind so recently, kept her mind so fully occupied that she took no note of time until suddenly the room darkened. She glanced up to see the narrow doorway occupied by a stalwart Indian.

Frightened? Yes. But a pioneer's wife must know naught of coward-
ise. She advanced with as brave a front as possible to meet the guttural "How, how?" of the savage. His curious eyes peered around the room, tak-
ing note of everything. She was not at all assured to see him reinforced by a gusty young brave. Some remants of food on the table attracted the attention of the first brave, and he called out the request, "Swal!"
So tremulously she passed out slices of bread.

"Where's man?" Was the next inquiry. What should she say? She was afraid to tell them that he was gone for the day, not knowing what the next move might be. She feared to admit that he might he near, lest it prolong their stay. She compromised with her own conscience by saying,
"He has gone in bushes after cows." At last they departed with their guns, and as they day passed she began to breathe easier once more, on realizing that she and the lad were not to be massacred. At three in the afternoon she again heard footsteps and saw the Indians return from mountainward, but this time her fear was not so poignant; and at their renewed solicitations to swap she was ready to barter, especially so, when they held out for her inspection a fine piece of mountain sheep, killed by them during their absence, and some lovely specimens of Alpine moss. Again the bread claimed their attention, but more, a pitcher of molasses excited their envy.

"But you can not carry it!" She objected. They, however, were full of expedition. Pointing to a pint cup they suggested its transfer thereto. "But you won't return it!" Vociferously they denied the accusation. So she filled it for them; and they rewarded her faith by returning the cup in a day or two. Her fears were again renewed by their continued query, "Where's men?" So she was infinitely relieved, at this juncture, by the welcome appearance of her husband.

She learned soon after that the Indians belonged to the not at all unfriendly Ute tribe, who were at this time located on their reservation near Saguache, and came over Poncha Pass each spring on their way to Canon City to barter their winter's supply of pelts in return for supplies. The older of the pair, who called on her, was familiarly known by the settlers as "Old Spoke," a minor chief.

The summer passed by, ever full of unexpected and interested events of daily life. One morning as they sat at the breakfast table, they heard the cut, cut, cut, of a fowl, and the man sallied out to see a wild turkey with her brood of little turkeys at her feet. One of the two small ones graced the board from this sally. Many times the gobble, gobble, of the lord of the harem was heard from over the hill in the early morning, but he ever escaped capture.

Soon after a man rode up to the door and apologized for having
chased a bear across the garden the day before, not knowing that he was trespassing on any one's domain. One morning in the early days of their settlement, the wife came upon the carcass of a grizzly within a few rods of the house and was somewhat startled to subsequently learn that four bears had been shot by one hunter within twenty minutes time, the autumn before, within the narrow confines of the inclosed improvements.

The day that the husband had made his first trip in quest of cows he came home with his overalls tied at the feet into bags and filled with seed potatoes, flung over his shoulders. These formed the nucleus of the finest crop of potatoes ever raised. All summer long the reviving rays of the sun from a spotless Colorado sky warmed the earth, bringing forth plants and flowers. The front of the cottage was made rainbow tinted by the clambering morning glories, and the day never passed but what August's first joy was to run out and count, "uno, dos, tres, quatro, cinco, etc., all through the Spanish numerals, for mountain passes and Mexican towns made this almost a more familiar tongue than his own native English.

August days were coming on space. The wife had been told in the old home that, "It never rains in Colorado." Cloud forms were beginning to float over the mountains. Shadows began to troop between earth and sky. Again the husband made a trip up the river to augment the dairy herd; and one day while he was gone, the lowering sky began to drop moisture. All day long it rained. The mother and August had grown afraid of Indian, bear, or man, and with cows milked, corralled, and wood box filled, were ready for the night.

The little lad had crawled into mother's bed, while she, preparing to follow, was startled by the drip, drip of falling water. The roof, that had withstood many hours of rain, was leaking. Hastily removing articles, that could be injured, to cover, she followed from one part of the house to another; books were put into bureau drawers, or into boxes and slid under the bed, in two hours time not a dry spot seemed to remain.
To go to bed was impossible, to sit up was but little improvement. At last, donning her husband's overcoat, she sat down on the root of the bed, with her head under the ridge pole, and waited the long hours through. At intervals during the night came little piping cries from the bed, "Mamma, I'm wet," "Well cuddle down and try to go to sleep."

Morning dawned at last and with its first beams the mother was stir. The first thing was to make a fire in the stove, which in the stifling days of midsummer had been removed to the outside of the cabin, the wagon sheet stretched over it, from the house, to form a shed. Dry flannels were looked up for the lad, and he was lifted, dripping wet, from the bed and carried to the fire. A vigorous rub, and ensconsed in dry with his little red Riding Hood of a cloak, the horizon of his life soon changed to sunshine. There was nothing to do that day but to attend to the animals, cows, pigs, and chickens, keeping up courage for all, with abundant food.

But night was coming again, and the rain inside was no less abundant than that outside; in addition, muddy water. Even the ridge pole would bring but small comfort.

A comfortable bed was improvised for August in a big trunk that stood under the protection of the wagon seat, and the mother sat on the wood box, with her feet resting on the stone hearth to allow the streams of water running with free access to the creek. Through the night she sat there, with her head on the trunk, ready to nestle little August if he stirred. Once, she dreamed that this little babbling creek had become a raging torrent, and she thought that her old father of the prairie country was trying to irrigate. Once she heard the pigs in the pen some rods away, "Woof, woof," and she thought it might be a bear.

Again came morning, and with it the clouds rolled away—blessed sunshine. Now there was plenty of work to do. Bedding was quickly tran-
ferred to the lines outside, and the work of drying it began. Water as swept from the floor, emptied from the milk pans, which stood brimm- ing under the ridge pole, where they had been placed to catch the drip. But you can not make that wife believe that "it never rains in Colorado."

That day brought the husband home, with his own tale of discom- fort. A cow having escaped him, had crossed the river, he was compelled to sleep in a deserted cabin, with only a corduroy bed, spread with rushes, without other covering except his own clothes. But together again, they made light of troubles. Though it was weeks before the walls of the cabin were dry and freed from the mildew following, neither father, mother, nor child, suffered so much as a cold resulting from the exposure.

The summer time passed. The long brooding montas of Indian summer, followed when calm, sweet days, in golden haze, melted down the amber sky. The winter shut in at last. The wife longed for the sound of a woman's voice and the touch of a woman's hand. Three months of this passed by.

There was a night of suffering, of pent up agony. Before the rare burst of dawn, the husband laid in her arms, a little daughter. Born, not of the spring snow drops, or the June roses, little Pipsissewa, came with the odor of the fragrant wintergreen in the frost laden air, with the swaying of the redolent balsam and the pines of the forest.

Life in this virgin land was all an open unread book to the wife and mother. The companionship of the many friends of her girlhood was re- placed by constantly reoccurring incidents of a new and often startling nature. One day August, on the floor, intently pushing his box of Grand- ill blocks under the bureau cried out, "Mamma, here is a snake!" "Oh, no, little child," but with shifting heart beat she was at his side to find, hanging on the back of a chair, the hideous length of a spotted rattler. With one quick move the boy was snatched up and set outside the pen door, and his father called to the rescue. He soon dispatched and
laid out in its slimy length, a great bull snake. But it was long ere
the mother could heed her husband's chidings and stop the stifling sobs
that shook her as she held August close to her throbbing heart. She real-
ized all the terror that could have been hers if the harmless snake could
indeed have been the venomous rattler of the mountains.

Sometimes a loping bear was seen traversing the hillside, some-
times the shy, timid fawn was discovered frolicking by its mother's side
in the open, among the aspens. Again the screech of the lion resounded
through the night air, yet the bear were tracked in the swamp, the lion
was driven from its feast of young pig by the squeals and assaults of an
irate mother hog, even after it left its teeth marks in piggie's back.

The year after Pipsie's birth, a new house, all lumber, with
shingled roof, was erected. The preacher who had come with his three-old
Bertha, astride his horse in front of him, to see that wonderful baby,
her first female visitor, came to have a hand in that house raising. For
a skeleton frame raised that house to the dignify of a second story.

The months passed on to another year, when the Indians again passed
through. Brave, squaw, papoose, all in the paraphernalia of a strapping
board, cradle, vari-colored beads, t'pee poles, ponies, and dogs. This
time they camped far up the mountain side above the homestead. In the
mornings the wailing songs of the squaws was heard as they collected the
wheat.

The first morning that little Pipsie heard them she came creeping
down the steps, her eyes wide with wonder, exclaiming, "Coyotes, mamma,
coyotes." They remained in camp for some days, passing in and out. One
day a young brave stopped at the kitchen door as the wife was dining din-
ner. His face was filled with animated exclamation of which she could not
comprehend. She piloted him to the dining room, thinking that there might
be an explanation. He received food unconcernedly, still jabbering his
unintelligible jargon. When the good man turned to his wife with, "It is not
ha the one who visited us the first spring?" She shook her head unknowingly, for one Indian was like another to her.

He questioned the young buck, "Were you hear before?" His face lighted as he replied, "Si, Si, new house." Pointing to the floor above. "More pappose!"

A little four stop organ was one of the possessions of the new house. He was invited to sit down to it and was shown the secret of the peddles. He went away, coming back late in the afternoon with two or three sweethearts, maybe. He asked if they might sit at the organ. After initiating them in the movements of the keys he suddenly put the pressure on the peddles. How he did laugh at their jump of surprise! August was sent off, towards evening, for the cows in the nearby pasture. The young brave appraisingly exclaimed, "Good pappose!"

All was not prosperity in the new home. In the summer of '76, the grasshoppers dropped down from a cloudless sky, the sun was obscured, and destruction began. Husband and wife worked rapidly as possible in an effort to save the crops; but soon, even the corn stalks were stripped of their leaves. The garden disappeared as if by magic. Where before had been plenty, devastation stalked. When all was destroyed, the hoppers took wing and flew over the mountains to the south. But not until they had done their work; for the hopes of the next year's crops were again blasted when with the bright spring time, and the growing crops, myriads of tiny grasshoppers were soon to spring from their winter's bed from the eggs laid in the soil the previous fall. Then destruction came.

A field of waving grain would disappear as if by magic in a few hours, brown as though by fire, the only visible reminder. Growing crops did not suffice. The grass was mowed as though by a machine. Trees were made barren from loss of leaves, until finally strength grew in the grasshopper's wings, and these newly fledged insects flew away over the mountains after their predecessors.
Another spring came and brought new hope, for these hoppers had
minged their way as soon as able to fly. Again were the gardens tilled,
and grain was sown. Sick, the great-hearted seedsman sent word, "I will
urnish seed for all those who will apply from the grasshopper belt."

The earth grew green once more, with vines, and grass, and grain.
One day Pipsy with her little brother—for another little pappoose had
come—came running in excitedly, with "Hurry up, mother, and get dinner
on. The grasshoppers are coming back, and we want something to eat first!"
True enough. Again was the sun hidden by the hordes of flying insects,
and the battle began afresh. There must be something strangely invigor-
ing in the mountain breath, for these did not lose courage as the fall
settled down upon them.

Many days the mother and children were without flour and meat in
the house, and the husband packed his kit and went to the mining camps
to secure the means to feed the hungering children. It was no easy matter
to hear the children cry for bread, but never for a moment did she listen
to the beseechings to return to the old home. If there had been milk for
the babies it would not have wrenched her heart so much, but with the
appearance of the grass, the cows and calves were driven into the moun-
tains to eke out a subsistence as best they could. Summer squash and mangle
beets became a very limited diet when confined to them; but they were the
only vegetables apparently unedible by the grasshoppers.

Another winter waned and spring came again, with its multitudes
of young insects hopping everywhere, but—an unknown miracle—they never
lew again. Whether it was a heavy storm of sleety rain or a parasite
insect, that brought destruction to the scourge was not known. Certain it
as, the pest never returned.

The years passed by. The first decade was nearing its advent,
when the losses by the grasshoppers, and other alluring interests, had
won the men to a new venture; and leaving the homestead in charge of a
tenant, a new trek was made. The little flock was collected, August, rowing fast towards his teens, Pip aisle gathering the little ones, Dot, Trot, and Bunny, whom she had sistered and mothered since each one's birth.

There were days of journeys up over the mountain passes, until at last, hidden in the very heart of the rockies, the Cavalcade came to a halt, by a boiling, broiling torrent. August and his father had climbed the nearest pass with the dairy herd. Ever following at their feet was Dulcie, the collie, who aided the children in many an adventure in the home.

Three summers were spent among these mountain fastnesses. The first one, a tent house formed shelter from the rain that oft times deluged the hills.

August, on his pony, Pat, with his milk cans astride, climbed up the steeps to the mining camp of Bonanza, with his daily supply of milk for the "leaded" men at the smelter.

One evening, when he had gone after the cows, he was seen galloping home in frenzied haste, and when his mother saw his bloodstained hands, her heart sank in fear. He could scarcely stop to shout, "I've killed a deer!" (His little rifle was always an accompaniment when off in the hills) "I am after a rope to tie it onto Pat!" He admitted that he felt as though he would break through the earth, his footfalls sounded so heavy. Happy thirteen-year-old boy over his first deer!

Another spring he was long gone in bringing up the calves, and then he came in sight that time, he was carrying a load, which proved to be a lovely spotted fawn. Its mother had run with it into a marsh, where it had mired, and he had captured it. He kept it all summer, until it had grown into a fair sized deer. When he sold it, for the dogs from town became a menace to its life. Many a frolic did Trot and Bunny have, racing across the hillside paths with it in their wake. One evening when Pip aisle
and Dot had been with Dulcie for the cows, they came home all excitement, for they had found dear grasses with the cows.

Many were the delightful plays the quartet had among the flowers and trees. A park just across Herber creek was aglow with the azure columbine, the beautiful state flower. Long sprays of hanging bluebells saw their image in the brook where "the blue-eyed gentian looked through fringed lids to heaven."

Sometimes a pleasure party of sightseers came by, and took August or Pipsie or Dot with them far up the mountain height above timberline, where the snow lay all the year, and fell in storms in August; and flowers could be gathered in one hand and snowbells in the other. Oh, the blue of that ether, when sound no longer lingered, of cricket, or katydid, and one could look far out beyond the mountain ranges to the plains of New Mexico or Utah.

One night a gaunt form came down on the camp of Bonanza and the mines about. A little child was lost, strayed off just as dusk fell. All night stern, bearded men searched streams and ravines, and visited every cabin home, shouting, ever shouting, "Stella, Stella," until the echoes rang. Once they found the print of her little bare foot on a log over a rushing stream. Half the town was out and the other half only waiting as a relay until morning. The mother, at the tent house, leaving her own brood fast asleep, was out at the first rose burst of dawn to listen and watch. She heard a glad shout with gesture from the opposite mountain side, "We've found her!" Glad only in a summer slip, without a wrap or head cover, the little girl had at last crouched down by a log, not daring, she said, to answer the shouts she heard as she awaited the day. Once, some soft, furry animal brushed by her. God gave his angels charge over her.

