

FOREWORD

The Gunnison News-Champion printed many articles between 1935 and 1945 of historical interest in Gunnison County. This work is a transcription of many of these articles.

The material has been divided into 3 sections:

1. People. This includes recollections by individual pioneers, stories about pioneers by others and obituaries.

2. Pioneer organizations and meetings with lists of those who attended. Under this heading is included a section of Gunnison County reunions in Denver and California with a roster, including addresses, of those present. Western State College alumni often held meetings at the same time.

3. Articles of early history of the area including towns, explorers, Indians, mines and quarries, smelters, ranches and railroads. The story of White Pine of 1883-1885 in the last 65 pages as told by George A. Root, editor of the White Pine Cone, is almost a diary of the town. Mr. Root includes stories of mining activities, parties, births and deaths, new supplies arriving on pack trains, elections, baseball games, tragic accidents and Christmas celebrations showing the day to day life in an early mining town.

A complete index of all the people mentioned in this book is included.

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Chas. E. Adams, Veteran Publisher, Dies in Montrose

* * *

Montrose Press Editor Succumbs Friday

News of the sudden death at Montrose Friday of Charles E. Adams, editor of the Daily Press for 36 years, came as a shock to his world of friends thruout the western slope. Altho Mr. Adams was known to be seriously ill, and the News-Champion of last week carried an item to that effect, yet that the disease was fatal, or that his passing would come so soon was entirely unexpected. Mr. Adams died at 1:45 o'clock that morning at St. Luke's hospital in Montrose, where he had been a patient since May 31st. Death was due to a heart ailment. Mr. Adams was 71 years of age.

His long newspaper career of 60 years in western Colorado started at Gunnison, where he laid the foundation of his experience and success. Even though in 1904 he sold his interests here and moved to Montrose, the faith and love which Charley Adams retained for his home town and community was constantly exhibited in his writings and actions. Chief among the things he did for our locality as well as his own, in recent years, were putting over the campaign for Taylor reservoir and, last of all, leading the long fight of eight years which resulted in triumphant construction of a great road over Monarch-Agate pass.

The death of Mr. Adams evoked stories of praise from over Colorado and the United States. In fact, he was undoubtedly one of the great leaders of public thought and accomplishment in western Colorado, and a state figure as well.

Charles Elmer Adams was born in Kansas, on the Kaw river, six miles east of Topeka, on February 14, 1869. He was the youngest child of William Chauncey and Amy Morris Adams. On his father's side he was descended from Henry Adams. From this branch of the family came two presidents of the United States and the statesman, Samuel Adams. His great-great grandmother was Sarah Bradford Adams, descendant of Governor William Bradford, first governor of the colonies.

On his mother's side, Mr. Adams came from the stock of Henry Morris, one of the men prominent in early history of the struggles of the Colonists. His great-great grandfather, Henry Morris, was a wealthy citizen of the colonies, and during their troublous days, he was one who responded patriotically to the call to duty and assisted in financing the colonies at a time when the mother country was pressing harshly down on the struggling Americans.

The life story of Charley Adams reads like a novel of heroes in the making of the west. It is well epitomized in his own paper, the Montrose Press, from which we quote extensively:

Says the Press:

"In 1881 the family moved to Colorado, locating on November 2nd at Gunnison, which was the center of an agricultural and mining boom that was sweeping the western slope of the state. Young Adams attended public school there but left school while in the ninth grade to become a printer's 'devil' in the office of the Review-Press, a job which he took on March 4, 1884, and thereby starting a profession he was to follow for a lifetime.

Sold Papers As A Boy On Gunnison Streets

"Even before he left school he had become indelibly splashed with journalism as he sold papers on streets of Gunnison and held a job as a regular delivery or carrier boy with the Review-Press. He served his apprenticeship as a printer on that paper at the time Frank A. Root, pioneer

newspaper man of Kansas, was one of the associate editors. Anson Burlingame Johnson, later American consul at Amoy, China, was associate editor. More recently Johnson lived in California.

"Mr. Adams left the Review-Press in 1888 to become foreman of the News-Democrat. On July 1, 1890, he went to Pitkin and started the Pitkin Miner, a weekly paper which served that section of Gunnison county. He used a printing plant owned by a wealthy mining man, who gave him use of the plant. On January 12, 1891, Mr. Adams returned to Gunnison and purchased the Review-Press from Henry C. Olney, paying \$2,250 for the plant. He took as his partner at that time W. Henry Corum, purchasing the interests of his partner three years later and continuing to conduct the ownership and editorship alone.

"On September 19, 1893, he was united in marriage to Miss Meta Gibbs at Gunnison. To this union were born two children, Amy Morris (Mrs. John M. Addington) and Chas. Elmer Adams, Jr., both now living in Montrose. That same year Mr. Adams returned to Pitkin and started the Pitkin Bulletin, which, however, suspended publication after the panic of 1893. During its operation, the Bulletin was conducted as a branch paper.

Was Instrumental In Locating Normal School at Gunnison

"In 1895 Mr. Adams urged establishment of a state normal school at Gunnison. He succeeded, thru his personal and editorial efforts in securing election of a candidate to the legislature who was pledged to introduce such a bill. The measure, however, failed of passage. Editor Adams continued his efforts along that line until in succeeding legislatures it was passed and approved by the Governor.

"The late Governor Orman on May 3, 1901, appointed Mr. Adams and two other Gunnison men, the late T. W. Gray, and Henry F. Lake, Jr., present publisher and editor of the Gunnison News-Champion, to the board. Mr. Adams served as president of the board, and as a member of such, was one of those responsible for establishing the state school of higher learning now known as Western State College.

"The board spent \$2,500 in improving the grounds, setting out 728 beautiful trees, most of which still stand and form the key to the beautiful campus that exists today at the college. Mr. Adams, with other members of the board, assisted Governor Shafroth in locating the site for the first building, known at the present time as North hall wing of Taylor Hall, the administration building, so named in honor of Congressman Edward T. Taylor, Colorado's fourth district congressman and intimate friend of Mr. Adams for nearly forty years. In recognition of his efforts in behalf of the college, Mr. Adams was invited to deliver the class address at the first commencement.

Purchases Montrose Press On April 1, 1904

"In 1904 Mr. Adams came to Montrose and purchased the Montrose Press, taking charge of the newspaper on April 1st of that year. He disposed of his Gunnison newspaper plant in June of the same year.

"He found Montrose and the Uncompahgre valley launching a vast development undertaking in the form of the Gunnison tunnel and the reclamation project to which the tunnel was linked. Immediately he joined whole heartedly in the community effort to make the undertaking successful and for the next 36 years he worked untiringly in behalf of the project and its allied enterprises.

"On July 6, 1908, Mr. Adams started the Montrose Daily Press, and under his proprietorship and editorship the newspaper has developed stride in stride with progress of Montrose, the Uncompahgre valley and western Colorado.

"In 1918 he purchased the Grand Junction News and for six years he operated both papers. In 1923, he took over the Montrose Enterprise, and since then has operated the paper as a weekly. In 1927, he bought the Telluride Journal, a daily, and the San Miguel Examiner and consolidated them. In 1929 he acquired ownership of the Delta Independent, converting that newspaper into a daily publication. He also purchased the Ouray Herald and Olathe Criterion. Later on he transferred the latter to his son, Charles E. Adams, Jr., several years ago.

"In recent years he disposed of his newspaper holdings in Telluride, Delta and Ouray. But, as he decreased the field of his editorial enterprises, he shouldered additional responsibilities in civic groups and public life. More energetically than ever he crusaded for improved highways which would provide needed and proper outlet and inlet to the vast agricultural and mining empire of the western slope, as well as making possible communications for motorists who would be attracted to this outstanding scenic region.

"The civic career of Charles E. Adams was outstanding in the annals of western Colorado pioneers. He was so closely identified with development of two towns, Gunnison and Montrose, that both thru the years claimed him as a first citizen. He served one term on the town council in Gunnison, and served one term as a member of the board of education at Montrose.

"Mr. Adams organized U. S. Highway 50 Association west of Pueblo in 1930, and for nine consecutive times was re-elected president, a position he held at the time of his death. He lived to see completion of the great transcontinental highway, built to federal specifications thru the Royal Gorge and over Monarch Pass and oiled from state border to state border.

Always Member of Congregational Church and Life-long Republican

"In religion Mr. Adams was a member of the Congregational church. In politics, he was a life-long Republican, but kept himself aloof from small partisan politics, as his editorial record reveals time and again that he placed community, state and nation above partisanship. He was a delegate to the Republican national convention at Cleveland in 1924, when Calvin Coolidge was nominated as Republican candidate for president. He returned as a delegate to the same city in 1936. At this convention he served as an assistant secretary of the convention.

"He was past president of the Montrose Chamber of Commerce; also past president of Montrose Rotary club, serving that organization as its head in 1937 and representing the club at its convention of Rotary International at the conclusion of his term. He had laid plans to attend Rotary International convention at Havana this June when sickness intervened.

Active In Lodge Organizations

"Mr. Adams was identified with four lodges, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, the Woodmen of the World, and Knights of Pythias. He was particularly active in the I.O.O.F., being initiated in Gunnison lodge No. 39 on June 10, 1895.

"Acting as grand master, he assisted in laying the cornerstone of the Odd Fellows Hall at Gunnison on August 20, 1916, and assisted in the dedication of the same building on May 4, 1917, acting as grand marshal. He burned the mortgage on the building on July 8, 1929 while grand master of Colorado. During his term as grand master, he secured the establishment by the

grand lodge of Colorado, the Colorado Educational Loan Fund for Sons and Daughters of Odd Fellows in order to complete their college education.

Twice President of State Press Association

"In the Colorado Press Association the Montrose Press editor held the distinction of twice serving as its president, being elected first time in January, 1907, and again being named to the office in 1936. He was elected secretary-treasurer of Colorado Press Association in 1909 and served in this capacity for three years.

