

Alice Parks

Her parents came from Iowa to Leadville, traveling in a covered wagon. They later located on the Junction Ranch near Malta; here Alice was born on July 1st, 1864. Her mother, Mrs Anderson, and Mrs Tabor were close friends; their babies, Alice and Maxie, being the only white children in California Gulch at that time. When Alice was seven her mother married Charles Nachtrieb, and they went to their new home on Chalk Creek.

(Charles Nachtrieb, having crossed the plains in 1859, was one of our earliest pioneer settlers. He came first to Denver, then one year later located in California Gulch where he engaged in the merchandise business; leaving there to locate a ranch on Chalk Creek. Mr. Nachtrieb was an enterprising and ambitious man, and was successful in his business ventures. In '68 he erected a saw-mill and a grist-mill, the later being the only one in Lake County. In 1870 Mr. Nachtrieb, with an eye on the San Luis Valley milling business, built a toll road over Poncha Pass. He later sold this road to Otto Mears; it being the first of the Mears Toll Road System. Mr. Nachtrieb also operated a store at his ranch; and later, when the South Park Railroad built thru that section, he erected a large Hotel at Nathrop.)

(One of Mrs Park's earliest recollections is her trips to Mears Junction for the purpose of collecting the toll-gate receipts. She made this trip about once a week on horseback, securing the money--which amounted to as much as \$1,500--from the gate-keeper, and returning to Nathrop.) On one of these trips she tarried at Poncha to hear Susan B. Anthony speak on women's suffrage.

Mrs Parks remembers when the first sewing machine was brought into this region. Her stepfather and Hugh Boone freighted it in from Denver for the Halls who lived at

the old salt works. Arriving there at three a.m. on a bitter cold night, Mrs Hall was so delighted with her new possession that she insisted upon sewing with the new machine even at that hour, and before preparing the hungry men something to eat. Her joy was short-lived, however, because she promptly ran the needle thru her finger.

Mrs Parks was the proud owner of the first Bureau equipt with a glass--quite a rare and luxurious article then--to be brought into this district; thus being the envy of all the girls in the neighborhood.

In those days newspapers reached the ranches at rare intervals, each one being carefully preserved, and when enough were collected the women would paper their kitchens with them; always being careful to paste them on so they could be read while engaged in the kitchen.

(One rainy evening in October '83, Bert Remington came to the Nachtrieb ranch and asked Alice if her father was home, he also asked Mrs Nachtrieb for horsefeed and food for himself, which she procured for him; he then entered the store to speak to Mr. Nachtrieb. Later, Alice came out of the house, and upon perceiving Remington's horse still standing at the hitching rail, she decided to mount him and go for a short ride; but upon noticing how wet the horse and saddle was, she changed her mind. She knew Remington quite well and often rode his horse.

Mrs Nachtrieb left her husband and Remington in the store, the former reading a letter. She had gone but a short distance when she heard a shot ring out. Hurrying back to the store, she found her husband lying on the floor with one of his thumbs shot off, and a bullet hole thru his head; shot from the rear while perusing the letter. Remington was gone; and Mr. Nachtrieb's murderer never captured.)

Prior to this tragedy, Mr. Nachtrieb had written to Bert Remington in response to the latter's request for a job as a cattle rider, informing him that he could use him in that capacity. Before Remington arrived at Chalk Creek, however, Mr. Nachtrieb sold his herd of cattle. The only job that remained for young Remington then, was tending a flock of sheep. Remington always resented this and harbored a grudge against Mr.

Nachtrieb. Whether this had any bearing upon Mr. Nachtrieb's murder, or not, will probably never be really known.

Upon Mrs Nachtrieb's shoulders fell the double burden of rearing the large family, and to carry on with the large ranch and business enterprises of her departed husband. The admirable manner in which she did this would do credit to any man, much ~~less~~ ^{More} a woman. Mrs Nachtrieb passed on, greatly mourned by her many friends, in March 1909.

The subject of this sketch, Mrs Alice Parks, now resides in Salida with her daughter, Mrs Drew Morris.

Mrs. Drew Morris

James W. Callaway

The subject of this sketch was born at Batesville Mississippi, July, 19th, 1871, of Scotch-Irish descent. Three years later the family moved to Arkansas, where the father, J. W. Callaway, engaged in the operation of a general store.

In the winter of '79 the family emigrated to Colorado, coming first to Pueblo, then going on to Silver Cliff the following spring. They traveled via Hardscrabble Creek and Pass. There Mr. Callaway Sr. engaged in the mercantile business; also operating a store at the "Bull-Comingo Mine" for the following two years.

Silver Cliff boomed, and became famous for the richness of its mines. Business was excellent, and the Callaways prospered. The town was talked of for the state capitol. Then, in '82, a large fire occurred which consumed an entire business block. The same year ores began to peter out. Mines and mills began to close; and a bad slump in local business was experienced. The Callaways lost everything except their home.