During their stay at this camp the rain clouds shrouded the mountain peaks as only mountain clouds can, and when the word went forth that our president, the gifted Garfield, was dead by the assassin's hand, the
little flock sobbed, "The clouds are raining tears for him," and twined 
reaths of evergreen to hang over his pictured face.

The mountain land was left behind, and the family wended its way 
own the valley past Villa Grove, over the mountain pass of Poncha, and 
on to the Arkansas valley, where the father had preceded and furnished 
home by the river side.

There, by the rapid, turbid stream, many years were passed; the 
children growing into men and womanhood. Many incidents have left their 
impress.

When the spring floods came bearing the burden of twenty years 
of debris, the water fowl dorted and flitted before the amazed eyes of 
the children. August begged many a sock of ducks, tiny teal, brilliant 
hued mallards, and other unknown species greased the prowess of his 
hand. Once he came proudly home bearing a wild goose, a bird with a 
broken wing, another wild goose, was brought home, in wavering, uncer 
ain lines, from far down the river, by the little girls, Trot and 
Bunny. As they neared the house the mother saw them driving the poor 
reptile to its new home. For weeks it kept its place, feeding with the 
poultry, but never quite trusting itself to be corralled with them. The 
autumn brought the arrow formed lines of wild geese passing to the 
south, and their honk, honk, was heard far into the night, as they flew 
low over the river bed. One morning the delight of the children was 
nounded to see a young goose, which had dropped down during the dark 
ness, to the answering call of the crippled bird, with which it was 
hobnobbing and eating the scattered grain of the poultry yard.

One day a startled deer was seen bounding across the open valley 
rom ridge to ridge. Dot and Trot spent many hours fishing, hooking the 
speekled trout at their feet, even within the precincts of the narrow 
yard. While Pipsie kept fragrant with wild roses gathered from the bank, 
the table at morning noon and night.
All the children made new acquaintances, friendships, loves in the schools, which they were, for the first time, privileged to attend. A little lad, child of their old age, was born to them here—Alwyn, to come to fill the gaps, in a little measure, caused by the departure of the older ones. First Pipsie gave her hand, one eventide, to one who carried her away to fill and grace his home. Then August brought home, for a little time, his own blushing bride. Dot, Trot, and Bunny finished high school courses, dropped their childhood names, and went out to careers of their own, from the South to the Pacific coast. Alwyn, too, as the years went by, found his mate, and the bride of forty years ago sits alone by the riverside, awaiting the tide that will carry her over the flood to him who has passed beyond.

The story of the W. K. Egglestons from notes of Mrs Eggleston.

Mrs. Myra E. Nelson.
Early History of the Cottonwood Mining Districts

The area of the country involved begins at the eastern base of the Sawatch range of mountains and extends some thirty miles westward to the central ridge of the Continental divide, the dividing line between Cheffe and Gunnison Counties, forming the southern extremity of the district is the majestic Mt. Princeton, with Mt. Harvard, the third highest peak in the state, forming the northern boundary. Within these limits are the three Cottonwoods, South, Middle, and North Forks; the South and Middle Forks merging at a point some three miles from the entrance of the canyon.

The North Cottonwood area is independent of the other two Cottonwoods, and its entrance spreads out into an undulating mesa in the Arkansas valley. The creeks traversing the district are of the same name and rise in the upper reaches of the range divide, which in turn are fed by numerous smaller creeks descending from a vast number of small-side canons, or gulches; the waters of which, after plunging in turbulent cascades, flows across the plateau of the upper valley and loose themselves in the Arkanas River.

The occupation of this territory was prior to 1869. The first prospector was a man by the name of Jones, who explored the southern branch area. He was followed by Phil Groves, a rancher, in search of the alluring precious metals, forged his way along unbroken trails. His search led him to the head-waters of the South Cottonwood, where he discovered and located the Mound, June, and Atlantic mines on the southern slope of Jones.
Mountain; he also discovered the Longfellow Mine in Mineral Basin.

About this same time, T. B. Bedsworth, Aubin Ather, and William Fierce came to the vicinity, and discovered and located the Little Missouri and Amanda claims; Charles Nechtriex discovered the Geneva—all three being on Jones Mountain. The Crawford brothers, hailing from Pennsylvania, located claims; and Ed Whitely, an early arrival, located the Sandock and several other claims in Mineral Basin.

In the spring of '78 the area about Cottonwood Lake was worked by newcomers, among whom were the Fox brothers, Asa, Charles, John, Dave, and Tom, who discovered and located the Corn Bell group of claims. Tom Meyers and George Carver, owners and operators of the Demude mine on Buckeye Mountain; Charles H. Cross, thelick-senior operating mine on Eureka Mountain; Aaron Humphreys, called Pop—who discovered the Carmel mine on Carmel Mountain, were all pioneer miners of the region. Charles Gillmore and his partner, Tom Hawley—an experienced California miner, who dealt out mining lore by the hour, and attempted to make the miners believe that yellow cheese was gold—owned the Greece claim high upon Buckeye Mountain. Aaron made, Ed Block, and Bob Vardy, Earl, arrivals in Eureka Vista, were owners of the Hope mine; while John Stromberg, Charles Bogue, and Barney Shade worked property on Buckeye Mountain under the guidance of Aunt Fronie, a spiritualist. Other prospectors entered the camps until there were some eighty men at work, mining, and developing these districts.

Trails were the only means of access into the region, over which all merchandise and provisions had to be packed on horseback. The construction of roads was imperative, so in the spring of 1880 this work was undertaken by the men in the camps, and by fall a fairly good mountain road was opened to traffic.

In the fall of '79 a miner's organization was formed and mining laws framed and adopted. Asa Fox was elected president and Charles H. Cross
secretary; and all business of the organization was recorded. Closs was also appointed justice of the peace and sworn in as such.

Phil Cook and his wife were early pioneers, who operated the first restaurant and saloon in the camp. Phil Cook was later shot and killed during a brawl in Buena Vista. Anthony Sotts and associates, T. J. Turner, John E. Faunce, and J. A. De Negreer took over the Mt. Carmel mine and operated it for a number of years with varying success. Ace Fox interested Frank Durell in his Cornell property, who in turn interested a Mr. Willet of New York, who supplied the funds to construct a wagon road to the mines, and to erect a mill. The operations of the mine and mill were carried on for a number of years.

During the fall of '89 claim jumpers entered the camp and took possession of the Little Missouri and Toronto mines located high up on Jones Mountain. This outlay necessarily necessitated the action of the miners' association whose members were called to order by the secretary and unanimously voted to arrest the invaders. A posse of miners was selected to oust and arrest the claim jumpers in conformity with the law, and Ben Morgan, sheriff of Lake county, was called to join the posse and make the arrest. The sheriff was quite devoted to liquor, and when the posse arrived at the Jones Mountain camp he was pretty well intoxicated, so, being unable to make the arrest himself, he swore in members of the posse, armed them with the service papers, and instructed them to carry on the proceedings. The mine jumpers were heavily armed, but, after considerable arguing and upon hearing they were surrounding by a force of determined and armed men, they surrendered, with the assurance that they would be delivered safely to the authorities at Buena Vista. They were later convicted and sentenced to prison.

Meanwhile the sheriff, on the night of his arrival at the camp, wandered out into the darkness and became lost when a terrific blizzard set in. A diligent search was made for him but without results, and his
body was not found until the melting of the snows the following spring.

During the spring of '80 the coming of the mountains and gulches came before the assembly meeting, and a committee was appointed to do this; the task falling to Aase W. Fox, Charles A. Goss, and Tom Hawley. The mountain and gulches as named westward up the South Cottonwood district from Mt. Princeton are Fox Mt.; Hope Gulch; Angle Mt.—named after an old timer; Morgan Gulch and mountain, named in memory of the sheriff, who lost his life at the confluence of Morgan and Cottonwood Creeks; next comes Mineral Spring, an extensive mineral area, bounded on the west by the central ridge of the Continental divide; herein are located the first mining claims of the district.

Sheep Mountain, so named from the herds of wild mountain sheep that roamed its ranges in years past, form the barrier between the South and Middle Forks of gulches; next, to the westward is Porphyry Gulch, and Mt. Carmel, upon which numerous prospects are in evidence; then Buckeye, Reid, and Grassy Mountains, with alternating gulches between them; and followed by Jones Mountain, a mighty structure, constituting part of the range divide. Mt. Princeton, one of the mighty mountains of the Scratch Range, forms the southern barrier between the Cottonwoods and the country to the southward. Many mining enterprises were conducted along its slopes and amongst its numerous crevices. The Lettsen Mining Co. of St. Louis Missouri, of which Charles Shargies was the manager, owned a large group of claims, and operated them by an extensive tunnel. This company began operations in the early '60s and carried on for years. The Hortense mine, owned by George Teets, was a heavy shipper of gold and silver ores in the early days. It is now laying idle, awaiting the return of raising prices in metals.

In June, '60, the peace justice of the camp was accosted by Bob Hughes, an old timer from the middle fork district, who was accompanied by
his sweetheart, a Miss Longhilland. When they demanded that they be united in holy wedlock, the astonished justice became greatly frustrated and he remonstrated against officiating in any such proceedings, but all his pleading was unavailing. Hughes was determined that his romance should be fulfilled then and there. The justice made a search among the miners for a bible in which he hoped to find the proper rites for the ceremony, without success; work was not to be had in the camp. One of the miners offered to lend his six-shooter, if the justice would shoot the lovesick couple. The justice, in company with the necessary witnesses, returned to the awaiting couple, and between them, somehow managed to perform the ceremony.

(Cottonwood Lake, a beauty spot of the state, was first grazed upon by white men in the early sixties, lies at the northern base of St. Princeton, with Sheep Mountain to the north. Many miners built their cabins and established their homes on its shores. In the fall of 1880, John Hawkins, and associates, attempted to secure the lake by location and patent. These proceedings were contested in the courts at Leadville by the association's officials, and at their personal expense. The latter were victorious, and hence the lake was freed from private ownership so anyone who wished might enjoy this lovely spot.)

On the right flank of Cottonwood Creek the mesa west of Auenstade gradually rises until it verges into the higher slopes of Springs Mountain, on the southern base of which is located the Cottonwood hot springs. These springs, famous for their curative mineral contents and high thermal temperatures, were located in the early seventies. During '86 Dr. Adams erected and conducted on this site the first hotel in the district. This hostelry soon became famous from the healing and beneficial qualities of its waters, and was the happy rendezvous of folks from far and near. It was later taken over by George Hartenstein and Stafford, and was operated by them until it was destroyed by fire in 1885.
That same year, George McCrindell, brother of Mrs Emma Holloway, erected a new hotel on the high land east of the old springs hotel. The new location was a most picturesque spot to which the waters of the hot springs were piped, and private baths and plunge were incorporated within the confines of the hotel. Soon after its construction the hostelry was purchased by Mr. Chain, his manager, Mr. Allen, a congenial host, conducted its operations until Mr. Chain's untimely death at sea. Joe Burst of Leadville then became the owner, and he and his wife were here not until 1922 when the hotel mysteriously caught fire and was destroyed.

Allen Holloway and wife located a homesite in '70 on an attractive spot just above the old springs hotel's site, and from where the main flow of the thermal waters issue forth. In '69 Henry Walther and Charles Ames filed on a homestead at the junction of the South and Middle Cottonwood creeks where they built and conducted a fish hatchery. This tract is now known as the Zig Horn Ranch, and is owned by Charles Craig and Hey W. Somme.

In 1874 Harvard City was founded near the forks of the South and Middle Cottonwood creeks. It boasted of a post office, a general store, operated by Sam Denny, a Virginian, dance hall and saloon, and was a election precinct. Harvard was the "change point" for freights traveling over the Middle Cottonwood pass to Aspen. This road was constructed and operated as a toll road by the Jules brothers, who finally turned it over to the county. Harvard became a ghost town after the abandonment of mining over the Cottonwood pass road in '82.

Early day locations were the Martha Don and Botticello mines on the east slope of Sheep Mountain, owned by Block and Stafford. The Redstone mine located during the year of '70, some eight miles west of Harvard was owned by State and Burns of Leadville, and was known for the
The richness of its native silver ore. In '79 Bob Hughes took up a homestead on the grade two miles east of Harvard City; and about the same time, he and Judge Diamond located the Holly water claim some ten miles west of Harvard. These springs are noted for their medicinal properties. After his business venture Sam Denny prepped a homestead six miles west of Bueno Viste. He also located a number of mining claims in the surrounding hills.

North Cottonwood district lies between Mt. Yale on the south and Mt. Harvard on the north. Many mining claims were located among the rugged and precipitous mountains of this camp, homer crown and "aiken", with gold claims on the west wing of Mt. Yale, were early arrivals. The Mercury group of claims on the north end of springs Mt., and above the entrance of the canyon, was discovered by Charles Mathies in the late eighties; and were later operated by Charles Sharpe Sr., and associates for several years. Roger McPalmisney and John Paul, old scouts of the hills, worked claims on the south slope of Mt. Harvard.

The Crater mine on Crater Mt., managed by Aaron Wade in the late '70's and early '80's, was a prospect of much promise. Arthur Vincent prospected the area during the late '70's, and filed on the Celiope group of claims, which gave promise of rich reward. They were located at the extreme end of the North Cottonwood district above Conklet Lake, a fisherman's paradise. Hugh and Robert McLean, and Peter Sevard were early arrivals, and were engaged in many of the operations of the districts.

(All the early and sturdy pioneers of the '70's of the Cottonwood, and who have been mentioned in this narrative, have passed on, with the exception of Mrs. Emma Holloway of Bueno Viste, Ed Whitley of Denver, and Tom and Dave Fox, now residing in California.)

J. A. Claus.
They were born of English descent, he in Sharon Pennsylvania, October 10, 1855; she in Independence Missouri on September 14th, 1859. Their father, George E. Paul, was a farmer. In '65 the family moved to Wyandotte County, Kansas, where they engaged in farming and the children attended school. On March 3, '76, Martha was married to James Mahon, a pioneer rancher of Cottonwood Creek Colorado.

In '64 William Bales filed upon 160 acres of land on Cottonwood Creek but later relinquished his rights to Judge Christison, who in turn traded his relinquishment in '64 or '65 to James Mahon for a team of oxen. The ranch at that time was considered the best in the upper valley. It and John Thompson's ranch, which was filed upon the same day, were the first homesteads located on Cottonwood creek; and the Bales ranch had the first water right, which also dated back to '64.

