MONTROSE COUNTY

Interviews collected during 1933-34 for the State Historical Society of Colorado, by C. W. A. Workers.

Interviewers working on this county:
Arthur W. Monroe

Pamphlet 357
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GRADUATION PROGRAMS with Doc. 4 are in Envelope—Back Cover.

50 PICTURES sent from this pamphlet to PICTURE FILES—Room 318.
FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF AMOS AUGUSTINE FROST, WHO CAME TO COLORADO FIRST IN 1865.

Amos Augustine Frost, better known as Gus Frost, came into Colorado more than ten years before this territory became a state. He has been prominently identified with its development and its progress. He has made money in its industries and has lost his all and started in anew. He is now eighty-two years of age and still going strong. He lives on a ranch about eight miles North of Montrose and does all of his own work.

Born in Ravenswood, West Virginia, on the Ohio River, he lived there for two years and then was taken to Monticello, Lewis County, Missouri, where he lived for ten years, going to the public schools of that County.

In April of the year 1865, he came into Colorado, his father being in charge of a stage station for the Ben Halliday Stage Lines, at a point about forty miles North of Denver, near Loveland.

At the age of 15 years Gus Frost went up into Wyoming, where he was employed by the Union Pacific Railroad, which was building the transcontinental line. After working at this job for two or three months, Mr. Frost joined a freighter and made the trip across the plains of Northern Wyoming to Gallatin City, Montana, where he quit this job and entered into the Government service at Fort Phil Kearney, which was on the Old Oregon Trail. The Sioux Indians were on the Warpath all the time he was at work there hauling logs to a sawmill. One day, while his party was eating lunch a band of Indians charged down upon them and stampeded their cattle and horses, and shot the boss through one arm. The fight lasted for fifteen or twenty minutes and then the men all had to walk the fifteen or twenty miles into the Fort.
As he was not anxious to encounter more Indians, in November of 1867, he joined five other men and started back to Colorado. The weather was very cold and it took them six or seven weeks to make the trip overland with wagons, and to make it all the more unpleasant they had trouble with the Indians all the way. Some of the members of the party had to stand guard every night. When they were within fifty miles of Cheyenne and food was getting low, they thought they were out of the Indian Country, so they sent a man named Conrad out to the Westward to hunt antelope. A short time later a party of fifteen Indian came along and asked for food. The white men had none to spare and the redskins left without molesting them. However, the party soon heard shots to the West of them and rushed in that direction to find the horribly mutilated body of Mr. Conrad. They buried him and resumed the journey, arriving in Cheyenne, frozen, starved, and scared.

It was about a hundred miles from Cheyenne to the Stage Station where the father of Gus Frost lived. About this time the business men of Denver started to build the Denver-Pacific Railroad from their city to the Wyoming Capital. In the fall of 1869 the stock were taken off the road and the stage line abandoned. The Frost family moved South to the Divide between Colorado Springs and Denver and settled on a cattle ranch in the vicinity of Palmer Lake.

In 1870, Gus Frost joined a party from Nevada who were going to Texas to buy cattle to drive back to Colorado. They all went on horseback to Pueblo, down the Arkansas to the present site of Wichita a distance of seven hundred miles. There were no people there at the time. The party crossed the river, went South across the Red River and to Waco, Texas, where they spent the winter buying three thousand head of steers. About the first of April, they started North with their cattle, over the Old Chisholm Trail. Here Gus first met up with Jim and Jesse
O'Neill and Al Neale, pioneers of the Uncompahgre Valley, who are now deceased. On this trip, the herders had all the hardships that go with trail herding—stampedes, night riding, etc. When the steers stampeded all there was to do was to go with them. For miles and miles, day after day, they rode through herds of buffalo. In the fall these animals move South and in the Spring return to the Northern Country. When once they start stampeding nothing on Earth can stop them or turn them, it seems. They had lots of trouble with their cattle getting mixed with the buffalo, and it took six months to make the drive. They arrived on the Platte River near Denver in September. The owners sold their stock in Denver and Gus Frost was discharged and went home again.

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and, although the land was protected by high levees above it, the water
came over the banks and washed away everything the three men had. So
this venture proved a failure and Gus started out again flat broke. He
secured a job with a threshing outfit and quit in October with $300 in
his pocket.

While in the Sacramento Valley, he met the girl who was to
become his wife and share his experiences for the next fifty years or
more. This was Nettie M. Ross, a sister to Jay J. Ross and L.M. Ross.
Gus Frost, promising Miss Ross that he would return for her in a year,
took his three hundred dollars and went to Leadville, Colorado, to make
his fortune. Fortunes were being made there but Gus was not lucky and
at the end of two years had not saved any money. Mr. Frost knew H.A.W.
Tabor in the early days in California Gulch, before Mr. Tabor became
rich and famous. He knew there also A.V. Hunter and George Trimble.

Deciding that he could not save any money in the frantic town
of Leadville, Frost, with George Hall bought a burro and grubstake
and punched the burro all the way to Silverton, going by way of the
present site of Montrose, when the Indians still held possession of the
Uncompahgre Valley. He arrived in Silverton with four dollars and very
little grub. There his partner quit him and started dealing stud poker,
while Frost took a contract for a cross cut in the Silver Crown Mine,
at eighteen dollars a foot. This mine was a mile west of Chattangoga,
and was owned by General Booth, who financed the work. Mr. Frost was to
do. At the end of seven weeks Frost had made $1100, and decided to leave
the men at work, and return to California after his bride.

He had to go out by way of Colorado Springs, Denver and Cheyenne.
Mr. Frost and Miss Ross were married on October 27, 1880 in Sacaville,
California, and returned to Colorado, stopping for a two weeks visit
with his parents in Colorado Springs. Ed Frost, a brother of Gus,
lived in Colorado Springs for twenty-five years and put in every inch of the water lines of that city during that time. One sister, Mrs. Laura Frost Staggs, died in Napa, California. Another, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Boland, died in Chicago a year ago. She was a prominent musician and had sung and played in many of the large city churches, also Madison Square Garden.

With his brother-in-law, Jay J. Ross, Frost again turned his face toward the San Juans, going by train to Alamosa, and by stage through Antelope Park, Lake City and over Stony Pass to Silverton, making fifty-five miles on foot through the snow in two days. They arrived at the Silver Crown Mine on Christmas Day of 1880 and found that the crew had departed for the new town of Durango. The two had plenty of provisions and they worked the mine until the First of May, when Mrs. Frost came through on the train to Amargo, near Pagosa Junction, and was there met by Mr. Frost with a team and spring wagon.

In the Fall of 1881, when the Indians were taken out of the Uncompahgre Valley, Frost and Ross came down and settled ranches North of the present town of Montrose. The Indians left on the third of September, and the two white men came in right behind them. On the Seventh of September, Frost started back to Silverton after Mrs. Frost and L.N. Ross, leaving the other to hold the ranches. The man, Garten, died and was buried while he was gone. He returned to the Valley in a few days with a spring wagon, coming by way of Ophir and Telluride. There was no road and it was a very difficult trip.

Arriving at the ranches, they had no money and it was twelve months before they could expect to make any money from their first crop. The D.& R.C. Railroad was being built into the Valley, and the three men secured work on the road. When their work was too far away from home to go home at night, a tent was secured and Mrs. Frost went along and cooked
for ten or twelve of the men. They worked in the Roubideau Canyon for a time and then quit and went home with $500 apiece. They were rich for that time and were able to put in their crop. They paid $140 a ton for hay and eight cents a pound for corn. They cleared twelve acres of land and put in potatoes, corn and vegetables, raising a good crop, which was harvested and sold in the fall of 1882 for $1600.

They had all been living at the Frost Ranch but during the summer of 1883, the Ross Brothers built homes on their places and moved there. L.E. Ross still lives on his place and Jay J. lives only a short distance from his original ranch.

Gus Frost operated his farm and also entered business in Montrose. With Billy Crane, Ben Corbin and J.S. Davis, he bought out the General Merchandise store of Frees, Osborn and Davis. In 1893, with J.J. Tobin, John Pelton, Elmer Young and W.T. Ryman, he organized the Montrose Fruit Growers Association.

In the panic of 1893 he lost everything, and, as there were no prospects in Montrose, he left his family, which now consisted of his wife and two daughters, and started out to find a job. He was away from home eleven years, working in the Mines in Cripple Creek, Gunnison, Lake City, and other parts of the San Juan. He worked in the Hidden Treasure at Lake City, the Old Revenue at Ouray and was manager of the Des Curay Mine in Poughkeepsie Gulch. He was also a boss, in charge of three hundred men at the Liberty Bell in Telluride District, also working at the Smuggler Union. Finally he returned home with all his debts paid, and broke again.

He made a trip to California in 1904 for a visit, returned to Montrose and entered into a partnership with E.D. Nichols, to operate a sawmill. In the fifteen years that they were together, they had mills on Sawtooth, head of the Dallas Creek, Log Hill Mosa and other places.
The firm made money until the lumber business became dull, and then Gus Frost established a box factory at the North end of Cascade Avenue in Montrose. Times grew worse and he lost his money again. He sold out and located on a farm he owned on North Mesa, and since that time has lived there. Now, at eighty-two, he is still doing all his own work.