In quest of a new location, Mr. Callaway Sr. and eldest son went to Montrose. One mile west of town, Mr. Callaway Sr. and his brother, D. A. Callaway, located homesteads of 160 acres each, and named their new holdings Adobe Ranch. The following spring of '83 the rest of the family, Mrs Callaway, daughter, and four sons, joined them there.

They left their home, a fine large house, at Silver Cliff, in the keeping of a friend, who later relinquished it to the charge of a relative of the Callaways at Pueblo. In '83 he traded the house for a saddle pony.

The year the Callaways settled in the Montrose Country there

were no churches or schools, and no irrigation ditches. The first school was held in a rented frame building located on what is now North First Street between Cascade and Townsend Avenues. That winter the Callaways dug an irrigation ditch from the Uncompangre River, just west of Montrose, to their land. This was one of the first irrigation ditches in that district.

They grubbed and cleared off about fifty acres of land, which they plowed, and the next spring seeded to grain. They then irrigated the field--with disastrous results. The hot sun baked the soil to such a hardness that the tender shoots of grain could not come through, which resulted in the total loss of the crop. The seed had cost them seven cents per lb.

After this misfortune the family moved to Montrose, where Mr. Callaway Sr. secured employment at the Buddicke-Deindl General Store. Young Jim and his brother, Joe, engaged in the bootblack business--with portable boxes. They were the pioneers of this industry in Montrose and enjoyed a substantial and growing trade, thus exciting the envy of almost every boy in town; who, within three days, had become active competitors.

The two boys continued in their new business, however, and earned a living for the family that winter. Their business was aided to a great extent by the sporting people, who constituted a great part of the town's populace. There were 20 saloons and two large dance halls, these two the saloon and dance hall, boasted every game of chance, and everything was wide open. It was altogether a lively and thriving town for at that time it was the forwarding point for Ouray, Telluride, Rico, etc. It was not uncommon to have as many as 100 mule teams, with their drivers there at one time.

Dave Wood was the most extensive freighter, His huge barn accommodated 100 head of stock, and his 20--mule teams were all matched. These

teams--driven with a jerkline--usually pulled a wagon and two trailers the combined load of which filled a narrow gauge car. The principal freight was merchandise on the outgoing, and ore on the returning trip. There was daily stage service each way.

In the spring of '85 the Callaways traded the Adobe ranch for one five miles above town. There were about 160 acres in the new place, which was covered so thickly with brush that it was almost impossible to turn a wagon on it. The only improvement was a small log cabin, so one of the first tasks of the new owners was to build a new three room house.

Here the crops were vegetables and fruit for which they received a good price in the distant mining camps, strawberries bringing as much as seventy five cents per quart. Local prices were low, however.

That winter the neighbors hired Mr. Callaway Sr. to teach school, and a room of their home was used as a schoolroom. There were twelve pupils, including the five Callaway children, arithmetic and reading were the only subjects taught during the three months term. This arrangement was repeated the following winter.

In '87 the first school house was built in what is called the Riverside (No. 3) District. The same year the railroad was built thru that vicinity, finding it necessary to move the school house to the opposite side of the wagon road as the right of way cut directly thru the building.

In the early ninties they traded the ranch and returned to Montrose, where our subject attended school. He then went to Coal Creek, now known as Pepper's Garden, there managing three ranches for his father, and raising a crop of oats and wheat. Returning to Montrose, he entered the employ of the E. J. Mathews Mercantile Company, where he remained for

eleven years; later becoming part owner of this business. He remained in this business, which was located on a corner of Cascade and Main streets, an additional five years, selling his interest the year before the Gunnison Tunnel was started.

He then engaged in the bottling business for two years, doing business under the name of Scott and Callaway. After that he went to the Gunnison Tunnel where he and his brother, J. A. Callaway became engaged in business. Returning to Montrose he served as undersheriff for three years.

He was married to Lillian Blythe on January 1st, 1902, one daughter, Blythe, was born in 1903.

After serving as undersheriff, Mr. Callaway engaged in business and worked at various occupations in Colorado and New Mexico. He also spent four years in the Internal Revenue Service at Denver and Montrose.

On June, 12th, 1911, he was happily married to Della B. Hitchcock of Salida.

Later he engaged in the meat business in Salida which he is yet operating. He and Mrs Callaway make their home at 67 F St.

J. A. Callaway

John Mathews

I was born in Illinois and came to Pueblo in March, 1872, walking all the way from Cherokee County Kansas. I followed different outfits, eating and sleeping where I could secure such accommodations by performing some service to earn them. Two months elapsed before I finally reached Pueblo, where I got a job for a day loading wool in the narrow gauge cars, which held but four or five sacks, and for which I received fifty cents.