Traveling by rail to Colorado Springs, and then with freighters, James Mahon and his bride, accompanied by her brother John, arrived at Cottonwood Creek on St. Patrick's Day, '76. Although Mrs. Mahon worried during the entire journey from Kansas about her new home having a sod roof, she was pleasantly surprised to find that the four-room, log cabin not only boasted a shingled roof, but was also comparatively well-furnished.

Other ranches on the creek then were the Gray or Gorell ranch, now known as the Tagler ranch; the Frank Lone ranch, which partly included what is now the site of Buena Vista; and the James McPhilamey ranch, in which also was included part of Buena Vista's site. The post office, with James McPhilamey as postmaster, was located on his ranch and was named Mahonville, with mail service thrice weekly.
The Mahons operated a "transient house" where they accommodated all travelers and their stock. Mrs. Mahon, in addition to her duties as a rancher's wife, cooked all the meals for the travelers, for which she charged fifty cents per meal. Hay was sold for the stock at $6 per ton. Travel was very heavy with as many as 300 freighters and 12 stages each day, included as Mrs. Mahon's guests were such well-known men as Lebor, Tom Murphy, and Beulah.

Principal crops were oats, peas, and potatoes—and hay, of course. Potatoes brought from three to five cents at Leadville, while oats brought four cents on the ranch. Cattle were cheap in '78 and sold for as low as $6 per head, but in '79 the prices raised sharply to as high as twelve cents per pound.

In '79, according to the subjects of this sketch, Major J. M. Keasen conceived the idea of founding a town near the confluence of the Arkansas river and Cottonwood creek, and so approached the settlers there in an attempt to acquire land for a townsit. Mrs. Sadie Bennhanger, daughter of Gov. Waite, and James McPheeley donated 40 acres each, and M. J. Waters also donated an unknown amount. The townsit was surveyed by an engineer working under Major Keasen's supervision, and the Bona Vista Town Co. was formed to give title to the lots.

The new town, which at first consisted of tents and frame shacks with canvas roofs, sprung up overnight. The first merchants were Wade and Head, general store; McManus's store; N. J. Marks, clothier; and Joe Graham, livery barn. Miller, Ballock & Co. established a bank with E. H. Miller as manager. The post office was moved from McPheeley's ranch to Wade & Head's store during the winter of '79-'80.

In August the city trustees appointed a committee comprised of Hugh Mahon, Mrs. James Mahon, Mrs. Sadie Beckmam, Major Keasen, Mrs
Lumber, and John Smith. Mrs Mahon suggested "College Peaks", while Mrs Dearhammer suggested "Buena Vista" because of the splendid view of the mountains to be had there. The latter name seemed very fitting, and was adopted.

James McPhillemey, when he donated the land to the town company, reserved a plot of land for the Catholic church and parsonage site – on which the church was erected in '60. Although school was established before, a school building was not erected until '61.

Buena Vista was incorporated in October '79. The city trustees included forty acres of the Mahon ranch in the incorporation, and of which Mrs Mahon was unaware of until she received her tax notices. She immediately protested this rather haphazard procedure so the limits of the town were changed so as to not include a portion of the Mahon ranch.

Buena Vista thrived when the railroads reached the town, and it was the terminal and forwarding point until July when the rails reached Leadville. Although the coming of the railroads and the founding of Buena Vista created a larger and more demanding market for the ranchers, at the same time they caused the prices of their products to decrease. Ranches increased in value, and many more were settled and located as there was a rapid influx of people following the railroads.

It seemed almost impossible to Mrs Mahon that railroad service reached her very door but the reality of it materialized that summer when she made a trip to her former home in Kansas for a visit of several months.

Four boys and six girls were born to the Mahons, eight of whom are yet living. Mr. Mahon passed away June 5th, 1896. John Paul sold his ranch, which he homesteaded in 1910, in December, 1933. He and Mrs Mahon, aided by her son, James, still operate the original ranch on Cottonwood Creek near Buena Vista.
James McPhelemy, and his wife, Ann, were both Irish; and their daughter, Alice, was born in Ireland in October, 1861. The family came to the United States in 1867 and located at Lawrence, Mass., for six or seven years. Then Tom Starr, a prominent pioneer placer miner, owner of California Gulch, went east for a visit, and married Alice's sister. With him, he took a tame fawn, and some bars of gold from his mines. Starr's gold and stories created great interest amongst the McPhelemys in the mountains of Colorado, and so they decided to locate in the west. They and the Starrs came to Denver, traveling by rail, in the year, probably, of '74.

They spent a week in Denver purchasing an outfit, and awaiting three wagons that came down from California Gulch to meet them. They departed from Denver with four wagons, and 22 people in the party. Traveling by the way of the Garden of the Gods, where they camped for a day and night, they came on, over Ute Pass, up through South Park to the Salt Works, then down Trout Creek to the Arkansas and Cottonwood Creek. During the trip, which required a week, and which was finished without incident, four scouts always rode ahead of the small wagon train as an ambush by Indians was feared.

Alice's new home was a three-room log cabin, with a fireplace, and boasting a board floor. The homemade furniture was rough, but substantial. Prints and reproductions were clipped from magazines, news-
papers, or from any source obtainable, and were edged with homemade frames of straw.

Ranches already established when the McPhelemys reached the cottonwood were the Frank Loan ranch, three Mahon ranches, Thompson's ranch, two Gray ranches, Maine's ranch, and the Baird ranch. Frank Loan sold his ranch to James McPheleymy, who also homesteaded 160 acres, the latter included the greater part of the site of Buena Vista.

(In the earlier days the post office was located at Baird's ranch—Helena established in '68 by John McPherson. Later it was taken by force and removed to the Cole place on Trout Creek, where it retained its original name. It was next moved to McPheleymy's ranch and renamed Mahonville with James McPheleymy serving as postmaster. He was also the first postmaster at Buena Vista.)

The nearest school was located at Brown's Creek with Judge Dyer the schoolmaster. He was a great friend of the McPhelemys and visited with them often. He tutored Alice, and proved to be a jolly sort, adaptable to any contingency, and very dependable. (Although the McPhelemys did not become directly involved in the "Lake County War," Alice vividly remembers the incidents leading to, and the brutal assassination of Judge Dyer at Granite. That terrible affair was a shocking blow to the god-fearing people of Lake county, and the McPhelemys felt their loss keenly.)

"Father" John L. Dyer—Judge Dyer's father—was also a welcome visitor and friend of the family's. On one occasion, Father Dyer arrived at the ranch about midnight, and Mrs McPheleymy arose to feed him. His were rare visits, thus he was doubly welcome. The entire family tumbled out of bed, even at that late hour; and lengthy, much-wanted religious services were held.
A continual open house was maintained at the ranch, and Mrs. McPhelemy always had a light in the window at night to guide any lonely traveler to their cabin. Everyone was welcome, and there was always room for one more at their table.

(The Utes, whose camping site was close to the ranch, came to visit them often. Colorow was a frequent visitor, and they were all very fond of Mrs. McPhelemy's sweetened biscuits. There were many pictures of Christ, and religious subjects, on the walls of the cabin which seemed to fascinate the Indians, and before which they repeatedly crossed themselves. They never proved troublesome.)

In '78 or '79 it was decided to establish a school in that district. A small, one-room cabin was erected on the McPhelemy ranch, and Alice was chosen as teacher. There were seven pupils, the eldest being Charles Woodard, fifteen, whose father was killed on his ranch at Trout Creek by Tom Walker. After having taught about six weeks, Alice, who was then a minor, was for this reason, replaced by another teacher.

According to Alice Hiltz, Major W. M. Kasson, who formed the Buena Vista Land Co. in August, 1879, approached the ranchers on the Cottonwood to acquire land for the townsite. James McPhelemy, as did others, agreed to apportion off forty acres each for that purpose. Just what the nature or terms of the transaction were is not known, but in some manner Kasson swindled them of the titles to their land. McPhelemy did, finally, secure again, the ownership of four of five acres.

When the town was first founded it laid entirely west of the tracks. Among the first merchants were Calder, Krause and Hollandet, G. F. Bateman, and M. J. Marks. Many of the first merchants were Jews. The town grew rapidly; its population exceeding 1,000 by the end of its first year. Richard Wise was the first mayor.

(The pioneer church organization was the Methodist, followed
next by the Episcopal, and then the Catholic. James McPhelemy donated the land for the Catholic church site, and Tom Starr donated the lumber for the erection of the building. The lumber was made at Starr's mill near Poncha.)

The early days of Buena Vista were wild ones. Some claim that, for a brief period, Buena Vista was even more wild and bloody than the frontier towns on the U. P. Railroad. At one time there were 27 saloons and 3 or more dance halls, all operating at full blast. The coming of the railroads made the town wilder—and more thriving. Buena Vista was prosperous and enjoyed a substantial growth until silver was demonetized.

(The post office was moved to town and located in the general store of Wade & Mead, and, as mentioned before, James McPhelemy continued to serve as postmaster.) Alice served as his clerk and distributed the mail. There were many gamblers and other members of the sporting element, who had assumed aliases or were receiving mail under several names. For these Alice had a special mail box, and she gave out the mail to them through a broken pane in the front window.

While serving in this capacity Alice met John Hiltz, to whom she was happily married at Leadville in 1883. He was engaged in mining at Leadville where the young couple made their home for two years. They then established their home at Buena Vista, and Mr. Hiltz became a salesman, traveling over the entire state. He passed on in 1933. Mrs Hiltz, in good health, still makes her home in Buena Vista.

Alice E. Hiltz
STORY OF A PIONEER WOMAN

(Elizabeth Manning)

Life started with me, as far as recollections go, when I was eight years old and my mother died. My father, Matthew Rule, had gone to California in 1849 and was on his way home at the time of my mother's death. Mother, with her family of children, had been left well provided for in Kansas City. At that time Kansas City was not much more than a steamboat landing. As my mother's health failed, her father took us to his farm some 16 miles north of Kansas City to care for us. Word was sent Father of Mother's rapid decline, and he hastened home. Hoping to make the trip faster by boat than over-land, he took passage on a sailboat from San Francisco. Shortly after sailing, they were becalmed and delayed three weeks. Finally they reached the Isthmus of Panama. Crossing this neck of land in a chair strapped to the back of a hired native, he reached the Atlantic coast and sailed for Havana; thence to New Orleans, and then up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, reaching home just one week after my mother had passed away.

My father, broken-hearted and discouraged, left for the West again in 1860, putting me in a young ladies' seminary, where, under the care of the principal, a Presbyterian minister, Prof. Scott, I received regular schooling and religious training. This early training has stayed with me through life.

The Civil War came, and the school arrangements were broken up. My father, who was in California Gulch, sent for me to come to him with a cousin and his family who were starting West to find a new home. My cousin, Thomas Rule, known to all as "Uncle Tommie", was a Baptist minister who had lost all his fortune during the war. So, towards the end of May, 1865, with ox teams and prairie schooners,
and quite a herd of cattle, we started out to cross the plains, with
a desire of retrieving our lost fortunes in the West. Kansas City
then was a western terminal for the railroads, and all who traveled
west went as we did. Thence we journeyed southward through Westport,
four miles south of Kansas City, which, with its numerous warehouses,
was then the outfitting point for most of the immigrants going west-
ward to Salt Lake, Santa Fe and Taos. In our party there were my
cousin and his wife, his two sons and three daughters, a daughter
of Col. Boon, then Indian agent for the Cheyennes, her husband and
two children and myself, besides the old family cook—a darky known
as Aunt Hannah, and her children. Old Aunt Hannah refused to part
from us, even though freed, saying, "Masser Thomas, all de freedom
I wants is to be wid you—if you don't provide for me to ride, I'll
walk and follow." Poor faithful old soul! Little did she realize
what a "walk" it would have been. That year the travel was ex-
ceedingly heavy, and the main route was along the Arkansas River,
over what is now called the Santa Fe Trail. There was a constant
stream of white-topped wagons—some going West to settle; others
frothing for the Government, bringing in supplies to the mili-
tary posts.

We traveled along without any incidents until we came to the
"Little Arkansas Fort", a fort built to protect the immigrant from
the hostile Indians, the Kiowas and Comanches; from there to Bent's
Old Fort we were continually harassed by the Indians.

On reaching "Little Fort, Arkansas", we were detained ten days,
waiting for enough wagons to come along to make up an outfit that
would justify the Government sending a military escort. An outfit
consisted of from 150 to 250 wagons. An escort would accompany an
outfit from one post to another, then we would be given another
escort, which saw us safely to the next post, while the first escort
looked after outfits going east, which usually were freighters.

When we came to the Indian country, we also came to the land
of the buffaloes, for they were the food of the Indian. For three
days after leaving "Little Fort, Arkansas", we traveled through a
moving mass of buffalo, which were emigrating from the north-east
to the south-west. I remember so well how I stood up on our am-
bulance as high up as I could get to look at them, and as far as
I could see in any direction there was that vast, solid-looking
mass of buffalo. They were not frightened by our wagons, but passed
between them whenever they found an opening. When we camped for the
night, they kept on, and all through the night you could hear their
constant tramp.

We women of my cousin's family rode in what was called an am-
bulance, a schooner fixed up with as many comforts as possible for
the women. There were seats in the ambulance in the daytime which
were lifted out at night and our beds made up. When we first started
out we older girls were allowed to ride horseback, but once we en-
tered the Indian country my cousin forbade it. The tongue of our
ambulance was fastened to the wagon which my cousin drove, and I re-
member the merriment we had when a little young buffalo jumped over
the tongue of the ambulance, raised as it was from the ground.

At Fort Larned we were given an escort of forty men—well mounted,
who took us as far as Fort Dodge. We left the river and took what was
called the dry route, to shorten the distance by a half day's travel.
Besides, it was the best road during this wet season. After leaving
Fort Larned, some twelve miles or so, we were traveling up a large
arroyo and stopped for the noon day meal. Now, we did not carry fire
wood with us, and in this part of the plains there was none to be had;
nevertheless, we had our three hot meals a day, the fire being built of buffalo chips. When we later came to the woods and the men brought fire wood to old Aunt Hannah she began to sputter and gave orders: "Go get me some of dem buffalo chips--none of em green cottonwoods singing for me."

You can imagine what a sight our white city of 250 white-topped wagons made. The wagons were always drawn in a semi-circle, or V shape, so that when necessary the cattle could be corralled in this enclosure, and this defended them from the Indians.

Across the gully, almost opposite us, were some Mexicans with their cattle grazing nearby. Two Mexican men and a Mexican boy were herding their cattle. I had just finished my dinner and had picked up my book, Mrs Hemans's poems, to read. You know we could not carry many books with us, but how we did treasure the few we could tuck in here and there in our ambulance. Screams and cries from the Mexicans drew our attention. The Indians had sprung up from the ground somewhere, evading our pickets, and swooped down into the midst of the Mexican's cattle, trying to stampede them.