His daughters are Mrs. C.A.W. Gordon, of the First National Bank of Montrose and Mrs. Ethel O'Fourke, of Teziutlan, Old Mexico, which place is two hundred miles South of Mexico City.

Mr. Frost has seen the development of Colorado from its very earliest settlement to the present time. He has seen it come up from a frontier state to a great commonwealth. He has seen its towns and cities grow from sage brush flats to prosperous settlements; communities. He has known many of the famous frontiersmen of the earlier days. Buffalo Bill Cody, the Reich Brothers, Al Houston, Jim Bridger, all made regular visits to his father's home, when he was a boy.

Denver was a town of ten thousand people when Frost first saw it. There was no law and crime was rampant. There were mostly tents and ramshackle buildings, with only two one story brick buildings in the entire city. There were hundreds of notorious characters, horse thieves, cattle thieves, stage robbers, bandits, tin horn gamblers. There were periodic Indian scares, when the people of all the countryside fled into Denver for protection. A Mrs. McIntyre and her son were murdered by Indians just six miles from where the Post Office now stands, at a point now inside the city limits.

The Vigilance Committee was organized and hangings were a general occurrence. Three men were hung in broad daylight to a cottonwood tree on Eighteenth street.

Signed by Arthur W. Monroe in the presence of Gus R. Frost

Dated April 16, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF JACK SCATES, WHO CAME TO COLORADO IN 1873.

Jack Scates was born in Tyrone County, Ireland September 9, 1871. The family came to America when Jack was a small boy and arrived in Colorado Springs on June 16, 1873, going from there to Leadville and then Fairplay, where the father operated a store in 1875. Jack went to school in the South Park. He remembers when the Indians killed Mr. Marksbury and also Old Man Elliott, when the redskins were on their last buffalo hunting expedition on the plains.

During his lifetime, Scates has worked in the mines in Cripple Creek, Leadville, Telluride, Creed, Ouray, Silverton and other camps in the State. He was in Cripple Creek when there were only two cabins there.

He was married in 1909 to Alice Hobbs and the two have no children. for the past twenty-three years he has lived on a ranch East of the town of Colo.

J. W. Scates

Dated March 24, 1934 — Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
Facts Concerning the Life of Bessie Allen Rickford Meyers.

Bessie Allen Rickford Meyers was born in Hopolita, New Mexico, and when she was five weeks old her parents came into Colorado by ox team. She was born on April 25, 1890 and was the daughter of Charles W. and Sarah Deval Allen. First coming into Pueblo, they stayed there a short time and then came over to Montrose in 1892.

Arriving in the Uncompahgre Valley, the elder Allen cleared away the sage brush to make a place for his tent, on the place that he later homesteaded near Happy Canyon. Mrs. Rickford still owns forty acres of this ranch.

Fort Crawford was in its heyday at this time and all the settlers went there to celebrate the Fourth of July and other occasions.

Mrs. Alle Meyers was married first on September 26, 1900 to Albert C. Rickford, and to them four children were born. These are: Allen, Clarence and Morris and Mrs. Helen Getty of Montrose. Mr. Rickford was an engineer on the Rio Grande Southern Railroad and was killed in a railroad wreck, three miles from Telluride, when the train he was driving went through a bridge.

Mrs. Rickford was later married to Louis Meyers and they have one daughter, Miss Phyllis, who was born in the old Chief Ouray adobe house on January 20th 1913, before the old house was torn down to make way for the present home of the Meyers family. The old adobe barn still stands on the place today. Mrs. Bessie P. Meyers

Dated March 23, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.
JUDGE JOHN GRAY CELEBRATES 88TH BIRTHDAY IN
GOOD HEALTH AFTER ACTIVE LIFE AND PIONEERING
EXPERIENCES ON SLOPE; REMINISCENCES ON THE PAST

This is Judge John Gray's birthday. He is 88 years of age, having been born March 13, 1841, in White Creek, New York, not far from where Judge S. S. Sherman first saw the light of day.

His biographical career is best outlined in the judge's own peculiarly interesting style, which, however, is lacking in Montrose details.

However, he says:

"I was born in the light of the moon and a tallow candle at White Creek, N.Y., famous for its street grade of sugar maples. My first recollection is of wormfuge and castor oil—a noisy open air political meeting, during the presidential election of 1844 is a distinct memory; also news of Taylor's victory at Buena Vista, borne by carrier pigeons, and published in the New York Herald. When five years of age, with my father and mother, I remember seeing Henry Clay, P. T. Barnum and Tom Thumb in the New York and Erie canal; Clay's imperious brow, and striking ace of intellectual brilliance, yet generous and kind, was indelibly raged upon my memory as I sat upon his knee.

"After a course in the common district school, where the important curriculum was a daily cordial with a stick in it, popular in that period as discipline to mental activity and manly endurance, and three years in an academy, I entered law school at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., graduating in 1869.

"Attracted to Kansas by the great debate between Lincoln and Douglas, and the rosy reports of undulating plains, waiting to be turned into fields of golden stores, and the thought of starting in life upon the ground floor, unhampered by the deference required to slow promotion in old settled communities, I bid adieu to the ties of home for experiences new and yet to learn. St. Joseph, Mo., was the terminus of railroad communication with Kansas. Arriving over the Illinois Central at the Mississipi river, where passengers were conveyed by ferry to connect with the Hannibal & St. Joe railroad, the ferry boat could not cross because of the floating ice; but, joining two young dare-devils, we got sticks and jumped from one cake to another, making the trip about two hours before the boat crossed. The wealth of Crosswells would not tempt me to another such fool exploit.

"At St. Joe, I was told that Troy, county seat of Pupinian county, was a good place for a young spring. It was 15 miles, over a dusty road, on a melting hot day, that on foot, I made the trip. About half way a man in a buggy, driving a fine roadster, passed, looking neither right nor left, I said then that I would never pass a traveler in a conveyance and not take him in, and I never have.

"There were 20 lawyers in Troy. The land office was located there about as many saloons, the court and bar being the principal patrons. Not pleased with the outlook I started another 15 miles on foot to Atchison. About half way, stopping at a house for a drink, I fortunately met a man whom I afterwards became a strong friend—Col. A. G. Egge. He had two horses saddled and his son conducted me to Atchison, where I sought the office of Otis & Glick—the latter now known as one of the governors of Kansas, and whose statue is in the art gallery of the U.S. capitol building. They were the leading firm in northern Kansas.

"I asked if they could give me work for the privileges of reading in their office. They gave me a furnished room over the office in which to batch, in return for my services as janitor. But little attention was paid to me for a month, when it occurred to Glick to see if I knew anything. I remember two of the questions he asked—one to define Blackstone's definition of equity; the other to give the conditions of an estate in current. Pleased with my answers, their large justice of the peace business was turned over to me. Remaining with the firm until March, 1861, when just 20 years of age, I was admitted to practice in the U.S. district court for the District of Kansas. On the 14th of the following month, Fort Sumner fell, precipitating the bloodiest and war of modern history. I volunteered, but was rejected on account of a peculiar pulse in my left arm. I joined the militia and was made first lieutenant and aide-de-camp on the staff.

Continued on page three
Judge Gray—

Continued from Page One

Gray, Court and Home.

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Notwithstanding a crowded auditorium we secured a seat at the crowning exercises of the high school. The brevity of the program of unremitting interest was a commendable feature, the artistic display of crinoline on some half dozen graduates gave fine effect to facial expression of intelligence and animation. There was but one pair of pants visible the occupant of which seemed to be reciting from notes but afraid that some body would hear him and so far as anybody knows it was just as well. The young ladies acquitted themselves most creditably. Miss Weber having captured the honor delivered valedictory. Miss Weber rides or walks several miles to school. It has been my observation for years that those from the country average highest in scholarship.

There is a matter of deepest interest locally and throughout the San Juan, indeed the whole country. That is the project that has engaged Judge Bruce with characteristic energy and ability which distinguished him on the bench.

His efforts, however, have met with faint support. We have reference to what is known as the Elk Park Project. There is no adjunct of the million dollar route involving such transcendent importance as this contemplated arrear and we shall give it space in our next by special request.

We spoke in last of the orderly and simple facility by which the Federal Constitution can be amended to conform with changing conditions. That which we have was admirably adapted to the spirit of the time with a homogenous people inheriting their manners and characteristics from merely the same fountain head sympathetic in mental interests and kindred ties, but today we have grown to an empire reaching from ocean to ocean and from the Saint John's to the gulf with a cosmopolitan population of conflicting traditions. Confused tongues and sectional interests calling for methods of action in varied climate specific resources and relative location.

Under the sovereign powers of the respective states, codes of civil and criminal jurisdictions are various and conflicting in form essence, and manner of execution. Yet under the rule of amenities, mutual respect is enacted between the states for their respective acts, however inconsistent they may seem to the ordinary man.

Under this constitutional complexity one can go to another state and secure a privilege, denied at home, then return home, and snap his fingers at the courts. This is not merely true as to matrimonial ties.

A striking instance of this incongruity was where the founder of Garade College, in Philadelphia, in his will devised to the college, lands in Louisiana, valued at fifteen million dollars. The courts held that under the statutes of that state, lands could not be devised to parties elsewhere.