The D&RG Railroad had built to Pueblo, ceased construction, and dismissed their, or its, construction crews; consequently Pueblo was flooded with men seeking work and jobs were scarce. I succeeded in getting a job herding sheep for a man by the name of Aiken. I was located on Turkey Creek, near Pike's Peak, when one day a cloudburst occurred and a wall of water ten feet high came down the creek and swept away at least 300 head of sheep. Losing my job--without receiving a cent of pay--I returned to Pueblo and worked at various jobs during the next few years.

June 15, 1875, I, with my mother, brother, and sister, came to Burnett's ranch on the South Arkansas above Poncha, and I rented the ranch on shares. The crop of wheat, oats, peas, and potatoes, was planted, and conditions gave promise of a good year; but the grasshoppers came in July, and when they left the country was barren and desolate. They left their eggs, so the next year the little grasshoppers

ate everything green as fast as it came up, thus that year was a barren one, too. The second year of the grasshopper plague I was on the Maxwell ranch, which I had also leased on shares; and that fall I hadn't one animal or chicken left, besides I was in debt.

In the spring of '77 I went to Granite where I worked in the Granite House hotel for awhile before I secured work at the placer mines on Cache Creek. I placer mined there for three seasons, returning to the South Arkansas in the winter to hunt and to work for the ranchers there.

During this time I squatted on some land the rights for which I later traded to an itinerant salesman, named Feathers, receiving a sewing machine and \$1 50. The town of Maysville was located on this land, and Feathers profited handsomely.

While I was working at Cache Creek H. A. W. Tabor offered me a partnership in two claims at Leadville if I would develop them. I was receiving \$7.50 per day then and needed every cent of it to support my folks; so I was afraid to take a chance and refused the offer. Later the claims sold for a tidy sum.

In 1880 I entered the employ of Frank Hayden at his ranch a few miles above Granite. Hayden homesteaded part of this ranch, and later hired his men to 'pre-empt' 160 acres each for which he paid them \$1 50. He then bought William Champ's ranch--the upper end of the valley--for \$10,000, thus making the Hayden ranch the largest in the Upper Arkansas Valley. Acquiring the large ranch proved to be a good investment for Hayden. The ranch produced 600 tons of hay, which, during the Leadville boom, or for a period of three years, brought as high as \$125 per ton, and never falling below \$25.

That same year John Weir came to the ranch seeking employment and I gave him a job. He married Hayden's daughter and later became owner

3

of the ranch. Many times placer mining companies attempted to buy the Hayden ranch, offering as much as \$100,000 for it, according to rumors, but the owner would never sell until last year (1933) when John Weir sold to some mining company--probably because he wished to retire.

During the rush to Leadville I erected and operated a "stop-
ping place" on the ranch. I served meals, at fifty cents each, and fed and stabled stock. The business proved to be profitable as traffic by the ranch was heavy.

On one occasion I had to make a business trip to Cleora and returning to the ranch I camped at the big cut near Pine Creek. The next morning, traffic was streaming past, I completed my preparations to depart and drove to the edge of the road to await my chance to enter the traffic to continue my journey. Well, there was such a continual flow of teams and various vehicles that I found it impossible to drive out on the road. That night I was still waiting; and camped again at the same spot!

I spent the winter of '80 and '81 in the new town of Salida. The following year I bought the squatter's right of a ranch on the Little Cochetopa creek, then my brother and I homesteaded an additional 160, making a total of 320. There I have been, on and off, ever since.

I spent about five years in the Cripple Creek district where I entered the employ of the Crestone Mining Co. It was I who discovered the rich ore for them in the Jack Pot mine, which they had leased. Later I was manager of the Jack Pot. Following that I worked for various other mining companies. I then returned to my ranch on the Little Cochetopa, and am now making my home at Poncha.

John Matraev

David Simonson

I came to Colorado from St. Louis in 1879, first going to Canon City where I engaged in business with, and became a partner of Zeltson, the clothier; the establishment being called "Cheap John's Store". I don't know from where the name was derived. Not wishing to remain within the confines of the store, I soon began selling merchandise to the stores, and ranchers, also, between Canon City and what was later to become Buena Vista. For this work I purchased a horse and buggy at Canon City for \$135.

The first store on my route was Pleasant Valley, next Cleora, and then Buena Vista. I carried some merchandise with ^{me} with, and took orders, then shipping them with the freighters, which I believe cost us from 2 to 2½ cents per pound. I retailed Levi Strauss overalls to the ranchers at one dollar per pair, and eye glasses at five dollars. The larger part of our boots and shoes were bought from the Canon City Penitentiary. We paid \$42 per case, or dozen, for the "Montana Boot", a soft, well made boot.