Our troops rushed to their rescue and drove the Indians off, but the two men were killed and with my own eyes I saw the Mexican lad scalped. He had rushed into some tall grass and tried to hide in it, but an Indian spied him, and leaning off his pony, he grabbed him by the hair and cut the whole scalp off. We women hurriedly tore up some clean sheets and ran to the poor lad and offered our services to the surgeon who worked over him. The boy was still alive, but a terrible sight, with head of dripping blood. The men were wrapped in blankets and laid in the ground. A rude cross was erected and candles burned that night over their graves.
We did not go farther that day, but no one slept that night. All feared a second attack from the Indians, and when I would look out into the night I could see the candles burning there on the graves. It was a melancholy, weird sight that made a lasting impression on me.

Taking the poor Mexican lad along with us, we started onward the following morning. After traveling some several hundred yards we drew up out of the arroyo and there before us lay the plains as level as a floor. The wagons were bunched up, as many as eight abreast, to prevent the Indians making a charge and styling our forces. We had traveled along perhaps for an hour or so when we observed Indians to the rear and in front of us. They would approach just out of gun reach and tempt our guards to charge against them. As it was, our escort did not dare give chase or attack either those in front or in the rear, for then they would have left the caravan unprotected.

Finally we reached Fort Dodge, near sundown, the Indians following and annoying us to within a mile of the fort. We remained there several days, waiting for an escort. We left the Mexican lad there. He recovered and later went to his home in Mexico.

Traveling in our outfit was a wealthy merchant, Tom Boggs, a schoolmate of my cousin's wife, and hence our families visited back and forth when we camped for the night. Tom Boggs had married the daughter of a very wealthy Mexican, Bovino. One of Bovino's daughters married Maxwell, who came into possession of the Maxwell grant, through his wife.

Tom Boggs was very fond of fine horses and had with him on this trip a strawberry-roan, thoroughbred race horse. (The Mexicans were inveterate gamblers and Boggs won many a "pile" with his Kentucky thoroughbreds against the Mexican mustangs.) Mrs Boggs' nephew.
who had been in school in the East, was returning with them. The boy came down with typhoid fever, but was improving as we all thought, when one night in his delirium he mounted this race horse and rode off and never was seen again. We waited a whole day, hoping for his return. Our guards could not leave us, and search the country for him. We moved on. Five days later the horse dashed into our camp. Dried blood on his flank led us to believe that the Indians had killed the boy while the horse had escaped.

Many are the stories we heard about the prominent people who went up and down the trail and those who had settled in the new country.

Russell and Majors were well known freighters, supplying Salt Lake, Santa Fe and Taos. Majors was known as a very religious man and made all his wagon bosses, drivers, etc., sign a contract not to use profane language—a thing he finally found out was impossible for a man to do and drive oxen. He then presented each boss with a Bible and ordered no traveling on Sundays. The oxen really needed the rest. The men used to call it signing their souls away to work for Majors and Russell.

Solomon Young was a neighbor of my grandfather, and he went to Salt Lake and opened up a store with a Mr. Byers. Brigham Young, hearing of Solomon Young, went to see him and Solomon, in order to humor Brigham, helped him trace out that they were distantly related, and so Brigham became a good customer of Solomon's, often visiting in the store.

Young and Byers had brought in a shipment of straw hats, the first in Salt Lake, and the string of straw hats in the store created considerable excitement, especially among the boys. Brigham was making one of his visits in the store when a lad came in and Brigham said: "Give the boy one of those straw hats." Solomon did so, and charged the hat to Brigham Young. Soon another lad came in: "I'd
like one of those straw hats", he piped. "Whose boy are you?"
Solomon Young asked. "Young's", the lad replied. "What Young's?"
"Brigham Young's", said the lad. "Well", said Solomon Young, "who
is that man standing right over there?" pointing to Brigham Young.
The lad gave a look. "I don't know", he replied. Well, Brigham
didn't know either, but he said: "Give him a hat and charge it to
me."

We continued our journey along the Arkansas River, finding
many beautiful camping spots. (Frequently the valley would widen
out a half to three-quarters of a mile.) One afternoon on a very
hot, calm, dry day we climbed to the top of a bluff along the river,
from which we could see for miles over the level plain. While
standing on top of the bluff, we observed a company of some 15 or
20 cavalry troops, mounted on fine well-groomed, steeds. Deliber-
ately they rode along in a north-east direct. Looking farther, we
saw a beautiful lake of clear water, along whose margin grew high
grasses, and weeping willows, with now and then a stately pine tree.
When the cavalry reached the lake they rode right into the water,
and the horses drank and drank as if ever so thirsty. We could even
see the ornaments on the brow bands of the horses as they stood
knee deep in the water. We could see the soldiers turn their heads
in conversation with each other, and while we stood there beholding
this realistic scene, all in an instant soldiers, horses, lake and
trees vanished, nothing but the bare plains remaining, and then we
realized it was only an optical illusion, a mirage.

(Reaching Bent's Fort, we camped there for several days. At
last, on the 25th day of August we reached Pueblo and located there
for the winter. My father met me there. Pueblo then consisted of
a few log huts with flat mud roofs. One only had a shingle roof--
the dry goods store of Thatcher Brothers.)
My cousin's stock cattle we turned loose on the mesa, south of Pueblo, and grazed them over the grounds that are now occupied by the Pueblo Steel Works. In order to while away the time, for we were so homesick, we girls would ride our ponies and look after the stock and round them up. Another pastime for us young people was to secretly play a game with cards. My cousin would never have sanctioned a deck of cards being in his home, nor have allowed us to play, but the deck was there, and the harmless game went on just the same. It is my opinion that a deck of cards in the early pioneer days saved many from sheer desperation, and I feel like saying suicide, it being the only amusement that many had to while away the lonely evening.

I stayed in Pueblo one winter with my cousin, and for some of us it was a gay winter of parties and dances. We were young and happy and without responsibility. One dance in particular lingers in my memory as being so characteristic of our social life. It was no hardship to go eighteen or twenty miles to a party, and this one was at Jude Henry's ranch near Boon. I can still see the promising young men of the day—John Thatcher, O. P. Baxter, Lou Barnum—as they swung their partners in the gaily festooned hall. We always danced till daylight to a Mexican violin and a banjo.

Sometimes I think how crude and simple was our life, how different from the life in the seminary, and on my grandfather's farm, yet with it all there was true courtesy and genuine hospitality.

In these days, the Westerners were afforded much pleasure whenever an Easterner alighted from a stage coach, especially if he took the form of a dude. Perhaps a little of the same amusement still prevails in the West. Ian Hicklen, who married a third daughter of the wealthy Bovino, and who owned a large tract of land on the Huerfano River, often laughed as he told his story of one Easterner dude
who was obliged to stop and seek shelter for the night at his ranch. It had been a hard winter for the pioneers, and the table lacked the delicacies that perhaps the "dude" had been accustomed to in the East. Nothing was plentiful that winter but frijoles, and on the table for supper was a large bowl of frijoles, and a bottle of pepper sauce. The beans were offered the Easterner, who refused a helping of them with an upturned nose and the comment that he didn't ever eat beans. "Very well then," came back Hicklin, "just help yourself to the pepper sauce." What a roar Hicklin could produce from his listeners as he took off to perfection the tone and manners of the dude.

(The following spring, 1867, I came on up towards Canon City, where I met and married my husband, O. E. Harrington. In the days before the war he had gone from Kentucky to New Orleans, from there into Texas, and in 1860, with a company of 22 men, had driven 1600 head of cattle from Texas on up into Colorado, entering near Las Animas, then following the Arkansas River to Canon City, wintered in that neighborhood. Here they divided up the stock, and he drove his share of them on up to California Gulch, where he found a lively market for them.)

It was in 1867 that we were married and went to Twin Lakes to the mining camp, Dayton, then flourishing county seat of Lake County. Things were brisk and rustling there then, with three hotels, and, needless to say, several saloons. The Westons were in charge of one of the hotels. Later, when the camp went down, they took up land near Buena Vista and built their present home on its site the year Colorado became a state (1876). Later a slice was taken off Lake County and formed Chaffee County, and Buena Vista became the county seat. The mining excitement went to Granite of Chaffee County, and the court
house followed, making it a County seat of Lake County.

We then moved to Granite. Near Granite, where Clear Creek empties into the Arkansas, was a thriving mining settlement called Georgia Bar, nearly all the miners being Georgians.

It was in 1868 that we located in Adobe Park, taking up a pre-emption claim of 350 acres. This was ten years before there was any Salida. The present site of Salida was a soap-week park.

Our first home was a cabin built where the county farm house now stands. This ground was later sold to the County, and we built the home that now (1934) stands on the Harrington Ranch, in 1880. Twenty-nine years we lived in this house with only one death, my father's, no births and no marriages. Our land also included Fairview Cemetery. This land, 80 acres, was sold to the Fairview Cemetery Association, and one-half foot of water was included. This was the only cemetery within miles that had water rights.

These were years, you must bear in mind, before there was a railroad into the valley. We went to Centerville to a little store for minor supplies. The stock of that store could have been hauled off in one white top wagon. Twice a year, spring and fall, we made trips to either California Gulch or to Canon City for supplies. It was quite an event in our lives, for days before starting there was cooking to be done to last on the trip. We packed up, as if starting overland, for there were no hotels to stop in over night. We camped. It took two whole days to reach Canon City.

Being the only woman for miles around us, it is needless to say, that there were times when I longed for women companionship. There was always plenty to be done to keep me busy, for those were days when many necessities were made in the home. We made our candles out of deer tallow, for that made a much whiter, finer candle than beef tallow, and it was no effort to get a deer in those days, as
they ranged the foothills then.

In the spring of 1875 we put in 40 acres of wheat. That may not seem to many as an abundance of wheat to plant, but when we consider that we were working new ground and paying 10¢ a pound for seed, you can imagine how we looked forward to our wheat crop. It grew beautifully and was so promising, so tall that it hid me when I walked through it. Then, on the fifth of August we noticed a heavy dark mass hanging in the sky and approaching. Later, as the mass hung over us, the grasshoppers began to drop and drop, covering the earth. The plague was upon us. All the wheat was destroyed, the cabbage all eaten and the crops of the whole valley literally eaten up. They deposited their eggs, and the years of 1876-1877 were fruitless. Many abandoned their claims, having no stock to carry them through.

Food values were high. We have sold many a pound of butter for $1.00. Don't get alarmed over undue profit; on the other hand, we paid from $12.00 to $20.00 a hundred for flour, 60¢ a pound for coffee, etc.

Every fall the Indians, Uncompahgre Utes, gathered in our valley, coming for their annuities from the Government, which were dispensed by the Burnettts on their ranch near Poncha. One of their favorite camping posts, as they came down the river, was opposite our ranch where the Ohio and Colorado smelter now stands. They often had with them buckskins to trade or sell, or to gamble. The squaws prepared the buckskins, but the men disposed of them. Many a time we have watched their horse and pony races, which they indulged in while waiting for the day to come to "get their presents". The annuities were paid in October, but they began to gather in our neighborhood in August. Each Indian, taking part in the race, would have his buckskins and trophies or whatever he could lay his hand upon, in a pile out in the road where the race was to take place.
The loser had his pile carried over and placed on top of the winner's pile. Then the loser would go rummage for more things to wager. A great deal of shouting and yelling, with such yells as only Indians can give, accompanied the start and finish of the racing and the bickering that followed.

Yes, the Indian was friendly, though at times, troublesome.

One October, we went to Burnett's Ranch to see the Utes receive their presents from Governor Hunt, as they said. For their land they received flour, sugar, dry goods, blankets, trinkets, old uniforms left over from the war, and so many head of cattle. Now, the Government's instructions were to pay the Indians with cattle, that you could call cattle, allowing a reasonable price to be paid for them. It was not much wonder that the Indians were dissatisfied and angry that day, for the cattle were cheap Mexican scrubs—all head and horns. The flour was the cheapest and poorest to be had. Nothing came up to their expectations. Some one was robbing them; the Burnetts had nothing to do with the providing, they simply stored the things for the Government. Shavano, the war chief, was present and was very angry. If things had been left to him, there would have been a fight or massacre. I am afraid if I had been an Indian I would have felt as he did—ready to fight for a "square deal." However, Ouray, the chief, was a fine looking man, dressed up in a U. S. officer's uniform, but with a red blanket thrown over his shoulders. The government men kept him appeased with presents and promises, and he addressed his tribe for an hour, cooling and calming them. How I wish I could tell you what he said! It must have been a wonderful address from the effects it had, for they departed in peace. I remember they were given some axes, which they turned over to the squaws, they having no use for them. One poor squaw came running into Mrs Burnett's house, crying; "We no Gov. Hunt's present." Throwing back her blanket she showed us a
a string around her neck with an open end thimble dangling on the end of it. That was her present, which was "no present" to her.

Shavano and Ouray were brothers-in-law, both being educated in the Sisters School in Mexico. Both could read and write the English language. Shavano always stood when he prayed, but Ouray always knelt as his religious Catholic training taught him.

Our valley was nothing more than a pioneer's settlement until the approach of the civilizer—the railroad. Both the Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe and the D. & R. G. Railway Companies desired to build into the valley by way of the Royal Gorge. Cleora was laid out by the A. T. S.F. Railway as their townsite, but after considerable litigation and almost a pitched battle between the Rio Grande and Santa Fe forces near Canon, the D. & R. G. W. won out in the Courts, gaining control of the right of way through the Royal Gorge. The following year it extended its lines into the valley and Salida was selected as the new townsite. Captain Blake, after whom the Blake Block is named, was the first Postmaster.

Shortly afterwards, the railroad company established its shops here, and it rapidly developed into a flourishing town.

Poncha was a well established town long before either Cleora or Salida came into existence. James True came into the valley from Colorado Springs in 1874, bought the McPherson claim, laid out the town of Poncha, and opened up a general store. A man by the name of Jackson built the Jackson Hotel, Davenport started a lumber yard, other stores followed and soon there was a prosperous town. When the railroad was built into Poncha in 1880 it was the most promising town in the valley, and it looked for a while as if Salida might be moved up there. After the railroad was continued over Marshall Pass, however, the town gradually declined, and Salida gained the ascendancy.
A fire destroyed most of the town in 1862, and it was never recovered. It continued to decline until now there is left only a general store and a few dwellings.

Elizabeth Harrington.
Hugh Clark Boone

The subject of this sketch comes from true pioneer stock, his grandfather, George Washington Boone, being born in Carlyle Pennsylvania in June 1776. Daniel Boone was also born at Carlyle, thirty years previous, and they were related; but Mr. Boone has never traced the relationship. Hugh Clark Boone was born at Fredricksburg Ohio, October 24th 1840. His father, James, was of Scotch-Welch descent; his mother, Tamer Truesdale, was Irish. He had eleven brothers and sisters, one brother, William, was the first to die, killed in the Civil War; and his sister, Nancy, married Frank Mayol, pioneer rancher of Lake County. (Her second husband was Sam Hartzel.)