With one exception all the states have legal enactments for the protection of virtue and enforcement of morals. Yet over the dome of that isle except the Stars and Stripes, not in triumph, waves its ample folds where under protection of law exists a cess pool reeking in every vice indigenous to the most depraved instincts of humanity.

This is a state depleted in population to less than that of the average county of Colorado but under the constitutional quota is entitled to send two specimens to Washington to sit in council with grave Senators of other states who are compelled in consultation to enhance their patriotic breaths breathe and hold their infected hand.

So it is to the shame of the flag one can go to Nevada and in twenty days at the poker table establish a residence entitling him to all the social concession and legal rights of the native born.

The eighteenth amendment has extended the arm of the government but in this instance it only reaches the least of the evils that distinguish this den of infamy. (See another page for partial description.)

The conflict of laws and jurisdictional opinions between the different states is swelling our libraries to enormous proportions with a confusing mass of conflicting opinions.

Is there not some rising Justinian able to devise a system of laws uniform throughout the states and adopted by the states?
COUNTING BALLOTS

They have finally found a use for the empty room in the Senate office building. Mr. Glass, the chairman of the committee, announced that he would use it to count the ballots in the recent election. Mr. Glass is a well-respected member of the Senate, and his appointment to the committee was seen as a wise decision by many.

The counting process is a crucial part of the electoral process. It is important to ensure that every vote is counted accurately and fairly. The committee has set up several tables and chairs, and a large number of employees have been hired to assist with the counting.

The ballots are being counted by hand, and the results will be recorded on a large board. The process is expected to take several hours, but Mr. Glass is confident that the counting will be completed in a timely manner.

Once the counting is complete, the results will be announced to the public. The selection of the winner will be based on the number of votes cast for each candidate. The winner will then be sworn in as the new senator for the upcoming term.
The public have no interest in the personal encounters that creep into the columns of a newspaper. And it will be the purpose of this paper to avoid such controversies, but to co-operate with all regardless of political, or religious distinctions in what ever may be intended for general welfare, friendly and fairly discussing differences of opinion to the end that both sides may receive the merit to which the respective sides may be entitled. One of the incentives to faithful public service on the part of our representatives is public appreciation of honest efforts not soon to be forgotten. We're reminded of this by a clipping from the Grand Junction Sentinel as follows: John Tobin who served as State Senator from 1907 to 1929 and who won a state wide reputation as champion of the farmers cause has been appointed state director of marketing. How many remember the services he performed and public activities that made him a commanding figure for that position held creditably for 22 years past.

And then another young man who started here as sprig of the law, William L. Knous germinated in the rich ozone of the San Juan Pines blooming among the apple and alfalfa blossoms of the Uncompahgre valley and bursting to light in the legislative councils of the state capital while his star points East to the portals of the National capital. So the political star gazers tell us. We have others in embryo and reserve that may follow his footsteps if not gall his heels making it important that he wear brogans with sturdy heels and weld nailed soles.

We beg to call particular attention to the exposa by Judge Kinikin of the present methods of dealing with criminals, contribute din the last week's issue. It is important as being a function of his official duties and should command extended notice. In the next issue of the paper we intend reference to the school system of the county and state and a remedy for the elimination of expense in the contemplated enlargement of the school building.
Speech on County Delivered  
Over 30 Years Ago By Judge  
Gray is a Happy Memory

On the occasion of Judge Gray's 60th birthday, celebrated with a dinner at his home the evening of March 34, one of the topics of conversation was a speech delivered by the Judge some 30 odd years ago in a Western Slope Congress Hall at Oliva 27 which within the memory of several housewives present, among them was President Jefferson of the D.A. W.O.W. The Judge's recollections of that speech were so delightful that he was requested by a Daily Press representative who came from the city, to copy it on his scrapbook and give it to the newspaper.

The Daily Press that gives might enjoy the speech which, as Judge Gray said, will remain the high light of history, fun, humor, and humor, and sheer wit. In compliance with his request Judge Gray has handed in a copy of his speech, with a brief introductory paragraph, the two being as follows:

In the early nineties there was a Congress of the Western Slope counties of Colorado for the consideration of their special interests, as distinctly related from the Eastern slope, each county being selected to delegate 4

Judge Gray delivered a speech about the state with its mining, lumbering, and agriculture, but the one which attracted the most attention was his humorous and delightful account of the events of the war.

"I cannot repeat from memory two pages of any speech I ever made. I remember distinctly parts of Shakespeare, Webster and other orators and writers."

Even the many years since the speech was delivered it has remained a permanent memory for those privileged to hear him in his day, and one seldom hears the name of Judge Gray mentioned among old friends without recognizing the fragments which the memory brings to mind.
Amos Abbott, Old Pioneer, Goes to His Long Reward

Another of the Civil war veterans Amos Abbott, answered the last roll call and went into the 'long sleep' Tuesday night about midnight at St. Luke's hospital where he has been a patient for several months. A year ago his left foot became infected which gave him considerable trouble, but he applied simple home remedies and did not consult a physician until the infection had gone beyond human skill. It gradually crept up his leg and spread the poison all over his body. Its progress could not be checked and it was felt that he could not stand the danger of amputation—in fact, he declined to permit amputation. So he gradually wasted away. For some weeks he had been practically unconscious. Death came to his relief finally.

Amos Abbott was born at Saltville, Pa., July 28, 1845. He served in the Civil war. He joined the Odd Fellows lodge at Lake City in the early days, the late John C. Bell having assisted in inducing him into that order. He was a member for nearly 50 years. Recently he was presented with a 50-year jewel by his lodge at Lake City, the presentation having been made at a district meeting in Olatho. At Lake City he engaged in mining in the boom days and had the good fortune to sell his mine for a comfortable sum which kept him in ease during his lifetime.

For a good many years he made his home at Coloma, living in a small cabin opposite the Coloma store. He leaves at least two nephews, one of whom, Jesse M. Weaver, Charleston, S. C. and the other is at present at Parlin, Colo.

Mr. Abbott was a splendid old gentleman and had a host of friends. He was always good natured and had a kind word for everyone. Burial from the Mortrose Funeral home.
MRS. LUCY SAMPSON PASSES AWAY AT HER HOME THURSDAY EVENING; WAS ONE OF PIONEER CITIZENS HERE

Death claimed a prominent Montrose resident when Mrs. Lucy J. Sampson passed away at her home at 9:15 Thursday night, death being due directly to yellow jaundice and complications, altho Mrs. Sampson had been in poor health for the past nine years.

Mrs. Sampson was born March 6, 1854, at Mount Union, Pa., and was 89 years and ten days old at the time of her death. Upon the occasion of her birthday recently friends endeavored to make the day pleasant with gifts and messages realizing that her time was short and that she would not long survive.

In September of 1866 at Mount Union she was married to William Sampson, who had been living here for five years and who brought his bride to this city from Montrose where they lived in the city for a while, Mr. Sampson being the freight agent for the D. & R. G. Later they moved to a ranch north of Montrose where they lived until 1902 when they moved back to the city living in a house at the site of the present home on S. Fifth. Three years ago Mrs. Sampson had the old house demolished and built one of the handsomest residences in Montrose. The practical invalid she enjoyed greatly her new home and spared no expense in having it 'grandly made beautiful and the place kept up in perfect order.

Mr. Sampson passed away August 28, 1929, leaving Mrs. Sampson to the care of their only child, a son, William S. Sampson, who since that time has showered Mrs. Sampson with every devotion. Always having been an exemplary son he was particularly devoted to his mother during her widowhood and the affection between the two was a matter of comment by all who knew them. This son and his wife now mourn the passing of Mrs. Sampson. There are no other immediate relatives, tho Mrs. Maggie Sampson is a sister-in-law and Mrs. W. A. Deck of Montrose, and Thomas Sampson of Ontario, California, are niece and nephew respectively by marriage.

Mrs. Sampson was a member of the local Methodist church and also belonged to the Order of Eastern Star.

Funeral services to be held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Methodist church, Rev. F. D. Norvell, pastor, and Rev. G. B. Upton of Gunnison, former pastor, to officiate. Interment at Grand View.

The death of Mrs. Sampson removes another member from the fast-thinning ranks of the pioneer settlers in the community. Mrs. Sampson did her part as a younger woman in this vicinity and all of her life here she enjoyed the respect and concern of a very large circle of friends. She and her husband were of the substantial type and both left behind them an unblemished record as citizens. Mrs. Sampson's death was not unexpected but at the same time it has cast the shadow of sadness on all who knew her.

Funeral arrangements are being looked after by the Montrose Funeral Home.
Further Facts About Death of F. W. Boot
Former Montrosean

The Denver Post which reached here Monday had some additional information concerning F. W. "Bill" Boot, former Montrose stockman, who passed away the first of the week in California. States the Post:

Frederick W. Boot, 82, pioneer Colorado cattlemen, died Sunday afternoon in Long Beach, Calif. He had been in ill health for some time, but suffered a serious illness two months ago.

Mr. Boot was born in London, England, and came to this country and eventually to Colorado when a young man. He moved to Denver in 1872. A year later he went to the western slope and engaged in ranching and cattle raising near Montrose. He gained a wide reputation as an exhibitor of prize cattle at the annual exhibitions in the middle west and Rocky Mountain region.