The trip to Buena Vista usually required a little longer than two days. I ate and slept where ever I could secure such accommodations. Often I ate with the freighters, who were, as a rule, jolly and dependable; but their food was terrible! Yet one could hardly blame the poor fellows, for theirs was a hard life, and they had enough to do without cooking. On one occasion I had supper with a freighter whose fried potatoes were half raw, and his biscuits were streaked with a deep black--grime from his hands. The effect, at least, was different; but not at all appetiz-

ing! It was a rough life for me, a tenderfoot, fresh from the east. I usually made the trip twice a week.

On my first trip to Buena Vista--the post office then located on the McPhelemy ranch was called Mahonville--the only "building" in the town proper was a tent which was occupied by the Dearhammers. Dearhammer was a carpenter, awaiting the boom of the town to work at his trade; and his wife, Sadie, called herself the "mother of Buena Vista"

I studied the "town" as a possible future location for a store, and, favorably impressed, I returned to Canon City and reported to my partners. We decided to operate a store there so I went again to Buena Vista where I met a freighter, Sam Jewel, who was building a residence of clapboards for himself and family. We became friends and I offered him a partnership in the store, which he accepted. He immediately began the construction of a crude, flimsy storeroom about 12' X 30' with rough shelving and counters. After he completed it he freighted the stock from our store in Canon City. We also named this store Cheap John's.

The boom hadn't started yet, but it did soon after when prospecting was started on the hills east of town. The first merchants were Wade and Mead, our store was next, then Bartholomew's furniture store, and Sam Co^h from Fairplay. People flocked in from every direction, and the town had assumed substantial proportions within a week. Buildings sprang up over night. I remember that Rogert's Hotel--now Wilbur's--which is two stories, was erected in a day and night.

The sporting element flocked to town in great numbers. On one occasion, when the freighters and gamblers engaged in a free for all fight--the contention, I believe, was the crookedness of the later, the gamblers threatened to set fire to the town. I did all I could: prepared a large barrel of water and waited. The freighters were victorious, however, and the town saved. Times were very wild, and men killed every day. If one man killed another he went before Judge Moody, plead guilty; he

as fined \$10--nothing more!

Once a girl came from a dancehall to make some purchases in my store. It was late in the evening so I had lighted the large kerosene lamps which were suspended from the ceiling. The girl had finished buying and was about to leave the store when a gambler burst in. In a furious mood, he beat the girl unmercifully; berating her, and me, also, and without reason, for neglecting her duties at the dancehall. He then drew his six-shooter and shot out every light in the store. The next morning he returned and paid me, handsomely, for the damages.

The Methodist was the first church in town, then the Catholic. I aided every church in town except the Episcopal. Father Cassidy was the first Catholic priest, and we were great friends. I sold him the first carpet for the parish house, and when I had finished laying it we had quite a celebration over the event.

I helped to start the fire company in 1880, which had 15 or 20 members. I can't remember the names of the officers. About '82 the block facing the depot caught afire, and we fought it with buckets of water secured from a well. The fire got beyond control and consumed almost the entire block. I also helped to organize a local post of the state militia with which I served for 5 years. Being small and slender, I never did possess a uniform. Captain Johnson was the commanding officer.

Our company also operated a store in Salida under the name, Cheap John. It was started in '80 and discontinued about two years later. Then we erected a building in Poncha, at a cost of \$4,000, and opened a store there. Later I sold the building to a rancher for \$75. In '81 we bought the "Gunnison House", a two story, 3rd room hotel, located at Gunnison, for \$5,000. We rented it for \$250 per month, and retained a lower room for a store. We were offered \$8,000 for the hotel building; we refused the offer. Later Gunnison declined and we lost the building on account of delinquency in taxes.

145

4

In '80, at Alpine, we erected a two story building, with a dance hall upstairs, at a cost of almost \$4,000. The first dance in the town was held there. We abandoned the building when Alpine declined; and later, when the town died completely, the building was reeked by the wind.

(Once I bought two horses at a sheriff's sale here at Buena Vista. H. A. W. Tabor claimed that he owned a mortgage on the horses, which were very good animals, and took them to Leadville. We went to court over the matter, and finally to the supreme court, where I won the case. The decision was the first of its kind, due to some sort of a legal technicality, and is now a text in some law books.)

(Locating the court house, or county seat, here in the spring of 1881 caused the town to thrive more, as did the building of the Colorado Midland Railroad a few years later. Soon after Buena Vista began to decline until now it is but a ghost of the former town.)

Yet it is an excellent town in which to live, and I still make my home ^{there,} with my daughter, Mrs Fred F. Curtis, whose husband is deputy warden at the state reformatory.

David Simonson

Freighting in the Early Days

I first came to Colorado from northeastern Missouri, with my wife, son and daughter, in the spring of 1879. We came through to Colorado Springs with a train of 17 wagons, drawn mostly by mules, in six weeks and two days. I then located at a lumber camp sixteen miles from Greenland and near Bijou Basin. Greenland was six miles from Palmer Lake. At that time Palmer Lake consisted of nothing more than a station.

