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

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50 PICTURES sent from this pamphlet to
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MB

A. W. Monroe Jan 14-1934

Pam 357-56

Doc 357 26

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF SARAH RANDALL JARVIS ORVIS, WHO CAME INTO OURAY, COLORADO IN 1876.

To Sarah Randall Jarvis Orvis belongs the honor of being the first white woman in Ouray. She came to that town in 1876. She settled on the ranch where she lives today in 1877, and had to fight to keep the claim jumpers from getting it.

Born at Chabney's Grove, Illinois, on July 12, 1853, she was just ~~six weeks~~ eleven years old when her family started to California in a wagon train. They had many thrilling experiences with the Indians on this trip. A Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Larimer were captured from the wagon train ahead of theirs and escaped from the Indians in the night. Mrs. Larimer wrapped her feet and the feet of her child in strips of cloth torn from her petticoat, so that they could not be tracked. Mrs. Kelly wore her shoes and was caught the next morning, while the other lady escaped. At the time of their capture, the Indians took Mrs. Kelly's niece from her, sat the little girl on a stump and split her head open with a tomahawk. After being captured for the second time, Mrs. Kelly was ransomed three times before the Indians would give her up to the Government of the United States.

These women were captured by the redskins at Deer Creek Station North of Denver. After Mrs. Larimer escaped from the Indians she traveled at night and lay in the blistering heat of the sun, beside a log in the daytime, not daring to lift her hand. Finally one morning she heard a bugle blow. She got up and ran toward the sound and met a man after wood. She fainted dead away, but she had been saved.

The Randall party arrived in Salt Lake City and there abandoned the California trip. They stayed at Camp Douglas for three years and then started back East, with a wagon train bound for Omaha to get supplies. At Julesburg, Colorado, they were warned against the trip across the plains. It was the year of 1864, when the Indians were on the warpath and were killing hundreds of immigrants. The elder Randall, who had

been operating blacksmith shops in Virginia City, Helena and Bozeman, Montana, started out to meet the party in Omaha. His entire wagon train was destroyed and all the people massacred.

The family spent a year in Julesburg. While there the Indians raided the town of Sidney, across the line in Nebraska, tearing and whooping through the town. Two men were fishing in Pole Creek, nearby, and as they heard the commotion, they raised up and looked over the bank toward town. The redskins swooped down upon them, grabbed them by the hair and scalped them alive. It was suggested after that that buffalo hide be grafted onto their head, so that they would have hair. However, they did not want to be shedding their hair every summer, so it was not done.

The wagon train they had come through with from Salt Lake City, was a supply train for the Great Deseret Store in Salt Lake and, on receiving the Indian warning, they turned around and went back to the Utah City.

The Indians would come out of hiding yelling and shaking buffalo robes to stampede the horses, make them pull their picket pins and leave the country. Once, when her father was across the river from their camp, Indians came. He leaped on his horse and started to swim the river. They reached the other side, but the horse got away and departed.

Some one remarked that they had not seen an Indian for a week. They were told that that was the time to be afraid of them.

A Moss family was with the train. Mr. Moss was very religious and did not believe in traveling on Sunday. So he would rest on the Sabbath Day and try to catch up with the train by Monday evening. The Indians caught him when he was alone ~~once~~ and he had a running fight with them. They were traveling along peacefully enough, and, coming up to a clump of sage brush, the brush leaped into life and the Indians were upon them. The Moss baby was shot in the hand and the bullet came out its elbow.

Mr. Moss, while the team was running, with the Indians yelling and whooping around them, threw out a box of his equipment. The savages stopped to fight over the contents of the box and the team ran on. By the time he caught up with the train, Moss had thrown away all his supplies.

There was a young man by the name of Arthur McBride, who accompanied the Moss outfit on horseback. He had just been married and left his bride in the East. He had a fine buckskin suit, but lacked nerve. When the Indians surrounded them, instead of fighting, the lad got off his horse, buried his face in his horse's neck and let the Indians kill him.

Miss Randall was married in Eastern Colorado to A.H. (Billy) Jarvis, and they came over to Gunnison in 1875, and lived there for a time on a ranch. They had heard glowing reports of the Gunnison Valley. There was no town there then, and they did not like the country so well, so in 1876 they moved over the mountains to Ouray, which at that time was called Uncompahgre City. It was in San Juan County at that time. Mrs. Orvis says that she was the first white woman in Ouray. A son of hers was the first person buried in the Ouray Cemetery. A Merling girl was buried beside him a short time later. The cemetery property was deeded to Ouray by a Mr. Paquin.

The Jarvis party was the first to come over Log Hill Mesa on the way into the Ouray District. They had to let their wagons down over the South Rim of Log Hill with ropes. They came to the country to stay and it seemed a Paradise to them. They lived on the Stough place for a time, and on the Stanton place, also in Ouray before squatting on the ranch in 1877, which the Orvis family still owns. This is a very valuable place for it contains the far-famed Uncompahgre Hot Springs, for which the valley was named.

In 1878, Mr. Jarvis became ill and went out to Pueblo for medical care, and while on this trip he died. Mrs. Jarvis had stayed behind to hold the ranch against claim jumpers, who had tried many times to get the place away from them. When there was an Indian scare, Mrs. Jarvis took the children to Ouray and then returned to the ranch to hold it against all comers. Her brother had built her a fort, which was connected with her kitchen by a tunnel, and here she stayed until the scare was over. She states that at the time of the Meeker Massacre the Indians around her ranch were as scared as the white settlers.

President Grant ceded the land of which her ranch comprised a part back to the Indians, but still she stayed on the place and she is there yet. At one time when there was an Indian scare, she and her children, together with the Moody and Noland families loped a team of oxen all the way to Ouray.

In those days they did not have many conveniences in the home. They put the endgate of a wagon on hinges in place of a window on one cabin and at one time the family had the only window in Ouray. For doors, they used bed blankets, and they slept on pine bough beds.

Mrs. Orvis says that the Indians do not prowl at night but if they go on the warpath in the daytime, watch out. There came a rumor of Indian trouble to Ouray once and the minister of the Episcopal Church was on guard. Some one was joshing him, saying they thought he was saving souls. He replied: "I am saving lives now."

A boy named Johnny Long was working for the family at one time. He was staying in the Camp House and went out to go to bed one night. He heard a noise inside the house and ran back after help, declaring there was a bear in his quarters. Investigation showed that a cow had entered the premises and chewed up all his clothing and every article she could chew.

Mrs, Orvis had one daughter by Billy Jarvis. She is Mrs. Lucy Bond, of Los Angeles. In 1882, Mrs. Jarvis was married to Lewis F. Orvis, and to them were born four children. They are: Louis Orvis, who lived on the ranch where he was born and developed the hot springs by building a swimming pool on the place. He recently sold the plunge and will develop an extensive fish farm on the ranch. The other children are: Mrs. D.H. Hurst, of Seattle; Mrs. J.W.Wilson, of Rolapp, Utah, and Mrs. W.H.Pruter, of Mullen, Idaho. The latter has a bracelet given to her by Chipeta.

A few years ago, when Mrs. Orvis was visiting in Seattle, Emerson Hough had an appointment with her, but he died before he arrived to fill the appointment.

Some of Mrs. Orvis' relatives went to Yuba City, California in 1849. In recent years Mrs. Orvis wrote to the Post Master at that place and got in touch with them after an alapse of many years. The relatives thought her family were all killed by Indians.

The Orvis family have at the ranch some horses that are descended from those brought in in 1876.

Lewis F. Orvis, now deceased, arrived in Central City, Colorado in 1860. He came into the Uncompahgre Valley with Ben Parleman and Johnny Neville, by wagon. One winter, 1878, he went out after a ~~herd of cattle~~ load of supplies and spent the whole winter driving ~~them~~ back into the Valley of the Uncompahgre. Some days he would only go a mile or so. It took men of iron to stand experiences like that.

The Orvis' had a contract to furnish hay for Fort Crawford one winter and received $48.00 a ton for it. ~~She~~ Mrs. Orvis sold one ton of hay to a man ~~named~~ ~~Coulter~~ at Ouray for $100.00, and hated to part with it at that price. One spring Mrs. Orvis bought a sack of oats for nine dollars. She was going to plant it but fed it to the chickens instead, after plowing the ground herself.

When Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis first settled on the ranch, they recieved many threats, pictures of coffins, ropes, etc., sent by men who would like to have had their place. The mail buckboard ran at nights, when the ground was frozen, because they could not get through the melted snow in daytime. The claim jumpers tried to slip in in the guise of mail men, but the Jarvis' were always ready for them.

Once the claim jumpers killed a calf belonging to Mr. Jarvis and hung the skin where he would be sure to see it. He had them arrested and the calf hide identified by the woman he bought it from, but nothing else was done. A man started to drive his claim stakes on their place one time, and when Jarvis remonstrated, the man hit him with a club. He would have killed the man, if Mrs. Orvis' mother had not come out with a rifle and chased him away.

The Orvis ranch was always popular with the Indians because of the hot springs. The redskins always stopped there to bathe and dance, when they were in the country. They told Louis Orvis that the Indians all the way from Manitou to Ignacio knew of this spring.

Mrs. Orvis says that the squaws and papooses would come in her house and sit on the floor. They would pick bugs out of their hair and crack them between their teeth. All the Indians called her "Sis". They would say to her: "This is Ute Country. When you go away?" She would reply: "When the ponies get fat."

Her mother kept her little sister picketed so she would not run away. The Indians got a kick out of this and said: "Papoose no get fat. No grass."

She says that Captain Cline would give the Indian bucks whiskey in Ouray and they would come whooping down the valley to sleep in her hay stack. When her husband asked Chief Ouray if he could camp at the Chief's place, he grunted: "Little While."

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Chipeta and her friends and relatives always stopped to camp at the Orvis place on their way through the country, sometimes bringing twenty five horses or more to be fed by the family.

In her last years Chipeta was bitter toward the white men. She told Mrs. Orvis that she owned all the land from there to Ignacio, and she did not like the encroachment of the whites.

Louis Orvis says that it was Chipeta's own fault that she was blind in her declining years. She had an operation in which cataracts were removed from her eyes and was told to keep the bandages on her eyes for some little time. But she tore them off immediately and suffered total blindness from then on. She saddled her own horse, even when almost blind. The squaws often used Mrs. Orvis' sewing machine to make new dresses. ~~In her party~~ These parties of Indians who stopped at the famous springs always claimed to be Ouray's relatives, but, say the Orvis' they were all relatives of Chipeta. Among these was always McCook and Charley Shavano.

Mrs. Orvis defends Col. Chevington and his treatment of the Indians at the battle of Sand Creek. She says he did as any Western man would have done under similar circumstances. The Indians massacred every member of many wagon trains and she thinks the Colonel was justified in doing as he did, even though he has been criticized by others.

On the trips across the plains, Mrs. Orvis says, they often encountered the elevated graves of the Sioux.

Mrs. L. E. Orvis

Dated January 19, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

A. W. Monroe Jan 15-193- Doc 357/27 Pam 357- 63

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF SAMUEL S. BOUCHER, PIONEER OF WESTERN COLORADO

Samuel S. Boucher was born in Carey, Ohio, in Seneca County, May 31, 1859. He went to school there and in Cold Water, Michigan, to which place the family moved, when he was nine years old. At the age of 19, he went to Aurora, Nebraska, where he taught school for two years.

In 1879, Mr. Boucher came farther West, and stopped a year and a half in Denver, where he worked for Hallock & Howard, Lumber Manufacturers. He spent three months in Durango in 1881, and then moved over to the San Miguel River, where he worked for wages on a Placer Mining Outfit operated by parties living in Keokuk, Iowa. The flume they put in coat in the neighborhood of a half a million dollars. He helped in several cleanups and found that the place was rich in gold. He says he never did know why they stopped the work, unless the Superintendent of the works held out on them. Mr. Boucher saw strips of Amalgum two feet long, which ran very rich in gold. The hydraulic process was used, the nozzles being six and eight inches in diameter. They would start work at eight in the morning and by eleven o'clock the pit was clogged with big boulders so that they had to shut off the pressure.