"Altho he left the school room in his first year of high school, C. E. Adams always maintained an untiring devotion to the cause of public education. In this respect he frequently referred to three big events of his life. They were:

"1. Persuaded Gunnison County Republican convention to pledge Sam G. Gill, if elected state representative, to introduce a bill in the legislature providing for establishment of a state normal school at Gunnison. Gill was elected and introduced the same bill that State Senator A. M. Stevenson had introduced in the senate in 1881 to provide for establishment of the first state normal school at Gunnison. Gill's bill was identical as to wording. Such a bill passed the legislature in 1901, and an appropriation of \$2,500 was set aside for laying out grounds.

"2. In the issue of the Gunnison Tribune, July 1, 1902, Adams advocated in a front-page editorial that the Gunnison county high school system be established by a vote of the people. Mr. Adams was accorded the privilege of naming the first county high school committee.

3. "In 1938, Mr. Adams suggested a new auditorium for the county high school at Montrose.

The bonds carried, the contracts [awarded]

Named to Welfare Board By Governor Carr

"In 1932 Mr. Adams was nominated by the Republicans of the 17th senatorial district for state senator but lost a spirited campaign in the first Roosevelt landslide to Lee Knous, who later was elected state supreme court justice, leaving the district without senatorial representation for one full legislature biennium.

"Governor Ralph L. Carr appointed C. E. Adams as a member of the Colorado Department of Public Welfare on July 12, 1939, the appointment being the first the governor had made to that board since his inauguration as chief executive of the state.

"The Montrose editor introduced a motion before a road boosters meeting in Denver in 1933 to establish five primary highways in Colorado - Nos. 40, 50 and 160 east and west; and 85 and 87 north and south.

"He fought desperately a plan of the reclamation service to saddle a big debt on farmers of the Uncompahgre project. His efforts went materially toward saving the project farmers \$3,000,000 and succeeded in preventing the reclamation service from cancelling farmers' water rights in cases where they could not pay.

"He advocated construction of the Taylor park dam and rehabilitation and enlargement of the Gunnison tunnel as a step toward defeating water diversion and the life stream of the valley to the eastern slope."

Funeral services were held from the Union Congregational church at Montrose at 1:30 Sunday afternoon. Chas. J. Moynihan, life-long friend of Mr. Adams, delivered the eulogy. The Elks Lodge were in charge of the services. Carrying out Mr. Adams' last request to be interred in the family burial plot in Gunnison cemetery, with sunset services, the funeral cortege proceeded

from Montrose to Gunnison, with Courtesy Patrolman William Dickerson in the van. Between 18 or 20 automobiles filled with relatives, lodge brothers and sorrowing friends, slowly wended their way over Highway 50 to the boyhood home of the veteran editor. Passing I.O.O.F. hall at Gunnison, the cortege was joined by a score or more of automobiles, en route to the cemetery. In the lengthening shadows of sunset, the flower-covered casket was lowered to its last resting place. Gunnison Odd Fellows were in charge of graveside services; Richard Owen, noble grand, and Charles Steele, as chaplain, officiated.

Surviving Mr. Adams are his widow, his son, Charles Elmer Adams, Jr., his daughter, Mrs. Amy Addington, and a grand-daughter, Sandra Ann Adams. Mrs. Clarence D. Adams of Gunnison is a sister-in-law; S. J. Miller, M. A. Deering and Fred Brown of our city are brothers-in-law; there are also a number of nephews and nieces living in Gunnison.

Two sisters and two brothers of Mr. Adams died years ago. They were Martin Adams of Shasta, California; Clarence D. Adams of Gunnison; Mrs. Ora Jones of Sedan, Kansas, and Mrs. S. J. Miller of our city.

And, so we say "good bye" to our friend and business associate for whom we had the deepest respect. That "death loves a shining mark" is again proven in the passing of Charles Elmer Adams.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion - Issue of June 13, 1940

Death of Pioneer Citizen, Clarence Adams, Saddens Community Of Friends

* * *

Prominent Resident Would Have Been 80 In September; Here Since 1881

On Saturday afternoon, July 8, 1939, Clarence Devers Adams, one of Gunnison's prominent pioneer residents and business men, passed away at his home, after a lingering illness.

By the death of Mr. Adams is also removed one through whose veins coursed the red blood of the early Puritan and Pilgrim fathers.

Born near Grayson, Kentucky, on September 2, 1859, on his mother's side he sprang from the stock of Henry Morris, one of the men prominent in the early history of struggles of the Colonists. His great-great grandfather, Robert Morris, was a wealthy citizen of the colonies and during their troublous days he was one who patriotically responded to the call of duty and assisted in financing the colonies at a time when the Mother country was pressing harshly down upon the necks of the struggling Pilgrims.

On the father's side, Clarence Adams descended from Henry Adams. From this branch of the family there came two presidents of the United States, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, and the statesman, Samuel Adams, who also assisted in financing the colonies during their depression years of struggle for freedom. Mr. Adam's grandfather was Samuel Adams of Ohio. Also, his great, great grandmother was Sarah Bradford Adams, descendant of Governor William Bradford, first governor of the colonies.

His parents were William Chauncey and Amy Morris Adams.

At the breaking out of the civil war, his father enlisted on the Union side, served through the war, was twice captured and served twice in prison; was wounded; was promoted to lieutenant and then to captain of Co. I 2nd Kentucky Cavalry. His company presented him with a beautiful sword after his discharge from service.

During the progress of the war, the family home being so near the borders between the North and South, the country was frequently raided by bushwhackers, and often the mother, with her little flock of three children under her arm, would have to go out into the dense woods and hide for days to keep from being captured or killed or assaulted by roving bands of men pillaging through the country.

Immediately after the close of the war and return home of the father, the family moved to Grantville, a small settlement a few miles east of Topeka, Kansas. They embarked in a boat down the Ohio river to Cairo, thence via the Missouri river to Kansas City, where they left the boat and were taken by an ox team to their new home at Grantville. This was in 1865.

The family remained there until 1870, when they moved to Chautauqua county, then Howard county, Kansas. There was a small settlement at Cedar Vale. Mr. Adams' father with two brothers-in-law settled on the creek, now known as Grant creek. This creek was named by his father, as he was a great admirer of General Grant. The three men started log cabins together, but his father had the roof on his cabin first, as he was the only married man, the others helped in finishing it first so he could move his family from Grantville.

At the outbreak of the civil war, Clarence Adams was two years old, and when they came to Kansas he was six years old.

In 1876 the family moved to Texas, remaining there for five years, during which time Mr. Adams became of age and pre-empted 160 acres of land in Young County, Texas, alongside 160 acres homesteaded by his father.

In 1881 the family sold their Texas holdings and moved to Gunnison, Colorado, in two covered wagons, one of which was driven by Clarence.

After arriving in Gunnison, he secured employment from the late A. W. Mergelman, who lived near Iola. He herded cattle for one season out on north Beaver creek.

After this he secured employment in the Denver, South Park & Pacific railroad shops in Gunnison. He was later made a fireman on the freight trains between Gunnison and Denver, later became an engineer, remaining with the railroad until it ceased operation west of Buena Vista.

Upon his return to Gunnison, after leaving the railroad employ, he purchased the furniture and undertaking business from his brother-in-law, S. J. Miller, went to Denver and took an embalmer's course and became a licensed undertaker and embalmer.

Altho he had been in failing health for some time, he was able to be at his store constantly until the last few weeks, since which time he has been confined to his bed.

Mr. Adams was a deep thinker and kept up to date in political and social matters. He was a man of sterling integrity and strong convictions.

On July 15, 1891, Clarence Adams was married to Miss Ethel Miller, daughter of a pioneer family, the late Lowell F. Miller and Mrs. Alice Miller. To the union two daughters were born, Vera, who became the wife of Dr. John C. Johnson, and Alta, now the wife of A. E. Winslow of Gunnison. Vera Johnson died some years ago.

Mr. Adams was a member of three branches of the Odd Fellows in Gunnison, the subordinate lodge, Encampment and Rebekahs. Recently he was presented with a 50-year jewel, which he prized highly and wore constantly. He was also chief patriarch of Gunnison Encampment, No. 26, at the time of his death.

Funeral services were held from the Community church Monday afternoon at two o'clock. Rev. George L. Nuckolls preached the sermon, telling of the deceased's worth to the community and his integrity as a man and a citizen. The church was filled with friends who loved him and were saddened by his death.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fogg sang "City Four Square." The Odd Fellows had charge of the burial service at Masons' & Odd Fellows' cemetery. Over 150 friends of the family followed the remains to the cemetery, where Charles E. Adams of Montrose, brother of the deceased, gave a short eulogy, recalling early life of his brother, and how as a boy, he, himself, owed much to the older brother.

Pallbearers were older members of the Odd Fellow's lodge, Jos. Blackstock, E. G. Palmer, Richard Andrews, Robert Cooper, Henry Knoll and John McEwen.

Surviving relatives are his wife and daughter, Mrs. Alta Winslow, eight grandchildren and one great-grandchild, the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Van Sunderlin. Chas. E. Adams, of the Montrose Press, is a brother.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of July 13, 1939

John M. Allen Passes Away Oct. 3, 1929

* * *

Pioneer of Western Slope Succumbs To Infirmities of Age;
Was 82 on Last Birthday; Had Long and Useful Life.

John M. Allen, pioneer of Gunnison county and of Western Colorado, passed away this morning. Just at sunrise, heralding the dawn of a new day, the tired eyes of the old gentleman closed peacefully in his last long sleep. At his bedside were his devoted wife of half a century, and his children. Old age was the contributing factor in his death, he having been in poor health for some years past. Just two months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Allen returned to Gunnison from Santa Ana, California, where they had lived for the past twenty years, conducting the Colonial Hotel in Santa Ana. To spend his declining days surrounded by his loved ones, was Mr. Allen's desire, and it was with this object in view that he and his wife moved back to Gunnison, the scene of their early-day struggles, successes and associations.

Mr. Allen's early life was filled with interesting ventures, trials and the hardships that befall the settler in an untried country. Born in Scotland, February 20, 1847, one of nine children, John M. Allen was the sixth child of John and Jennie (Nichol) Allen. He was reared in Ayrshire, Scotland, the region so highly honored by the famous poet, Robert Burns. Mr. Allen's mother died when he was six years old.