He was one of the first directors of the Denver Livestock Exchange and one of the founders of the National Western Stock and Horse Show Association.

In 1902, Mr. Boot moved to Denver again and lived here until he went to Long Beach, Calif., in 1920.

He is survived by his wife, who with a daughter, Mrs. Mabel Stevens was with him when he died; two sons, Frederick W. Boot, Jr., and Harry F. Boot, and another daughter, Mrs. Beall Hart, all of Denver; a brother, Albert J. Boot, and three sisters, Mrs. James H. Herron, Elizabeth Gammon of Denver, and Mrs. William Sevville of San Diego, Calif.

Funeral services will be held here at 11 a.m. Thursday at the Olinger mortuary, Speer Boulevard and Sherman street. Burial will be in Fairmount cemetery.
M. A. Hillis Dies
At Oak Grove Home;
Pioneer Resident

M. A. Hillis, prominent resident of
the Oak Grove region passed away
Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Hillis was
born Nov. 16, 1859, at Frankfort,
Ind., in Tipton county. His parents
moved to Howard, Kansas, in 1871
and there he grew to manhood.

Mr. Hillis and Miss Elizabeth Mal-
loney were married December 4, 1885,
at Howard, Kansas, and celebrated
their golden wedding the first of last
month.

For about 18 years following their
marriage they made their home in
the vicinity of Howard and when
they made a change of location went
into what was then called the Wash-
ington Territory. Their residence
there was of short duration, since
they soon decided to join Mrs. Hillis'
sister and her family, Mr. and Mrs.
C. W. Rollins, in Montrose. They ar-
ived in this city in 1896, locating in
the Oak Grove district, where they
have been engaged in farming and
stock raising practically ever since.

One year was spent in Seattle, Wash-
ington and various parts of Califor-
nia. To this union seven children
were born, six boys and one girl.

One boy passed away in infancy and
another met a tragic death, leaving
them stricken by lightning. The living
children are: Elbert L. Hillis of Se-
attle, Washington; Francis M. Hill-
is of Maywood, California; John M.
Hillis of Princeton, California; Mrs.
Wesley Frazier and Paul Hillis of
Montrose.

In addition to the children, Mr.
Hillis is survived by five brothers,
two step-brothers and one step sister,
namely: James Hillis of Seattle,
Wash.; C. D. Hillis, Arlington,
Wash.; M. R. Hillis of Cedaredge,
Colo.; Benjamin Hillis, B. C.; Roy
Hillis, Howard, Kans.; Milton Shaw
and William Shaw, and Mrs. Lillie
Hostetler, all of Howard, Kans.

Mr. Hillis was a great home man
and always had a great love for chil-
dren. In young manhood in Kansas
he was leader of singing in singing
schools. During his residence in the
Oak Grove section he always took an
active part in the development of
the community until the last year or
so when his health failed him to be
confined to his home most of the
time.

Mr. Hillis was a man of high ideals
and greatly beloved by all who knew
him and all who admired him by his
practising.

Funeral services will be arranged
when his children arrive. The re-
manes are at the Harris Mortuary.
W. H. Nelson, beloved Norwood resident, was born Nov. 28, 1859, in Virginia. He came to southern Kansas in 1889. Filed on 160-acre homestead and improved it by hiring the work done as he was engaged in carpenter work. The chills and fevers made it impossible for him to live there so in 1873 he traded the place for mules and wagons and started across the plains. Located at Fairplay, sold his outfit and went to work on a claim for a mining company. After the mine closed, drove stage during the winter across South Park. As the 1873 panic came, on account of the demonetization of silver, he put his money in the bank, but could not get it out until the next spring. Since that time silver has been a commodity on the market. In 1874, he did some lead mining in Cottonwood and shipped ore to the Malta smelter. After this he did some placer mining in Taylor Park. In 1877, he went into the cattle business and located at Fairin, near Gunnison. In 1880, he drove his cattle to west Montrose County, locating on lower Natarita, this being on the Ute reservation at that time. Later he moved to Gypsum valley and summer range land near the Lone Cone.

He was elected county commissioner of San Miguel county in 1889 and later again in 1892. Served in the state legislature in 1921 and 1922. He is still in good health and greatly enjoys automobiles, airplanes and radio. He says, however, "I was born too soon to enjoy these wonderful inventions very long as I am now living on borrowed time."

Mr. Nelson also says:

"I was married to Susie Minor of Chillicothe, Mo., Dec. 24, 1883, who accompanied me to my cattle camp in 1886 near Lone Cone. As there was no wagon roads we traveled 25 miles on horseback and pack animals to get our supplies from Placerville. She was the second woman to locate there and it was twelve miles to the nearest neighbor. The pioneer women deserve great credit for hardships and privations they endured during the early settlement of the country and Mrs. Nelson's care of me has assisted me in living to this ripe old age of 83."

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson have three fine sons, one being with the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco; one assistant engineer of the Boulder dam and one engaged in ranch work near Norwood.

The host of friends of Mr. Nelson in this region salute him on this birthday and wish for this sturdy old pioneer who has endured so many privations and has lived such an exemplary and fine life many more years of happiness and many more birthdays.
Ouray Pioneer, #11
J. E. Hestwood Is Called by Death

Ouray mourned the death of another pioneer when J. E. Hestwood passed away at his home Saturday morning about eleven o'clock after years of suffering.

Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon at 2:30 from the Presbyterian church, Rev. Burdick of Ridgway officiating. Two hymns, "A Sleeper in Jesus," and "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," were beautifully sung by Mrs. A. C. Schneider with the accompaniment played by Miss Emilie Hutter. Pall bearers were W. F. Wheeler, C. O. Snarr, Thomas Mowatt, A. U. Smith, Charles Armstrong and H. P. Galliner. Interment was made in the family lot at Cedar Hill cemetery.

Mr. Hestwood was born on March 24, 1858, at Bloomfield, Iowa, a son of Dr. Samuel Hestwood, pioneer Methodist minister. He came to Ouray in 1883 being employed as a master mechanic at various mines including the Virginian, Revenue, Wedge, Bachelor and Barstow. He was married in 1889 to Miss Clara H. Pandiver of Ouray.

He was employed at city street and water superintendent for about four years and for a short time was a member of the city council of Ouray. From 1914 until 1931 he was associated with W. F. Wheeler in the Ouray garage, the first garage to be established in Ouray. He had been a member of the Woodmen of the World for about thirty-five years.

He was preceded in death by four sisters and one brother. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Clara H. Hestwood and three daughters, Miss Fonda Hestwood of Denver; Miss Erma Hestwood of Ouray and Mrs. Frank Charles of Ridgway, and by three granddaughters.
Pioneer Days Here Pictured in Letter From S. B. Lupher

Pioneer days in Montrose were interestingly described in a letter received recently by J. F. Krebs from S. B. Lupher, Montrose man, who has spent most of his time the last few years in California, but whose heart and thoughts seem to be largely centered here. The letter is as follows:

Long Beach, Cal., Mar. 17, 1934.
Mr. J. F. Krebs, Esq.,
Montrose, Colo.

Dear Johnny:

Writing sitting in my parlor all alone reminiscing, it occurred to me this is St. Patrick’s birthday and my mind reverts back to St. Patrick’s birthday of 1884. Just fifty years ago today a friend and I left our homes in Pennsylvania where we were raised and close to where the first oil well was ever drilled and sought our fortunes in the wilds of Colorado.

We arrived in Salida on Friday evening and had to stay there over night. The next afternoon we arrived in the city of Montrose.

The first thing that attracted our attention was the men were dressed, nearly all with broad hats and brown heavy duck suits; then the lack of walks. As we came up 3rd street, which is now Main, there were no walks until we reached one block of Cascade then over to Uncompahgre. Just two blocks with cheap board walks. When you left those two blocks you had to walk in dust or mud.

The Mears hotel stood where the Montrose National bank is now, Phil Peters was running it. On the next corner was Fresc, Ceborn and Jones. Where the First National bank is Barney Wolf had a store. Where the Pope store was, was the Buddecke and Dick store; across the street was Linc Stewart’s. These were some of the most prominent places of business.

The foundation of the first part of the central school building was laid and completed that summer. The only school they had then was on North First back of Townsend’s hardware, a little one room school where they had the only church services. Every other business house was a saloon, and open gambling in all of them seven days and nights in the week.

About a week after I arrived Frank Mason shot Cal Irwin.

I stayed with my brothers on the ground where the Elks building now stands. I took Louise and had quite a siege but there was a doctor next door and he brought me thru. As soon as I got well I went out and worked on the canal right at the flume awhile, then went to Trenton and worked at mining prospecting and came down in the fall.

I wrote to the secretary of the school board and put in application for school but when I came down I was told what a tough bunch of kids they were I didn’t go near the school board but worked for Buddecke and Dick that winter. John Tobin and some young woman had the school work.

I can only think of one man now living who was in business at that time, David Wood. He was the big business man of the town then. There was no railroad to the mountain town then and Wood did most of the forwarding. There was no laid out road. The first man who drove thru the sage brush and made a track and the rest followed.