After the Keokuk operations ceased, he went down the San Miguel to a point about twelve miles below Naturita, where he worked for a Denver outfit, of which Turnbull was the Superintendent. The gravel was rich, and Mr. Boucher says he has seen a two inch line of flour gold in a single pan, and he found it easier to save the flour gold than that found in flakes.

He says that he thinks the Dave Wood place on the Dallas is the scene of the earliest placer operations in Western Colorado. His cousin, Elmer Bernard worked this place as early as 1877.

In the winter of 1884, Mr. Boucher came to Ridgway, and there he has resided since that time. He was married to Mary A. Kettle and the couple

have six children, Mrs. George Klees, of Bellflower, California, Mrs. May E. Cowell, of Compton, California; Roy R. and Sid S., of Ridgway, Earl E. of Los Angeles, and Bruce E., of Long Beach, California.

Leaving the Naturita Country, Mr. Boucher became a member of a survey party that survey from the top of Dallas Divide down to the town of Ridgway. Then they went to ~~Gunnison~~ Delta and ran the survey for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad up the river about twenty-five miles, ~~The~~ after which the party went down to the Utah State Line and ran a survey back to Grand Junction. They tried to survey through the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, but were unable to get very far up the formidable canyon that was before them. At that time Grand Junction was a very small town, only one log house and a bunch of tents.

Returning to Ridgway, Mr. Boucher spent six years as Assessor of Ouray County, and since this position has operated a drug store in Ridgway. This town has had as many as six hundred inhabitants but now has only about three hundred. The big Mentone Hotel was built about 1890, and for several years it was crowded most of the time. The town at one time had five saloons.

The round house for the Rio Grande Southern had at its capacity, forty-eight men at work, with a payroll of $6000. a month. A creamery with a payroll of $5000. a month and a flour mill with a $6000. payroll every month. Now the round house works seven men and there is no creamery and no flour mill.

At one time the Camp Bird Mine was paying three-fifths of the Ouray County taxes, giving into the County Treasurer $76,000 out of $100,000 taxes eaxh years. At the time Mr. Boucher was assessor, the Camp Bird had produced some $25,000,000 in gold.

The American Nettie, an old producer of the Ouray District has about fifty-two miles of underground works, of which nine-tenths are natural caverns. Pure gold was found in the dust on the floors of these caverns. All such ore was sent out by express. It was in an iron forma-

tion but the iron had oxidized and disappeared, leaving the gold in its natural state.

Dated January 15, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

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A. W. Monroe Jan 17-1934

Doc 357

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF DR. BARNETT BIRCH SLICK, PIONEER OF THE RIDGWAY DISTRICT IN COLORADO.

Dr. Barnett Birch Slick was born in Washington, D.C., on September 6, 1867. He attended kindergarten and had a private instructor until he was seven years old. His father was one of the youngest Captains in the Union Army of the Civil War, being around twenty years old when he held that commission. When the army was mustered out, the elder Slick was Acting Quartermaster in Washington, and was a close personal friend of Dr. Agnew, President Garfield's physician. Captain Slick, after the war, became a clerk in a Government office, and the family lived part of the time in the City and part of the time on a Big Plantation on Arlington Heights, now the National Cemetery. They had their own negroes, and a Negro Mammy took care of Dr. Slick in his younger days.

The Slick family did much entertaining in their home and many celebrities of the time came to their house..Included in this list was one Shepherd, who Dr. Slick says was the World's first racketeer.

The family moved to Gibbon, Nebraska, ~~when the Dr. was seven years old~~ where he went to high school ~~there~~ and later moved to Como, Colorado. This was in 1887, when the Peabody Placer Project was at its height. The Peabody interests employed no one but Chinamen. It was at this place that Dr. Slick got his first experience with placer mining and he has indulged in that work much of the time since then. He worked as a machinist and watchman in the South Park Railroad Round House, making money in the Summer to allow him to attend the Gross Medical College in the winter months.

He completed the course in 1891, having won first prize with his laboratory slides, which were exibited at five prominant medical colleges. While in school he served as resident physician for the Colorado State Woman's Hospital. After getting out of the medical school he served his interne ship in variuus hospitals. He won his place at the Colorado Woman's Hospi-

tal in a competitive examination with thirty-five doctors.

He went to Minturn in the Spring of 1891 to take a job as a railroad fireman. A former roommate's wife suffered an accident and Slick treated her, and thereafter was called upon to do the medical and surgical work.

Coming to Ridgway in 1892, Dr. Slick has, since that time conducted an office here, and engaged in the practice of his profession. He has also given much of his time to mining, having been connected with the Sutton Group of claims, with a mill near the Bear Creek Falls. His company spent $482,000 on this property in two years.

Dr. Slick has spent much money and many years of his time in investigating the placer projects afong the San Miguel River. He says that at one time there was a big settlement at Pinion, on the San Miguel. All that remains of this town now is the cemetery, a silent vity of the dead to tell of glories past.

The San Miguel River is very rich in placer gold, and Dr. Slick says that the fact that so many companies have gone broke there is due to crooked superintendents, who reaped all the profits at the expense of the syndicate or company furnishing the money.

The Doctor says that the San Miguel Valley has one of the biggest gravel beds on Earth. It is six miles long, two miles wide and a hundred feet deep, and all rich in gold deposits. He has seen thousands of placer machines at work in the years he has been in Western Colorado and knows as much about placer mining as almost anybody.

Placer operations were carried on on the Amalgamator Flats near Naturita forty-five years ago. A great deal of money has been spent on the San Miguel and many clean-ups have been made. Some have made mistakes, however. Some of the ditches and flumes constructed for miles are not even on a water grade and have been abandoned because of their inefficiency.

Dr. Slick was married to Lela Palmer in Minturn in 1892 and he has four living children. They are: Bessie Slick of Arriba, Colorado; Mrs. C.A.McLean, of Ridgway; Nelson Earl, of Compton, California; and Dorothy Ericson of Troy, New York. Bruce, the youngest, died in 1918. 3rd child

B. B. Slick

Dated January 17, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

A.W. Maurer Jan-16-1934 Pam 357 69

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIVES OF WILLIAM SHEPHERD AND ENOCH JOHN SHEPHERD, WHO FIRST CAME INTO COLORADO IN [redacted] 1863.

Doc 357 29

There were not many [redacted] white people in Colorado in 1863, the year William and Enoch Shepherd came into this State. William Shepherd was born in Derbyshire, England and came to America when he was three years old. Born in the year 1847, on the twenty-fifth of January, he is now eighty-six years old. The family moved to Wisconsin in 1850, and again moved to Morrison, Whiteside County, Illinois in 1858, about two moqths after Enoch was born in Portage County, Wisconsin.

In the year 1860 the father came to Colorado and sent for his family in 1863. The journey across the plains in those Indian days was a dangerous one, and wagon trains were attacked and burned ahead and behind them, but they made the trip in comparative safety. They arrived in Denver just seventy years ago. Stopping only a short time in Denver, they then moved to Mountain City, half way between Central City and Black Hawk.

The two Shepherds have been engaged in the Blacksmithing business nearly all their lives and their father before them was a blacksmith. One of their first recollections of Colorado was of seeing a man named Van Horn hung on Bates Hill in 1864, for shooting a man on the Casey Road.

They are familiar with most of the earlier gold strikes of the Central City diggings, Gregory Gulch, Russell's Gulch and Jackson' Bar. They were mining on Bob Tail Hill, and, when their oxen died, they skinned them and snubbed the ore down the steep hill on an ox hide.

The ore was all worked with stamp mills and was free milling ore. The Shepherd father was a Methodist Preacher in addition to his blacksmithing business and walked from Dentral City to Denver, a distance of forty-five miles, to preach. He was a personal friend of Col. Chevington, who won fame at the Battle of Sand Creek. It was [redacted] said of him, that when the soldiers asked him if the should kill the Indian children, he

replied: "Nits Make Lice." So the children, all except two little girls were killed. The little girls were brought to Central City, where one of them died. There was another Indian scare, at which time, C.M.Tyler organized his Rangers for the protection of the white settlers.

The Shepherd family moved to Canon City in 1868, where they operated a blacksmith shop. Later the father and two older sons took up homesteads of 160 acres each. They had the first ranches in the Lincoln Park District. There were very few people in Canon City in those early days. The Rudd, Catlin, Griffen, Hawkins, Fowler, Richardson and Bill McClure families being about the only ones there.

The year 1876 saw the family moving to Fairplay, where the father and a brother-in-law of the boys, operated a blacksmith shop. The brother-in-law, A.W. Lucas, died last April, only a few months after his wife died in December.

A short time later they were running a sawmill on Oak Creek, between Canon City and Rosita. This they operated for two years in the Greenhorn Range country.

William Shepherd came over the divide to Ouray in 1877 with four horses and a wagon. There was a stage road as far as Indian Creek on the Lake Fork of the Gunnison, but from there there was only a trail, and they had to make their own road. A company of Negro soldiers had been sent in to the Uncompahgre Valley to move the settlers off the Reservation, and they had had to build their own road. Going up the far-famed "Son of B----" hill, they lost everything out of the wagon, except the camp equipment, and had to go back after all the blacksmith tools and supplies. J.C. Frees, who was with them, stood with tears in his eyes as he surveyed the hill with paraphernalia strewn all along its steep slope.

The little party made a lizard (a V-shaped harrow) and put slats on the top side. Then lashing the equipment to it they dragged the stuff up the hill.

Young Jackson, the freighter was killed, while they were coming down from Rico once. The two shepherds tell the story of his murder much the same as it is told in Sidney Jocknick's book: "Early Days on the Western Slope Of Colorado." Captain Cline's daughter later showed William Shepherd where the unfortunate youth was buried, between the two forks of the Cimarron, beside the grave of Mrs. Cline.

The Shepherds remember that Chief Ouray often came and ate with the family when they lived in Canon City. They also state that War Chief Shavano, who lived on the ranch now occupied by the Caddys, raised the first potatoes in the Uncompahgre Valley and took them to Ouray and sold them.

Enoch Shepherd was married in 1884 to Sarah Jane Topliss, and the couple have four children, three girls and one boy. The girls are: Mrs. J.E.Kettle, of Uncompahgre; Mrs. Will Kettle, of Dallas, Mrs. Ada Berry of Montrose and Sam Shepherd of Dry Creek.

William Shepherd was married in 1887 to Mrs. Eliza Eldredge and the couple had two boys ~~and a girl~~, ~~the latter now deceased~~. The boys are: William T., of Denver and James F., of Toledo, Oregon.

In 1878 William Shepherd and Gus Seibert operated a pack train and packed supplies in the Sneffles region and around Rico. Seibert died a few years ago. ~~He~~ Shepherd ran a blacksmith shop at Bachellor Switch, below Ouray from 1892 to 1905 and in that year came to Ridgway, and has operated a shop in that town since that time.

He says that when the family lived in Central City all the roads were washed out by the first Cherry Creek flood and the men had to walk to Denver, where they purchased flour at $16.00 a hundred pounds and carried

it back to the family in Central City. It sold in Central City for $50.

Mr. William Shepherd was the owner of one of the first six shooters brought into Colorado in 1876, and has kindly presented it to the Colorado Historical Society, to be placed in the State Museum.

E. S. Shepherd
William Shepherd

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

A. W. Monroe Jan 10/1934 Doc 357/30 Pam 357- 73

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF BERT ALBIN.

Bert Albin was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, May 29, 1867, and when two years old was brought to America by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Albin and settled in Topeka, Kansas, where they spent two years, before going to Wabaunsee County in the same state, where the family lived in the town of Alma, and where Bert went to school. The father died while there and then Bert and his mother came to Montrose, Colorado in 1888.

At this time, Montrose was the distributing point for the San Juan Mining district and there was much activity here in the way of freighting supplies into the mines. Mr. Albin spent several years working in various mines in the district, being employed at the Tomboy, at Telluride the Jumbo and Enterprise Mines at Rico and spending three years at the Ute and Ulay in Lake City.

In the year 1897, Bert albin quit mining and became engaged in the stock business, handling cattle until 1913 and then selling his cattle and buying sheep.