He enlisted in the Union Army (16th Ohio Militia) on April 20th, 1861 for a ninety day period; later re-enlisting in the 16th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. On December, 29th, 1862, he participated in the Charge Of Vicksburg and was wounded at Chickasaw Bluffs; his own description:

"That morning as we started to make a charge, I saw a big shell coming directly towards me, and looking as though it would hit me in the breast. It exploded a short distance from me; before it exploded I saw the sputtering fuse. The flying shrapnel broke both my arms, bruising and cutting almost my entire body; I had fourteen wounds. The fact that I wore a cartridge box on my belt in front, instead of behind, as I should have, according to regulations, saved my life, as the shrapnel hit the box and cut the cartridges in two." He was then taken to a base hospital in Kentucky and there honorably discharged May, 27, 1863.
When he returned from the war he attended Westminster College in Pennsylvania; and in '64 he cast his first ballot when he voted for Lincoln. In '66 he started for Colorado in company with his brother, David; his sister Elizabeth Cameron, and her husband, Tom; the Camerons had been to Ohio on a visit—and Alex Hogue, who later married Mr. Boon's sister. The party traveled to Leavenworth by train, stopping en route at Atalla Kansas to mark a brother's grave. From Leavenworth to Denver they traveled in covered wagons. The Indians were on the warpath but the trip was completed without an attack. From Denver they came on to the Cameron Ranch, traveling thru South Park and down Trout Creek. That year the nearest railroad point to Lake County was Fort Riley, Kansas, a station on the C.P.R.

In '68 Alex Hogue homesteaded a ranch on the So. Arkansas above Florence, and made his home there until 1872. It is now known as the Gray Ranch.

Tom Cameron went to California in '68, then went on a ranch near Ponca in '69. The first rancher in that entire vicinity was Frank McRoy, who settled near Riverside in '67; and took out the first irrigation ditch the same year, he was the earliest rancher, and the first to raise crops in the upper Arkansas Valley—probably the first in the entire county. He packed seed potatoes in from what is now known as Castle Rock to plant his first crop, which he sold in the adjacent mining camps at three dollars for one dollar.

John Tanassee, an Italian, was the first settler on the So. Arkansas, having located there in '63, having taken the first ditch out of the river the same year. In '66 it was the only ranch below the present site of Ponca; and later it became the property of Noah Berr. Nat Rich and Hendricks were located on the present site of Ponca; Peter Caruth was just above the Burnett Ranch; the Burnetts having located there in '65, also the McPhersons; Judge Deer was living on what was later known as the Boon Ranch; (Now Velotta's) Christison and Mundien came in '67 or '68—the later being the first blacksmith in that vicinity; Chas Peterson and John McCelmont set-
tled in Adobe Park in '65, also Spaulding and Holen, but not the same year. The Maxwells settled near the present site of Buena Vista in '65, then moved to near Poncha in '67.

(Dr. Stewart was the first to locate Heywood and Hortense Springs; later Heywood, a snow merchant from Denver, jumped the claim and succeeded in acquiring a title to the springs. Hortense Springs received their name from the Hortense Mine located on Mt. Princeton in '70 or '71 by Captain Merrian.) The Hortense was the first silver producing mine in that district. The Captain was a great admirer of Napoleon, and named the mine after the great general's step-daughter. A year or so later the Murphy group of mines were discovered in that same district by Abe Wright, a nephew of Silas Wright, one time Governor of New York.

Baldwin was the first to locate Poncha Springs, and built a cabin, a small dam to create a swimming pool. Later he returned to the east to live, and before he departed gave his rights to the springs to Mr. Zoone. The springs, however, were filed upon under the pre-emption act by George Nethrop, nephew of Charles Nethrop, who was financially aided in improving the springs by A. D. Daniels and Daniel Witter; the latter was one of the founders of the Colorado National Bank of Denver, and was also registrar in Denver of the first land office in Colorado.

Walled in by the mountains, many miles from a settlement of any consequence, the early settlers of the upper Arkansas Valley lived in a world all their own, uninfluenced by others. The only demand for their products came from the few miners in the scattered mining camps, so the ranchers raised only what they needed for their own use. They did trade with the Utes on a small scale, exchanging vegetables, flour, bread, and beef for tanned buckskin and hides, etc. Supplies were bought at Denver, Pueblo and Canon City and freighted into the valley. Prices were high; sugar and coffee selling at seventy five cents per pound, and flour at twenty dollars
hundred pounds.  

(Though buffalo were almost exterminated before the settlers came, other game was plentiful. Deer and antelope were numerous, as also were bear and mountain lions. Wild turkeys were plentiful in the foothills about Ponche Springs, and the settlers staged turkey hunts during the holiday season, the birds being exceedingly fat due to the abundance of pinion nuts; some of the gobblers weighed as much as forty pounds. Within very few years wild game became scarce, and when the hunters for the markets began their slaughter the animals were rapidly depleted; many freight wagons and trailers heavily loaded with wild meat rolled out of the upper Arkansas Valley.)

The Utes came through usually twice a year enroute to and from South Park and the plains for the purpose of raids on their enemies, the Arapahoes, and to hunt buffalo. They always camped in the vicinity of Ponche Springs for about a month, and during this time staged their war dances. They were quite bothersome with their demands for "medicine" (whiskey) and one day Colorow entered the small store at Granite where Mr. Boone was engaged, in quest of some "medicine", took a bottle from the shelf and prepared to drink it. Although "T. Boone warned him that it really was medicine and would make him ill to drink it in such quantities, Colorow took a long, hearty draught of the stuff with unpleasant results; and he made a hurried exit from the store spluttering and holding his stomach.)

In 1861, after a war party of Cheyennes, traditional enemies of the Utes, had raided some of the latter near South Park, war signals were given, and soon the Utes were hurrying into the valley from all directions. A party of them stopped at the Boone Ranch for the purpose of borrowing guns and ammunition, offering Mr. Boone their personal belongings as sec-
curity. The Cheyennes made their escape and within a few days the Utes returned the borrowed guns and received their belongings. On another occasion, the following year, the Utes went on a raiding expedition to the plains country and returned with about 500 Arapahoe ponies. The high ridge extending into the valley near Brown's Creek was one of the favorite signaling posts of the Utes.

Dancing parties held in the various homes was the chief amusement; later, after the advent of the schools, debates and spelling schools were staged. The first school was started at what is now Pahena in '67, the first teacher was Dave Boone. Miss Minerva Maxwell—later Mrs. John Burnett—taught there, and had twelve pupils; Miss Annabelle McPherson—afterwards married Joe Hutchinson—was also a teacher at the school. There was no church but Father Dyer, an itinerant preacher, as early as '66, visited the homes and later, the schools and held services.

(When Mr. Boone first came to the valley he accompanied Tom Cameron to Dayton, at Twin Lakes, and located there for awhile. Dayton was then county seat and was booming due to the Red Mountain excitement. Mr. Boone helped to erect some of the buildings there. He also carried the mail from buckskin; in the winter it reached Dayton about once in two months.)

John McPherson established the first post office in the lower valley in '66, naming it Helena after his wife Helen; it was located on the Arkansas a few miles below the present site of Due \

vista. Another was located in '68 at the Scanga Ranch on the South Arkansas, Ira 
\n\n being the first postmaster. Mr. Boone was also one of the earliest postmasters having served at Granite in the early '70s, and later at Cle- 
\n\nora.)

The difficulties in which these early postmasters would inver-
ibly become involved was amusing to Mr. Boone. Though they were honest, at the same time they were careless, and would not keep the government accounts separate from their own, which resulted in considerable trouble when they tried to balance their accounts; and would often call Mr. Boone in to assist them. Instructions and regulations governing registered letters were very complicated and confusing. Upon one occasion when he was postmaster at Cleora, a man wished to register a letter containing $7.50, to the American Publishing Co. of St. Louis, and Mr. Boone had to study for almost two days before he had mastered the rules sufficiently enough to complete the transaction. Then a thieving mail clerk made away with the money in the letter, which, before it was discovered caused many more days of complications.

(Mr. Boone served as Superintendent of Lake County schools for three years; probably '70-'71-'72; the county then extended to the Ute line but there were no schools west of the continental divide. At the time he took office there were five schools in the county, Oro City, Granite, Brown's Creek, Poncha, or South Arkansas, and Adobe which was started in '66. School districts No. 6 at Trout Creek, and No. 7 at Riverside were organized during his term of office or soon after.)

During the winter of '67 and '68 he and Charles Natchtop (Naktrieb) freighted the first sewing machine into the country for Halls at the old Belt works. They arrived at the Hall ranch in early morning of an extremely cold night. Mrs. Hall was so delighted with the arrival of her new possession that she insisted upon trying it at that cold hour and even before the hungry men were fed; her eagerness was shortlived, however, as she promptly ran the needle thru her finger.

(The first civil case tried before a jury in what is now Chaffee County was held in Granite in about 1870. Two men, Morris and Thompson, took up land near Frank Rayol's ranch, the latter lending them money to im-
prove their land and to plant a crop. There was a shortage of water that season which led to an altercation between the pair and Mayol. This resulted in them suing Mayol for damages claiming that he used more than his share of water, the case being tried before Justice Of Peace, Hooten, it was late summer and most of the men were away at the mines so it was difficult to secure a jury; but finally six men were secured, including Mr. Boone, who at that time was engaged in the store and postoffice at Granite. Morris and Thompson were awarded one dollar damages.

(The road from Canon City to the valley was completed in 1873. Later in the '70s, Sales Ranch, at the confluence of the Arkansas and So. Arkansas rivers, was made a stage station of the Darlow and Sanderson line. William Sales settled there in 1867.)

In 1874 Mr. Boone and a brother cut the first timber for railroad ties in that country. The A. T. & S. F. R. A. was extending its line from Las Animas to Pueblo, and gave a contract to the Boone's to furnish a large number of ties. The ties were cut on the Middle Fork of the Arkansas, (South) with the intention of driving them down the So. Arkansas to the Arkansas, thence on down to Las Animas. Quite a number of choppers were employed during the winter of '74 and '75, and many ties were cut; but the snowfall was very light that winter followed by an unusually short high-water period the next spring, consequently the experiment was a failure. Some of the ties were left where they were stacked, others were scattering lodged along the banks of the South Arkansas; and the two brothers were unable to fulfill their contract.

Following the admission of Colorado into the Union as a state in 1876, the first Republican state convention was held at Pueblo with Mr. Boone and two others serving as delegates from Lake County. He voted for Boutt, while the other two voted for Elbert. When the votes were counted Elbert lacked one, and so a deadlock followed. That evening a caucus was
held and an agreement reached whereby Scott was nominated for Governor and Hibbert for Judge of the State Supreme Court.

(In '78 Mr. Boone and a brother met a prospector traveling thru the vicinity by horse and wagon. During the ensuing conversation the two brothers suggested to the stranger that he 'try' the Monarch district and directed him to it; and later grubstaking him. This man was N. D. Creede, and he discovered the Monarch and Little Chum mines; the Boones receiving half interest in them.)

(The toll road to Monarch was built in '79 by the Boyd & Haynes Company, with Mr. Boone foreman in charge of the construction work. The road was completed across the divide to Whetstone in 1880. There was a toll gate above Mayesville and another on the western slope at Black Sage. During this time a toll road was also built from Mayesville up the North Fork to the mining camp of Shevano.)

With the mining booms and the coming of the railroad there was a rapid influx of settlers and prospectors, and also the riff raff of the country. The territory was new and conditions very unsettled, consequently law enforcement was almost impossible. More than 100 murders were committed during this period without one conviction because it was almost impossible to get witnesses on the stand to testify.

(The big fire in Garfield occurred in '82. At the time of the conflagration most of the men of that vicinity had gone to Salida for the purpose of attending a celebration, so there were not enough men there to get it under control.)

(In 1902 Mr. Boone moved to Salida and later began serving as Justice Of Peace and Police Judge, the term extending over a period of twenty years.)
He has continued living in Salida where he makes his home with his two nieces, Mrs. Everett Anderson and Miss Una Nogue. He has never married. He will be ninety-four years old his next birthday but is active and healthy; he takes a daily walk to the business section, a distance of eight blocks each way—all of which points to the advantages of a life well-spent.

In conclusion it might be added that Mr. Boone is the last Civil War Veteran in Chaffee County.

Hugh L. Buon
Henry Weber

Among the very earliest of the pioneers to settle in or about Omaha, Nebraska were Henry Weber Sr. and his wife, Katherine, both of German ancestry, who emigrated to the western plains country in 1857, and homesteaded a 160 acre ranch, which is now included in the townsite of that city. Here the subject of this story was born on May 24th, 1857.

Dissatisfied with the country, and feeling the lure of Colorado, Henry Weber Sr. joined an immigrant train, and seeking a new location, went to Canon City in 1860. His family, traveling by stage via Denver, joined him the following year. About the only incident young Henry could remember of the entire trip was that once the stage terried to allow them to view a large herd of buffalo.

At Canon City Mr. Weber Sr. engaged in various occupations. In 1861 he "carried the mail" between Canon City and Colorado Springs, traveling on horseback, the trip requiring two days. In 1862 he erected the first two log cabins on Main Street; later installing a restaurant in one of them—shortly afterwards it was raided by some Union troops. Mr. Weber Sr. was a stonemason, and helped to erect the Draper building, which was the first stone structure in the town. (Later known as the Rockefeller building)

In the spring of 1864 the family moved to the mining town of Montgomery, twelve miles above Fairplay. Montgomery, now a ghost town, was then a town of 1,200, with a stamp mill, two general stores, and two saloons. Here the Webers met and became friends of the Tabor family. Mr. Tabor was operating one of the stores.
From Montgomery the Webers moved to Slackskin two miles distant; the Tabor family following them shortly after. Here Henry and Maxie, who were about the same age, attended school together. In the spring of '65 the two men went to Breckenridge, where, under the name of Tabor and Weber, they conducted a general store until May 5 of the same year. Due to the heavy snow, which was from four to six feet in depth, travel in that vicinity ceased; and subsequently trade at the store, which the two partners closed.

In the spring of '66 the two families reluctantly separated; the Webers returning to Canon City; the Tabor to California Gulch. This parting was a rather gloomy occasion. The two families had become true friends; each being very generous and warm-hearted to the other.

The Webers did not locate in Canon City but traveled on down the Arkansas; and just below the present site of Florence they homesteaded a ranch. In August of the same the Arkansas went on a rampage, destroying everything before it, and leaving the Weber ranch worthless. The Webers found it necessary to move once more.

So early in '66 the family set out for the South Arkansas River. Each (Little River) They traveled in two covered wagons, drawn by four oxen, and they carried all of their possessions with them. The second wagon was driven by a hired man. They headed up Currant Creek, and on the third night camped at 39 Mile Station in the south-eastern part of South Park.