At the age of fourteen, Mr. Allen was apprenticed to the tailor business and almost six years later went to Glasgow to complete his trade by qualifying as a professional cutter. It was on July 4th, 1866, that the young Scotchman, then but nineteen, landed in New York, amid the booming of cannon and ringing of bells, which honored the national holiday.

As a youth, he was determined to become at once an American, and refused to take passage in a Canadian liner, even at less ocean fare. It was a thought that dominated his actions ever, and made him a high class citizen of the country of his adoption.

His first place of residence in America was at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he worked at his trade. In 1870 he came to Denver, then a small metropolis of about 5,000 inhabitants. Two years later he moved to Colorado Springs, making the trip on the first regular passenger train of the Rio Grande. In that city he erected a building, bought a stock of goods and opened a flourishing mercantile establishment. Three years later, owing to poor health, he sold out and traveled thru southern Colorado and New Mexico for some time, then went to Mendota, Illinois, and spent a year clerking in a store. It was here that he met his future wife, Miss Lucia Ellen Clarke. They were married February 20, 1877. The year before his marriage, Mr. Allen came back to Colorado and tried his hand at mining in the San Luis valley. At that time Lake City was heralded as a promising mining region, so Mr. Allen went back to Mendota for his bride and together they established a residence at Lake City. It was here that their first-born, (Mrs. Ruth Lake), saw the light of day. The Allens went back to Mendota and remained there for three years. However, the western fever gripped them and they returned to Colorado. This time they settled in Gunnison, in 1882, and in partnership with his brother-in-law, the late John Latimer, Mr. Allen opened a general store in the location where the Miller & Sons dry goods store now stands. This establishment burned in the big fire of 1902.

Like most of our early-day pioneers, Mr. Allen had faith in the agricultural possibilities of Gunnison county and acquired several hundred acres of ranch land on Ohio creek, originally

the H. M. Hogg homestead, which he improved and made into one of the finest ranches in the valley. This same property is now the home of his only son, Ralph R. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen were the parents of seven children. Twin girls died in infancy, and a daughter, Naomi, died some 28 years ago. All are buried in Gunnison. Those surviving with their mother are: Mrs. Ruth Lake, Mrs. Florence Martin, Mrs. Winona McKee and Ralph R. Allen. Also eight grandchildren and two great grandchildren are living. The late Mrs. John Latimer was a sister, and another sister, Mrs. Jennie Surles, lives in Klamath Falls, Ore.

Deceased occupied a prominent place in the business life of Gunnison, holding several offices of trust, serving as councilman and making many wise suggestions in the refinancing of the town, following the depression incident to the collapse of the boom days. His faith in Gunnison was never shaken. The first trees ever planted in this city were set out by John Allen, around what is now known as the Hurley place on Wisconsin and Ohio streets.

In politics Mr. Allen was a staunch Republican. He was for years a member of the Gunnison lodge of Odd Fellows.

It was due to poor health that Mr. Allen left Gunnison about twenty-five years ago and went to California, where they prospered and enjoyed the fruits of their long and active life. But as the years began to flit by and infirmities of age crept in, the longing to be among relatives and early-day friends became so strong, that they returned to Gunnison this summer.

A private funeral will be held tomorrow from the Miller Undertaking Parlors, at 1:30 p.m.

As we chronicle the passing of another Gunnison pioneer, we pause to reflect on the influence for good that he left behind: his wise counsel, honest dealings with his fellowmen, and the hand of sympathy that he extended to those in need. To the bereaved wife and son and daughters the community extends the hand of sympathy.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion - Oct. 3, 1929.

Wm. D. Allen, County Ranchman, Dies Saturday

William D. Allen, long-time ranchman of the Jack's Cabin valley and pioneer resident of Gunnison county, passed away at his home last Saturday evening, December 7th, following a long illness due to heart trouble. Altho his health had been failing for the past three or four years, it was only in recent months that his condition had become serious.

William David Allen was born on July 25, 1873, at Osawatomie, Kansas, being 67 years of age at time of his death. He attended rural schools and the Normal school at Paola, Kansas, and in 1886 came to Crested Butte, where his father was working. Altho his father returned to Kansas shortly afterwards, Mr. Allen remained at Crested Butte until 1905, managing the Dan Minor livery stables for many years and acting as assistant postmaster. He also was manager of the Robinson Lumber Company general store for a four year period.

On March 30, 1898, Mr. Allen was married to Mary R. Provin at Osawatomie. One son was born to the union, Warren E., who passed away in 1925 at the age of 26.

Becoming interested in ranching possibilities, Mr. Allen purchased the Mary Lohr ranch in Jack's Cabin valley, and later sold the property when he bought the ranches of Herman Hayden, Wm. Gorman and George Elsberry in that section. He operated the property as the Allen ranch, raising cattle up until last May, when he sold his holdings to Lang Spann and purchased the Tombling home on the Gunnison river, about 2½ miles north of town. At the time he sold his ranch he had 1,200 acres of land under fence, and grazed his cattle on it, never turning them onto open range.

Mr. Allen was an expert in making and repairing harness and had done most of such work for Jack's Cabin ranchman neighbors for many years. One of the first things he did after moving to the Tombling property was to build a harness shop, where he expected to carry on his hobby.

In the death of W. D. Allen, Gunnison county has lost one of its best known and highly respected residents. Honest in all his dealings, industrious and a friend to his neighbors, he will be greatly missed from not only his family circle, but by his associates among county ranchers, with whom he was ever ready to cooperate in activities for betterment of their problems.

Surviving relatives are Mrs. Allen; two brothers, Ed Allen, Gunnison dairyman and rancher, and John Allen, of Eads, Colorado. The latter has been here with the Ed Allen family for some time. Mrs. Grant Laurence of Iola, Kansas, sister of Mrs. Allen, came several months ago to be with the W. D. Allen family.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock from Miller's Funeral Home, with Dr. George Nuckolls officiating. Pall bearers were J. J. Shackleford, Tony Danni, Lang Spann, Harry Resnik, Ashton Winslow and A. E. Fordham. Interment was in the family plot at Masons' & Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Dec. 12, 1940.

Samuel T. Ashley

Samuel T. Ashley was born at Salem, Nebraska, April 3, 1861. Passed away at Salida, February 5, 1939. His parents were John W. Ashley and Rebecca Ashley of Kentucky.

He was married to Rebecca Willoughby in 1900; she preceded him in death in 1932. Six children were born to this union: Blanche, who also passed away in 1932, and John, who died in 1924. The remaining children are, Sam, Robert and Edmund of Villa Grove, and Ruth, of Fairbanks, Alaska.

Mr. Ashley came to Colorado in 1879. He lived in Canon City for a while, later moving to Salida and then to Villa Grove, where he has been for many years. He was familiar with early day activities of Creede, and could tell some interesting experiences there. Always a great booster for mining, he did his part in the founding of this part of the state. His ready wit, coupled with a kindly word for everyone, made him a friend to all.

Mr. Ashley was laid to rest with his prospector's pick so that he may have a good time with the miners and prospectors who have gone before. This was his last request.

Funeral Services For Margaret Bain, Resident 3 Decades

Funeral services were held in Gunnison at Miller Funeral Home, at 2:30 Monday afternoon, June 4, for Mrs. Margaret M. Bain, resident of Gunnison county for over 30 years, who died in Montrose June 1, where she had been at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Alva Bliss. She was in the hospital two days before her death from cerebral hemorrhage. Dr. George Nuckolls, pastor of the Community church, was in charge of the funeral services.

Margaret Bain was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil McLaughlin. She was born January 18, 1887, at Campbell Hill, Illinois. After graduation from grade and high school, she attended Southern Illinois Normal University at Carbondale, Ill. She taught in Illinois before coming to Colorado.

She came to Gunnison county to teach more than three decades ago, serving first at Sparta. The next year she returned to Illinois and brought her mother and three sisters to Colorado, her father having died when the younger children were small. An older brother had met a tragic death. Thus she became the mainstay of the family in helping her mother rear and educate the children.

In June, 1915, she was married to Robert Sutton Bain, and she became the mother of three daughters, Mary, Grace and Alice.

In 1922 her husband died, after a long period of ill health, during which Mrs. Bain's devotion and ministration were constant.

With courage, she took up the task of rearing her family. She attended Western State College, taught in various schools of the county, served as county superintendent of schools, and was for three years in charge of the re-employment agency, where she proved efficient, courteous and helpful.

Mrs. Bain was a woman of rare understanding and appreciation. She had a talent for writing, which although not developed as much as her friends desired, received recognition in various publications. To the lives of the many boys and girls she had taught, now men and women serving in responsible positions, her life and teaching cannot fail to have added richness and meaning.

Children surviving are Mrs. Grace Todd, Gravity, Iowa; Mrs. Alice Cooper, Montrose, and Mrs. Alva Bliss, Montrose. Sisters who survive are Mrs. Viola Bain, Denver, and Mrs. Mary Wesch, Cortez. She has seven grandchildren. Two nephews in service are Jack Bain and Jack Wesch.

Here for the funeral were her two sisters and her daughters, Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Bliss.

Pallbearers were Roy and James McCabe, Waldo Smith, Ralph Little, R. W. Cooper, and Raleigh Flick. Interment was in Masons and Odd Fellows cemetery.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of June 7, 1945

D. C. Baker, Pioneer On the Lake Fork, Dies At Compton

While not unlooked for, it was with sadness that Lake City folks learned of the death on Sept. 20 of D. C. Baker at Compton, Calif.

Daniel Crettenton Baker was born in Windsor, Mo., on May 4, 1850, making him 94 years of age at the time of his death.

He came to Lake City in the spring of 1875, settling on the ranch later known as the VC Bar, and which is now a well known tourist resort owned and operated by the youngest son, Alva A. Baker, and his wife.