In the days of his cattle experience the roundup would last almost all summer and the chuck wagon moved around with the herds. The horses were run into a rope corral every morning, after being night herded. Each outfit had its day and night herders, and men to round up the strays. Mr. Albin had about four hundred head of cattle which he ranged in the Horse-fly country, shipping every fall to Denver or Kansas Ciy.

He remembers many of the real cowboys of the past. Mid Hampton, Burt Frasier, and Dewey Gregor have worked for him and others who would ride anything with four legs were: Harry Watt, Quint Sullivan, Don Robinson and Joe Gray.

Married in 1891 to Emma Hampton, Mr. Albin has two sons, Alex, who operated the Texaco Service Station and Hotel at Placerville, and Clarence who is associated with his father in the Sheep business.

Mr. Albin states that in the twenty years that he has been in the

sheep business he has made lots of money and has lost lots of money so that it is about a standoff.

He well remembers the Lambert-Young Feud, and was in town when the Youngs were brought in and disarmed by the officers. Then, when they started back home, they were waylaid in the River Bottom by the Vigilance Committee, who commenced shooting. Old Man Young jumped out of the wagon and in the face of gunfire, took George Booker's gun away from him.

Then there was the time when Old Man Lambert waylaid a man named Ainsley at his home on Spring Creek and shot him. Then later Ainsley waylaid Lambert, shot him and left him in Dry Creek for dead. Coming into town he gave himself up and said he had killed Lambert. A posse started out after the body and met Lambert riding in on his mule.

He well remembers the time young Dick Netherley shot Johnny Wilson in the latter's saloon on Main Street in Montrose. He was shot at the same time, but recovered and was sent to the penitentiary at Canon City.

Those were exciting days in the Uncompahgre Valley and no one recalls more interesting events than Bert Albin, who for years has been a prominant citizen and stockman.

Bert Albin

Dated January 10, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

A. N. Monroe Jun 15-1934

Pam 357-

Doc 357

FACTS CONCERNING THE LAVES OF LOUIS AND JOSEPHINE NOEL FOURNIER.

Louis Fournier was born in Ponrouge, Canada, on Novembbr 4, 1865. He lived there until he had grown to manhood, doing all sorts of work. At the age of twenty, in 1885 he set out for Colorado, coming by train as far as St. Elmo, in the Gunnison region. He was with a party composed of: Fred Beauchemp, Ed Bedard and Louis and Charles Fournier, the latter a boy of seventeen.

They had planned to secure jobs at the Mary Murphy Mine, but it closed the day before they arrived at St. Elmo, and the party walked on to Glenwood Springs. It was in the fall of the year, and they were exposed to severe hardships. They had to sleep out in the snow, on pine and spruce boughs and, to make it worse, none of them spoke a word of English, all being French. The younger brother of Louis Fornier died of exposure and was buried at Glenwood Springs. Then the party came on to Grand Junction, thence to Montrose and Telluride, where Mr. Fournier worked for several years, being employed at the Gold King, Sheridan and Smuggler Union Mines.

Fred Beauchemps died in Durango about four years ago, A tree fell on Bedard and broke his neck while ne was at work at the Gold King Mine, so Loius Fournier is the only one of the party left alive.

He was in Telluride when a snow slide killed sixteen men at the Liberty Bell Mine, and swept away all the Mine buildings. A rescue party went to their aid and these too, were killed by another slide.

Josephine Noel Fournier was born in Dennemore, Clinton County, New York, on April 8, 1875. Her father had come into Colorado and settled in Antonito, in 1879 and in 1880 her mother brought the six children to that place, being accompanied by Dave Fountain and making the trip to Alamosa on the train and on to Antonita by wagon.

For a time the father, Sim Nowl, operated a section house on the

new railroad into Antonita, and also ran a saloon in a tent. When Mrs. Fournier was five years old a bunch of bandits came into town, rounded up all the citizens and proceeded to take all the valuables they found. Mrs. Noel took the children to the mountains until after the bandits left. One of the robbers was killed but the others got away and passed right by a tree, beneath which the frightened Mrs. Noel had taken shelter with her children.

In 1881 the family moved to Durango, where Mr. Noel operated a Hotel and a saloon. In 1883 they went to Silverton and on up to the Ironton District, [redacted] packing in with mules .Mr. Noel and Louis Blanchard located the Saratoga Mine. The winter of 1883-84 was so severe that the party moved into the town of Ironton to escape dangerous snow slides. Food was scarce and, as the snow was too deep for pack trains, the men had to go on foot to Ouray and carry back flour and other supplies to keep their families from starving.

The Spring of 1885 saw the family moving to Ouray, where the father operated the Sanderson Hotel, until it burned in 1886, after which Mr. Noel took up a ranch at Noel. The mother died in 1916 and the father in 1924. The family still own the Lake Lenore property near Ouray.

Josephine Noel went to school for three years at St. Mary's in Salt Lake City around the year 1890.

Louis Bournier was married to Josephine Noel in 1891 and they immediately moved to the place in Pleasant Valley, where they still reside. They have one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Mrs. Harve Israel, of Ouray.

Louis Fournier Josephine Noel Fournier

Dated January 15, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

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FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF MARY CONLEY HASTINGS MATLOCK, AGE NINETY-TWO.

Mary Conley Hastings Matlock was born near Rochester, New York, on September 29, 1842. At a very early age the family moved to Steuben Co., New York, where they lived until Mary was 14 years old. Then they moved to Indiana, where they lived for six months on the Chicago turnpike, about forty miles from Chicago. They returned to New York, spent nearly a year there and then went to Michigan.

Here, at the age of 18, she was married to W.S. Conley, who served two years as a soldier in the Civil War, although he was ill and never saw any active service. At the close of the war in 1865, Conley died in a hospital in Detroit, leaving his widow with a small son, who died in 1930 in Geneva, Ohio.

In 1870 Mrs. Conley was married to George E. Hastings and they came to Georgetown, Colorado, which at that time was a booming gold camp. The altitude, however, proved to be too high for Mr. Hastings and he returned to Denver. Mrs. Hastings stayed in Georgetown for four months, taking in boarders, and then joined her husband in Denver.

Coming over into the San Luis Valley, Mr. and Mrs. Hastings built a log hotel across the river from Del Norte, which they operated for about a year. Then the toll road was built across the river from them and this took away a part of their business, in fact, most of it. After losing out in the hotel venture, they engaged in the cattle business for a time, between Del Norte and Silverton.

Their first son, Homer, was just six years old when they started over Cochetopa Pass, heading Westward again.. The boy rode a horse and helped drive the cattle, his mother and father taking turns on the wagon. They took two loads of stuff over to Placerville, and bought a ranch up on what is now Hastings Mesa. They did not stop in the Uncompahgre Valley because it was still Indian land, and not open to settlement.

Mrs. Matlock says there was a shanty at the Agency, where the Government gave beef to the Indians. She remembers hearing of the Meeker Massacre in those early days, but says the Indians never bothered them. Once, a short time after they had settled on Hastings Mesa, there was an Indian scare and she and the little boy were taken to Ouray by the Sheriff, On the return trip from Duray they were in a severe storm, and came near not getting through.

They arrived on the Mesa Saturday and the next day, Sunday, two Indians came along seeking food. One of them carried a paper upon which was written "Good Indian". They fed him and he insisted on both of them smoking with him, which they did. The Indians never stole any of their cattle and they were not molested.

For thirty years Mr. and Mrs. Hastings and their two sons, Homer and Mortimer conducted a "stopping house", and in that time took in several hundred travelers and kept them over night. Mrs. Hastings was the only white woman on the Mesa for a year.

Near the beginning of the present Century Mr. Hastings made a trip to Alaska, and a week after returning home, was dead. He had a quarrel with a neighbor, in which he was cut by his broken eye glass. Infection set in and he died in a very short time. This was in 1901, and the man who caused his death was killed a short time later by the accidental discharge of a revolver.

Mrs. Matlock says that the first year they were on Hastings Mesa she made and sold enough butter to pay the purchase price on the ranch, which was $300.00.

She was married again about thirty years ago to Martin L.Matlock and moved to Montrose, where she purchased property on South Twelfth Street

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Twnty years ago, Mr. Matlock suffered an accident, which disabled him and he was never able to walk again. He passed away in December of 1933. After living in Montrose about two years, Mrs. Matlock traded her town property for an eighty acre ranch four miles South of Ridgway and she and Mr. Matlock lived there a part of the time in recent years.

Mary J. Matlock

Dated January 12, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

Dec 357/39 Cam 357- 80

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF CORA CULVER MCCLURE, PIONEER OF THE RIDGWAY DISTRICT IN WESTERN COLORADO.

Cora Culver McClure was born in Scranton, Green County, Iowa, on the sixteenth of February, 1867. She spent her childhood in Iowa and Ohio, going to school in both states.

In 1885 she came on the train to Montrose from Ohio. Her father had previously taken up a ranch on the Dallas, and, as the railroad had not been constructed at this time, she came on to the Dallas country by wagon. She stayed on the ranch for about five years and then became homesick for the East. She returned to Ohio, but soon returned to Colorado and has since 1892 lived on the ranch where she now resides in Pleasant Valley. She was married in Ouray in March of 1892 to Americus R. McClure, and they immediately went to the ranch where they resided together until Mr. McClure's death three years ago. The couple had four children, one boy died in 1923 and the others are still living. They are: Harry, who lives with his mother on the home ranch, Mrs. A.L. Balding, of Pleasant Valley and Miss Evelyn McClure of Montrose.

The McClures are one of the few families that have lived on their original ranch for more than fifty years. Mr. McClure was a successful cattleman and the ranch now comprises about three thousand acres of range and pasture land.

Mrs. McClure's main amusement has been staying at home and minding her own business. In former days she did considerable horseback riding, but today gets most of her amusement from the radio.

For many years Mr. McClure was treasurer of the Ouray County Pioneers Association.

Mrs Cora E. McClure.

Dated January 15, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

A. N. Monroe Jan 12-1934 1. Pam 357- 81

Autobiography of John B. Morgan, Member of the House of Representatives of the Twenty-Fourth General Assembly.

Doc 357/34

The subject of this sketch breathed his first breath on October 17, 1858, by the side of the old stage road half way between Vandalia and Salem, Illinois, in Marion County.

The house in which he was born was of the old double log house variety with a large entry between and a wide, high porch across the entire front. His first memory dates back to the time when he was about sixteen months old. An old aunt who was rather feeble, while walking too near the edge of the porch fell off and broke one of her legs. Her screams, the hurry of people to her assistance and the general stir incident to the occasion made such a lasting impression upon his mind that it remains to this day.

Soon after this my parents moved to a Homestead taken from the Government on the payment of $1.25 per acre. The great strides in this part of Illinois have all been taken during the lifetime of the subject of this sketch. My recollections are somewhat cloudy for a few years after this until the beginning of the Civil War. I recall the death of my Grandfather, Hardy Foster, who was the first man to settle in the township that still bears his name. The drilling of the soldiers, preparatory to going to the front, the drilling of the small boys left at home and their charges upon the hidden enemy, the return of the boys in blue and the happy families that hurried to meet them, the wounding of Uncle John Foster, Captain of the 111th Illinois at Fort McCalister, the killing of an Aunt by the Bushwhackers in Missouri, the coming of Uncle Wes Morgan from Rock Island where he was held as a prisoner of war by the North, made such impressions on my childish mind that the lapse of time has not and can not erase them.

In my boyhood, the three events of the year were hog-killing time, the time of making pumpkin butter and running off maple sugar, of these hog-killing day was most important as all the naighbors would come in to

assist in the killing and take part in the feast that always followed. The corn bread cooked in the "big skillet" in front of the fire with bright coals under it and bright coals piled on the lid; the spare ribs hung up in front of the fire with the grease dripping into the pan below; the sweet potatoes baked in the ashes; and the extras, which were not many, were viands fit for a king and they were eaten with a relish by a homely, kingly people.

When only a small boy I was sent out into the field with a yoke of oxen to do some dragging with a small tree to which the oxen were hitched. All went well until they began to get hot and thirsty when they walked off without saying, "With your permission" and did not stop until they were out in the middle of a pond. It took sticks and clods and amny of them before I could persuade them to come out and then they made up their minds it was time to quit and started for home. They came to the bars, passed through and did not even stop until the barn was reached. Today I am helping to pass laws to keep boys older than I was then from working at all, notwithstanding the fact that we all know that the habits of industry are learned early in life.

