

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
Doc. 1-143 (inc.)
332 pp.

MB

INDEX

1.

Montrose County

Pamphlet Box 357

		Page
Doc. 1	Hugo Selig, 1864-1882, Pioneer Montrose (Town)	1-4
" 2	Facts Concerning the Life of Miriam White Gravestock Loper	5
" 3	Facts about Emily Sudbury Hartman, 1859, Pioneer-	6-8
" 4	Joe T. Faussane, 1879, Pioneer	9
" 5	Lives of Byron and Ida May Kile Hamilton, 1843 -	10-13
" 6	Everett Hooker Miles, 50 Years on One Ranch	14
" 7	Lewis Emerson Ross, Homesteader, 1881	15-16
" 8	John F. Roper and the Navajoes, 1887	17-19
" 9	Wm. Geo. Haney, Ouray, 1881	20
" 10	Charles Leighton McKinley, 1882	21-24
" 11	Wm. Primrose McMinn, 1852-1873	25
" 12	Geo. Rhodes Hurlburt, Surveyor at 87 years - 1847-1871	26-27
" 13	Facts Concerning the Life of David Paplin Long	28
" 14	Frank Barnett Hockley, 1860-1881	29
" 15	Life of Rose Annetta Reed Israel, 1884-1891	30
" 16	Bessie Stevens Cogar Mills, 1860-1877	31-33
" 17	Wildie Roy Andrew, 1878-1882	34-35
" 18	Chauncey Eugene Mills, 1871	36-37
" 19	Seymour Woodruff, 1873-1868	38-39
" 20	Harry Vorhees Monell, 1881	40-43
" 21	Montrose (Town) 1882	44-47
" 22	James A. Beatty ("Doc") 1854	48-50
" 23	James Francis Walsh, Prospector, 1848	51
" 24	James Sherman Osborn, 1864	52-53
" 25	Edward A. Krisher, Pioneer Mining Man, 1860	54-55
" 26	Sarah Randall Jarvis Orvis, 1876	56-62
" 27	Samuel S. Boucher, 1859-1879	63-65
" 28	Barnett Birch Slick, 1867	66-68
" 29	William and Enoch John Shepherd, 1863	69-72
" 30	Bert Albin, 1867-1888	73-74
" 31	Louis and Josephine Noel Fournier, 1865-1885	75-76
" 32	Mary Conley Hastings Matlock, 1842	77-79
" 33	Cora Culver McClure, 1867	80
" 34	Autobiography John B. Morgan, 1858,	81-87
" 35	James Henry Hill, 1873	88-90
" 36	Robert Lee Smith, Pioneer in Water Dept. Montrose, Colorado, 1867	91-93
" 37	James David Donnelly, 1879	94-96
" 38	Judge Gray, Silverton, Colorado, 1883	97-100
" 39	Biography of Henry Charles Fink and Ida Lutes Fink, 1863-1866	101-103
" 40	Una Belle Alderson Thompson	104-105
" 41	Turley Alfred (Micky) Hampton, Hunter and Trapper, 1879	106-108
" 42	John Edwin Ballew, 1867	109-110
" 43	Frank Warmond England, Pioneer, 1859	111-112
" 44	Joe Felton, Pioneer Civil Engineer, 1857	113-114
" 45	Where is Chief Ouray Buried	115-117

INDEX

Doc. 46	Edward Calvin Dunlap, 1867-1870	118-121
" 47	Daniel Morrison Kelley, 1865-1879	122
" 48	Charles Arthur Mendenhall, 1870	123-124
" 49	Dominick Faussonne, 1865	125-127
" 50	Luther Cassell Kinikin, 1866	128
" 51	Samuel Cramer, Civil War Veteran, 1847	129-131
" 52	Charles Henry Fosdick, 1880	132-133
" 53	J. W. Topliss, 1890	134
" 54	Herman Leroy Darling, Pioneer Lumberman	135-136
" 55	Wm. Adolph Neugart, Uncompahgre Valley 50 Years	137
" 56	Frank Wheatan Clarke, 1861	138
" 57	James Ivey Lick, 1890	139
" 58	Geo. Washington Robuck, 2-18-1855	140
" 59	Eugene Louis McGregor, 1889	141
" 60	Jay J. Ross, 1858-1864	142-146
" 61	William Orson Cairns, 1884, (1873)	147
" 62	Burell Emerson Hitchcock, 1878-1884	148
" 63	Charles F. Huntsman, 1876	149-150
" 64	Robert McKeen Ornsby, 1868	151-153
" 65	Jacob H. (Jake) Hafer, 1860	154-156
" 66	Margaret Topliss Lupher, 1876-1882	157-158
" 67	Harry Mack Lupher, 1879-1882	159-161
" 68	Hartman Brothers, Flavins Josephus, Edward Randolph and Sidney Carlton	162-164
" 69	Clarence Putnam Foster, 1874	165-170
" 70	John William McCaw, 1855	171-172
" 71	Thos. Harris Dougherty, 1848-1869	173
" 72	Rosa Belle Lines, 1868	174-178
" 73	Joseph Henry Meyer, 1880	179
" 74	Walter Marion Wittmeyer, 1876-1902	180-181
" 75	John William Root Cap, 1864-1882	182-185
" 76	Richard Collin, 1873	186-188
" 77	Thos. Geo. Chittick, 1889	189-192
" 78	Asbury Armlin, 1877	193-194
" 79	Thos. Michael McKee, 1887	195-198 -
" 80	Wm. Marriott Mabry and Marie Green Mabry, 1834,	199-200
" 81	Wilbur Toothaker, 1847	201-202
" 82	Grave of Beckwith, First White Man Killed in Uncompahgre Valley	203
" 83	Elbert Lewis Hayes, 1852	204-206
" 84	Martin Faussonne, 1867	207-208
" 85	Miles Washington Cornett, 1882	209-210
" 86	John Foster Wilson, Sr. and Jr., 1881	211-212
" 87	Diehl Family, Pioneers, 1847	213-216
" 88	Rosa Hotchkiss Osborn McCoy, 1866	217-220
" 89	March Addington Family, 1869	221-222
" 90	Joseph Robideau, 1837	223