In February, 1882, Mr. Baker brot his bride to the Lake Fork pioneer home. Seven children were born to the union, five of whom are living. They are Alva A. Baker of Lake City; Mrs. Laura Knettle and Mrs. Lillian Brooks, both of Chicago; and Mrs. Guy Messick of Compton, Calif. The oldest son, Orville, and the youngest daughter, Nettie, died a number of years ago. There are eight grand-children and seven great-grandchildren. Mrs. Baker died Dec 10, 1943. Since that time Mrs. Knettle has been caring for her father.

Mr. Baker will be remembered as one of the real pioneers of the West. When he first came here he drove an ox team, freighting from Saguache and Del Norte. He told many colorful stories of his freighting days, which should have been recorded in book form. He was a hard worker, a good friend and neighbor, and while he has passed on, he will never be forgotten.

The sympathy of his many friends goes to the bereaved relatives.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of Sept. 28, 1944

Marion Bates, Another Pioneer, Dies in California

Marion E. Bates, resident of Gunnison for nearly 60 years, passed away at home of his daughter, Mrs. Everett Dunshee, at Fresno, California, Monday evening, March 11. He was 75 years of age. Mr. Bates had not been well for some time, and since going to California last August, had suffered several strokes, the last occurring shortly before his death.

Marion E. Bates was born August 10, 1864, in Iowa, and came to Gunnison county in April, 1880, and to the state in 1879, first going to Rocky Ford. His parents were the late Eli and Margaret Ann Bates, the former passing away in 1909, and the latter in January, 1934.

After first coming to the county, Mr. Bates took up railroading, following that occupation until failing eyesight forced his retirement from that field. On May 8, 1890, he married Miss Mary Elizabeth McWilliams, Crested Butte young lady, and the couple settled down in Gunnison to pass nearly fifty years of happy wedded life. He was a member of the Woodmen of the World, of the Methodist branch of the Community church, and of the Gunnison county pioneer society.

Since the passing of his wife last July 12, Mr. Bates made his home in Fresno with his only child, Mrs. Dunshee. One son, Elmer, died some years ago in Denver, and another son died in infancy.

Surviving besides his daughter and grandson, Greg Dunshee, are two brothers, Ellis and Charles Bates, of Gunnison, and two sisters, Mrs. Sadie E. Hill and Mrs. P. J. Ready of Denver.

Funeral services were held at Fresno Wednesday morning.

With Mr. Bates' death another pioneer has passed on. As each one goes, we regret their leaving; nevertheless, we remember with grateful hearts their contributions to the growth and betterment of our community.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of March 14, 1940.

Camille Besse Dies Tuesday

Death of Camille Besse on Tuesday afternoon, October 21, came as a sudden announcement to his many friends of the county, altho he had not been in good health for the past six years. Immediate cause of death was heart trouble and complications of pneumonia. He had been seriously ill for several days.

Mr. Besse was born on April 2, 1866, at Vilette, Switzerland. As a young man he served as a guide in the Alps of Switzerland. He landed on American soil April 1, 1890, and came directly to Gunnison county, staying with a friend, the late Louis Cortay, on the former Louis Sarrasin ranch, above Parlin, which at that time was a homestead.

Later he worked at the Philip Vidal ranch on Ohio creek.

On January 12, 1894, Mr. Besse was married to Miss Antoinette Metroz at St. Peter's Catholic church. Five children blessed the union.

Mr. and Mrs. Besse cultivated and developed a ranch on Ohio Creek, now owned by Otis Moore, and the family spent the next twenty years there.

In 1909 they moved to Gunnison, establishing a residence on North Iowa St. and East Denver Ave., which has since been the family home.

Mr. Besse served as road overseer for four years for the late W. A. Gillaspey, who was county commissioner. Afterwards he set up a shoe-repair shop on Main street, a trade which he learned in Switzerland. He operated this for ten years.

Mr. Besse is survived by his wife and four children: Mrs. Frank W. Zugelder, Mrs. G. L. Murray, George Besse and Mrs. J. Maurice Kyffin; five grandchildren, Noreen and Jean Besse, Frank Zugelder, Jr., Miss Camille Besse and George Martin Besse. A son, Alfred, died in 1927.

Mr. Besse was a devout member of the Catholic church and an honorary member of the Knights of Columbus. Rosary was said Wednesday evening at Miller Funeral Home, which was in charge of funeral arrangements. Services were held at ten o'clock this morning, Thursday, at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. Leo Thome officiating.

Pall bearers were B. H. Snyder, J. J. Miller, Tom Hayden, Ernest Vouga, Richard Vader and Willis Gillaspey. Honorary pall bearers were C. D. Jones, Gabriel Fardell, Joseph Voutaz, Sr., Albert Hildebrand, Ralph Allen, John Rozman, H. F. Trampe, Frank Eilebrecht, S. J. Miller, John Zugelder and Ralph Little. Interment was in Masons' & Odd Fellows' cemetery in the family plot.

Gunnison mourns the passing of a fine, upright citizen, a man liked by all who knew him.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of October 23, 1941

Mrs. Camille Besse Passes Away In Her Sleep Saturday Night

Announcement of the death of Mrs. Camille Besse Sunday morning brought sadness to her many friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Besse had retired Saturday evening, and next morning, when she did not get up, her daughter, Mrs. Marguerite Kyffin, went to awake her, and found she had passed away in her sleep.

Her death followed that of Mr. Besse exactly two months to the day, he having died on October 21.

Antoinette Metroz Besse was born February 5, 1867, at Sembvanchez, Switzerland. She came to America alone, arriving here on April 1st, 1891. A sister, Mrs. Peter Verney, and a brother, Joseph Metroz, had preceded her to the United States.

For a time she worked for the Regis Vidal family at their ranch, helping raise the Vidal children. There she met and married Camille Besse, the ceremony taking place on January 12, 1894, at St. Peter's Catholic church in Gunnison. Five children blessed the union, four of whom are living.

Mrs. Besse is survived by four children: Mrs. Frank W. Zugelder, George Besse and Mrs. Maurice Kyffin, all of Gunnison, and Mrs. G. L. Murray of Denver. A son, Alfred Besse, died in 1927. There are four grandchildren, Noreen and Jean Besse of Grand Junction; Frank Zugelder, Jr., Miss Camilla Besse and George Martin Besse.

Mrs. Besse was a wonderful wife and mother, a fine friend and neighbor. Her home and family were her heart's interests. A devout Catholic, she took an active interest in her church and its welfare and was an honorary member of the Altar and Rosary Society. Rosary was said Monday evening.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at 10:00 o'clock from St. Peter's church, Rev. Leo Thome officiating. Miller's Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

Pall bearers were B. H. Snyder, Ernest Vouga, Richard Vader, Tom Hayden, John Rozman and C. D. Jones. Honorary pall bearers were: Judge E. M. Nourse, Ralph Little, J. J. Miller, Gabriel Fardell, Joseph Voutaz, Milton Zugelder and Clarence Tombling.

A niece, Mrs. Edna Dermody, of Denver came for the funeral, as did Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Kyffin and son, Jim, of Denver.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of December 25, 1941

Bruce Blackstock, Prominent Rancher, Is Taken By Death

Death Tuesday night of Bruce Norman Blackstock, prominent cattleman and resident of this valley all his life, came as a shock to the community. Mr. Blackstock had undergone an operation five weeks ago, and altho he recovered from that, pneumonia set in and he was unable to rally. He had grown weaker gradually and for the past few weeks his life had been despaired of.

Bruce Norman Blackstock was born November 20, 1890, in Gunnison, son of Joseph and the late Eva Blackstock. His mother passed away in 1918.

Bruce attended Gunnison schools, graduating from high school. Early in life he had decided to be a stockman; when he was twenty years of age he purchased a ranch on Tomichi creek that became the family home until a few years ago.

On December 22, 1912, he married Miss Beryl Nutting of Delta, the wedding taking place in that city, and the couple made their home on the Tomichi valley ranch. Two children were born to the union, a son, Edward, and a daughter, Ruby.

Six years ago Mr. Blackstock purchased the Mergelman ranch near Iola, selling his holdings on Tomichi creek.

Mr. Blackstock took an active part in Gunnison County Stockgrowers' association matters, and served on the board of County high school for a period. He was a member of the advisory board of Taylor Grazing District No. 3, and a member of the Rationing Board at time of his death.

He took an interest in community activities and affairs and was always willing to give his assistance and council where needed. He was a member of the Community church.

Surviving him are his wife and two children, his father, Jos. Blackstock of our city, and two brothers, J. Ross Blackstock of Gunnison and Dr. Moore Blackstock, who resides at Spartanburg, South Carolina. Nieces and nephews surviving are, Virginia Rogers of River Forest, Ill., daughter of Mr. Blackstock's sister, Mrs. Helen Rogers, who died several years ago, and Anne, Ross, Jr., and Joyce Blackstock, children of J. Ross.

Time for funeral services had not been set as News-Champion goes to press. Dr. George Nuckolls will officiate, and services will be held at Miller Funeral Home.

Coming to Gunnison this week because of Mr. Blackstock's death were Mrs. J. E. Nutting of Washington, D. C., mother of Mrs. Blackstock, and her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nutting of Longmont. Mrs. O. E. Willson of Gunnison is a sister of Mrs. Blackstock.

Owing to transportation difficulties this time of year, Dr. Moore Blackstock was unable to come to Gunnison for the funeral.

Friends of the family thruout the county deeply regret the untimely death of this prominent resident of Gunnison county, and his presence will be keenly missed, not only in the home circle, but by his business associates and a host of friends.

Reprinted from News-Champion of March 18, 1943

Joseph Blackstock, In Business Here 55 Years, Dies July 27

(By Lois Borland.)

"A man's mind is a wondrous thing,
A heritage of men and things long past."

Some echo of the poet's thought was in the minds and hearts of Gunnison people, when, with a deep sense of community loss, they heard that the vivid mental continuity of Joseph Blackstock, carrying memories of little less than a century, was broken at the fountain, and that he had met death bravely and serenely, Friday morning, July 27.