The on they came, up thru the Park to the salt works, and to Trout Creek, where they spent one night. (Henry Weber Sr. helped to erect the stone stack of the salt works) Trout Creek then teemed with fish, and on its fast course to the Arkansas, (inked thru a series of small beautiful parks.) Ten days after departing from Canon City the travelers arrived at their de-
station on the South Arkansas near the present site of Salida.

Here the family located on John Tennessee's (or Tenasey) ranch, which they farmed on shares. This was the first ranch located and homesteaded on the South Arkansas River or in that vicinity. John Tennessee, an Italian, having settled there in 1863. He also brought the first cattle to that country. They were of exceptionally good cattle for that period, nearly all of them being purebred shorthorns.

To the best of Mr. Weber's knowledge Tennessee had no trouble with the Utes; nor was he ordered to leave the country, as some people think; to the contrary he was on excellent terms with Chief Colorow as the following incident will prove:

One day the Arapahoes visited the valley and stole Tennessee's favorite saddle horse. Shortly afterwards Colorow and his band of Utes, camped in the valley, on their way to the plains—probably for a buffalo hunt or a raid on their enemies. Tennessee promised Colorow that if he recovered the horse he would reward him with a fat beef. Six weeks, or so, later, the Utes returned. With them came the stolen horse; and Colorow received the promised beef.

Tennessee's ranch numbered 160 acres, about 35 of them under cultivation. (He later sold it to Noah Baer.) Other ranches in the vicinity at that time were, Christison's, their nearest neighbors—now the Hutchinson place; Nat Rich's ranch at Poncha; above it was John Burnett's; and later that same year John Vaught homesteaded a ranch below Tennessee's.

The Webers spent a year on the Tennessee Ranch. They found ranching, at that time, unprofitable, owing to the lack of a close market and poor roads to the distant ones. Supplies, which were freighted in from Canon City, were expensive, with flour $60 to $70 a barrel, Salt Pork fifty to seventy-five cents per pound, coffee $1 per pound, and tobacco the same. The was almost impossible to purchase clothing, so the men
were, mainly, buckskin for which they traded from the Utes.

The following year found the family living on a ranch, which Mr. Weber Sr. homesteaded, one mile north of the present site of Poncha. (Now known as the Dickman Ranch) While they were living there Henry's father, Nat Rich, John Burnett decided to utilize the waters of Poncha's hot springs, so they excavated a hole 8 feet square by 6 feet deep, walled it with logs, and thus had a bathing pool for the community. Meanwhile, Henry lived with the Berckey's and attended school at Brown's Creek. About the only amusement, excepting dancing parties which were staged at the different ranch houses, was the weekly debates and spelling schools, which were held in the school house.

That same year the Webers moved again, this time to the town of Cache Creek, where they operated the water hotel for Charles Water. There were about 300 people living there then; and there were two general stores, one saloon, a blacksmith shop, and, of course, the hotel. There was no school or church.

The old road from the east left the Arkansas, crossed over Georgia Bar Hill, and dropped into Cache Creek. A much easier route was up the Arkansas, and when the news reached Cache Creek that a new road was to be reconstructed up the river the populace did the only logical thing; they began moving. Thus Granite was founded; Charles Water and Charles Whitson being the first to locate there.

Prior to '69 there was not a saw mill in Lake County. (which then included Cheyenne) That year Tom Cameron brought in the necessary equipment and installed a mill on Lake Creek below Twin Lakes. The timber was cut above the lake, to where it was taken, made into small rafts, and towed by oxen to the lower end. Cameron engaged young Henry to drive the oxen. The mill was operated by water power, and used the old style penstock wheels. The saws were of the old sash variety, or an upright saw operated in Henry went to Canon City and attended school; one of his schoolmates was.
a frame about 4' X 6'. It required almost a half hour to saw a single board; and the better part of a week to saw a wagon load. Lumber brought about $60 per thousand feet at the mill.

(From Cache Creek the Webers moved to Low Pass, a small mining camp, located on Pass Creek about three miles from the Arkansas and four miles from Granite. Here they managed R. F. (Chubb) Newitt's hotel. There were about fifty people in the camp, and no stores, etc. The miners were engaged in both placer and lode mining; the latter being unsuccessful.)

(Then Hawkins discovered the Yankee Blade a short distance from Low Pass. A mining camp sprang up there, and was named Hawkinsville in honor of the discoverer of the Yankee Blade, which gave promise of being a rich producer, as also did the Amazette. The future of this new camp seemed promising, so the Webers moved there in '69 and engaged in the operation of the Weber Hotel. Their supplies were freighted in by wagon and oxen. The ore produced at the mines was hauled to Granite, and there reduced in a "Raster" mill. Later that same year a stamp mill was put into operation at Granite.)

(The following spring (1870) the family moved to Brown's Creek, where they purchased the Matt Johnson Ranch (now the Evans Ranch) of 160 acres, forty of them under cultivation. Crops raised here were wheat, oats, peas, and potatoes. Henry peddled the potatoes in the mining camps of the region; three cents a pound was considered a good price for them.)

(There was a grove of cottonwood trees on their land, a short distance above the ranch house, which was a favorite camping place of Colorow and his Utes, who sojourned there often on their way to and from South Park and the plains. When the teepees of the Indians were pitched about the cottonwood grove it was assured that Henry could be found somewhere amongst them. They were all his friends, particularly Colorow and his daughter.)
On one occasion the Utes had returned from the plains country and had camped, unusual, at the cottonwoods. Henry, delighted that his friends had returned, went to the camp to greet them. Colorow’s daughter—Henry could not recall her name—told him of their experiences on the trip, including the fact that she had seen her first “iron horse.” Being unable to describe it satisfactorily, she seized a piece of charcoal, and upon the bark of a cottonwood, drew a locomotive, with much smoke belching from its huge stack, and cars trailing it. The Indian girl’s story and drawing fascinated Henry as he had never seen an “iron horse”; and later, when he did gaze upon one for the first time, he recalled what an extremely good likeness Colorow’s daughter had drawn.

Colorow was very fond of Henry and when the band made ready to depart for the San Juan and New Mexico country, he asked the boy’s father for permission to take him along. Although Henry knew the Indians were not clean, and their habits not all to be desired, he witnessed many a mother seeking “greybacks” in the air of her child, and upon finding one, pop it into her mouth with great relish—he was very eager to go. However the boy’s mother, wise as most mothers are, said “no,” and said it firmly; so the very disappointed boy bade the Utes goodbye, and then busied himself with the task of getting rid of the lice he always accumulated during the Indians’ visits.

In 1872 Henry Weber Sr. bought from Mr. Hawker the relinquishment of his 160 acre ranch on Three Mile Creek—that distance east of Brown’s Creek. Prior to this they had sold their Brown’s Creek ranch to Evans for $1,000. About three years later Mr. Weber turned the last acquired ranch over to Henry on pre-emption; and then homesteaded 160 acres adjoining the lower part of the other ranch. (Now the Bayuk Ranch)
During the winter of the same year (74) Charles MacAtrieb, returning from Denver with three wagons loaded with supplies for California Gulch, was caught in a blizzard at the salt works. MacAtrieb's cattle (oxen) perished, and there he was marooned with supplies, mostly food, intended for the use of the California Gulch settlers through the winter. Drifts were so deep that the only way the food could be transported to the Gulch was by men who traveled on snow shoes. Meanwhile, in California Gulch food was becoming scarce and the situation serious. All unmarried men were forced to leave to seek food and shelter elsewhere. "Enough food was brought, in the before described manner, to feed the remaining families, thus averting a tragedy.

Earlier that year Charles MacAtrieb purchased a small herd of cattle from Jack Hall, at his ranch near the present site of Villa Grove, and hired Hugh Boone and Henry to trail them to Denver. They drove the cattle thru in seventeen days, going by the way of Latin Trail, South Park, and Turkey Creek.

There was a band of wild horses running the range, led by a beautiful and fleet grey stallion. One day Henry and two companions succeeded near Buffalo Peak, in trapping these horses in a rocky canyon, capturing three of them; including the stallion, which Henry caught for himself. He proved to be the finest and most sturdy horse Henry ever possessed. (The progenitors of these wild horses were formerly domesticated stock of the local ranchers)

The years '74 and '75 were troublesome ones in that vicinity, the incidents happening therein being referred to as "The Lake County War", the title obviously being a misnomer. The trouble started with an altercation over water rights between Harrington and Gibs, both ranchers on Turkey Creek. Shortly afterwards Harrington was killed—murdered—and Gibs, because of the previous trouble between the two, was suspected; tried in Denver, and acquitted. Thereupon a vigilance committee called upon Gibs
ne night for the purpose of lynching him. Gibbs, however, ably defended himself; and in doing so killed two of the vigilance committee, wounded one, and another was killed when a falling gun was discharged. The so-called "war" reached a climax when Judge Dyer had some thirty members of the vigilance committee arrested and brought to Granite for trial. The following morning, July 3rd, 1875, the court was called to order, and a few minutes later adjourned, and the prisoners dismissed by Judge Dyer, because the prosecuting witnesses would not testify. When the courtroom had been cleared some persons entered by a rear door and assassinated Judge Dyer. No one was ever tried for the crime.

In '73 Mr. Turkey, a wealthy man, who made the Leonhardy Ranch near Riverside--his headquarters, became possessed with the gold fever, and purchased from two miners their placer claims at the mouth of Clear Creek. Going to the claims the following spring he discovered the two miners busily engaged washing gold. He ordered them off of his property; but when he returned a short time later they were still there. Turkey departed then, but soon returned; and, after giving the men an opportunity to arm and defend themselves, shot them both. One man he killed outright, the other, though badly wounded, recovered and left the country. Turkey, of course, was freed.

Leonhardy then persuaded Turkey to purchase 200 head of cattle. The rancher was to tend the cattle, and they agreed to divide the increase, each receiving half. As it developed, there was no increase; the rustlers saw to that. In the spring of '76 Turkey, realizing that his loss was mounting, contracted with Henry to have the remainder of his herd rounded up and delivered to him at Denver, not later than April 24th. Henry was to receive $3 per head.

Hiring two assistants, Tom Walker and Ernest Carsterson, Henry commenced, and after considerable hard work, gathered 175 head. They then
drove the cattle to Denver, following the same route Hugh Boone and Henry had taken in '72, and reaching "Potato" Clark's ranch, on the outskirts of Denver, April 23rd. Here the cattle were pastured and Henry notified Turkey of their arrival. Turkey wished to sell the cattle at once, and Henry agreed to tend to them until a sale was effected. On the twenty-fifth Walker and Christison rode into Denver to "take in the town" while Henry remained with the cattle. About noon a terrific blizzard started and the cattle stampeded with the storm. Henry drove to town and reported the loss to Turkey, who asked him to round up what he could find. Meanwhile the storm continued for two days, and when it finally ended there was four feet of snow on the level.

The following days were terrible for the three riders floundering thru the deep drifts, searching for the lost cattle. They were scattered for miles, the men finding a small bunch here and a small one there. Christison became snowblind; and one night Walker engaged in an altercation with some Chinese, shot one of them, and was jailed. Henry finally succeeded in rounding up 55 head, which were sold at once. He and Christison departed for home, while Walker languished in jail awaiting trial. He was never tried, however, as a friend from the South Arkansas vicinity went to Denver and, for a cash consideration, induced Walker's victim to leave town.

The following ten years found Henry engaged in various occupations, besides operating his ranch on Three Mile Creek. In '77 he bought hay in San Luis Valley for $25 per ton and hauled it to Leadville where he sold it for $100 per ton. During the boring of the Alpine tunnel he engaged in the meat business in St Elmo, and furnished meat, by contract, for the construction crews at ten cents per lb. On one occasion he rec-
received a $500 check in payment, and being unable to cash it there, found it necessary to journey by horseback to Leadville. There he met with difficulty as he was not known at the bank and they refused to honor the check unless he was identified. Henry was at a loss until he happened to recall his old friend, Tabor, whom he located easily. Tabor returned to the bank with Henry and the latter received his money.

The coming up of the railroad made a great change in the valley, and in the lives of the ranchers. People came rushing in and towns sprung up overnight, thus creating new markets for the rancher's products. Ranches increased fifty percent in value, later increasing to 100 percent.

There was a great demand for charcoal at the smelters in Leadville and Mr. Weber engaged in the "burning" or manufacturing of it, in Brown's Canon just below Mica Junction. Pinion and pine woods were used mostly. An oven was filled with wood, which was set afire, the oven closed, and the drafts regulated. The wood was then allowed to burn for five days, when the drafts were closed and the oven was cooled for two days; the charcoal then being ready for shipment to Leadville. A "burning of each oven produced about 250 bushels.

In '82 Mr. Weber opened a meat market in Salida on F Street, (on the present site of Murdock's) renting the store room from Cameron and paying $20 per month. Beef brought on an average of about fifteen cents per pound, everything cash, and business was good. He continued in this business for about two years. Prior to this he had engaged in the meat business at Poncha; but the big fire in '82 almost completely destroyed his business section there, including his meat market.

A short time before the "Mimmyer" shooting in Salida Mr. Weber loaned Marshall Dexter Stringely a huge, double case, silver watch. After the fight in which four men were killed and Stringely badly wounded, the Marshall called Mr. Weber to his room to show him the watch. A bullet
had struck it, and had crashed thru to the last case which it dented badly. Stingly was carrying the watch in a vest pocket so it was very evident that it had saved his life.

In '85 Mr. Weber located in Aspen where he engaged in the freighting business between that point and Granite, and operating a livery stable in connection with the business in Aspen. He employed two four horse teams and wagons, and received $1 per hundred pounds for grain, flour, etc., which was the lowest rate; other commodities rating higher, with eggs the highest at $2 per hundred. He also had half interest in a general store doing business under the title of Hollister and Weber.

In '87 he returned to his Three Mile Ranch where he remained until '92. During this time, or in '91, he operated a sawmill, which was located on the Arakies, just below and across the river from Hegle Junction. This year the Turret boom started, so Mr. Weber disposed of the greater part of the mill's output there, receiving on an average of $25 per thousand feet at Turret.

Later he received a contract for, and furnished 175,000 red spruce ties for the Florence and Cripple Creek railroad, which was then being constructed, receiving twenty four cents per tie. He employed from forty to sixty choppers, paying them eight cents for each tie made. He also furnished the ties for the Moffat--Crestone branch in the San Luis Valley.

From that period thru the remainder of his business career, Mr. Weber was engaged in the sawmill business at Raspberry Mountain, Chalk Creek District; Four Mile Creek, near Puente Vista, Sand Creek, Mt. Shasta District; Round Hill and Alder, San Luis Valley;--at Alder he furnished 250,000 feet of lumber for Bonanza--Silver Creek and Shirley, both in the Marshall Pass District.