INDEX

		<u>3.</u> <u>Page</u>
Doc.	91 Calloway Family, 1880	224-225
"	92 Jacob Alexander Lawson, 1859-1886	226-227
"	93 J. V. Lathrop, 1855-1872	228
"	94 Addison Josiah Baxter, 1871	229-230
"	95 Thos. John McKelvey, 1870	231-232
"	96 Story of Young Jackson	233-234
"	97 Charles Alviras Heath, 1851	235-236
"	98 Lyman Beecher Harsh, 1859,	237-238
"	99 Loyd Hillyer, Pioneer Band Instructor, Montrose, 1896	239-240
"	100 Uncompahgre Forest	241-243
"	101 Early Roads of Uncompahgre Valley, 1875	244-245
"	102 Early Sawmills in Uncompahgre, 1884,	246-247
"	103 Early Spanish Explorations in Western Colorado	248-251
"	104 Pioneers of Cattle Industry of Western Colorado, 1875	252-256
"	105 Christian Evans Willerup, Pioneer, 1846	257-258
"	106 Louisa Boaz Bryant, 1858	259-260
"	107 Virdie L. Hotchkiss, 1867	261-262
"	108 Ernest A. Hale, 1880	263-264
"	109 Peter Hiebler, 1884	265
"	110 Jesse and Jim O'Neill - Early 1800s	266-267
"	111 Edmond Andrew Lee	268-269
"	112 Henry W. Kelly, 1841	270
"	113 Thos. Herron, 1848-1875	271
"	114 W. D. Jay, 1876	272-273
"	115 Charles and Johanna Kittleson, 1857	274-275
"	116 Frank L. Wilson, 1872	276-277
"	117 Archer Royce Dodge, 1867	278-280
"	118 Fayette Herman Posey, 1865	281-284
"	119 S. S. Sherman, Pioneer Lawyer, 1632-1852	285-288
"	120 Charles H. Thompson, 1859	289-290
"	121 Aylmer F. Reeves, 1878	291-293
"	122 Samuel Vickers Topliss, 1880	294-295
"	123 Geo. Heavrin, 1874	296-297
"	124 P. N. Dahl, 1857	298-299
"	125 Hotchkiss Family, 1874	300-301
"	126 Amos Augustine Frost, 1865	302-308
"	127 Jack Scates, 1873	309
"	128 Mrs. Louis Meyers, 1880	310
"	129 Judge Jno. Gray and his Writings	311-313
"	130 Amos Albert - Pioneer	314
"	131 Lucy Sampson - Pioneer	315
"	132 F. W. Boot, Montrose	316
"	133 M. A. Hillis - Pioneer	317
"	134 W. H. Nelson - Pioneer	318
"	135 J. E. Hestwood, Ouray Pioneer	319
"	136 Pioneer Days, by S. B. Lupper	320

INDEX

4.

		Page	
Doc.	137	Pioneer Days, by J. L. Akkinson	321
"	138	History Montrose M. E. Church	322-325
"	139	S. H. Schildt, Pioneer	326
"	140	Items from Old Paper	327
"	141	Joseph Selig, Founder of Montrose	328-329
"	142	J. M. Donald, Pioneer	330
"	143	Grand Canon, by H. R. Elliott	331-332

GRADUATION PROGRAMS with Doc. 4 -
are in Envelope - Back Cover.

50 PICTURES sent from this pamphlet to
PICTURE FILES - Room 318.

A. H. Mours
FROST, GUS A., APRIL 16, 1934. *Dole 357 126* *Par 102*

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 Indians 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'Niell 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.

The D. & R.G. railroad was building South from Denver, and in 1871, before he was twenty-one years old, Mr. Frost went up to the Ute Pass Country and located some timber lands. He held on to these, despite his youth, and ~~kept~~ carried on logging operations, marketing nearly all the lumber in Colorado Springs. After four years at this work, he started for California, stopping in Nevada, where he put in a season in the Mines at Virginia City.

From Nevada, Frost went to the Sacramento valley, in California, where he worked on a wheat ranch near Marysville for two years. He had saved considerable money by this time and, with an old man and his son, leased two hundred acres of delta land near the convergance of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, Frost putting up the money and the other two furnishing the equipment. They worked hard setting out a good crop of potatoes, tomatoes and other vegetables, and when, the time for marketing the crop in San Francisco was only two weeks off, heavy rains in the high Sierras, caused the river to rise and overflow their land. The early placer workings along the river had helped to dam up the main channel so that the water flowed about eight feet over their entire crop.

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~~ 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.E. 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, ~~and~~ 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 Uncompangre 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 Bacaville, California, and returned to Colorado, stopping for a two weeks visit with his parents in Colorado Springs. Ed Frost, a brother of Gus,

5

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 ~~we~~ 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 ~~Seventh~~^{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.E. 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.G. 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 \$1800.

They had all been living at the Frost Ranch but during the summer of 1882, 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 ~~until 1883~~ ^{and also} ~~when~~ he 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,, Gunnsion, 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 Ouray Mine in Poughkeepsie Gulch. He was also a boss, in charge of three hundred men at the Liberty Bell in ^{the} 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 Mesa 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~~ 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'Rourke, 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.

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

Dated April 16, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

SCATES, JACK, MARCH 24, 1934.

A. W. Monroe

*Doc 357
127*

Page 35

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 ^{Utes} 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 Colona.

J. M. Scates

Dated March 25, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

A. W. Monroe Vol 128
 MEYERS, MRS. LOUIS, MARCH 23, 1934

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF BESSIE ALLEN BICKFORD MEYERS.

Bessie Allen Bickford Meyers was born in Tepolarita, New Mexico, and when she was five weeks old her parents came into Colorado by ox team. She was born on April 25, 1880 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 1882.

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. ^{Meyers} ~~Bickford~~ 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. Bickford, and to them four children were born. These are: Allen, Clarence and Morris and Mrs. Heman Getty of Montrose. Mr. Bickford 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. Bickford was later married to Louis Meyers and they have one daughter, Miss Phyllis, who was born in the old Chief Ourey adobe house on January 20th 1918, 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 B Meyers

Dated March 23, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

Arthur W. Manroe

Doc 357
129

311

JUDGE JOHN GRAY CELEBRATES 88TH BIRTHDAY IN GOOD HEALTH AFTER ACTIVE LIFE AND PIONEERING EXPERIENCES ON SLOPE; REMINISCENCES ON THE PAST

1929

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 shade 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 imperial brow, and striking face of intellectual brilliance, yet generous and kind, was indelibly traced 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 a discipline to mental activity and manly endurance, and three years in an academy, I entered law school at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., graduating in 1859.

"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 Mississippi 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 Croesus would not tempt me to another such fool exploit.

"At St. Joe, I was told that Troy, county seat of Tpniphan county, was a good place for a young sprig. 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. Ege. 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 privilege 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; and the other to give the conditions of an estate in courtesy. 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 Sumpter fell, precursing the bloodiest Civil 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

of General Pike. In '64 the militia was mustered into U. S. service to assist in repelling the army of invasion under Confederate General Price.

"With varying fortune, I was prosperous while in Kansas. A victim of nervous headaches, I was advised to try the altitude of the Rockies. So, taking advantage of the mining boom, I came to Silverton in the spring of 1883—formed a partnership with C. M. Frazier, immediately acquiring an extensive practice. I brought what, in that day, was considered quite a fortune, but it, together with the proceeds of an active practice, was sunk in the hazards of green-horn mining speculations. I settled in Montrose county in 1887 with just \$260, four horses and wagons; took an office in a dilapidated adobe structure, for which James McClure, the owner, charged nothing. The second day of its opening I received a fee for defending a horsethief. From that time fortune has been kind to me. With good health—a fairly clear conscience, and a sense of public regard, all of which I enjoy, is a source of mental and spiritual tranquillity. That there is a Supreme Intelligence, imbued with purpose, all Nature cries aloud—I am content for the purpose assigned."

The judge is too modest in his autobiography. He does not tell how he served as district attorney for three years in this district beginning in 1891, when Judge John C. Bell was judge and there was lots of business in court. Creede, a city of 15,000, was then in this district. Lake City, Silverton, Ouray and Telluride were boom towns. Judge Gray tells how they tried two men from Creede for murder "after supper" in Lake City one night. Judge Gray has taken part in the trials of some 25 especially notable murder cases, either as prosecuting attorney or defending attorney.

Judge Gray also served as mayor, county and city attorney of Montrose. In fact, he held three offices at once, district attorney, county and city attorney.