It was on Monday, July 30, at 2:30 p.m., in Miller's Funeral Home that friends paid last respects. There were the sweet voices of the singers in "The City Foursquare," and "Lead Kindly Light." Dr. George Nuckolls gave "a friend's tribute to a friend," and read comforting words from the scriptures. The Odd Fellows, of which lodge Mr. Blackstock had been a member since 1887, performed last ceremonial, and it was "Hail and Farewell" to Joseph Blackstock, who has been so long an intimate part of the life of town and country.

Honorary pallbearers were Vern Allen, George Besse, Warren Mergelman, John Rozman, F. E. Keenan, Wayne Lickiss, Tony Sayer, Arthur Hards, M. J. Vezuh and Jay Miller.

An honorary group from the pioneers consisted of Bob Cooper, M. A. Deering, Chas. Duree, Frank Eilebrecht, Elmer Mullin and Dick Andrews.

Acting pallbearers were William Runge, Harry Fogg, Dr. Grant Ruland, Edward Leonard, Anton Danni, and Leo Gates.

Mrs. G. Lewis Miller and Mrs. Ralph Porter, accompanied by Miss Wilma Doig, sang.

It is not so unusual for a man to live the span of years allotted to Mr. Blackstock, but almost unique for a man to be active in a business way, to carry on his accustomed tasks, to keep up his interest in people and events into his 93rd year - and most unusual of all that he preserved a clear recollection of much of the varied happenings of his long life, drawing upon names, even initials, with accuracy and little hesitation.

He could tell of the school he attended in Illinois, when the Civil War veterans were catching up on their neglected training during the short winter term, attending especially to the study of arithmetic and the higher mathematics - the days of McGuffey's spellers and arithmetics, the Spencerian system of writing, the music lessons from a peripatetic instructor, ten for \$1 . . . the spelling bees each Friday.

Especially was he fond of telling of the methods practiced on him in reading. "Why read the whole book, when you can't even read one line correctly?" maintained the teacher. So thru the long winter certain stanzas of Poe's "Raven" were read and reread day after day - and he quoted them still with distaste. Asked why the pupils did not object he stated that was definitely not the province of pupils of the 60's.

There were clear pictures of the early 80's. Dave Woods was on the road with his string of sixes, when Mr. Blackstock drove into Gunnison fresh from the milling, teeming streets of Leadville, where he saw H. A. W. Tabor, occupying the box at Leadville's famed theatre, throwing down handfuls of coins on the stage when the acting pleased him.

Mr. Blackstock was the authority consulted by all, concerning the business men, the location of various business houses, the mayors, the lawyers, the teachers of Gunnison - the dominating personalities of the town.

"Layers of living in each man's mind," the poet goes on to say; and in these layers of living it was people that interested him most. He criticized them in a matter-of-fact way, sometimes very sharply, but for the most part, generously. Back of his estimates were the criteria of integrity, financial and moral honesty, worthwhile values, comforting in an age of "relative" ethical standards.

Joseph Blackstock was born on Nov. 9, 1852, in Alton, Ill., the son of Joseph Blackstock and Anne Ross Blackstock.

He attended, from six to 15 years, the Hamilton Primary school in Otterville, in Jersey county, Ill. The school, built in 1830, was one of the first free public schools in Illinois, and figures prominently in Illinois school history. There were three teachers, and the term was seven months yearly. A number of veterans, returned from the Civil War, attended during the winter months, while he was in school, this very fact indicating the length of his life span.

He came from Illinois to Denver in 1873 at the age of 20, after some experience in Nova Scotia and in lumbering in the United States, and engaged in teaming. He bought land near Denver in 1880. He came to Gunnison, May 28, 1880, 65 years ago. For three and one-half years he was a railroader, and managed a sawmill.

In 1886 he married, at Piasa, Ill., Eva Moore Randolph, daughter of Moore Randolph and Eleanor McDow Randolph.

It was in 1890 that he bought the men's furnishing store that he has owned and conducted, with little assistance at any time, up to his last illness.

In recognition of his long and continuous service to his community, officers and directors of the Colorado State Chamber of Commerce issued him a certificate which hangs in his store.

" . . . services rendered to the state of Colorado, though having been in business continuously more than 50 years. And in testimony of this remarkable record, we hereto set our hand and the official seal of the Colorado State Chamber of Commerce."

Mr. Blackstock was mayor of Gunnison 1914-1916, and a member of the school board 18 years, from 1893-1911. Both he and his wife and family were keenly interested in every phase of the educational life of the community, his daughter, Helen, serving a term as county superintendent of schools.

He was a member of I. O. O. F. No. 39, Gunnison, since 1887, and has been a trustee of the Odd Fellows' Lodge for 40 years. He was, at the time of his death, the oldest living Odd Fellow here. He had been a member of the Woodmen of the World since he was 44 years of age. He was president of the cemetery board; was a member of the Methodist church, then of the Community church. He was on the church board when the now-unused Methodist church building was erected. Since its inception, he has been a leading spirit in the Pioneer Society of Gunnison County, kept the roster, and only a few days ago brought to the press the names of the new members. It was fitting that he should have been able to enjoy this current pioneer celebration.

Mr. Blackstock was married a second time, in 1920, to Mrs. Emma Nelson, who preceded him in death.

Immediate family surviving are Dr. Moore Blackstock of Spartanburg, S.C., who was here at the time of his father's death, spending a month's vacation with his father and other relatives; and Joseph Ross Blackstock, of the Blackstock Pharmacy, Gunnison.

Three children are deceased: Norman Bruce Blackstock, who died March 16, 1943; Helen Blackstock Rogers, in July, 1932, and Anne, at six months of age, in 1888.

Six grandchildren survive: Anne, Ross, Joyce, Edward, and Ruby Blackstock, and Virginia Rogers. Lieut. Anne and Pvt. Ross are in the service of their country.

Recollections Of 58 Years Ago

* * *

As Told By Jos. Blackstock, Gunnison Pioneer

A trip from Leadville to Gunnison was no day's journey in 1880, according to Jos. Blackstock, who, when a young man of 27, brought a party of men into this region in that year. They were just seven days on the road.

It was while Mr. Blackstock was waiting to get thru a traffic jam on Harrison Ave. in Leadville, that a man approached him with the proposition of bringing a party of 14 men - mostly merchants - to Gunnison. The two struck a bargain and started for Gunnison the morning of May 21st, 1880, Mr. Blackstock taking seven in his wagon.

They drove by way of Salida, then called Southern Arkansas, spending one night in camp at Poncha. Mr. Blackstock said they could have come on over Marshall pass, but the party decided they had plenty of time and were just out for the trip anyway, so they went around by Saguache and over Cochetopa. While there was considerable talk of Indians at the time, Mr. Blackstock did not encounter any during the trip.

At noon on the 28th of May they pulled into Parlin and ate dinner there before continuing into Gunnison. That night they set up camp on what is now Virginia Ave., between the water works and the old county hospital.

A short time afterwards Mr. Blackstock engaged to take a small cigar store outfit to the U. P. saloon, above King's ranch, near Irwin. From there he walked on into Irwin to look around.

In those days - the spring following the first boom in Irwin - it cost \$25 a month for a lot on which to pitch a tent, and just previous to Mr. Blackstock's trip in, packers had been receiving ten cents a pound for material brought in.

Mr. Blackstock worked a sawmill with two other men back of the old Vader place for several years. Coming to town in August of 1881, he saw, from the Biebel place, Gunnison's first railroad train. Two trains each way went out daily, with at least eleven coaches apiece, and having both Pullman and emigrant sleepers.

For two years Mr. Blackstock was on the police force of this city, with "nothing out of the way happening, just the usual number of drunks." There were two work trains at Sapinero, one at Gunnison, and a number of section crews, with considerable men depending on Gunnison for recreational activities. That payroll made things pretty lively on weekends.

From 1887 to 1891, Mr. Blackstock worked on the railroad, eventually entering the clothing store business, which he has since operated, and upon whose counters most of the grown-up residents of the town sat and had shoes tried on when they were small children.

The man who owned the lots upon which the store sets intended to build there, but lost the money for building in a faro game, so Blackstock bought the land, and had the present store building constructed, contractors being Miller & Frew, husband and brother of Mrs. Annie Miller of Gunnison.

Jos. Blackstock was born in Illinois in 1852, coming to Colorado at the age of twenty. In July, 1873, he arrived in Denver and lived there and near Palmer Lake until 1880, when he came to Gunnison. With exception of brief visits to Illinois, he has lived the greater part of his life here, taking an active interest in civic affairs. He married Miss Eva Moore Randolph, on May 6, 1886, in Illinois, bringing his bride to Gunnison, where he had built a home for them on the

Island, near the Gunnison river. Later the house was moved up town on Virginia Ave. and is still occupied by Mr. Blackstock and his son, Ross, and family.

All of the Blackstock children were born here: Moore, who resides at Spartanburg, N. C., is a veterinarian; Ann, who died at the age of six months; Ross, who is one of Gunnison's business men; Bruce, a prominent ranchman of Iola; and Helen Blackstock Rogers, who died in 1932. Mr. Blackstock's second wife was Mrs. Chas. Nelson, widow of a prominent railroad man here. She died a number of years ago.

Mr. Blackstock served on the school board for District No. 1 for 18 years - his oldest son entered school during his first term, and the youngest graduated from high school during his last year on the board.

For three years he was mayor of Gunnison, from 1915-18, and last January had been a member of the local I. O. O. F. lodge for 50 years. Most of Gunnison's history is closely interwoven with Jos. Blackstock's life, and he promises other stories of the early days in this section in future issues of the News-Champion.

Traveling To Grand Junction In a Boat Fifty-Seven Years Ago Joe Blackstock Tells Of Thrilling Experience

Going to Grand Junction from Gunnison by stage coach was quite an accomplishment in the early '80s, but travelling that distance by boat was still more exceptional. Joseph Blackstock, pioneer Gunnisonite, has tried both methods of travel, and tells of his experiences.

Mr. Blackstock returned from a trip to Illinois in the spring of 1882. In March, in company with Eli Bates and W. C. Adams, fathers of Ellis and Charley Bates and of Clarence Adams of present-day Gunnison, Mr. Blackstock started for Grand Junction to reclaim a team of horses and a pair of mules for which a purchaser had not paid. The outfit was taking a load of groceries to Delta for Warren Richardson, who had a store at that point as well as a grocery in Gunnison where the Endner hardware now stands.