In 1932 he sold his sawmill at Shirley and retired from active business.

In 1860 he married Ella Wilsey, daughter of Jacob Wilsey, a Chalk
Greek rancher. Three daughters were born to them, Edna and Dora, twins, in 1882; they died not many years later; Dora in 1886, and Edna in 1887. Mrs. Weber also passed on April 26th, 1891. The third daughter, Julia, was born in 1890, and now resides in Salida.

In 1900 Mr. Weber married again, this time to Mrs. Jennie Everett of Aspen. There was one daughter, Stella, born to this union in 1903.

Mr. Weber represents the true pioneer type, and is still vigorous and active. For these reasons a moving picture company of California offered him a three year's contract to portray pioneer roles on the screen. Mr. Weber declined, however, as he did not wish to leave his home for that length of time.

He now makes his home in Salida with his daughter, Mrs. Stella Churchill.

In conclusion it might be added that Mr. Weber has been in 34 mining camps in this state.
Story Of A Pioneer Boy

E. E. Clement

Jessie W. Ohmert and his wife, Elizabeth, were Virginians of Holland and Dutch descent; they were religious God-fearing people of substantial means. In '59 Jessie Ohmert joined the gold rush to Colorado, coming to the present site of Denver. He located a 160 acre ranch where 38th St. now crosses the Platte River, building a cabin close to the banks of the river. He then went on a prospecting trip which took him to Cherry Creek, the Pikes Peak Country, Clear Creek, Tarryall,—then called Graball, for obvious reasons—and Fairplay. He returned to the Gregory Digings on Clear Creek and began placer mining. On a hill, above the present site of Black Hawk, he discovered a rich pocket of gold. Afraid to acquaint any one of his discovery, he carried the dirt from the pocket to his tent in a small sack and panned it out at night. In this manner he cleaned up $30,000. He then went to his ranch on the Platte, where he traded his relinquishment of the ranch for a yoke of oxen. He then returned home.

Soon after his arrival cannons boomed at Fort Sumter, so he joined the Union forces, serving through most of the war. Meanwhile the family had moved to Dixon Illinois, where Ezra was born on Washington's birthday, 1865. During the year of the great Chicago fire—Ezra remembered of seeing its red glow in the sky—they moved to Elm Springs, where Mr. Ohmert engaged extensively in farming, and also served as Postmaster.

There young Ezra contracted a disease which made of him a helpless cripple, every treatment being futile. Sparing no expense in an effort to cure his son, Mr. Ohmert called in a group of Doctors, two of them specialists from Chicago; but they gave up the case as hopeless, one of them carelessly remarking, as they departed, that a change of climate might help.
Determined to take advantage of this slender chance to save the
boy's life, for it was just that, Mr. Ohmert, who had always been de-
sirous of returning to Colorado, decided to locate there as soon as
possible. So that spring of '74 found Mr. Ohmert and and his eldest
son, Jack, placer mining on the Arkansas about one and a half miles be-
low the present site of Buena Vista.

That fall Mrs Ohmert and three sons--Mildred, her daughter, re-
mained--set out for Colorado to join her husband. They traveled by train
to Cheyenne, and, although they had purchased first class tickets, they
were forced to ride on an emigrant train--a sickening experience. Ezra's
rememberance of it was vivid, as it was also of the persistent, annoying
news butcher; and the huge piles of buffalo bones, between Omaha and
Cheyenne, awaiting shipment to the east where they were to be converted
into fertilizer.
It seemed as though everyone wished to take advantage of the inexperienced travelers. Prices were extremely high, and at Cayenne, where they found it necessary to layover six hours awaiting a train to Denver, they were forced from the waiting room of the station and taken to a hotel where they were charged an outrageous price for accommodations.

At Denver they spent the night, stopping at the Williams Hotel, near 12th and Larimer Streets. The next morning about seven they boarded a stage for Fairplay. Going up Turkey Creek the Ohmert's were all greatly interested in the many placer miners, who were very easily engaged along the creek.

Near the head of the creek the stage tarried for a short while, and the miners proudly exhibited gold nuggets, some of them as large as hickory nuts, to the passengers. The road was lined with travelers, most of them being pedestrians with a pack on their backs. Many of them stopped to carve their names on the trees; and the young Ohmert boys were delighted to spy the initials of their brother who had preceded them. They reached Fairplay that night at 7, twelve hours after departing from Denver. The stage fare was $6 per person.

The Ohmerts left Fairplay the next morning with some freighers, who were bound for the Gunnison country, reaching Crabbe's (Robert B. Newitt) Ranch that night. Almost one hundred people were camped there, and many camp fires dotting the black night made the scene bright and cheerful. The boys, greatly interested, visited each circle and listened with wide-eyed amazement to the tales told there. Mrs. Ohmert listened to tales, too--dark and ominous tales concerning the wild and lawlessness of Lake County; and suddenly experienced the pangs of homesickness.

They departed early the next morning on the last leg of their journey, arriving at their destination on the Arkansas in the afternoon where there was a joyous reunion of the family.
Their new home was a one room—partitioned with curtains—cabin about 30x25 feet, with a dirt floor and a clay roof. Mrs. Umhert cooked over a stone fireplace located in one corner of the big room. They were about five miles from Browns Creek Post Office, where they went twice a week for their mail. A store was located there, also, where the Umherts purchased some of their supplies, paying fifteen cents per pound for coffee, sugar three lbs. for $1, lead—for bullets—about twenty five cents per lb., powder about one dollar per lb., hard candy sixty cents a lb.; and were young Ezra bought his first cigarettes, paying thirty five cents for a package of ten.

In a short time Ezra began to recover from the dreadful disease that possessed him, and he was soon riding a pony; not long afterwards he became almost completely cured.

This was during the "Lake County War", and when ever the young boy ventured out, especially to Browns Creek, he was usually waylaid by a rider, who treated him roughly, and wanted to know who had stopped at the Umhert cabin, and what the conversation had been.

Winfield, Ezra's brother, secured work as a rider for a rancher on Chalk Creek—a rendezvous for one of the gangs. After working some time, and not receiving any pay, Winfield broached the subject to his employer. A drunken gang was lolling about the premises, as usual, and its members promptly beat and mistreated the boy shamefully for his temerity. Winfield returned home, and, being unable to control his desire for revenge and the death of his former employer, he soon departed from that vicinity. Later he joined Custer's command as a scout, serving thru the Black Hills campaign until '77.

Dissatisfied with the results of his placer mining, which was only setting him about $6 per day, Mr. Umhert departed for California Gulch. There he leased the Tom Starr property, his clean up there averaging
about $1.50 per week. Later, Ezra and his mother joined Mr. Olmert at California Gulch, and while enroute there, saw a rather strange spectacle. A few miles above granite they suddenly met approximately one hundred men in single file--to Ezra it seemed the file was a mile in length. They wore no hats, and at first, he thought that they were Indians, but on closer inspection he discovered that they were Chinese; and they were carrying, on poles, resting on their shoulders, large baskets, bundles, and bale rolls. Upon the Olmert's arrival in California Gulch they learned that the Chinese had been imported by Tom Starr for the purpose of digging a ditch and other labor--at a cheap price; but the local miners thought differently about the matter--hence the sudden exodus.

Meanwhile, Jay Olmert had secured work with C. M. Harding on the latter's ranch located several miles above the present site of Salida on the Arkansas. Harding was a packer who usually purchased, and then packed his supplies in from Canon City; his pack string numbering about 30 head of burros and mules. He made the ranch his headquarters, and from there peddled wares--including vegetables grown on the ranch--over Lake County. He was an upright man of about 55, and tended strictly to his own affairs.

Late one evening, Hank Day came to the Harding ranch from the Nathrop vicinity, seeking some horses which had gone astray--or had been stolen. Harding invited him to spend the night there, and the three men, Harding in the middle, slept on a "shakedown" bed on the floor. During the night Cameron's barn, on the other side of the river, burnt down; the trio witnessing the conflagration.

Early the next morning Jay went to the barn, which was a good distance from the house, to feed the stock. There he found one of Harding's mules saddled and dripping wet; unmistakably it had swum the river--but
who had taken the animal that night? It was planted evidence. Jay, instantly alive to the situation, took the saddle off the mule, dried it, and then rubbed down the animal.

Shortly after breakfast a half-dozen or more men rode up to the cabin, called the three out and accused Harding of burning Cameron's barn. They visited the barn but, of course, discovered nothing. Becoming infuriated, they attempted to force Jay and Hank Day to state that Harding had committed the deed; but they both stoutly refused to do so. Two of the men then struck Jay over the head with their guns, and advised him to leave the country then and there. Hank Day, being a weak man, took their advice. The riders then departed without any further action, but--

Harding did not live long after that. One day he was found dead, not far from the present site of Salida's railroad station—with his dog's paw clasped in his hand; he had been dead a long time. Jay, discovered, too, that the young man who had preceded him as Harding's helper had been found dead in a field, a bullet hole in the body.

But meanwhile, Jay left Harding's employ, went to California Gulch where he got Ezra; the two then locating near Chalk Creek, or, to be more exact, on Round Bar on the Arkansas, where they engaged in placer mining. The gold did not prove to be rich but the two boys averaged about $5 per day. Here they were again visited by the "Regulators", "Committee Of Safety", or whatever they were.

One day about twelve of them rode up to the boys, and their leader again attempted to make Jay say that Harding had burnt Cameron's barn, upon the boy's refusal, the gang hung the boy in an attempt to elicit a confession from him. This, too, secured no results. The riders departed then, taking Jay with them. Alone, badly frightened, Ezra made his way to the road where he was finally picked up by a passing freighter, who took him to his mother in California Gulch. He told his story to his folks and Jay was given up for dead.
The Ohmerts moved to Colorado City to spend the winter. They lived in a cabin which, the "old timers" there informed them, was the original "capitol building", and it is not the one on display at Denver. The one now at-Denver being much smaller, and it was located across the street from the one occupied by the Ohmerts. Mrs. Ohmert became acquainted with one of Governor Hunt's sister, and they became great friends. Ezra attended school. Then, one day, a tattered and exhausted Jay walked into their cabin. He had been incarcerated in the "Committee's" jail at Dale's ranch on the South Arkansas. He finally succeeded, in some manner, to break out, and knowing that the family intended to spend the winter in Colorado City, made his way there. The Ohmert's joy can easily be imagined.

The spring of '76 found them back in the mining country, located in Mosquito Gulch, where Mr. Ohmert and a partner erected a "Dry Amalgamator" mill to treat free-gold ore; it proved to be a failure, however. They spent the summer in that vicinity, and that fall the daughter, Mildred, came out to visit them; intending to return to Iowa with the family that winter.

So that fall the family returned to Iowa, Mr. Ohmert remaining to continue with his mining activities. Mildred became so greatly enmeshed with Colorado that she decided to make it her future home. She spent the winter in Colorado City, and there, largely thru her mother's friends, she met and became well acquainted with many influential people, including General Palmer and Gov. Hunt.

During this time Mr. Ohmert, still interested in farming, and to establish a home for his family, traded a mine for the Orisbee ranch of 160 acres, which included the present Frantz Fish Farm--located just above the present site of Salida. Mrs. Ohmert and Ezra, visiting in Iowa became homesick for Colorado so they returned. Mr. Ohmert met them at Morrison, they having traveled the far by rail; and then continued their journey as far as Alma with a freighter. Here Mr. Ohmert remained to carry on with his mining work, while the others went on to the ranch on the Arkansas.
This was in the fall of 1877.

Their new home was a two room log cabin, located but a short distance from the Arkansas River. The land was partly fenced, and forty acres had been cultivated; the Ohmert's, at that time, grew nothing but a garden. Mr. Ohmert joined his family there, and spent the winter placer mining close by on the Arkansas, clearing up about $5 per day. The following spring he returned to Mosquito and California Gulches, leaving Ezra as the "man of the ranch"; and the only one at that. Quite a position for a thirteen-year-old boy!

Young Ezra supplied most of the meat for the table—a task appealing to any boy—and not a difficult one, as the streams teemed with trout, and the valley was over run with deer; bear, too, were numerous, as were the mountain lions.

This was Pre-Leadville time; the upper Arkansas Valley being little disturbed by the outside world. Mail, carried in a buckboard wagon, came twice a week. Ezra overheard one rancher remark: "We can always make a good living here on our ranches; but we'll never see a railroad in this country. Why it would be impossible to build in here!" The country was wild; times were wild.

Mr. Ohmert had been gone out a short time when the cattle rustlers began their attempts to run the Ohmerts off. The rustlers had a cabin about 300 yards distant, and beyond the hill from Ohmert's cabin; and the new owners of the ranch interfered with their actions. One day two men rode up to the cabin and called Ezra out, and at their insistence, stood closely the men, who remained mounted. Suddenly one of them reached down, jerked the boy's gun from his belt,—Ezra always went armed—and struck him over the head with it. With blood streaming down over his face, Ezra rushed into the cabin, grabbed a rifle, and started out. One of his enemies, however, was standing in the doorway, gun in hand. After disarming the boy again, they rode away; young Ezra, darted out to the chicken house where
kept a small rifle for the purpose of killing chicken hawks. Using the fence as a rest, he aimed at the back of one of the departing riders, and pulled the trigger. At the same time the rifle was jerked to one side and the trigger fell upon the hand of his mother; that resourceful and brave woman thus averting serious trouble.

Later, while Ezra was repairing the fence, which the rustlers continually tore down, one of them dashed up on his horse and savagely struck at him with his gun. Several times they shot at him on the range, and one day on the ranch they shot at both him and his dog. In the pitched battle that followed Ezra wounded one of his enemies in the foot. Two of these rustlers were later hung in Leadville for murder, though they were not known by their true names. This was the first "legal hanging" in that town and Ezra traveled to the scene for the purpose of seeing his enemies die; the crowd was so huge, however, that he was unable to get close enough to recognize them. It was a rough scene and the boy's desire for revenge soon turned to pity for the two wretches.

In '76 Mrs Augusta Tabor came to the ranch to visit her friend, Mrs. Osmert. (They had become very well acquainted in California Gulch and Puckskin.) During her visit, Ezra brought in a large catch of trout, and she, being fond of fish, enjoyed them immensely. When she boarded the stage the morning of her departure she told Ezra, "If I ever get rich I'll remember that mess of fish."

Stage service was started thru the valley, Dale's ranch, was the post office, and became, also, the new stage station. Dales operated a tavern, too, and young Ezra made an occasional dollar there by waiting on tables. He also acted, on two round trips, as gun messenger; one being required whenever large amounts of money was aboard. About this time there was a rumor circulating that the James gang was in that vicinity; but they were never seen. Ezra received $21 for the two round trips—four days; and a
more proud, happy boy than he never existed when he crawled up, gun in
hand, to his seat beside the driver.