He has been a member of the Masons for 35 years. He still has in his possession the commission given him in 1864 by Governor Thomas Carney of Kansas, appointing him first lieutenant and aide de camp on the staff of General Drake in the state militia. Judge Gray today possesses good health and a keen intellect for a man of his years.

The following penned by Judge Gray on his 86th birthday, two years ago, March 13, 1927, to a personal friend, is of interest now as he contemplated then, the Grim Reaper, and penned his obsequies. Judge Gray then wrote as follows to his friend:

"Do not for a moment imagine that I contemplate at this time a precipitous departure from the fond associations and scenes, rich with the spoils of nature, where you and I have pulled together in the yoke of friendship in the stirring events of the past years. But you will remember that we have had about the final dissolution of this mortal shell when at to take its chamber in the at halls of death.

On this 86th birthday, finding me in contemplation of this edict of divine wisdom in the construction of nature's rule of action, reveries too numerous to mention; but bent for the present—our concerns relative to the last rites of the dead.

My desire that you take charge of the ceremony, and, so far as consistent with the feelings of my family and friends, it is my wish that all may be done in connection with the disposition of my remains

be of the most simple character. Aside from the Masonic ritual, ministerial offices would not be appropriate, because, having no faith in any of the dogmas of religious sects, I wish to be honest before God and man.

The coffin should be inexpensive. Examples should not be set that stimulate the poor, for invidious comparison, to sell a cow.

Prayers for the dead I regard as idle vapor, and detractive of the dignity and beauty of rational orison. I waive all right to their beneficence. I believe in prayers for the living to the extent of the invoker answering his own invocations. If one prays to be good, his inclination will speed the desire, like the archer's arrow. Intercession from on High is unnecessary.

I would have no fulsome panegyric; my faults and virtues, for the meanest have some virtue, are familiar to the people among whom I have associated more than 40 years, and need no extenuation of speech.

Other than perhaps a modest vase of lilies, symbolic of life, I would have no floral decorations. In the language of the poet:

"The lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief,

We are as they,
As doth the leaf."

Many of my staunch friends are among the poor, and should not be humiliated by a discrepancy between their tribute and that of the more fortunate.

I would eliminate singing. It only adds to the gloom of the occasion, and is depressing to the mourner.

Expensive and elaborate funerals are a relic of superstition. Graveyards are built upon the dogmas of a resurrection. They are a blot upon the landscape of the country—a discord in the harmonies of Nature; their proximity to earthly abodes to be avoided as unsightly and unsanitary. Their effluvia percolates to distant wells and springs. As my body may be interred in one of these, raise no monument to perpetuate my name. The Sexton's record will designate my domain.

"Gravestones tell truth scarce 40 years—
Guiled tombs do worms enfold"

as has been wisely said.

I hope that I may escape the time-worn, mechanical resolutions of condolence. Please, friends—leave them out, and if we meet on the Golden Boulevard, I will thank you.

If remarks at such obsequies should be desired, with little reference to the dead, an instructive talk on the conduct of life, and the intellectual phases of religion might be appropriate.

That great man, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his "Conduct of Life," said: "The race of mankind have always offered, at least this implied thanks, for the gift of existence, namely: The terror of its being taken away—the insatiable curiosity and appetite for its continuance. The whole revelation that is vouches us is the gentle trust which, in our experience we find will cover, also, with flowers, the slopes of this chasm."

Of immortality, the soul, when well employed, is unconscious. It asks no questions of the Supreme Power. Immortality is a doctrine too great to rest on any legend. What is called religion effeminates and demoralizes.

The religion which is to guide and fulfill the present, and coming ages, whatever else it be, must be intellectual. The scientific mind must have a Faith which is sincere. There will be a new Church, founded on moral science—at first cold and naked—a babe in a manger again—the algebra and mathematics of ethical law—the church of men to come without shams or psalters, or sackbut; but it will have Heaven and Earth for its beams, and rafters—science for symbol and illustration. It will fast enough gather beauty, music, poetry. Was never stoicism so stern and exigent?

Of my early professional contemporaries, Mr. Selig, then a young man, is the only active survivor at our local bar. The Hon. John C. Bell has joined the knights of the clod, where his poetical tastes find food for inspiration in nature's genial glow, sleeps in the shades and in dreams is by angels entertained. Catlin is in the constant pursuit of the Utopian prospects among the golden sands of the Pacific. Sherman is sequestered beyond the veil of want in well-earned leisure. Twitchell, the Mecca of the law, and Gowdy, the eloquent advocate, long since, as partners, became prominent in the state metropolis.

Judges Gerry, Gabbert and Black have stepped down from the bench, by them most highly honored, to "join that innumerable caravan in the silent halls of death," and no less just was Judge Theron Stevens who, now, is said to be a helpless victim of a fatal malady and is a citizen of San Diego, Calif.

The Honorable Sprigg Shackelford, late on the bench of this judicial district, and who falls from the commonwealth of great men, and famous horses, has for 40 years past on Gunnison Heights, ably sustained the proud reputation of the actors of the Blue Grass State, and is now a beloved and honored citizen of Gunnison county.

The Honorable H. M. Hogg, an able lawyer, ex-M. C., a loyal friend and in conversation, a wit, quick as a grayhound's mouth, is now a picturesque constituent of the artistic city which, in symmetrical line, underscores the famous Pikes Peak.

And then there was Samuel Barker of long ago, a phenomenal liar in innocent parlance, disappeared like a shooting star, and almost forgotten years ago, supposed, like Enoch of old, to be translated into the Kingdom of Glory with boots on.

Scarcely a baker's dozen of the brave hearts who first faced a wilderness of sagebrush and the fresh trail of the banished wild men are here today. These far-sighted adventurers, with their keen perceptive, saw the possibilities, due to this harmonious combination of mountain, river and plain, and had visions of the Eldorado which it now is. Some of these early optimists are here, to pluck a flower where the sage was indigent; and to eat of the golden fruit where the cactus and wild cherry flourished. The old log cabins, whose blazing fireplaces gave warm welcome to neighbor and prospector, have given way to modern architecture of spacious and elegant homes. School houses, equipped with facilities for every educational department, have risen at every cross-roads.

The ravishing streams that fall upon amorous soil as they rise from the voluptuous swells of the copious bosom of these immortal hills, meet with response in beauty, fragrance and utility, unsurpassed in Utopian dream. To live here is ecstasy—to be torn away, as is inevitable—a catastrophe.

In an early day of my life I espoused Montrose as my bride with my hopes as my children. She has been indulgent—her kindness has been an inspiration. My hopes have been crowned with plenty, and I believe a fair quantum of public esteem.

Lamenting the departure from life those who did so much with cherished hopes, for that they are not here to enjoy; yet their memory is precious—the proud desire of the worthy.

"Where is the heart that doth not keep

Within its utmost core,
Some fond remembrance hidden deep,
Of days that are no more."

Just as I finished the above last line, a citizen from the country came in—slapped me on the shoulder—and said: "I hope, Gray, you will live a hundred years. Your face would be missed around here."

Such expressions as that go to the heart.