For hours, days it seemed to me then, I sat in the old loom and held the threads for my mother while she "hooked" them through the sley and the harness preparatory to weaving the cloth out of which she made our clothes, sometimes colored with walnut bark, sometime colored blue and sometimes woven of black sheep's wool. The first "Boughten" suit came to me when I was sixteen years old. Up to that time I had worn nothing but what my mother had spun and woven by hand. We were just as proud of our new suits then as boys are today of theirs and we were at least as happy and more contented.

Our new home was a frame, one-story house with one large room, a lean-to and smoke-house attached. Again I pass through a haze until I started to school in the little old school house a quarter of a mile away. Home

made seats of a very unassuming kind, a small blackboard in one corner, with the long birches over the top, the hobby horse that the boys must ride occasionally, the old recitation benches made of puncheons, the marks of jack knives every where, the long rows of boys and girls standing in the spelling classes, the debating societies, the spelling bees, the fighting of the boys, the hard punishments inflicted by the teacher, the games of three-cornered cat and stink base, the cries and the laughs, the joys and the sorrows, all these are memories dear to all who have put away childish things.

My home was a very simple but in many ways a very happy one, made up of father, mother, three girls and six boys, all living in this small, poorly constructed house. The result of this simple, almost out-door life is shown in the fact that the nine children are still living, the youngest past fifty years of age. Pleasures at that time were very different to the pleasures of today. Up to my 12th years, I doubt if I had ever had as much as twenty-five cents in my possession at one time. Christmas came and went without a present but my mother always tried to have something extra on the table on Christmas Day. Our neighborhood store was a quarter of a mile away. On that day we always "got the Christmas gift" of Mr. Jones, the merchant, which consisted of one ball of candy, half dough, and about the size of a large marble. It was not much but our wants were few and we were happier than boys of today with scores and scores of presents.

My memory calls me back to the time when all the light we had at night was from the old grease lamp with its wick and the home made candles, which I often helped to make. I distinctly remember when the first "coal oil" lamp came into our house and the first cook stove came when I was almost a young man. Many a night I have lain down on the floor with my head to the fire to study my lessons because there was no candle or no oil in the lamp.

Opportunities for an education when I was a boy were not so plentiful as they are today. Then a boy went to school and worked because he was ambitious, today many boys study because a teacher demands it. Then, we had few pleasures compared with today, but we enjoyed what we did have better. The first book I ever owned, as my very own and that I had earned myself was a Ray's Third part Arithmetic. I had just begun to get interested in addition and subtraction, my older brother had the arithmetic and I wanted it badly, but could not for a long time figure out how I could earn it. At that time we lived chiefly on corn bread which we took to a mill and had ground. This we did each Saturday. I told my brother I would take the grist to the mill all summer, if he would give me the arithmetic, he did so. All summer long, while the other boys were playing, I must get up on old Dan with the sack of corn in front of me and ride off to the mill a half a mile away, wait sometimes two or three hours and then come back home with the sack of meal in front of me.

Many times when over-balanced the sack would fall to the ground and I would have to wait for some casual passer-by to help me get it on the horse again.

My early education was in a country school in Marion County, Illinois, later I attended High School in Kinmunday, Illinois, but did not graduate. Still later I attended the Valpariso Normal University, Indiana, from which I graduated in 1884, from the Scientific Course, with the degree B.S. Sometime later, I earned the degree of Master of Arts from this same University. It was a hard pull and a long siege, as I had to earn my way by working during the summer at $15 a month and "keep", until I was far enough along to teach. Then by staying out and teaching at $35. per month, I was able to earn enough to finish all the education I ever got except in the school of hard knocks, the best school that anyone ever attended.

My early home was near a very large forest and in this I used to

~~under days at a time, pir~~

wander days at a time, picking flowers, digging up rare roots and studying the bird and animal life. My corner of the yard at home had more variety of flowers than any in the country. It was to this early habit I suppose that I owe my habit of wandering about. Four years as teacher in country schools in Illinois and I graduated and became Principal of Patoka, Illinois High School, a fine position for a young man at fifty dollars per month and with three teachers under me. My wanderlust started me westward where I became Principal of H.S. at Trenton, Nebraska and remained for six years. It was here I met and afterwards married Mary Hall. In 1893 my ambition, I thought was satisfied when I came to Colorado as teacher at Garrison, now Hooper, Colorado. In Colorado I have held many positions. Organized Saguache County H.S., the first County H.S. in the State, where I remained as Superintendent eight years; organized the Montrose County High School, staid one year and resigned to accept a position in Iolani College, Honolulu.

The Paradise of the Pacific held me for two years. The first year as teacher and the second year as Principal. No land in all the World has such a charm for me as that one. It is a Paradise indeed, a half way place between Colorado and Heaven.

I have often thought it would be an ideal place to die in, as the transition would not be such a shock as from other places upon this mundane sphere. The lure of my whildhood days again crept into my veins, the opportunity was offered, and I accepted the chair of English in the North Eastern Imperial University of Japan. Eight of the happiest years of my life were spent in this institution. An institution of very high rank, up-to-date in every particular and doing work the equal of the leading universities in this country. With a strong corps of teachers, many of them Christians, who are wide-awake in every way, highly educated at home and abroad and doing their work equally as well as the Professors in this country, it was my pleasure to work.

In these eight years friendships have been made with the student and Professor classes that are prized beyond words to express.

I have found them unusually honest in business, cautious of friendships especially with the foreigner, devoted to the Buddaist faith and ancestor worship, and loyal to their country even unto death. The highest ambitiontion of the Japanese boy and man is to give his life for his country.

My work in the school room was satisfactory in most ways, the students were always respectful, and did their work as well or better than the same grade of students in this country.

The Japanese student is superior to the American Student in science, equal to him in mathematics, and inferior in literature and general World knowledge.

As a remard for my labors over there (I suppose well done labors), His Majesty, the late Emperor Mutsuhito, conferred upon me the decoration, The Fifth Order of the Rising Sun, an order of merit, which has been conferred upon few in this country.

In May 1921, I arrived again in this country, having resigned my position in the University the year before. After spending a year in travel, during which time my wife and I visited in Siberia, Manchuria, Korea, China, Hong Kong, Philippine Islands, Singapore, Penang, Ceylon, Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, France, England, we returned to Colorado and are now settled on a farm one mile out of Montrose.

For some reason, the Democratic Party of Montrose County settled upon me as the candidate of that party for Representativ in the Twenty-Fourth General Assembly and somewhat to my surprise and disappointment, I was elected. And so here I am in this great and wonderful old pile of stone trying to help make laws for the grand old state of Colorado, although my life's work has not developed my abilities along that line.

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What a man may be called upon to do in this World "You niver kin tell."

Done under my hand this 21 day of March, 1923.

(SIGNED) JOHN B. MORGAN.

John. B. Morgan

The above Autobiography was written by John B. Morgan for filing in the records of the Tenty-Fourth General Assembly of Colorado, of which he was a member.

Mr. Morgan, since retiring from the Legislature has been Superintendent of schools in the City of Montrose. He has always been very active in educational matters and is a much-beloved citizen of the community in which he resides.

Sent to the State Historical Society by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

Dated January 12, 1934.

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A. W. Monroe Dec 28/1933

Doc 357/35

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF JAMES HENRY HILL, WHO ARRIVED IN DENVER JULY 5, 1873.

Although James Henry Hill has spent much of his life out of the State of Colorado, he is a pioneer of the great Centennial State, for he came into Denver on the Fifth day of July, 1873. Born on the Ohio River near Steubenville, Ohio, in the same house where his father was born and died, and which had been built by his grandfather in 1806, he went to school near there and attended a college at Newmarket for two terms and another college at Hopedale two more terms. After leaving school he worked on the farm until he had grown to manhood, then joined the Westward trek. He rode on the recently-completed Union Pacific Railroad to Cheyenne and the Denver Pacific into the little town of Denver.

The day after his arrival in that city he went to an employment office, or "Intelligence Office" as it was called then, and secured a job for the Phelps-Biggs Lumber Company, and went up the Platte River about thirty miles and helped build a "bum" dam to impound water to float logs down the river to Denver. This work was completed in October and he returned to Denver. Then with three other men, John Brooks, an old timer who had taken part in the Battle of Sand Creek, J.C.Smith and Ed Briggs, a Wisconsin lumber jack, he returned to the vicinity of the dam and chopped ties until June, getting out about 7400 ties, which they had hauled to the river. They threw the ties into the river above the logs back of the dam and let them go. A log jam occurred at the mouth of the Platte Canyon and they spent two months taking their ties out onto the bank to wait for the high water in the Spring. John Brooks died and Ed Briggs went back to Wisconsin and the other two went up to Central City, where Hill went to work in the Pollock Livery Stable. Here he stayed until November, when he rolled his blankets, and, with Smith, walked to Empire City, a town of a dozen houses, and chopped cordwood, which they hauled to Georgetown to

be sold. While at this job, Hill cut his ankle rather badly and was on crutches all winter. They secured a contract to deliver wood to the Conqueror Mine, to be used in the boiler fire, and run the timbers down a chute that extended a quarter of a mile down the Mountain side. They also worked in the mine and mill and stayed there until the Spring of 1876, when they started for the Black Hills by wagon. At Old Fort Laramie they joined a train of 12 wagons and 19 men. The Custer Massacre, which occurred on June 25, 1876, was consumated while they were on the way to the Dakotas.

A band of Indians raided the camp at Hat Creek, attempting to drive away the horses. However, the white men were prepared for them and fired a volley immediately. At Indian Creek, they made a dry camp on an open plain and the Indians attacked again, first shooting at the four scouts who were ahead of the train, and killing one man. The horse was shot from under another and he lay beside his horse until after the fight and escaped unharmed.

Mr. Hill shot one Indian coming out of an arroya and probably got others in the course of the battle.

The day before this fight the caravan had met Captain Egan and his command mounted on two hundred grey horses. Sitting Bull had boasted that his Indians would soon be riding these grey horses, but they never did.

After the battle was over they buried the dead man in the road and drove their teams over the grave to keep the Indians from finding it. However, they learned later that the redskins found it, disinterred the body, and, in their frenzy, literally cut it to pieces.

The men of the wagon train decided that it would be folly to attempt to get into the forbidden territory around the Black Hills, so turned back to Fort Laramie, where Mr. Hill's partner, Smith, enlisted as a packer for General Reno.

With Fred Rowe, Hill, again returned to Colorado and mined until 1879, then returned to his old home in Ohio, where he spent ten years firing and acting as locomotive engineer, after which he farmed for a while. He spent the years of 1893-94-95 operating a big grain ranch near Los Angeles, California, returned to Ohio in 1895 and was on the ranch again until 1911, when he came to Colorado again and settled on the ranch on High Mesa, near Montrose, where he has since resided. In Ohio he was bothered by severe headaches, but has never had one in Colorado.

He was married in 1881 to Lilly R. Neff, and has one daughter, Mrs. Clyde MacGregor, and two sons, Fred and Kenneth.

Mr. Hill recalls a Mrs. Casey, who owned a small ranch in the foothills, near the Platte Canyon. Often, when on his way to Denver after mail and supplies, he would stop at this ranch and listen to Mrs. Casey tell of Davy Crockett. She would say: "Davy and I were little fellows together."

The first cabin he built on the Platte was where Gunbarrel Creek runs into the river. Mr. Hill named the creek, when one of the men with him found an old muzzle-loading gun barrel there, and it has since retained that name. John Muir built the first cabin in that vicinity and Hill helped in the construction of the second, third and fourth houses to be built on the river thereabouts.

Jas. H. Hill

Dated December 28, 1933 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

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FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF ROBERT LEE SMITH, PIONEER OF THE MONTROSE WATER DEPARTMENT.

Robert Lee Smith knows more about the Montrose Water Pipe Line than any other man alive. Since May 1, 1900 he has been connected with the Water Department of this city. He was born in Allegheny County, North Carolina, on November 1, 1867, and moved to Virginia at the age of six years, where he attended school until he was about twenty years old.