There was no water except two or three wells. Water was hauled from the river and each family had a water barrel. There was a well on the corner where Pope’s pharmacy now is and people from all over town came there for their drinking water. If I were there now I would give a half-century party and invite you but as I can’t be there I will put it off another 50 years and then make it a centennial affair. Well enough of this.

We are having quite warm weather. I have never seen so many bathers in the ocean before at this time of year. L. B. is not much like it used to be. There were never any salmon here before but now they are everywhere. You can see semi-nude women sitting at the beer places, sitting with their legs crossed and a glass of beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other. They stopped the gambling game of tango but now they have another something similar.

You can see women who look to be at least 70 there “playing”. They are now trying to stop this one also.

There is a large amount of work now going on repairing the effects of the quake. I think the quake was sent to help the NRAs. I have been here nearly five months and have not been out of my room once after dark. I’ll let you say as much and especially since Mrs. Krebs is away. Are you not coming out awhile? If you come out and stay awhile perhaps I will go back with you. I haven’t been to a dance nor a church.

Recently, not since I came, I met Douthitt and Hill. They are the only ones from Montrose. Yes, I met Robin Nickell once.

Well, it is now 8 o’clock; that is about my bed time. Hoping you are behaving yourself. I am

Resp. yours,

S. B. L.
Early Days Here Recalled By J. L. Atkinson In Paper

J. L. Atkinson read a short paper before the Business Council Monday night. Among it with interesting remarks about the pioneers. The talk was well received and is comprehensively enhanced with interesting comments throughout.

The early sixties and the early seventies saw the Uncompahgre valley opening to the Western Colorado people as a section of our State old and rich in history, but now in its development.

Much credit should be given to the men and women who undauntedly faced the tomahawks, and bullets of the savage tribes of the red men— the Utes, and in addition were irreparable in the first years of settlement. Each time were required to surmount in order to reach this, the real "Paradise Vista" of the West.

In the year 1840, eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Coronado's expedition in quest of gold had crossed the mouth of the Uncompahgre River, and later, on August 3, 1870, one month after the Declaration of Independence was signed, Padre Francisco Pizaro, a Spanish explorer, started from Santa Fe for the purpose of establishing a mission in California, in crossing he named many missions which remain in California today. The Uncompahgre River he called Rio Francisco. There is a small farm about 35 miles west of Montrose, a tributary of the Gunnison, known as Rio Escalante, Escalante being the name still to have crossed the channel near the mouth of the North Fork.

A number of French explorers are said to have also traversed this territory then a part of Mexico, and some of the streams named by them still appear on the map.

During the era which followed the advent of these explorers much interesting history is added, owing to lack of time.

According to Arthur Chapman in his "History of Colorado," in 1858 upon the report of prospectors near Baker and Inman counties were the first gold discoveries. The miners were soon driven out and the breeders and investors took their place. The miners had laid out a town which they named Inman City. The company retained by and having no
In writing the history of the First Methodist church of Montrose, Colorado, it is necessary to draw from memory for the greater part. Mrs. C. M. Baily, Miss Rena Olds, Frank F. Frasier and Lynn Monroe, the latter two now residing in California, have aided in this history and part of the data was gained by the Rev. E. N. Edgerton, taken from the Colorado conference minutes and a part from the diary kept by Mrs. W. A. Greene; however, I submit it as we have it tho there may be errors and mix-ups. MABEL BAILY HAYS.

First Methodist church, Montrose, Colorado, was organized by Rev. L. Wright who served during 1882-1883. The first recorded list of members contains the names of Rev. L. Wright, R. H. Roberts, N. O. Johnson, P. B. Monell, E. L. Osborn, C. E. McConnell, Josiah Osborn, Mrs. Errena Parker, Mrs. Mary Wilson, John Young, John S. Newkirk, J. D. Brooks, Earl Cranston was presiding elder. The meetings were held in a carpenter shop on North First street, in the middle of the block across from the armory, then known as the Budkecke and Diehl Opera house. This was later acquired by the church. The seats were boards placed on nail kegs. Mrs. George Smith, Mrs. Wm. Wood and Mrs. Charles Diehl decided to organize a Sunday school, and Mrs. Smith forded the Uncompaghre river on horseback to have the pastor come over and help in this undertaking.

In 1883-1885 Rev. A. D. Fairbanks was pastor of the Montrose and Gypsum churches. Montrose was reported as having nine members and 63 in Sunday school with seven officers and teachers. $5.00 was raised for missions; N. E. Chamberlain was presiding elder.

In 1885 Wm. Osborn became pastor of Delta and Montrose. There were 40 full members. In 1886 the Delta charge was given up and Rev. Osborn continued in Montrose until in 1889, when he built the brick church, corner of North First and Cascade Ave. While lathing the church Rev. Osborn had the misfortune to fall from the scaffolding and break one of his legs. During his convalescence a very successful revival was held in the old frame court house on Main street. Two conferences report two churches, probably Delta and Montrose, valued at $900.00, in 1885. In 1887 the valuation of the new church appears at $4,500. A memorial window above the pulpit bears the names of the late Mrs. John Young. This window was broken while being moved to the new church building.

The Deacon, who was an ordained minister, was later elected county treasurer of Montrose county. Grandpa Howe, as he was known, was class leader, and when there was a call in the meeting would break forth into song with "Happy Day, Happy on the Way," etc. Mrs. Errena Parker, who was always on hand to welcome strangers. She was a sister of the late E. L. Osborn. Mrs. Geo. Smith and Mrs. R. C. Diehl, who were active in the Ladies' Guild, Frank F. Frasier, superintendent of the Sunday school, and Lou Sharp, who was choir leader.

Rev. W. P. Rhodes served but one year, 1885 to 1886 when he retired from the ministry and was elected superintendent of the Montrose city schools. On his coming to Montrose he set about to build up the young ladies' class in Sunday school and as teacher had a most instructive and social organization. While connected with the schools and during the pastorate of W. R. Weaver, 1886-1897 he continued his church activities as Sunday school teacher and choir leader. Rev. Weaver had unusually good prayer meetings and class meetings. Reading circles were organized in the Epworth league with Prof. Rhodes as leader and later Ira Monell. R. A. Carne, P. E. Prof. Rhodes, after leaving Montrose took up his duties as a teacher of history in the Denver schools. He married a Montrose school teacher, Charity Stanton.

Rev. G. F. Merril, 1897-1901. The Ladies' Guild was very active. Flower shows were held in the armory and were financial successes as well as social. A deaconess was engaged to assist the pastor in his work. Jean Haistead, a deaconess from Denver, organized a missionary society but it was continued but a short time.

Every one has a hobby and Rev. Herrill's was tithing. Tithing club was organized with good success. On being transferred to Teluride Rev. Herrill took with him his bride, formerly Miss May Collins, a Montrose school teacher, daughter of Mrs. Harriette Collins and sister of Mrs. W. A. Lingham. Rev. Kirkbride, presiding elder, the name of the Ladies' Guild was changed to Ladies' Aid.

Rev. C. E. Webb, 1901 to 1905. All departments of church very active. All departments of Sunday school working—cradle roll, home department, teachers' training class and classes for ages in school. The pastor class was organized by Rev. Harriette Collins and Miss Baily. Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Collins was the teacher until her last sickness, March 1913.
and Mrs. John Young. This window was broken while being moved to the new church building. Ministers salary $510. Sunday school report shows 210 members. The Ladies Guild was organized at the home of Mrs. Geo. Smith, North Second street.

In 1888 the Gunnison district was formed and Montrose had as its pastor Rev. H. M. Law. He served thru 1889. It was during this pastorate that Frank F. Fraiser was elected Sunday school superintendent and served until 1914, a period of 23 years, when he then moved to California. In 1888 church membership was 55 full members and 42 probationers. C. A. Brooks was presiding elder.

Rev. S. A. Winsor became pastor in 1890 and the district was changed to Salida. He served the church one year, retired from the ministry and took up a homestead east of Montrose, where he lived until his death in 1899. He was married while pastor of this church and his widow is still a resident of Montrose.

Rev. C. B. Allen was pastor from 1891 to 1894. While we have no special mention of his work yet he was a very popular man and was returned as an evangelist in 1905, during the pastorate of E. N. Edgerton. He also spent a number of his summer vacations in Montrose.

Rev. J. C. Gillette, 1894-1896. It was during this pastorate that the Baily family came to Montrose. Some of the more active members in church work at that time were: John

Rev. E. N. Edgerton pastor from 1905 to 1909. The Methodist parsonage on North Cascade was completed during the last year of this appointment. Funds for the present church building were started in the Sunday school with Mrs. E. E. Boss giving the first $5.00. The church in which services were being held was not large enough to accommodate the crowd. An annex had been built back of the church for the Sunday school and then, too, classes were conducted in the parsonage. Nathan P. Lee, presiding elder.