I was engaged as a freighter by a lumberman--I can't recall his name. My duties consisted of hauling lumber from the mill to Greenwood, where it was shipped by rail, mostly to Denver. I received from \$3 to \$3.50 per thousand feet for the haul.

There was a good growth of timber in that vicinity then, and one could hear the whistles of ten different mills every noon and night. Small farms or ranches were numerous there, too; the crops grown were wheat, oats, barley, hay, and vegetables.

That fall we pulled out for Kansas where I homesteaded a ranch in Phillips county about ten miles from Phillipsburg. The year of '79 was plentiful one and the crops in Kansas were excellent; but the following year it was quite the reverse. Hot winds burnt up my entire crop, and the other farmers suffered likewise. The condition extended over the entire state; and it was impossible to secure employment then at even twenty five cents per day.

I had two brothers-in-law at Buena Vista who wrote and told me what a splendid country that was and how good conditions were there, so

It did not take me long to decide to board a train for the mountain country. I arrived in Buena Vista April 2, '81; my family following later.

The beautifully situated town was booming greatly, and, I imagine, had a population of about 3,000. Times were wild and sanguinary. There was a voracious demand for labor, and one could secure a job at almost anything we wished. I went to work for my brother-in-law, Flinchbaugh.

Then one morning, about one week later, I met the owner of a string of burros which he had just driven in from New Mexico. I made a deal with him, buying 15 head at \$15 each, and then bought 7 more from local people. Flinchbaugh furnished the capital and we became equal partners. We bought complete pack outfits, paying \$3.50 each for the saddles. We then purchased potatoes at \$3, and flour at \$3.75, per hundred. This was our stock of trade, and each jack was to be loaded with 200 pounds, except one unusually large one, which was to carry 300; making total load of 4,500 pounds. We hired a packer to help me as my partner remained at Buena Vista.

Early the second day we started, a foot and driving the jacks, for the new mining camp of Aspen, eighty miles distant. This was before the opening of the Independence Pass route, was completed so we traveled over the Cottonwood and Taylor Passes and ranges. The first night we made Halfway House, a hike of 20 miles. This station was operated by Osborn, and consisted of hotel, saloon, and stables. Meals were fifty cents, hay and grain at least five cents per pound. Osborn was killed in a fight during my second trip, and I met ^{Joe Turnbull,} the man who shot him, on the road fleeing from the scene of the murder.

Winter had not yet passed in the mountains, so we struggled through snow and mud. I became footsore and had to remove my shoes to substitute burlap sacks, which I wrapped around my feet. We did not unpack during the day and ate a lunch on the move; thus traveling

steadily from 7 a. m. until 4 p. m. The second night found us in Taylor Park; and by the time we unpacked the jacks I was so weary I could barely crawl into my blankets. We spent the third night at Barman, near the foot of the range; and the following night we reached Aspen.

The fact that we had passed many a freight wagon stuck in the mud, enroute, proved to be a boon to us. For as soon as we reached the new mining camp we were besieged by 500 people, clamoring for my wares. "How much do you want for your flour and spuds?" was their cry. "Fifteen dollars a hundred each." I replied, and the rush was on. Well, at those prices we sold the load as fast as we could unpack it. Within thirty minutes it was gone; and we didn't have to deliver one sack!

Aspen was surely booming. There were hundreds of tents there but few buildings. Many buildings, though, were under construction, and the next morning I believe I heard the rapping and knocking of 200 hammers.

I made two such trips as I have described when the road over Independence Pass was completed in '81. This was a much better road and easier route, and the freighting distance, from Granite, the forwarding point, was but fifty miles. Naturally freighting charges and the prices of commodities fell.

My partner and I bought a freighting outfit of one wagon, a team of horses and one of mules, and packing our string of jacks, too, we began freighting over the new route. We hauled two tons, receiving 2½ cents per pound for commodities and 2 cents per pound for bullion, with which we always loaded on our return trip to Granite. It required five days--we usually remained in Aspen overnight--to make the round trip.

Toll charges for the round trip with four horses and wagon amounted to \$7, while we paid ten cents each for the jacks. These were the rates when one bought tickets amounting to at least \$25, otherwise they were higher. There were six or seven toll gates between the two

points and we had to show our ticket at each gate.

Satisfied that Glenwood was about to boom, Bill Robbie, a lumber man of Granite, hired Tom Rogert, Cufbert, and myself to freight three loads of lumber there. This was in the early fall of '82. We made the trip, without incident, in about four days, and this was the first lumber to reach the town. The only building in the town when we arrived there was a cabin which stood just east of the Roaring Fork river; there were quite a number of tents, however.