In 1888 he went to St. Joseph, Missouri, wher he spent a few months before coming on to Colorado in March of 1889. In Gunnison, he worked for the La Veta Hotel for a few months and came on to Montrose in the fall of 1890. Then he went to Telluride, where he worked for about two years, after which he returned to Montrose again, and has resided here since that time. He worked for Halley & Dawson at their warehouse two and a half years, and for the Heibler and Hammond Saw Mill at Government Spring South of Montrose, and a saw mill for old man DeLong in the Muddy Country near Crawford.

On May 1, 1900, Robert L. Smith took charge of the City Water Pumping plant on West South Fourth Street, where water was pumped from wells in the gravel of the river bottom. This Pumping plant was built in 1888 and operated until 1905. In that year the City of Montrose acquired the rights to the Cimarron Water, brought down from the Big Cimarron River by the Cimarron Canal, which was completed in 1905. The reservoir on Cerro Summit was partially filled that winter. The first pipe line installed between Cerro Summit and Montrose was of wooden pipe and about 2500 feet of this is still in use. The rest has been replaced with cast iron and steel pipe.

In the summer of 1915 the City of Montrose abandoned a part of the wooden pipe line and connected on to the Gunnison Tunnel, and have since secured a part of their water from the tunnel.

Robert L. Smith is the only man who knows where practically ~~or~~ every pipe line in the city is located, and he is invaluable to the town

of Montrose. The records were poor up to the year 1915, but since that time have been straightened out and reliable maps made.

Married in November of 1895, to Miss Dora Dennison, Mr. Smith has six girls and one boy by this union. The girls are: Stella M. Christie, Virginia Wilkins, Roberta ~~Wilkins~~ Dillon, Cornelia Humphrey, Muriel Lambert, and Mary Mills. The boy is Orion Smith.

The first Mrs. Smith died in December 1913, and in the fall of 1921, Mr. Smith married Mrs. Stella Lambert, and has one boy, eleven years old by this wife, who passed away in August of 1931.

Hunting and fishing have been Mr. Smith's main pastimes in the few and rare occasions when he was not working.

For ten years, he was a member of the Montrose Volunteer Fire Department, and recalls many of the larger fires that have occurred in Montrose. He helped fight the fire which destroyed the Arlington Hotel on the corner of North First and Cascade, and assisted in removing the body of a Mr. Nervis, representative of the Deering Farm Machinery Company, who was burned to death. He remembers that another man was burned to death when the Pomeroy Hotel, situated where the Nye Building is now, was burned. At the time of the Arlington Fire, George Harlan was the fire chief, Mrs. Ed Smith operated the hotel and Joe Calloway was the clerk.

The old Belvedere Hotel burned on New Year's Eve, 1893. The Fireman's Ball was in progress, when the fire broke out. The firemen had on their new uniforms, and had to run to the fire station, which at that time was on the corner where the Rose Ice Cream Co. is now located, and pull the old hand hose cart to the scene of the conflagration.

Nearly all of the livery stables that Montrose has had have burned at one time or an other.

Mr. Smith says that the Artesian Well, better known as "Iron Mike" was drilled on the corner near the Belvedere Hotel, within three feet of

the fire plug.

Mr. Smith was for a long time a member of the K. P. Lodge and during this time filled all of the chairs of the lodge. At the present time he is a member of the Elks and the Masons.

During the years he has spent in Montrose, Robert L. Smith has been a distinct asset to the City of Montrose. Whenever there is a break in the City water lines, He is soon on the job and has is repaired in short order.

When the Gunnison Tunnel was opened, in September, 1909 President Taft was the guest of honor and officially opened the tunnel and brought forth the water. All the Sheriffs of Western Colorado acted as a special body guard in Western uniforms, ten gallon hats, bandanas, blue flannel shirts and corduroy pants, each with a Colts .45 in his holster.

Taft was a guest in the Judge's Stand at the Western Slope Fair, with his personal bodyguard, Captain Butts, who later went down with the Titanic. Robert L. Smith, as Deputy Sheriff was also in the stands and was personally introduced to the President and his aide. He recalls that Taft personally congratulated, Miss Bertha Hull, now Mrs. Ed Campbell of Montrose for winning the Cowgirl's Relay Race.

R. L. Smith.

Dated January 9, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

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A. W. Monroe Jun 4-1934

Doc 357/37

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF JAMES DAVID DONNELLY, WHO FIRST CAME TO LEADVILLE, COLORADO IN 1879.

In forty-five years, James David Donnelly has missed just seven of the sixteen hundred fires that have called out the fire department in the town of Montrose. He has been in the Fire Department of that city since the year 1888, and has been on the job almost every day of that time.

Jim Donnelly was born in Malone, Franklin County, New York, on the eighteenth day of February, 1862. He went to school in that town and in Trout River Lines in the same State. He grew to manhood there and engaged in farming and assisted his father, who was a stock buyer.

He came West in 1879 and landed in Leadville, Colorado, on the seventh of March. Leadville was going strong then and Donnelly worked in the Crystalite Mine, operating the cage. This mine at the time employed about six hundred men. Other prominent mines of the period were the Little Johnny and the Morning and Evening Star. All the work was done by hand, the timbers being cut and trimmed with axe, broad axe and foot adze.

Leaving Leadville , Donnelly went to Pitkin, and in February of 1882 made a Donnelly trip with twelve other men over through Buena Vista, Over Tennessee Pass, and into the Uncompahgre Valley, going back to Leadville and returning to this valley in 1882. He worked in Gunnison for a short time for the Hammond Livery Stable, and when Hammond decided to start a new stable in the new town of Montrose, he brought Jim down here to work for him. They kept around forty-five head of horses in the stable and Donnelly drove stages to various surrounding settlements, making trips to Ouray, Old Dallas, Ophir and Ames and to Telluride and Silverton, before the Ouray Branch of the D.& R.G. was built.

One night he drove a little roan team to Ouray in a blizzard in just three hours and ~~a half~~ five minutes. Dr. Rowan of Ouray had been in a serious runaway and was not expected to survive his injuries, and at

Fort Crawford Donnelly picked up the Post Doctor and took him to the bedside of the Ouray Physician. Many times Jim has hauled soldiers from Montrose to the Fort up the valley. There were ~~about~~ two companies of soldiers there at the time.

In 1888 the Montrose Volunteer Fire Department was organized with Doc Owens as the first Fire Chief and Jim Donnelly the first Fire Captain. Other members of the squad were "Billy" W.A. Cassell, Joseph L. Atkinson, A.F. Reeves, Frank Parliman, and Frank Wyatt. A hand hose cart was used and the first fire plug was ~~installed~~ made by Billy Cassell and Jim Donnelly at the corner where the City Steam Laundry stands today.

Mr. Donnelly has been in the Montrose Fire Department continuously since 1888 and has missed responding to just seven calls. There have been on an average of 33 to 35 alarms every year, making a total of nearly sixteen hundred fires. He has had little outside amusement and has indulged in card games at the Fire House as a pastime.

Grove Hippey was the first fire chief after the city purchased a fire wagon and team. An up-to-date truck is now used, and for several years past Jim Donnelly has been the fire chief. The biggest fire he ever fought was the one that destroyed the Gibson Lumber Company. Other large ones were two flour mills, the Mears Hotel, the Buddecke & Diehl Store, the Lathrop Hardware Company and the Montrose Box Factory. All the fire department records of the early days were destroyed when the Mears Hotel burned in the nineties.

The Montrose Department has four life members: James Donnelly, Chas. A. Gage, Fred Day and Fred Duckett. The present officers are: Chief, Jim Donnelly; Captain, Robt. Bryant; First Foreman, Fred Day; Second Foreman, George Freeman; Secretary, B.E. Hitchcock; Treasurer, J.J. Gatschet; Fire Marshal, Cleve Brown; Driver, J.M. Gage. The other members are: F.H. Hill, F.C. Hill, James Full, Clark Gage, Earl Day and

M. Gatschet.

It is doubtful if there is another fireman in the State of Colorado with a record as good as Jim Donnelly's for long and faithful service.

He was married in 1910 to Maude Champlin and the couple have no children.

Jas D Donnelly

Dated January 4, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

Pam 357- 97

A. W. Monroe Jun 6/1934

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF JUDGE JOHN GRAY, 93 YEARS OF AGE, WHO CAME TO SILVERTON, COLORADO IN 1883.

Doc 357/38

Many people grow old at sixty years, some grow old at eighty, but few of us live to see the ripe age of ninety-three, and, if we do, we seldom retain our faculties the way Judge Gray has. He is seen on the streets almost daily. His mind is keen and he keeps up with the news of the times. He has seen several generations come and go, and he is still with us.

John Gray was born March 13, 1841, in White Creek, New York. In the Judge's own words he "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 on 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 the old settled communities, I bid adieu to the ties of home for experiences new and yet to learn. St. Joseph, Missouri, 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 and 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 Doniphan 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 to right or 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 twenty 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 fifteen miles on foot to Atchison.

"About half way, stopping at a house for a drink,I fortunately met a man to 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 and 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."

This firm gave Judge Gray the privilege of reading in their office and batching quarters upstairs, in return for the janitor work. After about a month in the office, the Attorneys decided that Gray might be worth something to them and they gave him their Justice of the Peace work to handle.

In March 1861, when just twenty years of age, John Gray was admitted to practice in the U.S.District Court in Kansas. The Civil War broke out the same year and Gray tried to enlist, but was refused admission into the army because of a peculiar pulse in his left arm. He was,

however, accepted for the militia and was made a first lieutenant and aide de camp on the staff of General ~~Pike.~~ Drake The militia was mustered into U.S.Service to assist in repelling the Confederate army under General Price.

Although he was prosperous in Kansas, Judge Gray, suffered from nervous headaches there, and, seeking a change in altitude, he came to Silverton in the Spring of 1883. Forming a partnership with C.M. ~~Foster~~ Frasier, he enjoyed a good practice, and sunk his money in mining speculations.

In 1887 the Judge came to Montrose, where he established an office in a little building donated by James McClure. At this time he possessed $260 in cash and four horses and wagons. The second day after the establishment of the office, he received a fee for defending a horsethief, and after that he did well. He served three years, from 1891 to 1894 as district attorney for the Seventh Judicial District. He was also County Attorney at ~~the~~ the same time and ~~another time~~ also was town attorney of Montrose, and he also served the same town as Mayor.

One time Judge Gray met on the street a small and raggedly dressed girl. He asked her name and was told that it was Elsie Vandegrift, and, the little girl said: "I always go to Court when I know you are going to talk." The Judge became interested in the young lady and gave her a chance to study in his office. Today the lady is Elsie Lincoln Benedict, World famous Psycho-analyst and Lecturer. The Judge received letters from her regularly now.

Judge Gray was for many years the outstanding attorney and speaker in Western Colorado. He has an extensive vocabulary and his speeches are eloquent.

John Gray is descended from distinguished ancestors. His Grandfather was Dr. Joseph Gray, Surgeon of the Rhode Dsland Regiment, in the American Revolution. His father was Dr. Henry Gray, prominant Eastern Surgeon. Lucy Bancroft was the wife of Dr. Joseph Gray and the sister of George Bancroft, the famous historian. John Gray's father, Dr. Henry Gray, married Mary Niles in 1840. Mary Niles was the daughter of Sarah Huntington, whose father, Samuel Huntington was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

John Gray was married to Mary Elizabeth O'Driscoll, and the two had seven children, four of whom are still living. They are Annie Ruth, of Telluride, Colorado; Joseph, who is the father of eleven children; John, unmarried; and Mary Olive, who is at home with her father. She is a very accomplished musician and entertainer. Another daughter, Theodosia, died in 1917, during the influenza epidemic.

John Gray

Dated January 6, 1934 --Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

Pam 357

A. W. Monroe Dec. 21 - 1933

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FACTS CONCERNING THE LIVES OF HENRY CHARLES FINK AND IDA LUTES FINK.

Doc. 357/39

Henry Charles Fink was born in Jasper, Indiana, on November 2, 1863. He grew to manhood in that state, teaching school for several years. In 1887 he was graduated from the Cincinnati Law School at Cincinnati, Ohio, and immediately came to Colorado, where his Aunt's husband, Judge McKenna, was Superintendent of the Ute and Ulay Mills at Lake City.