Writings of John Gray
#2

1931

T

THE WESTERN SLOPE DEMOCRAT

Published every Thursday at Montrose, Colorado, "The City of Certain'y"
C. C. LOUGHERY Owner and Publisher
JUDGE JOHN GRAY Managing Editor

Entered in the Postoffice in Montrose, Colorado, as Second Class Matter
Subscription Rates, \$2.00 per year; six months \$1.00

Notwithstanding a crowded auditorium we secured a seat at the closing 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 valdictory. 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 thruout 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 transcendant importance as this contemplated arrear and we shall give it space in our next by special requests.

We spoke in our 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 homogenius people inheriting their manners and characteristics from merely the same fountain head sympathetic in mutal 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 tongués and sectional interest, 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 notably true as to matrimonial ties.

A striking instance of this incongruity was where the founder of Gerade College, in Philidelphia, 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 isolated exception the Star Spangled Banner, 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 which 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 consolation to inhale their putrid breaths 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 juridical 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?

Published every Thursday at Montrose, Colorado,
"The City of Certainty."

JUDGE JOHN GRAY, Managing Editor

C. C. LOUGHERY, Owner and Publisher

Entered at the Postoffice in Montrose, Colorado, as Sec-
ond Class Matter.

Subscription Rates, \$2.00 per year; six months \$1.00.

COUNTING BALLOTS

They have finally found a use for the caucus room in the Senate office building. This handsomely appointed chamber was originally intended to hear arguments of party leaders in confab, but acoustics are so poor it was never put to that use. Now it is the scene of the counting of ballots in the contested Bankhead-Heflin election. And what a job it is!

With the exception of some ballots unintentionally destroyed, every ballot in Alabama has been impounded—some 2,000 precincts—and all registration books, etc. The sheriffs and other officials mailed the ballots here in tin and wooden boxes and in mail sacks. These are piled deep around the floor as to counties. Uncle Sam pays the bill, of course. This one item amounts to thousands of dollars. Deputy Sergeant at Arms John J. McCrain hasn't seen so many ballot boxes since the time former Secretary of Labor Wilson questioned the Pennsylvania vote. In that contest the ballots of only six counties were brought here (the others being counted at the scene) but the Keystone state is so densely populated that the boxes sent here made the Senate office building basement look like the storage department of the Byrd camp in Little America. At that time three or four policemen guarded the ballot boxes day and night.

In the caucus room this is not necessary. That room has three doors, but two are always kept locked and the one and only key for all three is in the custody of the Senate sergeant at arms. Twelve or 15 men will do the recounting under watchers and tellers representative of both parties, just as at a regular election. Disputed ballots will be referred to committee. General supervision is by the Senate committee on privileges and elections of which Senator Shortridge of California is chairman but direct charge is by a sub-committee composed of Senators Hastings, Moses and Watson for the Republicans, and George and Bratton for the Democrats.

Though passing on disputed ballots is no new thing as far as the Senate is concerned, it has only been within the past dozen years that the ballots have been brought to Washington. The first time was in the Newberry contest in Michigan. Subsequently this was done for Mayfield of Texas and Brookhart of Iowa. If contests in the last election in North Carolina and Minnesota are pushed it may also be done in those cases.

The beauty of it is that the losers are always compensated for their trouble. This is one of the traditional "courtesies" of the Senate. Though Wilson lost his Pennsylvania battle he was furnished with a room and clerks in the Senate office building and hired the best counsel obtainable, all out of the Senate contingent fund. Likewise, Heflin is granted similar privileges during his fight, even though it, according to the consensus of opinion on "the Hill," was lost before it even started.—Pathfinder.

AT
Sec-
.00.
t in
deep
per.
pa-
but
of
in
en-
dis-
the
the
les
en-
he
lic
ot
d-
ne
s:
n
n
n
e
t

WESTERN SLOPE DEMOCRAT

Published every Thursday at Montrose, Colorado,
"The City of Certainty."

C. C. LOUGHERY, Owner and Publisher

JUDGE JOHN GRAY, Managing Editor

Entered at the Postoffice in Montrose, Colorado, as Second Class Matter.

Subscription Rates, \$2.00 per year; six months \$1.00.

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 capitol 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 foot steps 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 Kinkin of the present methods of dealing with criminals, contribute din the last weeks 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 90th birthday, celebrated with a dinner at his home the evening of March 14, one of the topics of conversation was a speech delivered by the Judge some 30 odd years ago at a Western Slope Congress held at Ouray at which time many state notables were present, among them was President Jeffers of the D. & R. G. W. The Judge's recollections of that speech were so delightful that he was requested by a Daily Press representative who was among the guests, to copy it from his scrap book and give it to

The Daily Press that others might enjoy the speech which added to Judge Gray's state wide reputation for flights of oratory, fantasy, eloquence, and sheer wit. In compliance with his promise Judge Gray has handed in a copy of his speech, with 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 distinguished from the Eastern slope, each county being entitled to delegates ap-

pointed by the board of commissioners.

Each county was expected to designate some one of the delegates to prepare a paper upon the resources and advantages of his county. Mr. Upton, an experienced horticulturist and farmer, was so named from Montrose, but he failed to appear at the Ouray meeting of the congress. Nearly all the other counties were liberally represented with papers, carefully prepared and given to the secretary for reading.

The Montrose delegation insisted upon me making the report. So with one hour for preparation, and without notes, I ascended the platform. The president met me, asked me for my paper. I said I had none, that I couldn't write, but would have to talk it off. So I buttoned up my Prince Albert and delivered the following:

Mr. President and fellow congressmen—

Just why this duty was imposed upon me as expert (notoriously not) upon horticulture and agriculture is something of a query, and I confess that I am taken at the rate of ten fold ratio, even before the fruits and alfalfa which form the superstructure of my theme have had time for mental effervescence.

Perhaps, in the absence of the person expected to fill this position, it might have been thought that for want of figures, data and statistics, an ideal picture might be the best resort.

The great difficulty in ideal pictures is that our conceptions of excellence depend upon our early education, surroundings and impressions.

Once I saw a portrait of the Holy Mother, executed by a German artist, and for all the world, it was apparent that on the plains of Gallilee the most royal and prolific crop was that species of vegetation from which sour-kraut is manufactured. Again I saw a painting of the Saviour by a recent convert from the Esquimau tribe of Indians. It had the legs of a man, the body of a mountain lion, and the head of a Comanche chief, feathered for war.

Now, gentlemen if my portraiture should not be in harmony with the conception of the utilitary minds of this assembly it may be attributed to early scenes and surroundings.

When I tell you that the early settlers and homesteaders of the valley, finding lumber and building materials scarce and expensive had only to raise a potato, excavate from its ample dimensions a cabin that the U. S. land office has held to be not only a valuable permanent improvement but, indeed, a delightful place of abode; when I tell you that our alfalfa grows so tall that it blossoms above the clouds and the honey bees are compelled to swarm in the heavens; when I tell you that in the fall of the year, before early frost, when the dews are soft and delicious, and the air gentle and balmy, the Naiads desert their celestial fountains of perfume to regale themselves amid the ample shades of our orchards whose fruits the gods delight in,—you can form some conception of the marvelous fertilizer which the ages have deposited in the alkali that underscores these towering peaks.

The success of our valley in horticulture and agriculture in the past has been largely dependent upon the bond of sympathy which Nature has established between the evergreen foothills and these jewel-crowned summits.