Curious about the famed hot springs, we went to the pool for a swim. The pool, then a natural one, was about forty feet across and six feet deep; the water being very hot but cooled off sufficiently to endure by a spring of cold water.

The clerk and recorder of the town offered the three of us choice corner lots free if we would ~~only~~ begin the erection of buildings on them. We only laughed at him; and the next morning we struck out for Granite. Shortly afterwards the town began to boom and the lots became valuable.

In '83 the freighters and stage lines operating between Granite and Aspen lost many horses and mules, all of them good animals, caused by a hoof infection. The disease, which became prevalent during the muddy seasons, was some form of the footrot, and was thought to have been caused by a poisonous mud on the east slope of Independence Pass. An animal would become lame, its hoof then turning blue and swelling to immense proportions, finally bursting or rotting off. It seemed that no one had time to doctor the poor animals, so they either died or were shot. Losses ran into the hundreds. A cure was not discovered, but the epidemic finally died out.

I freighted into Aspen until the railroad reached there; then, of course, freighting was doomed. Once, it was during the dead of the winter, and the snow had been falling until it was as much as ten feet deep, the round trip to Aspen proved to be one of my worst experiences. Although

traffic was heavy, the snow drifted so badly the road was not kept open. We were at one place, between Bromley's and the top of the range, for three days and nights in a traffic jam. That may sound odd but it is true. Someone got stuck in the snow, teams began to line up, unable to pass, until they reached in both directions for a great distance; and it was impossible for anyone to advance in either direction. We finally cleared up the jam by carrying sleds, stages, and wagons, and their loads out of the road and to new positions. It was mighty labor and we were all exhausted from our efforts.

Then at other places, where the way down was steep, we traveled to fast. At this time I was driving a six-horse team with wagon and trailer. It was almost impossible to hold the heavy load. At times I found it necessary to put four rough-locks on the trailer and two on the wagon to keep them under control. Even then one of my wheelers fell and was dragged at least 100 feet before we could get stopped; but it didn't kill him. Of course the price of feed rocketed at the stopping places, and we paid ten cents per pound for hay and grain. The round trip required fourteen days and nights, and I lost \$100 making it. This was my worst and last trip.

I then returned to Buena Vista, where I established my home, and began freighting in that vicinity for Pat Gutchell, a lumberman. I freighted lumber to various places, including Calumet and Nathrop, receiving so much per thousand feet, depending upon the distance. When the Colorado Midland Railroad was constructed in '86 I helped to haul all lumber and timbers for the bridges between Hilltop and Wild Horse.

Freighting continued to be my occupation until about 1920. Since then I have been engaged in various other capacities; but I still make my home at Buena Vista.

John Powell

Early Days at Brown's Canon and Vicinity

My father, Griffith Evans, who was born in Wales in 1834, emigrated with his parents to America in '53; and came to Colorado from Dodge City Kansas in '74. He went to Brown's Creek, Chaffee County (then Lake) and there bought the squatter's right of Henry Weber's ranch which numbered 160 acres. Our family, including myself, came out the following year.

The first settlers to locate on Brown's Creek, or vicinity, was some miners who came from Cache Creek to spend the winter and founded a small settlement about a half a mile from the Arkansas river and named it Brownsville. The Gillilands were the first ranchers, having settled on the creek in '64. During the following year of 1865 John Coon settled on Gas Creek. He was one of the ringleaders of the "Lake County War". Charles Nachtrieb's ditch rights on Chalk Creek dated from '67; so he must have settled there in '66. Matt Johnson settled on our ranch in the late sixties, while the McCormicks settled here about the same time as my father, and Guire located here later.

Crops were scanty and farming not very profitable. My father opened a store on the ranch during the first year, and he purchased his stock of merchandise in Canon City. Prices were comparatively low, as far as I remember. We sold a good grade, guaranteed miner's boot for \$6. There were many miners below us on the Arkansas and they bought their supplies from us, giving gold dust in payment. Father kept the gold in a pint bottle, which, when filled, he gave to a freighter to deposit it in the bank at Colorado Springs.

(The first postoffice was located at Harrington's ranch on Gas Creek. Harrington also operated a store. In the spring of 1875 the post office was moved to our ranch and father served as postmaster. Still later it was located on Ehrhart's ranch. The first school was also located on Brown's creek on our ranch before we came, and religious services were held there every few months.)

I remember that soon after we came to Brown's creek a band of Utes camped on our ranch. I procured an old pistol of my father's and in company with an other boy sneaked up to a little bluff overlooking the camp to "kill an Injun". About this time a brave set out, with a rifle over his shoulder, for our store. He saw us, emitted a mighty whoop, flung his gun to his shoulder, and pointed it in our direction. With a dash of speed, that would have done credit to any Indian, we left the scene; in fact, we ran so fast that I lost the barrel of the pistol I was carrying and I never did find it.