Of the trip from Gunnison to Lake City, which was made in a buckboard, Mr. Fink says that way out in the wilderness all four tires came off the buckboard and the passengers had to rustle all sorts of wire to wire them on with. They were served the evening meal at Gateway by Mrs. Mendenhall.

After a short visit with the McKenna's, Mr. Fink decided to seek other fields, so the Judge suggested that he go on to Ouray. Fink inquired the price of the trip, and was told that it would cost him twenty-five dollars to go by buckboard to Sapinero, by train to Montrose and buckboard to Ouray. By far the shortest and cheapest way was up across the American Flats, a distance of only about fifteen miles. So he decieded on this. He and the Judge made the trip to the Frank Hough Mine, well above timberline on the Flats and walked down the famous Bear Creek Trail into Ouray. Of course, in the early days many people made this trip on foot, but in later years it has been made by very few. The American Flats is the largest area above timberline in the United States, and at the present time is a desolate and lonely place.

Arriving in Ouray the two men asked the price of a bed at the Beaumont Hotel and were told that they were $8.00 a day. The Dixon House, however, was a little cheaper, about $4.50. Meals for the two were $3.75.

Mr. Fink states that on the trip over the Flats he saw a flock of beautiful Mountain quail or ptarmigan. These birds are seen only at a high altitude, and are snow white in color so that they cannot be seen against the everlasting snow banks. At this time, Fink was somewhat of a tenderfoot and, as a cold summer rain and hail storm came down upon them at this high elevation, he sincerely wished that he had stayed in Cincinnati. The trails on the American Flats are hard to follow and they got lost several times and it was about midnight when they finally got into Ouray.

Although he had a chance to go into partnership with another lawyer, Mr. Fink established an office alone and engaged in the practice of law alone for a time, after which he entered Judge Sterman's office. Here he remained until July of 1888, when he received an appointment from President Cleveland as Receiver for the United States Land Office at Lake City to succeed a man named Peck.

While he was in this office he had to carry large amounts of Government money from Lake City to Gunnison, where it was expressed to the United States Treasury.

In September of 1888, Fink was ordered to move the land office to Montrose, and W.H.Steel was appointed as register. The Office was established in a four room building on the corner where the Texaco Filling Station is now.

At that time large amounts of money were brought into the Land Office and one night, Mr. Fink slept on his revolver with $25,000 in cash hid in rolls of paper under the safe.

Altogether Mr. Fink spent ten years as reciver of the U.S. Land Office. The rest of his time has been spent in the active practice of law, and he is considered an authority on land and mining laws.

In 1890, Mr. Fink, while on a visit in Missouri met Ida Delia Lutes, who was soon to become his wife. Mrs. Fink was born on April 16, Easter Sunday, 1866. Her mother, before her, had also been born on Easter Sunday, April 16.

Ida Lutes Fink was born in Madison County, Missouri and had attended a boarding school in Caledonia, Missouri, some years before she became Mrs. Fink. The couple spent their honeymoon in Denver and then came on to Montrose, where, for a time, they resided in a house in what was known as the Full Row on South First Street. In 1891, Mr. Fink built the house where they have since resided and where they have raised their family.

Mr. and Mrs. Fink have three sons and one daughter, the sons being: Carl H., Frank Geoffery, and Anthony L. and the daughter, Miss Fanny May. Carl lives in Los Angeles, Geoffery in Seattle and Anthony in Denver, while the young lady lives in Los Angeles.

A. L. Fink
Ida L. Fink.

Dated December 21, 1933--Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

A. W. Monroe Dec 20-1933 Doc 357 Pam 357 - 104

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF UNA BELLE ALDERSON THOMPSON.

Una Belle Alderson Thompson was born in Exeter, Scott County, Illinois, February 9, 1861. It was during the early days of the Civil War. Her father was one of the first men to volumteer in that war and he served clear through the war, and spent three months in the Confederate Prison on Belle Isle.

John Alderson, the father was a Deputy Sheriff, the family living over the jail in Winchester. One night, when he had a young man named Fred Haller, who was accused of cutting up a couple of old ladies, in jail, a mob stormed the bastile and threatening the Sheriff's family, took the boy out into the street and shot him.

After coming to Colorado, the elder Alderson one day took his younger daughter, the sister of Mrs. Thompson, on a trip to Red Rock Canyon, a tributary to the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, the girl met a tragic death, when a gun carried by the father, was discharged into her body. The heartbroken father sent his young son after help and stayed in the canyon all day with the body of his daughter.

Mrs. Thompson recalls another interesting episode in the early family history, while her father was in the Sheriff's office in Illinois. Two convicts had escaped from the Indiana State Penitentiary and made their way into Illinois. Sheriff Alderson learned that one of the men was in his county and, taking his sixteen year old son with him, went after the desparado. He found him out in the timber on a certain ranch. He captured the fellow and asked him where his partner was. He was told that the other convict was at the farmhouse. So, leaving the sixteen year old boy to guard his prisoner the Sheriff went down to the house and made the second capture.

Mrs. Thompson came into Western Colorado by train in 1886. The first winters were spent at Eureka, near Silverton. They had to lay in supplies to last throughout the winter, for they were snowed in for several months at a time.

She is the wife of Charles H. Thompson, Constable at Montrose, and the two have lived together for more than fifty years.

Mrs C. H. Thompson

Dated December 20,1933--Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

A. W. Monroe Dec. 28/1933 Pam 357- 106

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF TURLEY ALFRED (MICKY) HAMPTON, HUNTER AND TRAPPER OF WESTERN COLORADO.

Doc 357/41

Micky Hampton is not a pioneer of Western Colorado, but since coming here in 1911 has won considerable local fame as a hunter and trapper He was born in Cherokee County, North Carolina on January 20, 1879, lived on a ranch there until he was seventeen, going to school at the Belleview High School.

When he was seventeen he went with a colony of North Carolinans and Georgians into Missouri and farmed near Springfield for nearly three years. Then he returned to North Carolina and brought his mother and father back to Missouri. He lived there for four more years and came to Montrose, Colorado, June 25, 1911. The day he landed here he got a job at the Wiggins Ranch in the Uncompahgre District. He pre-empted a place near there, under the ~~new~~ proposed extension to the Hairpin Ditch, but it never materialized and Hampton spent two years irrigating on the home ranch of W. P. Price, on Bostwick Park.

In 1914 he took up a place at the Cimarron Headgate and rode ditch for the Cimarron Canal and Reservoir Company, making the trip on horseback between the Headgate and the Reservoir on Cerro Summit. He became a hunter and trapper in the year 1916, and killed his first bear near the Hampton Lake, which received its name at that time.

The day he killed this bear, he was out hunting with Roy Atkinson and Erdie Heyden. They separated and in about fifteen minutes, Hampton surprised a bear and shot it at a distance of about two hundred yards. The wounded animal rolled down the hill and Roy Atkinson came near running into it. The latter's hound was afraid of the bear and beat it over the back trail. It took them about twenty minutes to find the dog and get it

back onto the bear's tracks, but after he got his nerve back, he chased the bear up onto a big boulder and Micky shot it. Heyden then said: "We'll call this Hampton Lake," and that name it has kept since that time.

A while before he had this experience, he had shot at a bear with a six shooter. He had come upon the bear suddenly and the animal had reared up on his hind legs and charged him. He stunned it with the first shot, and the bear rolled down the hill scratching the aspens as it went. It landed against a tree, coughed and got up and ran. The next day Micky tracked it for seven hours, but never did get it.

The largest bear he ever shot weighed about eight hundred pounds and was killed about two miles Southeast of the headgate of the Cimarron Ditch. Coming upon an old carcass that had been freshly eaten on by the bear, he took up its trail and shot it after a short chase.

Micky had quite an exciting time with another bear on the Cimarron. He had set a trap in a sheep camp, in an attempt to get the animal that had been killing sheep. He caught the bear and Bruin dragged the clog that was chained to the trap up into a tall aspen tree, and fell out of the tree. When Hampton arrived on the scene, the bear made for him with a snort, swinging the trap from side to side as he came. The peep sight on the man's rifle was out of line and the first two shots missed. He pulled down low and saw the hair fly from the top of his head. So he pulled the gun down some more and, when the bear was about ten feet away from him, shot it in the tip of the nose.

Micky Hampton says that the female bears are worse to handle than the males. They are meaner. Many times he saw signs of a big grizzly that spent the winters on the Cimarron, but never got a shot at him.

He was after a bear one day and came to a boggy place. He got off to lead his horse across the bog, and, as he climbed up onto a big log, he almost laid his hand on Mr. Bear, who was on the opposite side

of the log. He turned, grabbed his gun out of the holster on his saddle and shot the bear dead.

In the years he has been trapping, Mr. Hampton has killed six hundred coyotes, and wild cats the coyotes bringing an average price of $8 a hide, and the cats $4 apiece. He has killed 125 Martin, which averaged about $30 each. The marten are coming back, but are in the high mountains where trapping is extremely dangerous, and a man would have to average $80 or $90 a day to make it pay.

Married to Alma Little in Springfield, Missouri in 1921, Micky Hampton has six children. He is now farming and has a small herd of cattle, using his own farm for both summer range and winter feed.

Micky T. Hampton

Dated December 28,1933 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

A.W. Maurer Jan 9/1934 Doc 157 Pam 357- 109

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF JOHN EDWIN BALLEW, WHO CAME INTO COLORADO IN 1867.

John Edwin Ballew, for years a road overseer in the San Miguel County, is eighty-nine years old, having been born on April 8, 1845, in North Missouri. He served in the Confederate Army in the Civil War and took part in many small engagements. He was with General Banks in the expedition up the Red River. His outfit met Jim Lane, The Kansas Jay Hawker in a battle in Jackson County Missouri, and took part in General Joe Shelby's raids, which were running fights most of the time. They met the Federal General Sheagle in battle at Carthage, Missouri, and fought at Fort Camden, and also met Steel at the Washita River.

After the war, in 1867, he came into Nebraska before that state was admitted to the union, when the Union Pacific Railroad was just being built. There were forts all along the Platte River, Fort Kearny, Fort McPherson, Fort Morgan, Fort Lupton and Fort Collins, Fort St. Vrain, with Fort Laramie on the North Platte. He freighted from Sidney, Nebraska to most of these forts during his first years in Colorado, and says that Indian Fights were a part of the daily work. They always had to stand guard at night. The freighters were never allowed to leave a post without a sufficient number of men to protect the wagon train. They were held until there were fifty men, and then allowed to proceed. However, the emigrants traveled faster than the freighters and they separated soon after leaving a Fort. Ballew drove a freight team from Julesburg, or Chadwick as it was called then, to Denver. He made one trip with mules to Deadwood, South Dakota, where he spent only a little while, returning soon to Colorado. He delivered supplies on this trip to Fort Robinson, and the Spotted Tail Agency. He was in Deadwood when the Custer Massacre occurred.

Coming over into the Western Part of Colorado, he lived in Telluride for thirty years and spent twenty years at Naturita. He was a road overseer for San Miguel County for seventeen years and worked for the

U.S. Radium Corporation near Naturita for 10 years. He has done work on all the roads of San Miguel County.

Mr. Ballew was married in 1885 to Fanny Esther Fearey and two them two children were born. They are: Logan O. Ballew of California and Mrs. Mae Ficklin of Spokane, Washington.

Mr. Ballew has always worked hard and had little time for recreation although in his younger days he liked to dance and indulged in dancing as a pastime.

J E Ballew

Dated January 9,1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Filed Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

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FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF FRANK WARMAND ENGLAND, PIONEER OF WESTERN COLORADO.

Frank Warmand England was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on August 4, 1859. He lived there for seventeen years going to school at the Iron City Business College and Duff's College. He came into Denver in 1879, went from there to Leadville, then to Gunnison and Crested Buttes, where he has lived most of the time for the past fifty years. He has engaged in the painting and paperhanging business and has indulged in a little mining.

He made a trip to Leadville, Grand Junction and Montrose in 1909. He was in Ouray when the Indians were taken out of the valley, ~~at~~ and his first reccollection of Montrose is of a bunch of sod houses up by the railroad wye.