Ouray, gilded by the reflections of the sparkling rocks which encircle its brow in the various shades of precious metals; yet borrows its sweetness and its perfume from the alfalfa blossoms of the Grand and Uncompahgre, while the early beams of morning, whose golden colors sport lasciviously in the virgin soil, and grow in splendor as they cross the azure vaults to develop in brightest gleams as they gild the western hills, are not more welcome than the diamond sprays that fall upon enamoured fields as they rise from the voluptuous swells of the immortal bosom of these towering peaks which pierce the atmosphere of eternal snow.

At this point, in a footnote, the orator was still in the air, evidently for loftier heights, but the excitement and applause was so

intense that he vanished from the platform.

In commenting on the speech Judge Gray says, "The comments of the reporter from the Denver News have become detached and lost. He gave quite a detailed description of my dress, style of address, etc. During the speech he and the stenographer were sitting on the left, Judge Bell and Judge Story were sitting close to the stage. For the first few opening remarks they looked very sober, but as I proceeded they began to smile up, and nearly fell over backwards. I saw the stenographer throw up his pencil, and bats flying in the air. If any of my forensic efforts are worth mentioning those made under

pressure of the moment are the best. Man fights the hardest when he cannot get away.

The speech was in answer to remarks of President Jeffers of the D. & R. G. W.

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

All down the many years since the speech was delivered it has remained a pleasant memory for those privileged to listen to it, and one seldom hears the name of Judge Gray mentioned among old friends without someone bringing up this speech and the commotion it caused.

Judge Gray delivered many speeches over the state which made an impression, but for the qualities which are distinctly and uniquely his, which he never delivered a address that was so entirely characteristic of him as the one quoted in these columns, and perhaps that is why it is the one best remembered by his contemporaries.

RECKLESS DRIVER GETS

H
ye
at

Arthur W. Monroe
130

Doc 357
130

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. Lukes 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 Saltillo, 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 inducting him into that order. He was a member for nearly 56 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 Olathe. 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 Colona, living in a small cabin opposite the Colona 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 Montrose Funeral home. An-

Arthur W. Monroe

Doc 357
131

315

MRS. LUCY SAMPSON PASSES AWAY AT HER HOME THURSDAY EVENING; WAS ONE OF PIONEER CITIZENS HERE

#7-

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 80 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 1886 at Mount Union she was married to William Sampson, who had been living here for five years and who brought his bride at once to Montrose where they resided 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. Tho practically an invalid she enjoyed greatly her new home and spared no expense in having the grounds made beautiful and the place kept up in perfect order.

Mr. Sampson passed away August 26, 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. Decker 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. P. D. Norvell, pastor, and Rev. G. S. 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 this community. Mrs. Sampson did her part as a younger woman in this vicinity and all of her life here she enjoyed the respect and esteem of a very large circle of friends. She and her husband were of the substantial type and both left behind them an unsullied 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.

Arthur W. Monroe Doc. 357
132

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 cattleman, 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 1926.

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 E. Boot, and another daughter, Mrs. Beall Hart, all of Denver; a brother, Albert J. Boot, and three sisters, Mrs. James H. Hezmalhalch and Mrs. Elizabeth Gammon of Denver, and Mrs. William Scoville 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.

Arthur M. Hillis

M. A. Hillis Dies At Oak Grove Home; Pioneer Resident

Doc 367

317

M. A. Hillis, prominent resident of the Oak Grove region passed away Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Hillis was born Nov. 16, 1850, 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 Maloney were married December 4, 1883, at Howard, Kansas, and celebrated their golden wedding the first of last month.

For about 13 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 Washington 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 arrived 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, Washington and various parts of California. To this union seven children were born, six boys and one girl. One boy passed away in infancy and another met a tragic death, having been struck by lightning. The living children are, Elbert L. Hillis of Seattle, Washington; Francis M. Hillis of Maywood, California; John M. Hillis of Princeton, California; Mrs. Wesley Frasier 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 Hostetter, all of Howard, Kans.

Mr. Hillis was a great home man and always had a great love for children. In young manhood in Kansas he was leader of singing in singing schools. During his residence in the Oak Park section he always took an active part in the development of the community until the past year or so when his health caused 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 are saddened by his passing.

Funeral services will be arranged when his children arrive. The remains are at the Home Mortuary.

Arthur H. M...

*Doc. 357
1314*

W. H. NELSON

W. H. Nelson, beloved Norwood resident, was born Nov. 25, 1850, in Virginia. He came to southern Kansas in 1869. Filled 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 flume 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 on 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 Parlin, near Gunnison. In 1880, he drove his cattle to west Montrose county, locating on lower Naturita, 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 1883 and later again in 1892. Served in the state legislature in 1931 and 1932. 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, 1885, 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 his 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.

Arthur W. Monroe

Doc. 357

135

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, "Asleep 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. Galliher. 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 master mechanic at various mines including the Virginus, Revenue, Wedge, Bachelor and Barstow. He was married in 1899 to Miss Clara B. Pandiver of Ouray.

He was employed as 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 B. Hestwood and three daughters, Miss Rena 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:

While 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 way 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 Frees, Osborn and Jones. Where the First National bank is Barney Wolf had a store. Where the Pence store is, was the Buddecke and Diehl stores; 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 shack where they held their 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 Irvan.

I stayed with my brothers on the ground where the Elks building now stands. I took tonsilitis 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 Ironton 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 didnt go near the school board but worked for Buddecke and Diehl 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 towns 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 Pence'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 cant 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 saloons 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 cigaret 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. Ill bet you cant 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 havent 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 Bobin Nickell once.

Well, it is now 8 oclock; that is about my bed time.

Hoping you are behaving yourself, I am

Resp. yours,
S. B. L.

Arthur W. M... ..

Rec 357
136

Arthur W. Mumme

Doc 357
137

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

Joseph L. Atkinson read a short paper on pioneer days here before the Women's Council Monday night, augmenting it with interesting remarks about the pioneers. The paper as prepared follows but it is considerably embellished with interesting comments throughout.

The discovery of the early sixties and settlement coming to the Uncompahgre and Western Colorado came to a section of our State old and rich in history, but new in its development.

Much credit should be given to the men and women who undauntedly faced the tomahawks and bullets of the bravest tribe of all the redmen—the Utes, and in addition were intrepid in meeting the many barriers they were required to surmount in order to reach this, the real "Paradise Vista" of the West.

In the year 1540, eighty years before the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth, Coronado's expedition in its quest for gold had crossed the southwestern portion of Montrose county, and later and on August 5, 1776, one month after the Declaration of Independence was signed, Padre Francisco Silvestre Nadez Escalante, a Spanish explorer, started from Santa Fe for the purpose of establishing a trail to the Spanish missions in California. In crossing he named many streams and localities which names are still retained. The Uncompahgre river he called Rio Francisco. There is a small stream about 35 miles west of Montrose, a tributary of the Gunnison, known as Rio Escalante. Escalante and party are said to have crossed the Gunnison near the mouth of the North Fork.

A number of French explorers are said to have 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 omitted, owing to lack of time.

According to William Chapman in his "Story of Colorado" in 1860 upon the report of a discovery of gold, a prospector named Baker and his companions were the first gold miners to enter the "Silver" San Juan country, but were soon driven out by the treacherous and troublesome Utes. He then a large company of prospectors came and located the richest and here laid out a town which they called Animas City. The country was very rich, but having no

supplies and finding little placer gold, many tried to find a short way home across the steep mountains, where many died in the deep snow. Others were killed by Indians. Baker made his way out, but later died while trying to explore the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Baker Park, in which is situated the beautiful town of Silverton, is named for this brave but unsuccessful prospector.