Rev. L. J. Hole, 1900 to 1913. The work of the new church underway. Public service was held and Mayor J. F. Kyle broke the ground for beginning a new church. Mrs. Harrilette Collins threw out the second shovel of dirt and this was followed by a representative from each department of the church. Great stress was put on the special days in Sunday school and were observed with appropriate programs. An impressive Easter service was held during the Sunday school hour and a large cross was covered with carnations, shipped from California, each member of the Sunday school placing a flower on the cross. As I recollect the attendance at Sunday school that day was 400. The Epworth league visited the Ouray and Delta leagues and entertained in return. At Ouray Geo. W. Stonl, father of Dr. Verne Stonl, welcomed the league.

Montrose was honored by having three of the members as officers of the state organization during this term. The Foreign Missionary society was organized, May 1, 1911 by Mrs. L. J. Hole, with Mrs. W. A. Berry the first president.

Part of the time during F. T. Kreuger's pastorate 1913-1915 the services were held in the Masonic
HISTORY MONTROSE M. E. CHURCH

(Continued from Wednesday)

Mr. Monroe’s letter regarding the church building follows:
Methodist Church, Montrose, Colo. 1906 to 1923
My connection with the Methodist Church of Montrose, Colorado, represents the period from September 1906 to March 1923. What I am putting down here is drawn entirely from memory. Therefore, will not attempt to give any detailed dates, and some names may be faulty and periods somewhat mixed up.

I am of necessity compelled to deal principally with the construction of the new church, as that is the part of the church activities that I was more definitely and officially connected with. If I remember correctly at the first formation of the building committee I was made secretary. Later, for some reason or another, I think by reason of the retirement of Brother J. B. Hill, from the position as treasurer, I was given the duties of treasurer, in addition to the duties as secretary. When I left in 1923, I left a complete set of books of all the activities of the building committee with my successor, although I forget who that happened to be. These books ought to be somewhere among the documents of the church. If you could get hold of it, you would find a whole lot more than I can give from memory and much more accurate.

It might be interesting to know at the outset that the original plans at the start would represent a total cost of about $45,000 for completing the building. At the time that I left, we had spent approximately $70,000 and I am not sure that the church was entirely completed yet. Brother Edgerton used to liken the building of the Montrose church to the building of Solomon’s Temple. In this respect, that it took seven years to build it. The only difference, however, if it only took seven years to build Solomon’s Temple, it took us ten years to build the church.

When I first arrived at Montrose, Brother Edgerton was pastor of the church. The church was growing in a healthy manner owing to the people coming in as a result of the construction of the tunnel. It wasn’t long until we had to construct a tent house at the rear of the old church at the corner of Cascade avenue and North Second street to take care of the Sunday school. After the canvas had practically blown from the first tent house, we were up against the proposition of either building a new tent house or building a new church building. I well remember the meeting at the church when it was decided to embark on the new church enterprise. I think Will Berry made the motion, and the rest of us with more or less trepidation voted for the motion.

There was some discussion in the weeks to follow as to how large the new church should be. The final conclusion was that it should be large enough to suffice for many years to come when the city had a population of 25,000 which most of us confidently thought would not be so many years thereafter. After looking over many plans the committee decided on those furnished by J. T. Barber of Colorado Springs. These plans were the same that were used in the erection of a church at Winfield, Kansas, and Cameron Memorial church in Denver. It might be of interest to note that Mr. Barber, the architect, died out here in California not long ago.

We carried thru the usual campaign of money raising and secured what seemed to be enough to justify the start of a $45,000 church, although the first subscription fell far short of that figure. Brother L. J. Hole, I believe, was on the job as pastor when actual work began. We kept putting off the start of the building; however, until the city’s first city manager, P. W. Funkerton, looked over the old building with a critical eye and announced that we could no longer worship in the building until it was repaired. Huge cracks had developed around the tower entrance and other parts of the building. It did not take an expert to see that it was in a dangerous condition. Anybody could tell
Then came another period of rest for a year or two. I think that it was during Brother Grimm's regime that we decided to finish the interior. Brother Grimm being an old contractor and builder taking the job of superintending the work. The art or ornamental plastering gave us considerable trouble. We had to rent to Denver for mechanics who could do this. We had to pay them $12 a day each and then pay the boss plasterer an extra $1 for each one of the other plasterers. This ornamental plastering alone cost us $2,000.

We had a strenuous time raising the money, and resorted to all kinds of plans for providing the necessary finances for keeping the work going. I think the largest amount we borrowed at one time was $16,000 from Mr. Akard, personally, or his bank, the First National, I am not certain.

Later we borrowed some from the Home State bank, a number of us giving our personal notes as a guarantee that we would pay the money back individually, provided the church did not do it. I remember I borrowed $100 from Brother Brennan to give to the fund and paid it back at the rate of $10 a month after I came to California. I recall that the last $10 on the $120, $20 of which was interest was mailed by me on the night. I later learned that Brother Brennan passed away.

The Ladies' Aid and all of the organizations of the church, including the Sunday school classes subscribed liberally to the building fund and mostly came thru with their pledges nobly. The class of young ladies, mostly school teachers, known as the W.M.B. class, of which Brother Hole was teacher and which I took when he moved away, pledged $500 and I remember the time when they had the pleasure of paying over the last of the $500. We raised much of it in the form of a Lyceum course. For a number of years we had a Reciprocation course, clearing up from $100 to $250 in a season.

Among those I can recall at this time who made up the building committee from time to time were C. M. Bailey, C. I. Moore, J. B. Hill, J. E. Olinger, and the several pastors. Rev. Hole, Conter and Ketchum.

Brother Ketchum used to say when the creditors pressed us for money that the Methodist church is slow to pay at times, but never defaults.

LYNN MONROE,
Burbank, Calif.
While Rev. W. F. Clark was in charge, 1918-1919 a committee met at the parsonage to take up with the salesman the matter of the pipe organ. After considerable discussion it was decided to purchase the organ at a cost of approximately $6,000, the debt to be assumed by the Ladies Aid. As I recall the cost of the organ before fully installed amounted to much more than the $5,000.

As Mr. Monroe stated, Rev. Grimm was a very capable overseer of the building of the new church and built the altar himself. He served 1919-1920 and then retired from the ministry and bought a home in Montrose where he resided until moving to Oregon. The Ladies Aid was very busy making money to pay for the new church organ. One means of raising funds was the printing of the second edition of the Philathletic Cook book. Dr. E. N. Eldergton was the district superintendent and was greatly interested in the church he had served as pastor.

The church was finally furnished and the services were first held in the church proper during the time Rev. J. Wheeler Johnson served as pastor, 1920-1921. As a new undertaking in a new church Rev. Johnson was a great success. He proved of interest to the children and many stayed for this service. In the evening there were often short talks by the business men. The present parsonage was purchased from Charlie Baker about this time.


His special effort was put forth with the young folks in the Epworth league and Sunday school. On Easter Sunday an unusually large number of members joined the church. During the year 1921 the conference records show 130 additions to the church. $6,225 was paid on the old indebtedness. The former Gladys Steel was the first organist.

Rev. Wm. L. Botkin, 1923-1924.

Rev. Botkin served this church less than one year and resigned to take up the work in the Episcopal church going to a new field. Charles Lachner, district superintendent.

Rev. G. E. Pennell 1924-1926.

In the church directory compiled by Rev. Pennell there is a list of 280 members and a non-resident list of 41. The Ladies Aid society has a membership of 100 and the Home Missionary society 25 members.

Thirty-two members of the choir and 30 officers and teachers in the Sunday school. District superintendent Rev. Geo. F. Klein.

There was great rejoicing when the final payment was made on the organ. The silver plate on which the mortgage was burned one Sunday morning was presented to Mrs. Joseph Simpson, president of the Ladies Aid who had been an untiring worker in paying off the debt. Prof. Loyd Hillyer was organist and choir director.


An active interest was taken in the Epworth league under the leadership of Rev. Inman, while Mrs. Inman was actively engaged in the work of the Standard Bearers. The conference records report a membership of 50 in the Epworth league, and an average attendance of 150 in the Sunday school. In 1928 a few Sundays before leaving for conference a service of dedication of the window Christ in Gethsemane in memory of Harriette Dalton Collins was held, a plaque having been placed by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lingham.


Rev. Upton's motto was "pay as you go" and he endeavored to carry this out in the church finances. He also conceived the idea of having the $1000 banquet, which proved to be a financial success and has become an annual event. He, with Tyre, was instrumental in organizing the Docum society of this territory. F. L. Geyer, district superintendent. Rev. Upton served the Uncompahgre church in connection with the Montross.

Rev. Philip D. Norvell, 1931 to the present time. Aside from the faithful attendance to the duties of the church Rev. Norvell has devoted his time and energy to the relief work of the community. Mrs. Norvell has taken an active interest in the work of the Intermediate and Junior leagues. In 1933 the 50th anniversary of the organization of the Montross Methodist church was observed. Congratulations are extended to our pastor on the 15th anniversary in his ministerial work. Chas. E. Schofield is our present district superintendent.

MABEL BAILY HAYS
(THE END)
This is the birthday of S. H. Schildt, pioneer resident of Cimarron, born in 1855 at Plattsburg, N. Y. In 1869 the family moved to Marion, Wisconsin, where Schildt lived with his parents, helping his father in the store he owned, until he was twenty years old. He then started life for himself, emigrating to Kansas, where he remained three years. He then came to Colorado and freighted from Alamosa for two years. Later he moved to Gunnison county, where he was in the employ of Otte Mears on the toll road for two years.