(During the Lake County War my father was held up by the vigilantes, taken to Nachtrieb's ranch on Chalk Creek, and was given a mock trial after which he was freed. Merriam was taken that day, also, and was hung until he was almost dead. Spies were about our ranch every night until father threatened to kill the next one on sight. We were left in peace after that.)

When the railroad was being built through Brown's Canon a man by the name of James built and operated a saloon near our ranch. The construction crews, of course flocked to the saloon and I saw as many as fifty of them at one time lying on the ground drunk. They were a wild, rough lot.

Dr. A. E. Wright discovered the Mary Murphy mine, the first of any importance in the St. Elmo district. In 1880 my father opened a store about two and one half miles from the Mary Murphy. Early in the spring

of '80 he engaged an engineer and they laid off the town in about six feet of snow. He named the town Forest City, which was appropriate, as it was necessary to cut down a heavy growth of spruce and pine before the town could be built. The postal authorities, however, would not accept the name, so, my father, who had recently read and was impressed with the noel, St. Elmo, named the town after the story.)

When the snow melted and disappeared, later in the year, the rush to St. Elmo began. Some of the first merchants were Frances Brothers, general store; W. S. Raymond, Hardware; T. J. Ehrhart, Feed Business; and the Whitney and Clifton Hotels. There were also some Jew clothing stores. W. A. Rogers was the first constable. The first school was started, I think, in '82 with about fifty pupils. There were no churches but religious services were held in the schoolhouse.

By fall there were at least 500 people in St. Elmo and vicinity. In 1883 operation of the Mary Murphy mine was carried on at full blast, and there were about 500 men employed there. Colonel Frink of St. Louis was the manager and he had assistants, master mechanics, foremen, and mechanics aglore. The ore was shipped over the South Park railroad to the Grant smelter at Denver.

In 1922 the company that owned the Mary Murphy suddenly closed down the mine and mill and a watchman to guard the property was retained for two years then his pay was stopped. The mill, with its expensive and extensive machinery, other equipment, tools, and supplies was left unguarded and at the mercy of the elements. The tramway, with its miles of heavy cable slowly became a victim of the weather and much of the cable is now rusted away. All supplies, etc., were stolen; and in 1932 a trucker from Iowa went there and stole everything possible, even ruining the machinery by breaking it with a sledge in order to obtain

the babbitt and other metals.

E. Wilbur, roadmaster of the South Park Railroad, usually took a flat car behind the passenger train to the top of the pass, and then, when he was ready to return, rode back down the hill on the car, using a brakeclub to control it. Mark Twain was visiting in the vicinity, and, hearing of Wilbur's fast trips down the mountain, he decided to make the trip and enjoy the scenery. The trip was probably wilder and faster than he had bargained for and when he climbed off of the car at the end of the ride he insisted that Wilbur found it necessary to tie a rope around an Irishman and throw him off to serve as a brake.

In 1886 the family departed from St. Elmo and returned to the ranch and then we children attended school in Denver. The following year my father passed away at the ranch. My mother is still living and makes her home in Denver, while I have continued to farm and live on the ranch at Brown's creek.

R. W. Evans

CHAFFEE COUNTY.

An Interesting Letter from a Busy
Locality.

Chaffee City, Colo.,
Aug. 4, 1879.

The discovery and rapid development of the mining region at the head of the South Arkansas has caused the upspringing of quite a number of towns depending on the mines for their living and prosperity. First among these we will mention

MAYSVILLE, formerly known as Feather's Ranch. This, one of the newest of Colorado's mining camps, is located eight miles below Chaffee City. The following are from notes we took on that day: Altitude, about 8000 feet. It is a town of only eight day's growth, but full of life, the sale of lots having commenced on the 23 ult., on which day thirty lots were sold. At that time there was only one cabin on the ground, occupied by Wm. Feathers and his family, who owned the ranch now covered by the thriving city of Maysville. It is located at the junction of the North Fork and the South Arkansas, and is most favorably situated to be a distributing point for supplies to the various mining camps around the North Fork, Taylor's, Fouches and Green's gulches, all of which tend to settle here as their natural base. There are five saw mills in operation within ten miles, with an abundance of timber, so that lumber can be procured at reasonable figures. The present price is \$25 per M, with a downward tendency. There are now about 300 inhabitants, with fifty houses, tents, etc., and quite a number of buildings in process of construction, comprising one hotel, one boarding house, two saloons, four retail stores, one wholesale store, one livery and one feed stable. There are two lawyers, two assayers and two surveyors, but no physicians. (The town is represented by Stevens and Wheeler, of Chicago, Judge Ide, of Leavenworth, Kas., and Feathers, of South Arkansas, the last of whom gracefully does the honors of the incipient hotel, and to whom we are indebted for favors and much valuable information. Town lots are ranging from \$35 to \$75. Large numbers of people are arriving daily. Two wagon loads came in from Silver Cliff to-day who report that many more are on the point of starting. A Chicago company is about to bring in a smelter, and Mr. H. Sill, who represents the company, assured us that it would be here within the next 40 days.