A year later a party of Colorado prospectors made rich gold discoveries near Baker Park. Other discoveries of gold and silver followed, and soon the district was the scene of a rush of prospectors. Here trouble with the Indians arose, exactly as such trouble had arisen in other parts of the west. The Utes owned the San Juan country, by right of the treaty of 1868. The government joined the Indians in ordering the miners out. The miners refused to go and twice troops were sent to make them obey. But there was such a protest that the miners were allowed to stay, and finally the government made another treaty with the Utes, by which the Indians gave up their rights to this rich mining country. Rich gold discoveries were made, but the vast deposits of silver at first attracted the greater amount of attention. Silverton and other camps became flourishing towns, in spite of the great difficulty of getting supplies into this mountainous country and of transferring the ores from mine to smelter.

x x x

In 1875, Ouray, "The Gem of the Rockies" was founded. During the same year, Telluride and Lake City were located and some great mines were developed.

Subsequent to the treaty made after 1868, in which the Indians relinquished their rights to the mining country, the first permanent settlement of the Uncompahgre valley was made at Ouray and in the Dallas Park.

No settlement having been made in this part of the valley until after the removal of the Utes in the fall of 1881.

Among some of the fortunate squatters on the rich river bottom lands were: H. M. Stark, Herman Volkman, Oscar M. Rose, John C. Frees, L. E. Ross, Jay J. Ross, Gus Frost, William Zillmer, Joe R. Brown, Wm. and Robert Sampson, Evans Willerup, Harry Wilson, Pres Hatch, Fiss, Paul Grehr, Evok Shepherd, A. S. Lee, and many, many others whose names I do not recall at this time. Later the mesa lands were filed on by other pioneers.

It is impossible in the time allotted to me to satisfactorily describe our remarkably pleasant and beautiful climate, the slight range of temperature and its dry and pure air; cloudy and foggy weather is practically unknown. snow seldom remains save on the mountains over 24 hours. Tourists unite with us in praising the pure air, clear sky and magnificent scenery.

Arthur W. Monroe Doc. 357

HISTORY MONTROSE M. E. CHURCH

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 sent in by 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 recorded 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. Erena Parker, 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 Buddecke 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 Uncompahgre 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 Ouray charges. 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 1888, when he built the brick church, corner of North First and Cascade. While lathing the church Rev. Osborn had the misfortune to fall from the scaffolding and break one of his legs. During his pastorate a very successful revival was held in the old frame court house on Main street. Conference minutes report two churches, probably Delta and Montrose, valued at \$900.00, in 1885. In 1887 the valuation of the new church appears at \$6,500. A memorial window above the pulpit bore the names of Mr. and Mrs. John Young. This window was broken while being moved to the new church building.

Deeble, who was an ordained minister. He was later elected county treasurer of Montrose county; Grandpa Howe, as he was known, was class leader, and when there was a lull in the meeting would break forth into song with "Happy Day, Happy on the Way," etc. Mrs. Erena 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, 1895 to 1896 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, 1896-1897 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. Carnine, 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. O. F. Merrill, 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 Halstead, a deaconess from Denver, organized a missionary society but it was continued but a short time. Every one has a hobby and Rev. Merrill's was tithing. Tithing club was organized with good success. On being transferred to Telluride Rev. Merrill 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 all ages in school. The Nestor class was organized by Mrs. Harriette Collins and Mrs. Erena Parker with Mrs. Collins the teacher until her last sickness, March, 1913. Mrs. C. M. Baily at the time of the

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. Frasier 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 41 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, 1894-1895. 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

Nestor class was organized by Mrs. Harriette Collins and Mrs. Erena Parker with Mrs. Collins the teacher until her last sickness, March, 1913. Mrs. C. M. Baily at the time of the organization of this class was primary superintendent, but later joined the class and is the only person in Montrose at this time who then was a member of that class. Miss Marci Anderson organized the O. K. class of young men of high school age. These young men, probably fifty or more in numbers were working in the Epworth league and ushering in church, etc. The old brick church was remodeled and rededicated by Bishop Warren and Chancellor Buchtel. The first Lyceum course in Montrose was put on by the Epworth league and was a big undertaking in this new field. As I remember, the course cost \$150.00 and had three attractions. The following year this was turned over to the young ladies class in Sunday school and after a few years was sponsored by the high school; the teachers in the high school put over the course and were workers in the Sunday school class also.

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, 1909 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. Harriette 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. Stong, father of Dr. Verne Stong, 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 other, I think by reason of the retirement of Brother J. S. 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, altho 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, altho 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. Pinkerton, 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

with the naked eye that it was liable to fall down at any moment.

This meant that we would either have to spend a whole lot of money to repair the old church or start to work on the new one. We chose the latter alternative. In the meantime we moved to the Masonic temple and held services for some time.

Friday, April 27, 1934

Continued 4

HISTORY MONTROSE M. E. CHURCH

(Continued from Thursday)

The committee finally got started on the new church in its present location. We had a great celebration on the day of the ground breaking. Considerable subscriptions were in the nature of donated labor. A number of the members contributed considerable elbow grease with pick and shovel in digging out the excavation.

I remember the committee had quite a discussion on how wide the cement footing for the foundation should be, by reason of the shaky condition of the soil in Montrose. The architect had specified four feet, insisting that to be entirely ample. Fearing that he did not know as much about the treacherousness of Montrose soil, the committee decided to go him one better and made it five feet. If the church has developed no large cracks since that time, they can thank the committee for this precaution.

The cement work was finally completed up to the surface of the ground and that was as far as the work progressed for a year or more, until the people began to say that the Methodists had apparently started something they could not complete. This finally stirred up the membership to taking another try at it. We succeeded in getting an unusually liberal offer from Sanford Heath to furnish the stone for the rest of the foundation, and later got it cut and put into place. Then we put the roof on the foundation, the slanting floor joice in the auditorium providing the needed drainage for a roof. We worshipped in what the people called "a hole in the ground" for the next year or more.

After so long a time we did the brick work on the superstructure. This was during the wartime when labor was very independent, and how the bricklayers did hold us up. We paid them \$10 a day each and all of a sudden they struck for \$11 a day and after somewhat of a heated parley with them we decided to pay them the \$11 rather than to stop the work until after the roof was on for fear of the damage the weather would do to the part of the work already done.

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 send 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 Brennaman 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 Brennaman 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 Redpath 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. Baily, C. I. Moore, J. S. Hill, J. B. Olinger, and the several pastors, Revs. Hole, Coulter and Ketchum. Brother Ketchum used to say when the creditors pressed us for money that the Methodist church is slow pay at times, but she 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 \$5,000, 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 Philalethean Cook book. Dr. E. N. Edgerton 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. Freelan Johnson served as pastor, 1920-1921. As a new undertaking in a new church Rev. Johnson just before his morning sermon would deliver a sermonette for the children. This 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.

Rev. J. H. Ketchum, 1921-1923. 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 Hancher, district superintendent.

Rev. G. E. Pennell 1924-1926. In the church directory compiled by Rev. Pennell there is a list of 390 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. Loyde Hillyer was organist and choir director.