He remembers that on a trip from Gothic to the Muddy Country he and his companions met a bunch of Indians, who asked them if they had seen "Any Cayuses" (horses).

The first saloon in Crested Butte was built while he was there. There were three pine trees, where the freight wagons unloaded. One of these was felled and split to make a bar, and the men pulled a barrel of whiskey off the wagon, and all hunted cans to drink out of. The drinks were sold at 25¢ each.

He remembers also when a snow slide killed the two Welch brothers on "Oh Be Joyful" Creek. The men of the community moved tons of snow in an attempt to find them, but they were not uncovered until the following summer. The slide occurred in December, on Christmas Eve, and the two men were found together on the 26th of July. When they were buried the workmen had to dip the water out of the grave, and it ran up over the coffins as soon as they were placed in the grave.

When Eaton was running for Governor, England was working on the new railway to the Smith Mine at the Mouth of Oh Be Joyful. The Governor received 450 votes from one community, and it was discovered that the bar-

tender was the only man there.

When they were building the railroad to Irvin, two Italians were warming some dynamite in the blacksmith shop. The stuff exploded and all they found of the two Italian was buried in a cracker box. This was in 1883.

Mr. England was married to Mary Swan in Crested Butte in 1886. He has one son, Howard Arden England, living in LaGrande, Oregon. He has seen the "Jack Whackers" or "Burro Punchers" come into the town of Crested Buttes and shoot out the saloon lights. Once when this happened he and another man crawled under the pool table and then went out the back door so fast that they both went into the creek, which ran very close to the building.

One bad man had a habit of ~~walking~~ riding up the street shooting at other people's feet. Some one shot him from across the street once, and no one ever found out who did it.

Once when ~~he~~ England was on a scaffold, painting the City Hall, this same bad man shot up "White Dog Lizzie's" place, across the street. England climbed down off his scaffold and fled into a saloon for protection from flying bullets.

Frank W. England

Signed by Arthur W. Monroe in presence of Mr England

Dated January 9, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

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C. W. Monroe Jun 9-1934
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FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF JOE FELTON, PIONEER CIVIL ENGINEER OF THE WESTERN SLOPE OF COLORADO.

Joe Felton was born in Circleville, Ohio, December 5, 1857. He went to elementary schools there and in ~~Circleville~~ Chillicothe. His uncle, W.H.Scott, who is still living and is nearly ninety-five years of age, was then President of the Ohio University, and Felton lived with the Scotts and attended the University. Then he took a course in the Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri, and went three years to Cornell university at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, taking a course in Civil Engineering. After leaving Cornell, he applied the knowledge gained and gathered considerable practical experience, acting as an engineer on various projects in Columbus Ohio, Cleveland, Ohio, St. Louis, Missouri, Pittsburg, Pa, and later going to Mexico where he was an engineer on the Mexican National Railway, under General William J. Palmer, who later built the Denver and Rio Grande. At that time the Mexican road was a narrow guage.

He was in Mexico from 1880 until 1883, and then came up into Texas, where he engaged in the cattle business for two or three years, coming to Montrose, Colorado in 1885. He has resided in Western Colorado since that time. He has worked as an engineer at various mines in the Ouray and Silverton District. He has engaged in mining, ranching and has owned cattle, in the Blue Mountains and Paradox Country and the Lone Cone District.

When he first came into Colorado, his uncle E.J.Warner was the Superintendent of the First Smelter in Leadville, He was there for a time and remembers that everyone wore boots and carried a gun.

At different times he has attended to the business affairs of the O'Miell Brothers, Jesse and Jim, William Fitzpatrick and John Donald of Ouray, now all deceased.

He has been in snow slides and has seen most of the slides in the Ouray and Silverton Districts run at different times. Once, while working

in the Silver Lake Basin, he was covered by a slide, and was under it for six hours, finally digging himself out. Three or four other men were killed in the slide.

He remembers that when McClease was hung near the stockyards of Montrose, for stabbing a man, his partner, George Sanborn was in charge of the jail keys. Sanborn had always had a desire to be an officer and when the sheriff went away on a trip, he left the keys with the former. A couple of men took him down and took the keys away from him and the next morning McClease was found hanging by his neck to a telegraph pole.

Joe Felton was operating the Elephant Corral in Montrose, when the battle occurred between the Lamberts and Youngs, down by the river bridge on Main Street. The bullets were flying everywhere ~~and~~ as the two contending parties met on horseback, and started to shoot. Joe and Ed Bestor hid behind a bale of hay to keep from being hit by a stray bullet.

Joe has pictures of the last stage coach that left Montrose in the early days. He reealls the time when Mrs. Cudigan was hung in Ouray near the fish pond for burning someone in a hay stack near Ridgway. There were about a dozen men in the mob, mostly farmers, miners and gamblers. Another time they burned a negro in the jail at Ouray.

Joe Felton has known most of the big officials on the Denver and Rio Grande in the early days, and has known almost every one of the old timers in Western Colorado.

Joe Felton

Dated January 9, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

Pam 357. 1/5

WHERE IS CHIEF OURAY BURIED?

Doc. 357 1/5

(Arthur W. Monroe)

June 2-1934

Here is a question that is still unsettled: Where is Chief Ouray buried? Many people think his bones lie in the Indian Cemetery at Ignacio, where a few years ago the bones of some one were buried with considerable ceremony, after being exhumed from elsewhere. Some say that this was not the body of Ouray.

If they were the remains of the famous Ute Chieftain, what of the relics that should have been found with them, the macassins, bead work, horses, bows and arrows and numerous other articles that go to make up the burial of a great Indian Chief? I have never heard of these things being found with the skeleton that was buried as Chief Ouray. Perhaps the Indians who said that this was Ouray, were anxious to have their white brothers cease their search for the Chief's body.

Now comes Edward Calvin Dunlap, prominent and respected citizen of the Uncompahgre Valley, to say that he can point out the 160 acre tract, wherein lies buried the sleeping Ute Chieftain. He does not say that he can show the exact spot, but rather the immediate vicinity of the grave. In an interview with him, he told the following story:

"It was in June of the year 1881 that we arrived at the Los Pinos Indian Agency in the Cochetopa Valley. I was a lad of some thirteen years, and with my father's family, was on my way into the Uncompahgre Valley, which would some day be opened for settlement. Our party camped at the Agency for some time, and while there, I became acquainted with a young soldier, 18 years old, who was a very homesick lad, and spent considerable of his time, when off duty, at our camp.

"One evening we were sitting on a big rock near the Agency, discussing our experiences with the Indians. I told the soldier of my first meeting with Chief Ouray, when we lived on a ranch in the South Park

country, and my father was engaged in the cattle business. One day, when my father was away from home, a band of Indians came to the house and proceeded to make themselves at home. I was a very small boy--and had a shock of red hair, which was a very great source of amusement to the redskins. My mother and I were alone and both were very frightened.

"A big, two hundred pound Indian came over to Mother and said:

"'White squaw papoose heap scared. Me no hurt. Me Ouray.'"

"After hearing my story, the soldier pointed out to a sage brush flat, a short distance away and said:

"'Ouray is buried on that flat. I saw the Indians bury him there. They would not let any white men go near the place but we could see from a distance what they were doing.

"'Chief Ouray had gone on a trip up into the Meeker country to try to force a settlement of the difficulties between the Utes and the White Men and the return of Mrs. Meeker and her daughter, Josephine and Mrs. Price to their relatives. On the return trip over Grand Mesa, there came a severe storm, and Ouray was sick when he arrived at the Agency. He died here and is buried out there.'

"The young soldier told me that a large number of Indians spent three days digging a grave large enough to accom odate the body of the famous Ute and all the things they wished to bury with him, his favorite horses, etc. And, the youth said, the Chief's best horse was never seen by anyone at the Agency after Ouray's death.

"After the grave was covered with dirt, the Indians drove in a large herd of horses and milled them around over the area for two or three days, so that every trace of the location of the grave was obliterated.

"This is the story of the death and burial of Chief Ouray as told by a sokdier on duty at the Agency at the time the Indian died. I can

take anyone to the site of the old Agency and show them the tract of land as pointed out to me. I had no reason to disbelieve the soldier, for he had no desire to lie to me, and I still believe the Chief is buried in the flat he showed me."

This is the story told to the writer by Mr. Dunlap a few days ago, and I have no reason to doubt his word, for we have always known him as an honest man.

There has also been some dispute as to the exact time and location of the delivering of the Meeker women over to the white men after they had spent about fourteen months in captivity among the Utes. This is another question that can be settled, if we take Mr. Dunlap's word for it. Mr. Dunlap was at Fort Crawford in August and September of 1881, and states positively that he saw the Meeker women turned over to the soldiers by the Indians. The three women were dressed in Indian garb.

The redskins had been stalling for time, telling the soldiers that the women were a long way off. Generals Hatch and Adams were at Fort Crawford and General Crooke had been sent up from Arizona, where he had been fighting Geronimo. He at last forced the issue, commanding the Utes to give up the women and leave Western Colorado. Buckskin Charlie and other young Indians wanted to fight and wipe out the white men, but the older Indians thought differently. Crooke won out and the Meeker women were brought in.

Mr. Dunlap remembers that Miss Josephine Meeker went to the home of his sister-in-law to change clothes and rest, before the return to her home in Greeley.

Edward C. Dunlop

Dated ~~December~~ January 2, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Filed Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

Pam 357. 118

A. N. Monroe Jan 2-1934

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF EDWARD CALVIN DUNLAP, WHO CAME INTO COLORADO IN 1870.

Doc 357/46

Edward Calvin Dunlap was born on a farm in Marion County, Iowa, October 19,1867. In the Spring of 1870, together with his father, John Calvin and his brother-in-law, John Brubaker, and their respective families, he went into the South Park Country in Colorado. The trip was made overland and the party took up a ranch about twenty-five miles East of Fairplay. They moved into Fairplay in the winter, where Edward went to school. His father was in the Cattle business for a time and later conducted a store in the town of Jefferson. At the time they were living on this ranch, the South Park Railway was being built and the Dunlap's ran a stage station and hotel. They were there when the Leadville excitement was in full swing.

There were several Indian scares in the South Park during those exciting times. One time the women were hurried into the Court House at Fairplay and were later placed in the jail, while the men were on guard. Troops were sent out from Denver to quiet the redskins.

When the Meeker Massacre occurred, the whole country around the South Park was in an uproar. It was rummred that the town of Breckenridge had been sacked and burned, but the report was false.

A man named Marksbury, whose daughter, Edward C. Dunlap later married, was killed by an Indian, who had stolen a horse that Marksbury had just traded him out of. The body lay for three days until the troops came and buried it.

In the Spring of 1881, the Dunlaps decided to move over to the Western Slope, and went by wagon through Salida, over Poncha and Cochetopa Passes to the Indian Agency on the Los Pinos River where they camped for a time. They came over Blue Mesa and camped for a ~~time~~ while at Fort Crawford. While there they witnessed the deliverance of the Meeker women to the white men after a fourteen month period of captivity among the Utes.

Mrs. Meeker and ~~their~~ her daughter, Miss Josephine, told the members of the Dunlap party that they were held all Summer in the Plateau Meadows, on the Plateau River near the present site of Collbran. The Dunlaps liked the description of the country so well that they went over there immediately after seeing Mrs. Meeker and settled on the land where the Indian Camp had been located. There they stayed all winter and the snow was very deep that season. The party ran out of food and the men started out to find the horses, which had been allowed to run loose all winter. The animals had gone below the line of the deeper snow and were in good condition when found.

Knowing that there was a town at the Junction of the Gunnisson and Colorado Rivers, the location of Grand Junction, they started out to secure supplies. They got as far as the present site of Palisades and were stopped by Sheriff Bowman and Deputy Rowe Allison of Gunnison County and were arrested as members of the George Howard gang of cattle thieves.

They were then taken into Grand Junction, where they were identified by the Russell Brothers who were operating a drug store in that city. They had known the Russells at the Post at Fort Crawford. Later Sheriff Bowman and his deputy met Howard on Kannah Creek and a battle ensued in which the leader of the gang of rustlers was killed.