There was no highway then via the Black Canyon, so the party went by way of the Nine-Mile hill, spending the first night at the Big Spring on the hill. Crossing the Lake Fork at what is now the Carr ranch, they proceeded on over Blue Mesa. They paid toll at the A. E. McGregor place on the Powderhorn and at the Foster place on the Blue. The tolls were a part of the Otto Mears road system which covered routes to the San Juan country at that time.

Two nights they camped on the Blue, having risen too late the first morning to go over the crust. Regular March snow-and-blow weather prevailed all across the Blue, and when they arrived at Cap Kline's stage station this side of Cimarron, they were only too glad to be invited to share the warmth of the station. However, the men did not get much rest after sitting up till one o'clock, listening to Cap's explanation of the killing of a bullwacker, Jackson, by the Indians in that section. (Cap Kline was thought to have been the indirect cause of Jackson's slaying, but defended himself to his guests at some length.)

Rising at three o'clock, the party went on into Montrose, then a settlement of a few houses, blacksmith shop, store, etc., and then on to Delta after having come thru snow as far as Cedar creek, and not having seen an Indian on the entire trip.

In Delta, Bates and Adams finished their south-bound journey, and Mr. Blackstock sought other means of getting on to Grand Junction. After some haggling with the stage driver, (Mr. Hammond, who had his Gunnison office in the present News-Champion location on Main street), Mr. Blackstock and John W. Boulden decided that the fare was too high. The two men bought a light skiff for \$25 at Delta, and in company with a man whose leg and purse were both broken, started down the Gunnison river.

The men occupied themselves with squaw fishing during their down-stream jaunt, enjoying excellent luck. When they came to a surveyors camp on the river bank, they stopped to visit with the crew of Rio Grande men who were laying out the railroad line. The cook offered to trade for the fish, and insisted on giving Mr. Blackstock and his companions an ample supply of bacon and ham, which was selling at the then terrifically high price of thirty cents a pound.

When the men reached the junction of the Gunnison and the Grand rivers, they set their lines, and catching four nice squaw fish, again traded them to a surveying gang for a ham and a half sack of beans.

Leaving the broken-legged man with their camp, Mr. Blackstock and Mr. Boulden went on down the river to scout around a bit. When they returned, they found their lines had been stolen. Unable to get replacements closer than Gunnison, they had to abandon that easy method of securing groceries.

Concluding, after their trip down, that the homeward journey could not be accomplished by stream, the two men sold the skiff for \$25 to a surveying crew at the Junction.

One night while at camp on the river, Mr. Blackstock heard a terrific commotion in the town, and upon investigating the next morning, found that a gang of cattle thieves from across the river had "shot the place up" in style, completely demolishing the only hanging lamp in the city of Grand Junction, and wrecking a saloon owned by a man named Nishwitz. A posse headed by Ben Scott, deputy sheriff of the county (then including Grand Junction and practically all of the western slope) set out to cross the river to arrest the bad men. In crossing, one boat upset, drowning Deputy Ben Scott and John Gordon, and the pursuit had to be temporarily abandoned while search was made for the bodies. Scott was found that day, but Gordon was not recovered for a month. (Funeral services were made possible by the arrival of a druggist and four donkey-loads of supplies. Perfume was used lavishly all about the premises, and J. W. Bucklin and Governor Crawford performed burial rites.)

Sheriff Jack Bowman then arrived on the scene and took charge of arrangements to capture the gunmen. Bowman deputized Roe Allison, and the two set out by buggy for Whitewater, the only place where the Gunnison could be forded during high water. They drove up to a cabin this side of the present site of Whitewater and when a man came out, Bowman asked him the way to the ford. Before Bowman, who did not know the outlaw leader by sight, knew what was coming, Roe Allison put up his gun and demanded the man with whom Bowman was talking, to "throw up" his hands. At the man's reach for the "draw," Allison let fire a double-barrelled shotgun into the outlaw's chest.

The body was buried there, and some years ago, in constructing a highway thru that point, bones believed to be those of the gunman, were found. Whoever the victim, he must have died suddenly, for his boots were still on!

Mr. Blackstock started back to Gunnison in May, bringing a party of surveyors to Gunnison to catch the train for Denver. The party had to cross the Grand river at the bottom of Seventh street, by way of a current-propelled ferry. Fare was one dollar.

The outfit came up the North Fork, crossing the new bridge at Hotchkiss.

In coming over Black Mesa, Mr. Blackstock, with his team of four and the assistance of a mule team belonging to a contractor also on the road, got stuck on a hill. The 500 or 600 pound load had to be taken off, carried up the grade and reloaded.

It took seven days for the trip to Gunnison, or an average of 20 miles a day - a trip that today requires only three hours by auto if one is in a hurry.

**Pioneer Couple of East River Valley
Observe Golden Wedding Anniversary
[Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bottenfield]**

On Sunday, August 2nd, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bottenfield, prominent and respected residents of East River valley, celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary at their home in Glacier.

At 12 o'clock noon, a delightful dinner was served at which were present their children: Mrs. Lotta Bailey of Brighton, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bottenfield of Gunnison and Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Bottenfield of Crested Butte. In the afternoon from 2:00 to 5:00 o'clock, a reception for their friends was held at the Bottenfield home, during which congratulations and best wishes were showered upon the popular couple. Present were friends from many out-of-state sections, including Kansas. A telegram was received from Mrs. Bottenfield's sister, Mrs. Ted Mosher, and family of California, who are vacationing in Oregon with Mr. Mosher's father. Mr. and Mrs. Bottenfield were also called to the telephone to listen to long-distance messages from their grandchildren, Miss Betty Jane Bailey and Mrs. Gailon Bailey at Brighton, who were unable to come for the celebration. A large number of beautiful gifts were received by the Bottenfields.

Samuel Gladstone Bottenfield and Miss Mary Jane Stobs were married in Lafayette, Colo., on Aug. 3, 1892. For nine years they lived in that city and in Wyoming, moving to Gunnison county in May of 1901. They later came to Glacier, in East River valley, near the then Oversteg post office, and settled on a ranch, remaining there until 1931, when they retired from active ranch life. They built a home at Glacier, in which they still reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Bottenfield reared a fine family of two sons and one daughter; a third son, Clarence, died a few months after the family arrived in Gunnison county. He was not quite six years old when he passed away. He is buried in the Jack's Cabin cemetery. Their daughter is Mrs. Lotta E. Bailey of Brighton. The sons are Alvie S. Bottenfield of Crested Butte, and Ernest M. Bottenfield of Gunnison. The couple have three grandchildren, Gilbert S., Gailon and Miss Betty Jane Bailey, all of Brighton, and one great-grandson, Ronald Gene Bailey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Bailey.

Mr. Bottenfield was born in Oswega, Kansas, in 1872, and Mrs. Bottenfield was born in England in 1875. Both are still active and enjoy fairly good health. They are still as happy and devoted to each other as they were fifty years ago, when they cast their lots together. Theirs is a marriage that has endured. They worked together, thru times of happiness and sorrow, successes and hardships, and now are enjoying the fruits of their labors together.

Their many friends here and elsewhere extend congratulations to this fine couple, and one and all voice the sincere hope that they may see many more years of happy married life together.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of August 6, 1942

Clyde W. Brewer, Formerly of Gunnison, Dies at Cedaredge

Clyde W. Brewer, former Gunnison pioneer resident, dropped dead Monday night, Nov. 18, in his office of town clerk of Cedaredge. Witnesses said he had closed the safe door and had started to sweep the floor, when he apparently suffered a heart attack.

Mr. Brewer was born in Gunnison 63 years ago, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine G. Brewer, early-day residents. He grew to young manhood in this community, and has many friends here. His father, a cabinet maker by trade, died in 1924, and his mother passed away in 1941.

Mr. Brewer learned the newspaper business in Gunnison, having worked for the late Charles E. Adams on the Gunnison Tribune for many years. In July of 1904, when Mr. Adams sold the Tribune to Henry F. Lake, Jr., Mr. Brewer bought the machinery and moved it to Cedaredge, establishing the Surface Creek Champion, which he continued to publish until about three years ago, when he sold out to the Delta Independent.

Besides his newspaper, Mr. Brewer took an active part in community affairs of Surface Creek and North Fork valley. He purchased a fruit ranch, and raised his family of five children there.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Alpha Prouty Brewer, and four children. They are Mrs. Ada Brewer Bryson, Cedaredge; Warren Brewer, Grand Junction; Alton Brewer, Ventura, Calif., and Mrs. Katherine Roe, Colorado Springs. A son died a couple of years ago. There are four grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at the Community church in Cedaredge today (Nov. 21) and interment was in the Cedaredge cemetery.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Nov. 21, 1946

Death of Mrs. V. G. Brewer at 89 Removes 50 Year Resident

Death of Mrs. Valentine G. Brewer early Wednesday morning, January 8th, took another pioneer of Gunnison. Mrs. Brewer was 89 years of age last August 7th, and had resided in Gunnison nearly fifty years.

Despite her advanced age, Mrs. Brewer has been in good health and was up and around her home until Monday. Tuesday she was not feeling well, and that evening her condition warranted her entering the hospital. Death came soon from complications of old age.

Bethena T. Beath was born August 7, 1851, near Chillicothe, Ohio. As a girl she moved with her family to Iowa, and later to Kansas, coming to Gunnison in the fall of 1881 or spring of 1882, with a cousin.

She was married to Valentine G. Brewer in 1882, and has since resided in Gunnison in the house she and her husband built. Mr. Brewer was a cabinet maker by trade.

Altho Mrs. Brewer was interested in affairs about town, she made her home her castle, and took pleasure in looking out for the interests of her husband and their only child, Clyde. Mr. Brewer passed away on April 7, 1924.

She is survived by her son, editor of the Surface Creek Champion at Cedaredge, five grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Mr. Brewer came from Cedaredge often to visit his mother, he and his wife driving up last Sunday. Mrs. Brewer had remained here for a short visit.