Rev. C. H. Inman, 1926-1928. 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 rededication 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. Gabriel Upton, 1928-1931. 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 Tyree 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 Montrose.

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 Montrose 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)

Arthur W. Monroé Vol. 357
129

~~44~~ S. H. SCHILDT #16

This is the birthday of S. H. Schildt, pioneer resident of Cimarron, born in 1855 at Plattsburg, N. Y. In 1859 the family moved to Mazomanie, Wisconsin, where Stillman 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 Otto 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.

Arthur N. Monroe

Rec 357
110

#16 The Montrose
Copy of Montrose
Paper of 1904 Full
Interesting Things

Copy of a Montrose Weekly Enterprise of May 26, 1904 was brought to Johnson school this week 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 Kansgen, Elsie Tripler, Edith Heath, William Moffitt, Mary Meilon, Jennie Fauber, Prenette 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 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 Sutcliffe offers for sale a 15-gallon foot power churn. Phil Peters was secretary of the Montrose Fair association. David R. Crosby 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 J. H. Halley, president; Ira Monell, secretary. Item says the first officers at organization two years before were John C. Bell, president; F. D. Catlin, secretary.

Ads include Fenlon & Co., jewelers; Chas. G. Getz, druggist; J. V. Lathrop, hardware, featuring top buggies and surreys; I. H. Gibson, real estate; J. C. Frees, grocer; Montrose National bank, which was just succeeding the Western Slope bank, J. W. Tripler, president; John C. Bell, vice president; George O. Gilbert, cashier; J. F. Kyle, C. J. Getz, E. E. Shinn, J. V. Lathrop other directors. A long list of stockholders includes Thos. A. Mostyn, J. F. Wilson, F. P. Turner, H. E. Perkins, J. R. Galloway, A. K. Stevens, John Gray, A. C. Haskill, J. W. Brewster, J. N. McBride, L. W. Galloway, W. A. Doak, P. T. Stevens, William Torrence, James and Jesse O'Neill, R. H. Chapman, William Boot, J. W. Dalrymple, Cora Wilson, F. L. Harris and Al Neale.

Other advertisers, A. M. Reynolds, jeweler; A. F. Reeves, real estate and insurance; A. J. Johnson, physician; Fred W. Heath attorney; John Deebler real estate; H. C. Fink, attorney; R. H. Washburn, dentist; H. H. Meredith, physician; C. E. Gungan, dentist; Callaway Bros., grocers; First National bank, T. B. Townsend, president; C. B. Akard, vice president; E. L. Osborn, cashier; W. A. Thomas and J. C. Frees other directors.

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

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

Here is an item that reads like today in Olathe correspondence: "Why dont the road overseer, who has charge of the road running from Olathe to Montrose, repair the road. The culverts are not easy to get over. A shovelful of dirt is not enough. The road bed should be brought up to a level."

Riverside and Sanitarium correspondent says: "Joe Hartman is over on Coal Creek doing the hammer and nail act." Wonder if that is our Joe.

Government survey crew has been surveying the Gunnison tunnel canal near Olathe.

There is nothing in the paper to indicate who was editor but it probably was G. C. Skinner.

INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT JOSEPH SELIG, FOUNDER OF MONTROSE GIVEN BY NEPHEW AT CLUB MEETING

*Arthur W. Manual
Box 357
141*

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 Posen, Germany in the year 1850 and died in Baltimore, Md., December 5, 1886, at the early age of 36, as a boy of 18 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 he was engaged in mining and lumbering for several years. His energy and independence of character gained for him the utmost respect and confidence from his fellows and on July 16, 1874 when the first Masonic lodge was instituted in the territory of Utah, he became a charter member of Wasatch Lodge No. 1, Salt Lake City in the degree of Master Mason, and was affiliated with this great fraternal organization at the time of his death. He was the friend and companion of the pioneer spirits of those early years. Governor Bamberger of Utah who built the net work of electric lines in that state, Governor Crawford the founder of Grand Junction and Otto Mears the pathfinder of the Rockies. It was in 1880 that Joseph Selig came to the Uncompahgre valley. Otto Mears had already preceded him and was constructing toll roads and highways and dreaming of vast railways and feats of engineering that would pierce the mountain fastness, from the Pacific to the Gulf. The meeting of Joseph Selig and Otto Mears in the Uncompahgre valley ripened into the warmest friendship and business associations having to do with enterprises in railroads, land promotions, and irrigating canals were formed. The early records of the county clerk attesting to the many ventures and joint enterprises of these men. The Ute Indians were still roaming in this valley bounded by the Uintah agency reservation. Fort Crawford was a government post in the heart of the reservation and located on the site of what is now the Fenlon ranch owned by Elizabeth Fenlon, the widow of the late James Fenlon who was in that early period for many years, the post trader. Major Stiles, a United States army officer with two companies of regulars, had his headquarters at Fort Crawford guarding the interests of Uncle Sam, and extending the protection of the troops to the pioneer settlers and prospectors of the valley.

Cimarron and Gunnison and Lake City were important stations in overland stage traffic. Olathe was then called Colorow from the name of a popular Ute brave. Ouray was chief of the Ute tribe and with his consort, Chipeta, was the great friend of the whites and always dealt justly and kindly with the government and settlers, many Indian scares and out-breaks were peaceably settled by the firmness and loyalty of Chief Ouray, and many tales can be told by the old pioneers dealing with the kindness and hospitality of Chipeta towards the whites. President Grant built the stone structure and outbuildings, some of which may still be seen along our highways, for the use of Chief Ouray in gratitude for his loyalty and solicitude for the white settlers in the valley, but Ouray would not occupy them, he preferred his own wigwam and the story goes that they became convenient quarters for his ponies and saddles.

When this valley was thrown open 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 relic and sold the land at public auction over the head of Miller after he had lived there for 15 years and made valuable improvements and borrowed money on the lands all of which was lost to him and the mortgagees.

When Joseph Selig reached the Uncompahgre valley in the early spring of 1880, the only means of transportation was the old stage coach that was plying its reckless way thru the Chico trails between Lake City, Gunnison, Cimarron, Silverton and Ouray. It was here that the optimistic eye of Joseph Selig foresaw the great opportunities of this valley. He formed a townsite company of which he was president, and in May 1882 incorporated the town of Montrose, then a mere camp with a few wooden buildings and a straggling itinerant population which was then located on the south side of the present city and afterwards augmented by "Seligs 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 so far seeing, that nothing daunted him. He fought the railroad in its engineering site and forced it to change its original right of way. He named the town "Montrose" from the Duke of Montrose, a Scottish chieftain character found in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, an author of whom he

was very fond, altho not a scholar, and without an education from the schools, he taught himself assiduously from the reading of good books. He was a lover of classical literature and to the writer of this paper he left a modest library of rare volumes which are highly prized in his family.

Always forging ahead never waiting for any one lagging behind, the influence and strong pushing character of Joseph Selig was always felt and sought out as the leader and moving spirit in the progress and development of the valley. He was the original locator of the "Selig Ditch" now known as the "Selig Canal" a part of the government reclamation service. He added what is known as Selig's Addition to the town, Selig Avenue, the first traffic street leading out from the D. & R. G. W. depot, was named for him. He gave to the Methodist church the first church site, and various other sites for schools, parks and public buildings which he generously gave in his life time are not entirely obliterated.