Mr. Schildt was married in Kansas in 1879. Mr. and Mrs. Schildt lived in the Blue Canyon, where the halfway house now stands for two years. Mr. Schildt's job was to keep the road open. They endured many hardships which are interesting to hear now. Later Mr. Schildt settled on his ranch on the Big Cimarron, where he still lives. Mr. Schildt was friendly with the Indians. He knew Chief Ouray and Chipeta very well and was at the Southern Ute reservation the night Chief Ouray died.

Mr. Schildt has always raised stock. He was in the cattle business for several years and later sold them and bought sheep and then disposed of them. Now he has a small bunch of pure bred Rambouillet sheep, some range cattle and a good bunch of dairy cows. His ranch is really one of the beauty spots in the county.

The many friends of Mr. Schildt join in wishing him every happiness on his birthday and many more years of activity and many more birthday anniversaries.
Copy of Montrose Paper of 1904 Full Interesting Things

Copy of a Montrose Weekly Enterprise of May 29, 1904 was brought to John Schermerhorn by a pupil who found it in a vacant building. It is an interesting paper containing pictures of the M.C.H.S. graduates class of 1904. They were: Violet Hummel, Roy Loper, Ada Loper, Ada Kangas, Elsie Triplett, Edith Heath, William Moffitt, Mary Melton, Jennie Fauber, Frenette Redding, Teresa O'Fallon, Madge Brown, Frank Heath, Leona Kennedy, John Tobin and Nellie Leonard.

Commencement program is given and Dr. Schermerhorn was scheduled to give the address. Class sermon was given by Rev. Harner at the Congregational church is given in full.

The county high school committee met in the office of Miss Willis to consider building matters. Rough draft for the building was submitted by J. H. Antrobus, architect.

First page news item tells about a fatal runaway in which Mrs. Andrew Walker was killed and Mr. Walker was seriously hurt. Details of the accident read something like auto accidents do today when people are killed and injured.

J. B. Osborn was postmaster. J. Wallace Gunn was rector of the Episcopal church, Chas. T. Baker was assessor. Mrs. Amy Sateloff offered for sale a 15-gallon gas power churn. Phil Peters was secretary of the Montrose Fair association, David R. Crisby was register of the land office. Fred W. Heath was chairman and Chas. T. Baker secretary of the Democratic central committee. Officers of the Uncompahgre Irrigation association were: H. H. Hadley, president; Ira Money, secretary. Item says the first officers at organization two years before were John C. Bell, president; F. D. Catlin, secretary.


Other advertisers, A. M. Reynolds, jewelry; A. F. Reeves, real estate and insurance; A. J. Johnson, physician; Fred W. Heath, attorney; John Deebie, real estate; H. C. Finn, attorney; R. H. Washburn, dentist; H. H. Meridith, physician; C. G. Gungan, dentist; Callaway Bros., grocer; First National Bank, T. B. Townsend, president; C. B. Akard, vice president; E. L. Oseborn, cashier; W. A. Thomas and J. C. Fries other directors.

W. H. Endler, lumber; Walter Musgrave, harness; G. B. Jones, grocer; J. H. Gill, Cascade livery; Johnson & Wright, soda and ice cream; Vandenburg's restaurant; Frank L. Ross, attorney; Moore & Truesdale, meats; Edwin G. Brown, lawyer; Harriette M. Collins, physician; Fred Schermerhorn, physician; Montrose Hardware, Steelite Bros., druggist; Ryan-Peters real estate; M. Musgrave, jewelry; W. O. Redding, real estate; Gruber & Remington, livery stable; McKee, photographer; People's Cash grocery; James C. Taylor, grocer; S. S. Dawson, Central market; Chas. L. Blake, attorney; Bell & Catlin, attorneys; Orville M. Clay, doctor.

Sam Harris was head of the Odd Fellows and Lee Abernathy, secretary.

Here is an item that reads like today in Olathie correspondence: "Why don't the road overseers, whose charge of the road running from Olathie to Montrose, repair the road. The culverts are not easy to get over. A shoeful of dirt is not enough. The road bed should be brought up to a level one by one.

Riverside and Sanitarium correspondent says: "Joe Hartman is over at Coal Creek doing the hammer and nail work. Wonder if that is all Joe. Government survey crew has been surveying the Camas (tunnel canal) near Olathie.

There is nothing in the paper to indicate who was editor but it probably was C. F. Higginson."
Hugo Selig read the following interesting paper about Joseph Selig, founder of Montrose, at the meeting of the Woman's council Monday night.

Joseph Selig, founder of the town of Montrose, was born in the Province of Bavaria, Germany, on February 12, 1820, and died in Baltimore, Md., December 5, 1883, at the early age of 63, as a boy of 13 he was conscripted into the Prussian army and at the first opportunity left the land of his birth and came to the United States, without means, except a vigorous body and a keen active mind. He immediately sought out the west as his goal, and in 1870, still a mere youth, he drifted overland into the territory of Utah where with the help of his brother he remained occupying. When gold was discovered in the area, he became a charter member of the Wasatch Lodge No. 1, Salt Lake City in the degree of Master Mason, and was affiliated with the great fraternal organization at the time of his death. He was the friend and companion of the pioneers of those early years. Governor Benner of Utah, who built the first electric line in that state, was a personal friend of Joseph Selig.

When this valley was opened for preemption, one John Miller, located the lands upon which these buildings were erected, but the government finally cancelled the entry, claiming it to be a government road and sold the land at public auction over the head of Miller after he had lived there for five years and many valuable improvements and borrowed money on the lands all of which was lost to him and the mortgagee.

When Joseph Selig reached the Uncompahre valley in the early spring of 1850, the state of transportation was the old stage coach that was plying its reckless way through the Chico trails between Lake City, Gunnison, Cimarron, Silverton, and Ouray. It was here that the Optimist eye of Joseph Selig foresaw the great opportunities of this valley. He formed a townsite company of which he was president, and in May 1855 incorporated the town of Montrose. Then a town camp with a few wooden buildings and a struggling and struggling population which was then located on the present site of the town there was a stage line called the "Selig's Addition" to the town of Montrose, thru which the Denver & Rio Grande railroad obtained its right of way as it now exists, after it abandoned its original right of way thru what was then known as the old town on the south side of the present city. But the faith of Joseph Selig in his town was far seeing and lasting; he bought the railroad in its engineering site and forced it to change its original route.

The work of Joseph Selig was among the pioneers of this valley but many of his contemporaries who helped to carry on that early period are not with us today. The pathfinder of the Rockies, Otto Mears still survives at the age of 87, and what prosperity has gathered from the hardships and toils of the pioneers has done more to make the land and golden better than if it were a highway between modern civilizations. Their trials and achievements were hard and wholesome and they proved to be a foundation of the America we are today. Modern civilization has enabled us to secure the blessings of million dollar highways, government and huge irrigation projects and public buildings not naturally for beauties and constructed and erected with all the art and genius of civilization that knows no bounds.
Joseph Selig was a Democrat in politics, but always a conservative, and his knowledge was obtained from practical life and the reading of books. His thirst for old authors amounted to a passion, and it was this habit of reading that relieved much of the pain he suffered from the fatal malady which cut him off at such an early period of his active life.

Although professing no religious creed, he lived a clean and simple life, and to all creeds and churches he lent a generous support.

He heard the first train whistle into Montrose, in June 1882, but he did not live to see the railroad extended to Ouray, Telluride and other points on the D. & R. G. Southern route. He did not live to see the Selig Ditch become a mere feeder to a reclamation project built by the government designed to irrigate approximately 125,000 acres of land, nor did he see the miles of paved and gravelled roads, our splendid court house edifice, our schools and churches, and had he lived, how interesting it would have been for him to know that our state was among the first in 1890, following Wyoming to grant suffrage to women, and that the women of Montrose armed with these rights succeeded in making it possible to construct a modern city hall and library upon the very site which stood in his day the most beautiful residence in Montrose.
Rev. J. S. Foster
Officiates Rites
Of J. W. Donald

Funeral services for John W. Donald, prominent Ouray business man, mine owner, land owner and stockman, were held Friday at St. John's Episcopal church in Ouray. Rev. John S. Foster of Montrose officiated. Interment was in Cedar Hill cemetery. Mr. Donald was Killed some time ago when he was kicked by a horse while doing chores in the barn at Ouray. The pall bearers were Jack Skates and Henry Jutten of Colons, John Young of Cedaredge, Merle Dowd of Silverton and Frank Bisell and Frank Ward of Ouray. Singing was by Mrs. Julius Sonza, Mrs. Albert Schandel, Mrs. A. A. Notter, Mrs. William Smith, and Mrs. George Armstrong. Miss Millie Hatter was the pianist.

Full account of his tragic death on Christmas day was printed in the last issue of the Herald.

John Watson Donald was born May 11, 1862, at Prince Edwards Island, Nova Scotia, where he spent his boyhood days, says the Ouray Herald. As a young man he came to Colorado, and before coming to Ouray in 1886, from Lake City, he was at Leadville, Alma and Central City. Since coming to Ouray, he had been active in the development of the country and had wide interests here. He operated a freighting and packing business and livery stable, was actively engaged in mining and owned many properties. He was interested in the stock business, owned a ranch near Colons and one in Delta county and some business property in Ouray. He was a member of the county board of commissioners, serving his second term.