As far as it is known, Mrs. Brewer was the youngest and only living member of a large family. She was, so far as known, the only widow of a Civil War veteran remaining in this territory.

Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, from Miller's Funeral Home, Dr. George Nuckolls officiating. Interment will be in the Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery by the side of her husband.

Clyde Brewer came up from Cedaredge Wednesday afternoon to take charge of arrangements; Mr. and Mrs. Webb Bryson of Cedaredge, the latter a grand-daughter, will arrive Friday for the funeral.

Pall Bearers will be Harry Endner, Charles Duree, J. J. Miller, B. F. Eastman, H. H. Fogg and Ray Miller.

In the passing of this pioneer lady, Gunnison has lost one of its finest citizens, a woman who was a good friend and neighbor, one who took pride in her own home and a keen interest in her community and its doings.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of January 9, 1941

Frederick Brown, Gunnison Pioneer, Dies Tuesday Morning

The unexpected death of Frederick H. Brown at 2:00 a.m. Tuesday, Oct. 10, at his home in Gunnison, after a brief illness marks the passing of one of Gunnison's pioneers and substantial citizens - a man who has made a host of friends during his 60 years residence here. His death was due to heart complications, brought on, it is thought, by over-exertion.

He was born March 22, 1870, in Maysville, Mo., and came to Gunnison with his parents, Mary A. and Ira Brown, when he was 14 years of age. The family had previously spent one year in Irwin, at that time a booming mining town.

He attended elementary and high school in Gunnison, where his father was prominent as county judge and clerk of the district court, and his mother active in church, social and club affairs.

Mr. Brown had five brothers and sisters: Llewellyn and Mary Frances, who died in infancy; Ira Ewart, who died in Telluride in 1912; Frank, who lives in Long Beach, Calif.; and Martha C, who has been his constant companion and whose life is made lonely by his passing.

He was married Feb. 16, 1896, to Agnes Gibbs, sister of Mrs. Meta Adams of Montrose, and the late Mrs. Margaret Gibbs Deering, first wife of M. A. Deering of Gunnison. Mrs. Brown died in April of 1898 of an epidemic which was prevalent. After that time Mr. Brown and his sister made their home together, caring for their mother, who died April 11, 1929, at the age of 91.

Mining was his chief interest. He also engaged in mechanical engineering, installing mining machinery and heating plants.

He was of a reserved and independent nature, and identified himself with few organizations. He was an ardent lifelong Republican. His staunch integrity was unquestioned through all the years of his residence here, and he shared with his sister and the other members of the family a keen interest in the intellectual, cultural and moral growth of the community.

Mr. Brown was a member of Gunnison County Pioneer Society.

Funeral services will be held at 11 o'clock Friday morning at the Miller Funeral Home. Dr. George Nuckolls will have charge. Mrs. Lewis Miller and Mrs. Ralph Porter will sing. The brother, Frank Brown, will not come until later.

Pallbearers will be Clyde Martin, John Lambertson, Sam C. Hartman, George Eastman, J. J. Miller and S. E. Morlan.

News-Champion expresses the sympathy of the entire community to the bereaved sister, Miss Martha, and her brother, Frank.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of Oct. 12, 1944

Buckskin Charley, Chief Ouray's Successor, Still Heads Utes at 96

By Edwin A. Bemis in Littleton Independent -

"White man always been my friend. I been friend to white man. Tell all my friends hello." With these words Buckskin Charley, Ute Indian chief bid me good-bye as I stopped and walked out of his tepee. It was an interesting session, one I shall never forget.

"Buckskin Charley" is chief of the Ute Indian tribes and lives on a small ranch near Ignacio, Colo. Recently it was my privilege to interview him thru an interpreter. The interview was not long, but, in true Indian fashion, much was said. The opportunity came to me to see him when on an official visitation tour of the newspaper plants of western Colorado.

One day I arrived at Ignacio. Some mention was made of Buckskin Charley. That name meant much to me, for as a small boy I could remember when Buckskin Charley used to bring his tribes to Denver to attend the Festival of Mountain and Plain. I had not seen him since; so I decided that if an interview could be secured, I was going to get it. Thru the help of Fay Jones, editor of the Ignacio Chieftain, I got in touch with the Ute Indian agency at Ignacio and told them what I wanted. They assigned to me a Ute Indian who knew where Buckskin Charley was and who would act as interpreter. Had I not had a guide I never would have found Buckskin Charley, for we drove several miles up a valley to a narrow rough road finally arriving at a ranch. It could have been anybody's ranch, but this was Buckskin Charley's.

As we drove into the yard we could see a small house, about four rooms, and in the yard was a tepee. In the yard, also was an old white-haired Indian squaw, apparently some relative of the family. It was not Buckskin Charley's squaw. As we got out of the car a middle-aged Indian woman emerged from the house and she was asked where Buckskin Charley was. She looked out over the landscape, apparently trying to decide whether he was out on the place somewhere or around the buildings. Then, upon further thought she decided he might be in his tepee. He was. She raised the flap and uttered a number of Indian words then motioned us to come in. My interpreter went in and I followed, and then in came his squaw.

Sat on Goat Skins in Tepee

It seemed to me, as I faced the little man, cross legged on some goat skins on the floor, that I had been ushered suddenly, into the romance of the pioneer days. There sat the diminutive little chief, small in stature, but powerful in authority. White mustache, white hair, overalls and a black shirt. And before him in the center of the tepee were the last dying embers of a wood fire which he had kindled some time before just for company, for I am not sure that we did not awaken him from an afternoon nap when we arrived.

My interpreter, to whom I had discussed my approach on the way out, squatted down on his heels and began a conversation with Buckskin Charley, but what was said of course I shall never know. Mrs. Buck, and by the way, Buckskin Charley's name is Charley Buck, moved a small box over for me to sit upon. She probably knew that I, a white man, wasn't used to sitting either on my heels or on the ground, and she was very considerate in attempting to make me comfortable.

I wanted to know if Buckskin Charley knew some of the pioneers around Littleton with whom I was personally acquainted during my boyhood. Apparently this approach to get him into an interview was strategy which took him immediately, for he became enthusiastic when I named over some of the pioneers he knew. These were John G. Lilley and John McBroom. Yes, he knew them and knew them well, and he held them in high regard. He said, "I am so happy to

meet someone who knew some of my very dear friends among the white men. They have all gone now and even my own comrades of my race are gone. I shall not live many more years but it makes me very happy to meet someone who knew my old friends."

Buckskin Charley claims that he is 96 years old, but I was informed at Ignacio that he is over 100 years old. He is the last Ute Indian chief and when Buckskin Charley passes to the happy hunting grounds the Ute tribes will be left without a chief.

Made a Chief by Ouray

When the famous Chief Ouray went from Montrose to Ignacio about August 20, 1880, to attend a celebration, he was taken ill with pneumonia and passed away at Ignacio, August 24, 1880. Prior to this time Chief Ouray had made Buckskin Charley a sub-chief of the tribe. The day prior to his death he called in Buckskin Charley and told him that he knew he was going to take a long journey from which he would not return, and he thereupon made Buckskin Charley chief of the Ute tribes. Chief Ouray was buried at a point approximately two miles south of Ignacio and in a place known to Buckskin Charley and a few other tribesmen only. For many years the white men tried to find the site of Chief Ouray's grave because they wanted to move his remains to Montrose to inter them beside the body of that of his wife, Chipeta, but the Indians steadfastly refused to disclose the burial site. However, in May, 1925, Buckskin Charley divulged the location and the bones of Chief Ouray were disinterred and re-buried in the Ignacio Indian cemetery. When it came time to locate the grave, the matter of religious affiliation became an issue, for it was not known whether Chief Ouray was a Catholic or a Protestant and the final decision was made that his body be buried half in the Catholic cemetery and half in the Protestant, there being a fence as a dividing line running between the two sections of the cemetery. The bones are buried under this fence.

Born in New Mexico

Buckskin Charley told me that he was born in Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico, at the southern end of the San Luis Valley, about a hundred years ago. He was a boy in the San Luis Valley when the Spaniards first came north and settled at Conejos in the early 1840s. For about two years during this time he was stationed at Fort Junior with the federal troops and was given an honorable discharge by the United States government for Indian Service. He told me he had lost his discharge papers and that he had asked the government to issue duplicates, but the government had never been able to find the record of his service. He feels that he should be pensioned for the rest of his life, and knowing the service that Buckskin Charley has done for the white people and the friendship he has exhibited for them, I think he is entitled to it also, and I hope it can be obtained for him for the few remaining years in which he has to live.

Buckskin Charley's health is fine. He is mentally alert, and physically fit, except that his eyesight has practically failed. He has lost the sight entirely of one eye and the other is failing, but aside from that there is no reason why he should not live many years.

Squaw Smokes Cigarets Only

I handed Buckskin Charley a couple of cigars I had in my jacket and he seemed glad to get them. Then I offered a cigar to his squaw, who had sat listening intently to the conversation, but she smiled very graciously and let me know thru the interpreter that she did not smoke cigars but she would be very pleased to have some cigarettes. Not being a smoker, I failed to make

good on the cigaret request. Mrs. Buck, by the way, is Buckskin Charley's third wife. He had one son by a former marriage but this son will not succeed him as chief of the Utes.

He speaks little English now, and in fact makes no effort to try to converse except thru the interpreter, but I wish I could have understood the great lengthy discourse he gave the interpreter about his early life thru the San Luis Valley and southwestern Colorado, for I am sure it would have made an interesting story. The interpreter did not give me much in detail of what he had said. It seemed that we had gotten about all the information I could get under the circumstances and I arose to go. Buckskin Charley held up his hand and I shook hands with him, patted him on the back and gave him a lot of encouragement which I am not sure he understood, but if he didn't he was a good actor. His parting words thru the interpreter were to tell his friends that he was still living but old and not able to get out any more, and he expressed his friendship for the white men and an appreciation for the friendship they had accorded him.