He was the first mayor of the town of Montrose, then a part of Gunnison county and when Montrose county, which was carved out of Gunnison county was formed and organized in 1883, Governor James B. Grant, the first Democratic governor to be elected in Colorado appointed Joseph Selig the first county clerk and recorder of the county, and along with O. D. Loutsenhizer, A. E. Buddecke and S. H. Nye, as the first board of county commissioners, and the old frame structure and lots so long used as a county court house and jail was turned over to the county commissioners by Joseph Selig, it having theretofore been used as a skating rink and public dance hall.

The work of Joseph Selig was among the pioneers of this valley but many of his contemporaries who helped to carry on in that early period are still with us hale and hearty. The veteran pathfinder of the Rockies, Otto Mears still survives at the age of 87, and what prosperity has gained from the hardships and toils of the pioneers who carved in the rough and bulded better than they knew a pathway to modern civilizations. Their trials and achievements were hard and toilsome, but they secured to us a foundation from which the inventive genius of modern civilization has enabled us to secure the blessings of million dollar highways, government aid for huge irrigation projects and public buildings of every nature, designed for beauty and constructed and equipped 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 amounting 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.

Altho not professing any 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 graveled 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.

Arthur W. Munnell
Doc. 357
142
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 officiating. Interment was in Cedar Hill cemetery. Mr. Donald was killed some time ago when he was kicked by a horse while doing chores in his barn at Ouray. The pall bearers were Jack Skates and Henry Jutten of Colona, John Young of Cedaredge, Merle Dowd of Silverton and Frank Bissell and Frank Ward of Ouray. Singing was by Mrs. Julius Sonza, Mrs. Albert Schneider, Mrs. A. A. Moule, Mrs. William Smith, and Mrs. George Armstrong. Miss Millie Hutter 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 31, 1866, 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 this 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, was interested in the stock business, owned a ranch near Colona 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, she being Angie Ceburn, before Mr. Donald married her in Ouray in 1893.

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 situated 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 about his personal experiences in the Grand Canyon, before the Rotary club Tuesday noon.

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 Canyon for the guidance of the topographers and the proper orientation 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 secured as to give you a general idea of the magnitude of the canyon and the contortions 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 5000 feet deep and from 8 to 13 miles wide. The north rim of the Canyon is approximately 1000 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 or finally being somewhere in the present canyon site. The walls of the canyon are a terraced formation with walls of from fifty to five hundred feet high, then a sloping terrace and another wall and so on down to the river. The distance by trail from the south rim down to the river, starting at the El Tovar hotel is nine miles. The horizontal or shore line as it were of the canyon's rims is very irregular, extending in places far out into the canyon and then receding far back into the mainland to form the heads of numerous side canyons that extend from the rims down to the

river. Many of these side canyons are by no means small affairs in themselves. In many of them our Black Canyon here could be placed and no one could ever find it unless they know exactly where to look. That comparison alone will give you an idea of the magnitude of the main canyon.

In addition to the formations pointed out to the average tourist or sight-seer there are thousands of peculiar formations that we stumbled onto during hazardous expeditions, far from the beaten trails. Perfect natural bridges over small canyons that are hidden from view until a turn around a small point of rock brings them suddenly and unexpectedly into vision; rock formations that take the well defined shape of human beings or animals; little caves or grottos in the side of a cliff that are lined with maiden-hair ferns over which a stream of clear sparkling water constantly flows. There are also to be found throughout the canyon very rich deposits of gold ore. These deposits are in very small pockets, however, and while some of the early prospectors have worked out some of them, as evidenced by long abandoned camp sites and the almost obliterated small trails leading to the camps, the cost of getting the ore out of the canyon and to a smelter was no doubt greater than the value of the ore and consequently given up as a non-profitable proposition.

On the sloping terraces or shelves lying between the perpendicular walls there is an abundant growth of rich gramma grass thru which bands of mountain sheep graze in comparative safety, as it is almost impossible for a person to gain access to the slopes unless he is lowered down with a rope or if fortunate enough to find a slight fault in the walls, up or down which he can tortuously pick his way. By the time he is on the terrace the sheep have gone. The only way that they can be shot is from either above or below but when shot they either jump or roll off the high wall and the meat is so badly bruised that very little of it is fit to eat.

The nature of our work in the canyon was such that hardly a day went by 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. For months 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 just a few years ago. After two or three weeks had elapsed 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. When finally located 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 couldn't 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 would become cut or frayed on a sharp bit of rock and the sensation of being pulled back by a rope that you can see is just about ready to part is hair-raising if nothing more. I never see a moving picture where a parting rope 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 our boat, a steel portable one, 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 suction on the next rapids below us became too strong to resist. Extreme difficulty was always encountered whenever we had to swim our stock across. If the animal did his part and kept up with the boat, well and good. If it refused to swim and insisted on being towed across, it was just a plain case of suicide as the progress of the boat would be so impeded that the minute the suction

of the lower rapids was felt the animal would have to be turned loose and all efforts directed towards getting the boat to shore. One horse that went over the rapids survived the severe buffeting sufficiently to clamber out on a flat rock 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 watery grave with the aid of a rifle bullet. The river at this crossing point 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 out between 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 holler "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 it goes clear 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 letter missing. Heavy thunder in the main canyon impresses one 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 only to come thundering back on the opposite side several seconds later. A favorite statement of the cook's when talking of echos 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 us a chance to see the canyon under every different climatic condition imaginable. During the winter months we could sit outside of our tent in the evenings with the temperature around 65 or 70 and see the great drifts of snow hanging over the north rim above us. Snow never reaches the bottom of the canyon. When it is snowing on the rims it is a soft spring rain in the bottom of the canyon. During an electrical storm the lightning appears to jump from peak to peak and from point of rock to point of rock in the most fantastical manner.

At times a sheet of lightning will drop 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 of course on the atmospheric conditions, the clouds will drop down into the canyon and form a ceiling for those in the bottom of the canyon not exceeding a hundred feet, just like a great canvass had been suspended at that height. Everything stands out clearly below the cloud ceiling but of course nothing can be seen above it. The same cloud condition as viewed 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-suds and the peaks of occasional 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 that peculiar condition so that tourists who happen to be at the canyon these times are fortunate indeed.

The canyon has many moods which are reflected in one who dwells for any length of time within its walls. Some days the colors of the canyon are blended into a sombre gray, cold and cheerless and depressing, 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 will 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.

While oil paintings of the Grand Canyon appear to most everyone as

being highly exaggerated in color, as a matter of fact they give a far truer depiction of the general color effect than do ordinary photographs.

Some of you may wonder why a topographic map should be made of a place as inaccessible as the canyon. These maps are a guide for the geologists who come after and lay the basis upon which the geologists base their geological findings. By means of the contours the geologists are able to follow out the different strata and formations in their efforts to determine not only the history of the earth's formation but any ore-bearing strata that may prove of value to the commercial world.

Stratas 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 and read many discussions on the forces of nature causing such a gash in the earth. Some scientists claim that eruption was the sole cause, others that erosion was to blame, while still others claim that both eruption and erosion were necessary to produce the excessive opening in the earth's surface. From personal observations I cannot help but agree with the latter opinion. But no matter how it was done nor when I am sure that no one can gaze at this wonderful design of nature with any feeling other than that of awesome respect, and that he cannot turn away from it without a feeling of deeper conviction of the existence of a Supreme Creator.