Later Ezra experienced much trouble with the stage drivers as they
insisted upon tearing down the Ohmart fence and cutting across their field.
This in itself was not so terrible but "wherever the stage went the fre-
engers were bound to follow". Ezra was determined to put a stop to this
trespassing; so one day when he saw the stages coming across the field,—
business must have been good that day because there were four stages—-he
secured his rifle, went to the upper fence, trained his rifle down the
fence, and awaited results. The stages rolled up to the fence, stopped,
and the first gun messenger dropped off to make an opening in the fence.
The Ezra said nothing but a ominous click as he drew back the hammer of his
rifle was warning enough. The other three gun messengers came up, and the
passengers urged them to tear down the fence, at the same time ondind
them for being afraid of a mere boy; still the fence was not touched. Fi-
ally, becoming impatient from the excessive delay, the drivers wheeled
their teams and thundered away in the direction from which they came;
Ezra never having uttered a word. Thus ended his trouble with the stages.

In the fall of '79, shortly after the Meeker Massacre, a company
of Sheridan's men were camped just below the Ohmart ranch. An excited man
rushed into their camp and announced that the Indians were attacking ows-
ville. A detail of soldiers was ordered there at once, and, as the soldiers
were advised not to march there by the road for fear of ambush, their
commander engaged Ezra as a guide. He lead them up thru the parks and a
long the slopes of Mt. Shavano until they reached the vicinity of the
town. The commander then sent some scouts ahead to reconnoiter. A great
forest fire was then coming on Methodist mountain and various other places,
so a dense fog of smoke covered the entire valley. It was impossible to
distinguish an object at even a close distance, the scouts finding it
necessary to creep into the town before they could discover anything.
Kaysville was quiet and peaceful, and not an Indian in sight. The soldiers were the victims of a practical joker.

Later the soldiers set out for Meeker and Ezra guided them over Monarch Pass to the western slope. The soldiers did not continue on to their destination, however, as they learned that they were not needed at the agency.

That same year about 200 Utes camped on the river just below the Ohmerts. This was their favorite camping place in that vicinity, and they usually stopped there when traveling to and from South Park. They were always playing pranks on someone but were not troublesome. They were all fond of bread, and begged Mrs Ohmert constantly for it. One day a particularly mischievous brave sneaked up behind Mrs Ohmert and fired his rifle close to her ear. She retained her composure, however, and thus won the admiration of them all. They forced Ezra to mount a pony and ride behind a squaw, clasping her about the waist, which brought forth howls of laughter from the Utes.

The morning came for them to move on, and Ezra watched them break camp. The breves were soon ready to depart; they merely caught their horses, mounted, and were off, leaving the squaws to take down the tepees and pack their belongings. As Ezra watched from a distance, a squaw left her packing, and hurried to a clump of willows near the river's edge. In less than fifteen minutes she appeared with a new-born papoose, which she proceeded to wash in the cold waters of the river. Having done this, she placed it in a sack on her back, hurried to the camp, finished her packing, and took her place in the departing caravan; the head of which was already out of sight on Ute Trail.

In '77 Ezra erected a small cabin made of slabs, about 12 x 16, near the present site of the railroad bridge across the Arkansas. He called it a "claim cabin" and intended to file upon the land when he became old enough—but the advent of the railroad ruined his plans. This cabin was the
was the first place of residence on the present site of Salida.

Rumors circulated thru the valley that the D&RG was going to build thru the Grand Canyon Of The Arkansas; but the ranchers scoffed at the idea. Then came the Leadville excitement; and in '79 the coming of the railroad was an established fact. In the spring of '80 the pioneers saw the railroad completed to South Arkansas, to the tune of:

Pay them good wages,
Pay them good wages,
Times are better, you see;
Five dollars a day,
And that was the pay;
Paid by the D&RG.

A townsite was laid out and surveyed, Gov. Hunt and Mildred Ohmert were partners and owners of the land. They realized handsomely in the land deal, but later the two disagreed, and became involved in a law suit which cost them both much money. Mildred won the suit.

The depot then was a box car and a bridge was built, about one quarter of a mile above the present one, to connect it with the building town. Webb & Corbin, or Cleora, erected a tent on F Street, in the middle of the second block, and therein started a general store. Cleora moved up en masse and bodily; Gov. Hunt and Mildred moved the Germania Hotel and located it on Front and E' Sts.

A town well was dug in the square near First and E Streets, and was the only supply of water for domestic use. The first school was held in a rented, rough clapboard store room, located on First Street, about one block from the narrow gauge main line tracks. The school teacher was a drunkard, and was a very profane talker in the school room. There were about forty pupils ranging from young men and women to six year old child-
en; this arrangement lasted for a term of two months. Later that same
year (1880) a building, located on the second block of G Street, was rented,
another teacher engaged, and school continued. Prior to this there was no
school in Cleora, but twenty young people of the valley engaged the ser-
vices of Miss Orton, paying her $2 per month each, to teach them; classes
being held there in a large cook, or eating shack.

The first marshal of South Arkansas (Salida) was Jim Meadows who
was soon after badly wounded in the performance of his duty. The largest
dance hall in the new town, or that region, was moved down, piece by piece,
from Arborsville by the owner, Arbor, and re-erected in Salida, on First
street next to the railroad tracks. It was in this dancehall that Frank
Read shot and killed Marshall Stingely.

Gov. Hunt and Mildred Ohmert erected the Hunt block on E Street,
and the upper floor was used as their headquarters; the lower floor was
rented for a school room. This was the first two story building in town.
(Now occupied, or known, as the Salida Hotel). Winfield Ohmert located a
ranch on the Arkansas just above town, and there erected an ice house and
engaged in selling ice. He was the pioneer there in that field and found
a ready market in the growing town, receiving $1.50 per hundred lbs.

Mr Ohmert then commenced the operation of a brick yard on his
ranch near town; probably the first in that vicinity, though another sta-
ted about the same time. The product was a sand rolled brick for which he
received $10 per thousand delivered, or "in the wall". When they were
contracted for laid "in the wall", every aperture was estimated as part
of the wall, thus giving Mr. Ohmert a margin, over and above $10 per m,
with which to pay the brick layers. The brick yard's capacity, with a
full crew of 9, was 10,000 bricks per day. Ezra was one of the crew, soon
learning to be a proficient brick roller. Later Mr. Ohmert furnished the
brick for the D Street school house and the D&RG Hospital.

Mr. Ohmert then engaged in various occupations, during which time he installed the piers for the new bridge across the Arkansas at the foot of F Street; and engaged in charcoal burning at Mayville. Later he went to Denver and was engaged by Richardson, contractor, as granite cutter on the new capitol building at $8 per day. Richardson had contracted to erect the building for $1,000,000; but failed to complete the basement with that sum.

Ezra's mother passed away in 1897 in Denver; his father in 1899 at Boulder. Winfield located and died in Arizona. Jay went to California and perished while seeking gold in Death Valley. Al became a representative of the London Mining Company of England, and traveled over the world investigating its properties. Mildred married Ed Johnson, and operated the Traveler's Hotel and Wildred Hotel in Salida. Later they traveled extensively, then located on a cattle ranch near Wecker. After this they located in Wecker where Mr. Johnson served as mayor. Mildred passed away there in 1927.

In '82 Ezra went to Denver and was engaged as a bricklayer on the Tabor Grand Opera House, earning $7 per day of ten hours. Tabor was criticized by the people of Denver for building the opera house on Curtis Street which was so far away from the main business district. Three years later Ezra visited his father who was still employed in the construction of the capitol building, which found "in the country" and adjacent to many stock corrals.

In the years that followed, and including the present, Ezra Ohmert has been traveling and living in various sections of the state—always a loyal Coloradan. He now resides at Salida.
Issac Williard Haight

He was born in the year 1831 at a small town near Battle Creek, Michigan, receiving his early schooling at the place of his birth, then entering and graduating from college at Battle Creek.

In the early '70s he set out for Colorado, traveling with emigrants and freighters, but walking most of the way. Locating in Leadville, he at first engaged in prospecting, then he contracted for and erected various buildings in the booming town.

The spring of '80 saw the founding of the new town of South Arkansas. Hearing of the demand for building contractors, Mr. Haight located in the embryonic town, and soon after completed the first residential structure. He erected other residences, and various business buildings, including the Doug Hotel.

Later he went to Chaffee City—now Monarch—and engaged in building there; afterwards returning to South Arkansas—then renamed Salida.

He was happily married in Ocean Vista, on June 30, 1884, to Sarah J. Fuller of Salida.

In the early '90s Mr. Haight erected a beautiful residence near the confluence of F Street and Rainbow Blvd. During this time he bought out the furniture business of Mrs. Gaisher, and then added the undertaking business. Later he sold the business to O. L. Johnson, who in turn sold to Mr. Guy Favers; the business still being carried on in its original location on East First St.

Mr. Haight then acquired a large interest in the First National Bank. He served as a director of this institution, and, at the time of his
death, was the president.

It was Mr. Haight's suggestion that a scenic highway should be constructed to the top of Tender Foot Mountain, which would be not only a benefit to the people of Salida, but an added asset as a tourist attraction. The highway was completed and Mr. Haight donated funds for the erection of a beautiful lookout building, from where a splendid view of Salida and the surrounding country can be seen; many people, both local and transient, having taken advantage of this extraordinary panoramic treat.

He also donated the statuary which decorates the lower F Street entrance of Alpine Park.

Mr. Haight was one of Salida's foremost public-minded citizens, and his passing was a loss keenly felt by the entire community. He passed away October 14th, 1933. Mrs. Haight survives him, and still makes her home in Salida. Sarah J. Haight.
Thomas J. Doyle

His parents, Sarah Ann and John Doyle, came to the United States from Ireland in the late fifties. They located in Johnstown Pennsylvania, where the subject of this sketch was born on December 29th, 1869. When he was four years old the family moved to Lackawanna County. There his mother died, the boy then going to live with the family of Peter Hunt. He attended school, and when he was but 12 years old he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, later working for various other firms.

In '84 the young boy's uncle, Tom Burns, a Colorado miner, visited Pennsylvania, and when he returned home to Robinson, the boy accompanied him. They traveled over the South Park railroad to Leadville then by sleigh to Robinson.

Young Tom soon acquired a large "Dakota" stetson and an immense overcoat, for which he paid $60. Considering himself a real westerner, he longed mightily to return to Pennsylvania so that he might "show off" his new rainment. The Robinson smelter was under construction then and the boy found employment there. Later he worked at various jobs for his uncle, who owned an interest in the Robinson Mine.

In '89 the two returned to Pennsylvania, where Tom Burns purchased a flag stone quarry located in Pleasant Valley, which the boy helped to operate for a short while; but the west called to the boy and he returned to Colorado during the summer of '89. At Leadville he entered the employ of Samuel Nicholson at the Wolf Tone Mine, remaining there until the strike of '93. Then, not wanting to be involved in the strike, he departed
or Carbondale, there entering the employ of Jean Grubbs, who was extensively engaged in growing potatoes. Grubbs later became an Agricultural Lecturer for the Department of Agriculture, appointed by President Roosevelt.

That fall he returned to Leadville and worked at various jobs, later working at the Corhados Mine. He then joined the rush to Victor in 1902, but he was not impressed with the possibilities there so returned to Leadville. He returned to Victor, however, securing work at the Anna Lee Mine, which was owned by a cousin, James J. Doyle, and Jim Burns. During this time the shaft of the mine caved in, killing 8 men. He worked at various mines in this district, later leasing and contracting for himself until the strike in 1904.

He then went to Lead So. Dakota where he worked in the mines until 1906, when he returned to Leadville, going to work there at the Breeze No. 1 Mine; later going to the Moyer Mine in Oro Guich, where he remained until the panic of 1907. He then came to Salida, where he secured work in the shops of the D&RG Railroad.

While there he was offered, and accepted, with the Alloys Company, for whom he went to Placerville, San Miguel County for the purpose of opening a mine. This was a vanadium (Rosalite) producing property, afterwards owned by the Primes Chemical Co.

Having now acquired a good knowledge of vanadium bearing ores, Mr. Doyle went prospecting in the Paradox district of Montrose County. At Union Point, eight miles below Naturitta, he discovered some vanadium and uranium bearing ore and located some claims there.

That fall Thomas F. Curran of the General Vanadium Co. of Baltimore, branch of the International Vanadium Company of England, came to inspect the group of mines. Favorably impressed with the ore, Curran contracted for 400 tons, averaging about $75 per ton, delivered at Placerville.
which necessitated a wagon-haul of eighty miles. Mr. Curran, however, soon violated the contract, whereupon Mr. Doyle sold the group of mines to the Standard Chemical Company of Pittsburgh.

He then went to Sinbad Valley, Mesa County in an attempt to locate mines nearer to a railroad, but he continued on to Grand Junction, however; later going into Utah in his search for vanadium and uranium bearing ores.

In 1914 he returned to Colorado, and at Gateway he discovered and located another group of mines rich in uranium (Carnotite) ore. He sold this group of mines to Dr. McCoy of the University of Chicago.

Prior to the last discovery Colorado had become internationally famous for its uranium deposits which contained radium; and it was not until then that Mr. Doyle became acquainted with the true value of the ore. His discovery at Pinion Point was the first of its kind in the state.

In 1915 he discovered and located in Mesa County the Hexall group of mines, which he had surveyed by Deputy United States Surveyor, James S. James. Thomas F. Curran came from New York to investigate this property, and when he returned to the east, Mr. Doyle accompanied him for the purpose of conferring with some capitalists who were interested in the mines. They were attempting to promote a "Radium Atomizer," and for the purpose needed the uranium ore. No deal was consumated, however, as they wished Mr. Doyle to accept, as part payment for his mines, stock in the "Radium Atomizer" Co.

Mr. Doyle returned to Denver and there met Archie and Fred Corrigan, brothers, with whom he formed a partnership to promote and work the mines. These two men proved to be dishonest, misrepresenting themselves and conditions; the partnership eventually resulting in a lawsuit for possession of the mines. Meanwhile the Corrigans were working the mines and pocketing the entire proceeds.
At the trial it was very evident that the proceedings were not 
airy and impartial, for, after all the evidence was in and the case 
given to the jury—whose members afterwards admitted that they had 
reached a verdict in favor of Mr. Doyle—the judge stopped proceedings 
and took the "case under advisement for one year". During this year 
the Corrigans worked the mines, retaining the profits for themselves. 
Later, after he had lost his entire fortune fighting the case, Mr. 
Doyle lost his interest in the mines.

After the proceeding misfortune he entered the employ of the 
L&G Railroad at Calida, working for this Company, in various capacities, 
until 1930. The following three years he spent prospecting in Chaffee 
County, during which time he located some fluor-spar claims near 
Brown's Canon. He now makes his home in Calida.

Thomas F. Doyle