Mr. Donald is survived by a daughter, Ada Donald, who lives in South America and who, at this time is said to be traveling. Friends here have not been able to get in touch with her. One sister, Mrs. Helen W. Peters, of Prince Edward Island, also survives. A son died in Ouray in infancy many years ago. Mrs. Charles N. Jones of Los Angeles, is a former wife, the being Angelina Coughlin, before Mr. Donald married her in Ouray in 1882.

The will of John Watson Donald, dated August 5, 1897, was filed in the Ouray county court Thursday afternoon. When filed Jerome A. Paul and Thomas H. Woods were appointed by Judge D. N. McDonald as administrators to collect. They are under bonds of $10,000.

By the provision of the will his debts are all to be paid and a suitable and decent burial is to be provided for. The will states that his wife, Angie S. Donald, is to receive, all household and kitchen furniture attuned in Ouray.

His daughter, Ada Donald, under the will, is to receive all other property, real and personal, and everything of every nature.

The will appoints a sister, Ada J. Donald, of Waltham, Massachusetts, as executrix without bonds, but this sister is reported as being dead.
H. R. ELLIOTT GIVES ROTARY FINE IDEA OF GRAND CANYON AFTER TWO YEARS EXPERIENCE SURVEYING IT

City Manager Herman R. Elliott made the following interesting talk on his personal experience in the Grand Canyon, before the Rotary Club Tuesday night.

One of the assignments allotted to me while I was with the U. S. Geological Survey several years ago was with the topographic party under instructions to make a complete detailed topographic survey and map of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river in Arizona. Prior to that assignment I had been with the triangulation party engaged in establishing triangulation control points up and down the Grand Canyon for the use of the topographers and the proper projection of maps to be drawn by the topographic party. It is not my intention to go into the technicalities of triangulation or topography but to give you a few personal experiences and observations encountered during the work, together with such scientific data ascertained as to give you a general idea of the magnitude of the canyon and the contertions undergone by Mother Earth in forming such a magnificent and awful work of nature.

What is known as the Grand Canyon proper is approximately 217 miles long, from 4000 to 6000 feet deep and from 8 to 13 miles wide. The north rim of the Canyon is approximately 600 feet higher than the south rim. The heavy spruce timber extends north from the north rim while the scrub cedar and pinon timber extends south from the south rim, the line of demarcation occurring somewhere in the recent canyon site.

The walls of the canyon are a terraced formation with walls of from fifty to five hundred feet high, then terraces and another wall and so on down to the river. The distance by trail from the north rim down to the river, starting at the 33 Tower, which is one mile. The general trend of the shore line as it were of the canyon is very irregular, far extending in places far up the main arm and forming a number of side canyons that extend from the rim down to the river. Many of these side canyons are deep not only in themselves but also in many of them our Black Canyon here would be placed and one could only find its end by experience for the bridge of the main wall.

In addition to the formations pointed out to the average tourist or sight-seer there are thousands of peculiar formations that surprised and amazed us at the time.

The nature of the work in the canyon was quite hard and a day work without someone in the party having a thrilling experience to relate over the camp fire that night. Our party was comprised of six men, a cook, a packer, two instrument men, and two assistants. Eight days at a time we saw no one outside of our own party and in this connection I am reminded of a surveying party that went into the Grand Canyon in the 1870's and after two or three weeks had deserted and no word heard from them the newspapers made headlines of the fact and searching parties were sent into the canyon, and a great deal of excitement created over the situation. On the other side the party were all in good health and busy with their work and there had been no cause for alarm whatever. When I read of it I could not help thinking of the long stretch of time that we saw or heard from no one and the outside world was not even aware of our being in the canyon. Perhaps our press agent was not on the job. We always travelled in pairs and were never without our rope ladders as that was the principal means of traveling, and the only way of getting to a great many points necessary for making observations. Sometimes a strand of rope was thrown to the man on the hill in order to get him to the top of the wall. The sensation of being pulled up by a rope that you can see is just about ready to part as hair raising if nothing more. It is not for the faint-hearted for parting the ropes plays an important part in the rescue of the hero or heroine without having the same sensation that I have actually experienced.

At the time we were in the canyon there was no bridge across the Colorado river at the foot of Bright Angel Trail as at the present time. Whenever we wanted to cross the river we would take the boat, a steamer named the “Clearwater”, to the foot of the rapids just above the trail and pull with all our might to the other shore in order to reach it before the next rapid was near. When we came too close to the cliff we would go back up the cliffs and pull with all our might to the other shore. If it was a good day we kept up with the boat, we had a good day. If it refused to swim and insisted on being rowed across, it was just a plain case of suicide as the consequences of the boat would have implied that the minute the suction...
of the lower rapids was fast the animal would have to be turned loose and all efforts directed towards getting it to the shore. One horse that was left over the rapids survived the severe treatment sufficiently to clamber out on a cliff in the middle of the river and at the foot of the rapids. As there was no way of rescuing the animal it was sent to a water-grave with the aid of a rifle bullet. This river at this crossing is about 100 yards wide and very swift. The grinding together of huge boulders, as they are rolled about on the bottom of the river can be plainly heard from the shore and occasionally large jets of water, resembling the spouting of a whale, will shoot into the air for a distance of 75 to 100 feet, caused presumably by two large boulders coming together and forcing the water from beneath them.

Another interesting observation in different parts of the canyon was the acoustic properties found mostly in the smaller canyons. Some of the wall formations made it possible to hear a whisper 100 feet away. Other formations produced an echo ten seconds by actual count, after the original sound. One can stand in the center of a narrow canyon and call "hello" and the wall towards which your voice is directed seems to pick up the sound and carry it up into the canyon, and one imagines that you can hear the sound to the head of the canyon, and ten seconds later it is thrown back into your face from the opposite wall with not a single echo missing. Heavy thunder in the main canyon impresses one in the same way. A clap of thunder will reverberate in and out of the side canyons on one side of the main canyon and die out entirely to come thudding back on the opposite side several seconds later. A favorite statement of the guide when talking to the tourists was that every night before retiring he would step to the tent door and holler "Time to get up," and by morning the echo would return and awaken the camp without inconvenience to him.

Being in the canyon for two years naturally gave me a chance to see the canyon under different climatic conditions imagineable. During the winter months we could not be outside of our tent in the evening temperature around 85°F to seek out the great drifts of snow lying over the north rim above us. Snow never reaches the bottom of the canyon. When it is snowing over the earth it is a soft spring rain on the ground and a hard, driving storm on the hilltop and glacier. We could feel the falling of snow up to a heavy wind and the snow would blow out of the tent to a heavy wind and the snow would blow out of the tent in the form of small flakes, and the world was filled with snow. The wind in the canyon was much fiercer than on the outside of the tent.

At times a sheet of lightning will shoot over it to be followed with dazzling darting streaks as if some gigantic monster was shooting out its poisoned tongue at its object of prey. At other times, depending on course on the atmospheric conditions, the clouds will drop down into the canyons and form a ceiling for those in the bottom of the canyon not exceeding a hundred feet, just like a great canvas had been thrown over it at that height. Everything stands out clearly below the cloud ceiling but of course nothing can be seen above. The same cloud condition as described from the rim of the canyon presents an entirely different effect. The entire canyon, as far as the eye can see in any direction, is filled with soft billowy clouds to within 50 feet of the rim. Rolling and tossing they give the appearance of a sea of soap and the peaks of orange and red pinnacles rising out of the canyon give the effect of small boats being tossed about as in a storm at sea. Only twice during the two years did I see the peculiar condition so that tourists happened to be at the canyon at these times are fortunate indeed.

The canyon has many moods which are reflected in one who watches any length of time within its walls. Some days the colors of the canyon are blended into a sombre gray, cold and cheerless and dreary, while on other days the different and varied colors of the walls and promontories flare out in a brilliance that is almost blinding. Reflecting in one a feeling of cheerfulness and exhilaration. These changes occur under apparently the same atmospheric conditions. Again, the lights and shadows play an important part in the color scheme of the canyon. At different times of the day the same formations will have different colors, due of course, to the presence of different minerals in that particular formation and the angle at which the sun strikes it.

Strata in the earliest stages of the earth's formation are exposed to view in the canyon and in most places can be easily traced from the rim down to the river. I have heard it said and read many discussions on the force of nature causing such a crash in the earth. Some claim it was the result of the pressure caused by the compression of the earth's interior. Others claim that the force of water was the agent that caused the formation of the canyon. But others claim that the force of gravity was the cause of the formation of the canyon. The force of gravity is the cause of the formation of the canyon. The force of gravity is the cause of the formation of the canyon.

One of the most popular features of the Grand Canyon is the "vortex" effect. This phenomenon occurs when a body of water is in motion and a strong current is created, which draws the water into a spiral pattern. This effect is often observed in rivers and canyons, and is caused by the water flowing over a rock or a ledge. The "vortex" effect is a fascinating and beautiful phenomenon, and is a reminder of the power of nature and the importance of taking care of our environment.