On the 1st of August, about four miles above Maysville, being about the same distance below Chaffee City, on a beautiful level tract of bottom land covered with a dense growth of aspens and cottonwoods, we unexpectedly came upon quite a large encampment of men, all of whom were busy some in cutting and hauling timber for houses, some cutting and thinning out the cottonwoods, while another party accompanied a surveyor who was evidently laying off the tract into town lots. As a matter of course we stopped, and the information we gleaned was this: That this was ARBOURVILLE, and that it was laid off on the previous day, July 31st, by Arbour, Morris, English and Convert, all of Silver Cliff. One hundred lots were taken up the first day. The town plat comprises about 125 acres, (the prices for lots ranging from \$25 to \$150. About fifty people are preparing to build, and some of the cabins are now three or four logs high. The town company offers five acres of land to the first smelter brought in, and when prepared to treat ore they will donate \$1,000 in cash.) We next came to HARTSVILLE, which was laid out about the first of May, by Jas. K. Hart, of

Denver, and Walter Jenniss, of Silver Cliff. The land was first taken up as a placer claim and comprises about 47 acres, at the junction of the Middle Fork with the South Arkansas, one and a-half miles below Chaffee City. Fifteen or twenty lots have been taken up. It has a saloon, blacksmith shop, restaurant, and several other buildings partly completed, one of which, 20x42 feet in size and two stories high, will be occupied as a hotel and store.

CHAFFEE CITY, better known as Camp Monarch, was located the 15th day of May, 1879, by J. G. Evans, J. S. Boone and E. Miller. The first addition was made by Moody & True, and the second by Easley & Atwood, comprising in all about 75 acres. The population, including miners on the mountains, is estimated at 3,000. There are 125 houses, including three stores, three saloons, three hotels, three or four boarding houses, three assay offices, blacksmith shop, two restaurants and the postoffice. A building for the Mining Exchange is being erected by Capt. Evans, which is calculated to be a general depot of mining news, and where specimens of the principal mining claims will be collected for public exhibition. Mr. Henry Herrick, formerly of Georgetown, is here doing a thriving business in the way of supplying miners with groceries and miners' supplies. He is about to put up a livery and feed stable, the lumber for it being now on the grounds, while his wife will take charge of the restaurant, which she will open next week.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Easley we found jubilant over the prospects of the region, feeling no desire to go back to the flesh-pots of Egypt as represented by the formerly popular Fall River House. We hope to see his "Little Bull Pup" grow into a big bull dog that will be its master's pride and protection. But returning from personalities to town interests, we observe among the advantages possessed by Chaffee City a saw-mill, which has been running since the middle of June. What the town and miners need is a smelter, and this locality has especial advantages to offer for the location of one or more at this place. First, the heavy bodies of mineral are on Limestone-mountain, on the south side of the valley, while iron for a flux exists in almost unlimited quantities on Iron mountain, immediately adjoining the town on the north, and it will be made more economical to transport the lighter but higher grade ores from below up to the mill, than the immense amount of heavy ore and fluxes a long distance on a down grade.

The prospect seems fair for an early location of this kind here, and we hope to see it carried into operation. True, a smelter located in any part of the South Arkansas would be of immense advantage, but more especially would it be beneficial if located in immediate proximity to the heavy ore bodies.

No part of the Rocky Mountain region is better supplied with pure, wholesome water than each of the above localities. The toll-road company have decided to continue their road across the range to the Gunnison country, the distance to Gunnison City being 35 miles. It is said to be an easy grade and a very low pass. It is about four miles from here to the top of the pass. Miners' wages are from \$2.50 to \$3 per day.)

Salida Colorado,
April, 2, 1934.

Dear Dr. Hafen,

I am enclosing a manuscript and my time card for two days. I misunderstood about the expense money and probably allowed by expenses to amount to high.

The set of pictures I wish to send in is not complete as I want to get a picture of Granite and one of a original building of the town of Cache Creek. I also have an unsigned interview about the placer mines on Cache Creek. Perhaps I can get up to Granite in the near future and complete this work. I also have three prospects in that vicinity for excellent interviews which I had hoped to complete. One of them is 97 years of age and lives in the mountains alone! So, though I am not entertaining any hope, I do wish that the project continues under the new program.

I wish to sincerely thank you for your unfailing courtesy and kindness, it has been a pleasure to work for you; and I am very glad that my work has been satisfactory. I am looking forward to a visit to Denver and the pleasure of meeting you. Meanwhile if there is ever a service I can perform as to securing an interview, etc., or writing an article, I'll be very glad to do it.

Sincerely yours,