For a few years thereafter Mr. Dunlap operated a sawmill near Grand Junction, which he sold in the Spring of 1897, and came up to Montrose. He ran a sawmill on Horsefly for a while and then went over into the Paradox country, where he operated a lumber mill for the Cashin Mine. He had a lumber yard where Bedrock is now, which he later moved to the Lizard Head region.

In 1899 Dunlap returned to Montrose and built a residence on East Main Street, next door West of the home of Senator Lee Knous. He spent

five years on the present Veo Ranch in the Big Cimarron Valley, and in February of 1905 he took a job assisting in the construction of the Gunnison tunnel. He remembers that when the two crews, working from opposite ends met, each crew crawled through the connecting hole and the West Crew went to breakfast at the East end of the tunnel and the East Crew went to breakfast at the West end.

Mr. Dunlap was a mechanic and had a shop in the heading of the tunnel. He was in the hospital at Lujane, the town at the West Portal of the Tunnel, with a case of la grippe. Something went wrong with the blower in the tunnel and the gas was filling it up. L.A.McConnell, the Chief Engineer, came to the hospital and asked Dunlap to go and see if he could get the blower to working again.

The latter started in on a three wheel bicycle on the track, with a stock of repairs, but was overcome with gas before reaching the shop and fell unconscious on the track. The rails were up about eighteen inches above the floor of the Tunnel, and when he fell he went down between two ties with only his right leg over one rail. The crew outside gave him enough time to get to the shop and then tried to call him on the telephone. Failing in this, the Shift Boss, Paddy Meenan and John Moshisky started in after him in a motor car. The gas was so thick that they could not see and they ran over Dunlap, severing the right leg.

In 1930 Congressman Taylor and Senator Waterman put a bill through Congress authorizing the payment of a compensation to Mr. Dunlap, this to be two-thirds of the salary he was receiving at the time of the accident. However the recent compensation cut has affected him and he is at the present time receiving almost nothing.

Since this time, Mr. Dunlap has been farming in the vicinty of Montrose. He is now living with his third wife, the first two being

dead. His son Orville Dunlap is a prominant farmer of the Montrose District and ~~h~~ he has two daughters, Mrs. Jim Quayle and Mrs. Earnest Hockins.

Edward C. Dunlap

Dated January 2, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

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Facts Concerning The Life of Daniel Morrison Kelly, Who Came Into Colorado in 1879.

Daniel Morrison Kelly was born in New York City on November 7, 1865. When four years old he went with his parents to Fall River, Massachusetts, where he went to school until the family moved to Longmont, Colorado in 1879, where he continued his education in the Longmont schools.

At this time the country around Longmont was rather well settled. He worked on a farm with his uncle, William Leach. In March 1883 Kelly came to Montrose, which was a little town of log buildings. He went to work for Mr. Cushman, helping with the construction of the Cushman Ditch on California Mesa, which takes water from Dry or "Chapparal Creek.

After the ditch was finished Kelly put in a Summer crop for Cushman. Owning two span of mules, he started to freighting and for some time hauled supplies between Grand Junction and Glenwood Springs, before the Railroad was built, and when there was only one small town, Newcastle, between the two points.

In 1887 he went to Glenwood and engaged in the building business, ~~and spent a year on a ranch,~~ after which he came again to California Mesa and took up land. On this place he lived for twenty years. He was married to Mary Anna Kane in 1887 and raised his family on the ranch. He had one daughter, Mrs. Fred R. Luce of San Francisco and three sons, Will, James, and Daniel S.

In connection with his ranch business Mr. Kelly handled sheep and finally gave up the ranch to devote all his time to the sheep interests. Later he moved to Montrose and opened a real estate office, turning his sheep business ofer to his sons, and since that time has been handling real estate and insurance.

D M. Kelly

Dated January 3, 1934 -- Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

A. W. Monroe Dec 28-1933 Doc 357 48 Pam 357- 123

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF CHARLES ARTHUR MENDENHALL.

In the past forty years Charles Arthur Mendenhall has done placer and lode mining over most of the West. In this work he has been associated with his brother Walter E. Mendenhall for many years.

Charles Arthur Mendenhall was born in Labette County, Kansas, on the first day of June, 1870, and lived there eleven years before coming into Colorado. In March 1882 he arrived in Gunnison on the train and took a six-horse stage to the new town of Lake City. He says that there were more people in Lake City then than there are in Montrose now. The Golden Fleece, the Ute and Ula, the Hidden Treasure and other famous mines in that district were giving up their horde of riches to the World, and the camp was a place of feverish activity. There were twenty-eight saloons, dance halls and sporting houses running full sway.

Several times during the last two score years, Walter Mendenhall has been the editor of the Lake City paper, which is now edited by William C. Blair.

The father of the Mendenhall boys trapped for fur animals the first year the family was on the Lake Fork, and later conducted the Miners' Market in Lake City. Charles A, as a boy sixteen, carried mail over Engineer Mountain from Rose's Cabin to Animas Forks. He has had almost every kind of experience with snow slides that it is possible for one man to have, without being buried by one.

Once when a bunch of the crew at one of the Mines were sick with influenza, the rest of the crew carried them down the mountain side. Two of the crew, returning to the mine, found that everything had been swept away by the running of the Horseshoe Slide, while they were gone.

Mr. Mendenhall says that at one time or another he has seen every slide on Hensen Creek run, and there are twenty-three of them that cross the road, and which he can name from memory. They are: Fanny Fern, Ute

and Ula, Modock, Grassy, Nellie Creek, Klondike, Twin Slides, Big Casino, Little Casino, Copper Gulch, Sunshine Mountain, Capitol, Wittemore, Golconda Gulch, Lime Kiln, Wager, Independence, Shafer Basin, Horseshoe, Gravel Mountain and Boulder. All these slides run between the town of Lake City and Roses Cabin, a distance of about fifteen miles.

One especial thing Mr. Mendenhall remembers about Alfred Packer, and that was his love of children.

Mendenhall says that his father's rifle went to the hanging of Betts and Browning, and recalls that Betts said: "Come on Browning, Let's perk up. Let's take a good chew before we go." Betts was a dead shot, and it is said that he could hit a running chipmunk with a six shooter, holding his gun in either hand.

Married February 19, 1894 in Cortez, Colorado, Mr. Mendenhall is the father of three boys and three girls. The boys are Joe E., Frank M., and Chas. A, Jr. The girls are Mrs Davidson, Mrs. Grant Youman and Mrs. Charles Clark.

Once Charles A. Mendenhall roped a bear and choked it to death. He was with Frank Andrews, but the latter was unarmed and had no rope.

Mr. Mendenhall has done placer mining all over the West and has made some rather rich finds on the San Juan River, The Snake River in Wyoming and Idaho, in Arizona and on the Coast in California.

He was in Durango at the time of the big strike in the Golden Fleece, which produced about a million and a half in gold. He has ridden all over the country around the rich Red Arrow Mine in the new Mancos Gold Field and knew Starr, the discoverer. He mined for three years in the La Plata Mountains and had nine sacks of rich ore stolen from him while there.

C. A. Mendenhall

Dated December 28,1933 --nInterview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

Pam 357- 125

A. W. Monroe Jan 3-1934 Dec 357/49

FACTS CONCERNING THE LIFE OF DOMINICK FAUSSONE.

Dominick Faussone was born on December 12th 1865 at Montalenghe, Italy. He came to America when 18 years of age and located in Trinidad, Colorado, later going to Raton, New Mexico, where he worked as a coal miner. This was about 1885, and in 1887 he went into the mountains near Leadville, Colorado, where he spent a time making railroad ties. In 1888 he worked in Crested Buttes as a coal miner, and in 1890, while the soldiers were still at Fort Crawford, he came into the Uncompahgre Valley and ~~[illegible]~~ went on up to Ouray where he secured a job as a rock miner.

In 1891 he established a lunch counter and restaurant in Ouray which he operated for about a year, after which he went to Rock Springs, Wyoming, at which place he ran a saloon. He had previously decided that he wanted to become a citizen of the United States and he got his last papers for naturalization while in that city.

He was married to Julia Trivier in 1896 and moved back to Ouray, and took a turn at the grocery business. The same year his first son, Albert Bryan, was born. During the period from 1898 to 1905 he also operated a small mine under lease. These were trying times in Ouray for the Miners' strike was on and miners were being deported by the hundreds. General Bell got a bunch of them out of their beds and put them on a special train. They were put off the train at Ridgway and walked back to Ouray, and the Miners' Union supported them by furnishing provisions. The miners went out into the woods and drilled so as to be ready for any trouble that might arise.

The Citizens' Alliance were against the Miners, but Dominick Faussone stayed with the miners and found that he had them on his side. He feared that he would be deported with them and was prepared for trouble. During the period of the strike, he had a good share of the miners' business. It was a tense and trying situation and everyone expected more trouble than occurred.

Mr. Faussone recalls many exciting events that occurred in Ouray during those times. One winter a bunch of John Ashenfelter's teams were struck by a snow slide and twenty-eight horses and five men were swept to their deaths. Another time a man named George Keller was buried beneath a slide and citizens dug for him all day and could not find him. Far into the night they worked and finally gave it up. The next morning as they were going out to dig some more and they met Keller walking in. He had been swept down the mountain and landed very near the water of a creek. There was an air space around his head and he was able to dig himself out.

Ouray has had it's share of floods and one of these swept through Mr. Faussone's house.

During the boom days of Ouray there were many gambling houses, saloons and sporting houses. The town was wide open, and as most of the men of the town were single men, merchants included, the houses were all well patronized. The miners worked at mines isolated from Civilization, with no women about them, and on their infrequent trips to town, money seemed to hold no value for them, only for the temporary pleasures it would buy.

Mr. Faussone spent four or five months at the Virginius Mine, over twelve thousand feet above sea level, and knows of the sudden contrast between the monotonous mine work and the gay lights of the mining camp.

In 1906 Mr. Faussone constructed two buildings for his grocery business and he still owns them. In 1912 he was divorced from his first wife and in 1913 he was married to Maggie Meinardi. In 1912 he was a candidate for representative from Ouray County, and the next year he was elected Alderman at Ouray. One son, Edward, was born to Mr. Faussone and his second wife.

The year 1914 saw Faussone selling his grocery business and serv-

ing on the board of directors of the Citizen's State Bank of Ouray. In 1918 he moved hid family to Montrose and conducted a real estate offiwe for about five years. He has also served on the board of Directors for the Montrose Potato Growers Association, and as State trustee for the same Association. At hhe present time, he is a member of the board of directors of the Montrose Building and Loan Association, and is the owner of a tourist camp at his home on San Juan Avenue, Montrose.

During all the years Dominick Faussone has lived in Colorado he has never been convicted of any crime and has never had a civil suit of any consequence. Having adopted the United States as his own country, he has observed its laws and been a good citizen. He is highly respected by the citizens of the community in which he resides.

Dominick Faussone

Dated January 3, 1934 --Interview reported by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

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Doc 257/50

Luther Cassel Kinikin was born near Columbus, Ohio, September 5, 1866, leaving there with his parents when he was three years of age for Missouri and Illinois respectively. He came to Telluride Colorado in 1891 as stenographer for Judge Gabbert and when the latter was elected district judge in 1893 Mr. Kinikin became official stenographer until 1897 when he was admitted to the bar of Colorado and to practice in the federal courts.

December 28, 1892, Mr. Kinikin and M. Gertrude Barrick were married at Sedalia, Missouri. They have lived in Telluride and Montrose since their marriage. Mr. Kinikin was official stenographer of the People's Party national convention at St. Louis in 1896 when William Jennings Bryan was endorsed for President and Tom Watson for vice president. He served as city attorney of Telluride for several years, up to and including the period of the Telluride strike and boycott over the miners demand for the eight hour day and the resultant martial law.

In 1910 he engaged in farming for a short period on what has since been called Kinikin Heights, and served as county judge of Montrose county from 1924 to 1932. Before and after being elected county judge Mr. Kinikin has practiced law in Montrose and adjoining counties.

Dated December 29, 1933--interview by Arthur W. Monroe, Field Survey Worker for the Colorado Historical Society.

O.K. L. C. Kinikin