Mrs. J. J. Carpenter Dies in Denver

Word was received Wednesday by relatives of the death of Mrs. J. J. Carpenter at St. Luke's hospital in Denver Tuesday night. Mrs. Carpenter underwent an operation a week ago last Friday; she succumbed at 9:45. Had she lived until September 30, she would have been 82 years of age, having been born in 1859, in Mitchell County, North Carolina.

Her maiden name was Louise DeVere Wiseman; she was a member of a distinguished Colonial family of the South. On Feb. 25, 1878, she married Jay J. Carpenter at Ashford, North Carolina, in 1878 and the family came to Cebolla in 1888, starting what later became the famous fishing resort that gained wide fame as the Sportsmen's Hotel. They also took up considerable land in the valley and operated a ranch in connection with the resort.

Seven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter; twin sons, Harry and Howard; Palus, Lloyd, Grover, Earl and Maude. Howard was killed in a hunting accident in October of 1912, but the rest of the children are still living. Harry and Earl reside at Longview, Washington; Lloyd and Palus at Gunnison; Grover lives in Nevada, and Mrs. Maude Carpenter Darlington resides in Philadelphia.

Lloyd and wife and Palus were in Denver when their mother passed away. Mrs. Darlington is expected to arrive in Denver tomorrow (Friday) and Harry, Grover and Earl will attend the funeral.

The body will be brought to Gunnison and funeral services held Saturday or Sunday afternoon with interment in the family plot.

As a young woman, Mrs. Carpenter was a school teacher in North Carolina, but after her marriage, devoted her time and efforts to the life of a pioneer woman of the west, raising her family and experiencing all the vicissitudes and disappointments of early-day life in Gunnison county. During the hey-day of Sportsmen's Resort, Mrs. Carpenter made the hotel a place noted for its hospitality and comfort, and guests returned year after year, when fishing and hunting seasons again rolled around. Mr. Carpenter passed away in June, 1931. In late years when her health began to fail, Mrs. Carpenter made her home in Denver, coming to Gunnison during summertime to greet friends and former neighbors.

Besides her children there are 18 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren surviving. Also two brothers, T. Ben Wiseman of McFadden, Wyo., and John S. Wiseman of Denver, and one sister, Mrs. Julia Brown of Mitchell County, North Carolina.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of January 23, 1941

E. M. Collins, Long Time Resident, Dies This Morning

Gunnison community lost one of the most respected citizens this morning at 7:45, when E. M. Collins, a resident since 1887, passed to the Great Beyond.

Ed M. Collins was born in Memphis, Tenn., on June 4, 1860. He learned the blacksmith trade when a lad of 16 years, and followed that profession until 1886, working on various railroads, among them the Memphis and Charleston, Missouri Pacific and the Illinois Central.

He was in Big Spring, Texas, when a strike was called, and leaving there, worked his way to Kansas City. After a few years as blacksmith, he came west to Denver in 1887. In May of that year he landed in Salida and came on to Gunnison in July. He continued his trade in the Rio Grande shops here until the A.R.U. strike in '94, and for the next two years worked as blacksmith in charge of milling machinery in mines at Lake City, Ouray and Telluride. Always interested in mining, Mr. Collins once told a News-Champion reporter he had probably grubstaked prospectors as much as \$2,000 worth; "but all my money is in the ground, I never got a dollar back."

In 1896 he opened a bakery in the building now occupied by Sarson's Shoe Shop, operating it for two years. Selling that business, he went into partnership with I. W. Jennings in the Boston Bakery, then located in the Richardson building now occupied by HardWare Endner. The two men put in a line of groceries, and the store was known as the Gunnison Grocery and Bakery.

Following the big fire of 1902, which burned all the buildings on Main Street from the corner down to the Richardson building, Mr. Collins became sole owner of the store, and moved into the brick building, built by the First National Bank, which is now occupied by Jorgensen Grocery Market. Mr. Collins continued to operate the business until 1922, when he sold to Mr. Jorgensen.

Mr. Collins took a very active part in community affairs during the years, serving as a member of the original Buck Fire Company, on the town council for two terms, and as mayor for two terms. He affiliated with Gunnison I.O.O.F. Lodge No. 39 in 1896, and had gone thru all the chairs and all the branches of the lodge.

He was president of the Chamber of Commerce, a Woodman of the World lodge member since 1893. He was one of the organizers of the Gunnison Building, Loan and Savings association in 1911.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of June 22, 1944

**[E.M. Collins] Pays 54th Subscription to News-Champion-
And That's Some Record**
(By Rial R. Lake)

"This is the 54th time I have paid a year's subscription to the News-Champion, or to its predecessors," stated E. M. Collins one day recently when he came into the News-Champion office with two dollars to extend his subscription another year.

"I came to Gunnison in July of 1887," Mr. Collins told a New-Champion reporter when interviewed, "and like it so well it has been my home for the past 53 years."

Mr. Collins learned the blacksmith trade when he was 16 years old at his home in Memphis, Tenn. He followed that profession until 1896 when he went into the bakery business in Gunnison. His first job was in Memphis in 1876 or 77, working on a railroad there. In 1878 he made his first trip to St. Louis during the yellow fever epidemic when practically everyone was evacuated from Memphis. Later he returned to St. Louis and worked on a good many railroads there, among them the Memphis and Charleston, Missouri Pacific and the Illinois Central.

He was at Big Springs, Texas, when a strike was called, and leaving there worked his way to Kansas City. After a few years working as blacksmith, he came west to Denver in 1887. In May of that year he landed in Salida, and came on to Gunnison in July. He continued at his trade in the Rio Grande shops here until the A.R.U. strike in '94, and for the next two years worked as blacksmith in charge of milling machinery in mines at Lake City, Ouray and Telluride.

"Altho I never worked inside mines, I was always interested in them," Mr. Collins added. "Expect I have grub-staked prospectors as much as \$2,000 worth, but all my money is in the ground; I never got a dollar back."

"I also took a couple of fliers in oil around here, one in the Gunnison Oil company that drilled on what is now the Ralph Allen place, and one in the A-1 Oil Company that drilled a well on the Dollard ranch at Castleton. Guess my money is still in the ground there, too," Mr. Collins laughed.

In 1896 he opened a bakery in the building now occupied by Sarson's Shoe Shop, operating it for two years. Selling that business to Will Herrick and Del McKee in 1898, Mr. Collins and I. W. Jennings went into partnership in the Boston Bakery, purchasing that business from Tom Kane. It was then located in the Richardson building now occupied by the Endner Hardware. The men put in a line of groceries, and the store was known as the Gunnison Grocery and Bakery.

"I well remember one winter when we were in business there," Mr. Collins answered to a query about the most severe winter he recalled. "It was the custom then to go around with the delivery wagon each morning soliciting business. One February-I'm not sure of the exact year-there was a period of 15 days when the thermometer stayed between 30 and 35 below zero night and day."

He also told about snow in the early days saying he could remember one winter when, after shoveling off the sidewalk in front of the bakery shop and other men across the street had cleaned their walks, the snow was piled so high on the curb that a person walking on one side of the street could only see heads bobbing on the other side.

In February of 1902 John McCormick bought out Jennings' interest in the Gunnison Grocery and Bakery. The big fire of March 2nd, 1902, burned down all the buildings from what

is now the Fogg corner to the Endner Hardware building and S. P. Spencer built the first new brick building on those lots where Jorgensen's store is now.

In October of 1902 Collins and McCormick moved their business in that building, and continued in partnership until 1909 when Mr. Collins bought out McCormick. He continued to operate the store there until 1922 when he sold to B. H. Jorgensen.

He was one of the original members of the Buck Fire company of Gunnison, and tells some interesting stories about early-day fires, how the firemen then pulled the two-wheeled hose carts to the fire on a high run, and were usually so out of breath by the time they reached the fire it was some minutes before they could actually do much fire fighting. That is another story, and one News-Champion plans to secure soon from Mr. Collins, Jos. Blackstock, and other pioneers.

Mr. Collins took an active part in community activities during all his years of residence here. He was elected to the town council for two terms, and served as mayor for two terms. He affiliated with the Gunnison I.O.O.F. Lodge No. 39 in 1896, and has gone thru all the chairs and all the branches of the lodge.

Mr. Collins was also president of the Chamber of Commerce a year, and has been a member of Woodmen of the World lodge since 1893, going thru all the chairs. During his years on the railroad he was a member of and active in a number of labor organizations.

He was one of the organizers of the Gunnison Building Loan and Savings Association in 1911, and served as its president for 18 years, when his health and eyesight compelled him to relinquish that position. He is still a stockholder in the company.

"I believe the Town of Gunnison has made its greatest advancement since the establishment of Western State College here," Mr. Collins stated.

On October 12, 1893, Mr. Collins and Miss Myra Boyles of this city were married in the apartment of Henry F. Lake, Sr., which was the upstairs over the building now occupied by the Gunnison Hardware. Two children, Norma, now Mrs. Myron Power of Longmont, and Margaret, who lives at home with her parents, have taken prominent parts in community activities of Gunnison.

In 1897 Mr. and Mrs. Collins purchased the lots on north Iowa street on which they built, in 1906, a spacious two-story home, that they have occupied since. Both Mr. and Mrs. Collins joined the Pioneer Society of Gunnison county three years ago, having then resided in the county 50 years.

He built the brick building on West Virginia avenue in 1916 originally as a warehouse. Later it was turned into a store building, the ground floor being occupied by Adams Furniture store and funeral home for many years. The bakery shop was in part of the building.

Retiring from active business in 1922, Mr. Collins, who is now in his 81st year, has since enjoyed a much earned rest. He still is interested in progress of his home town, and watches with concern events of the world. He is in good health, and comes downtown nearly every day.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of February 20, 1941

Death Takes Frank Comstock: Was Pioneer of County

Gunnison county has lost another of its pioneer residents, one who lived in this section since 1885 - Frank W. Comstock. Mr. Comstock died at his home here Saturday, January 6th, after a lingering illness. He was 76 years of age.

He was born on March 15, 1863, at Yucatan, Minnesota, and came to our section in 1885. His uncle, Jack Howe, was the first man to settle at what is now Jack's Cabin, that place being named for him. Mr. Comstock likewise settled there and became interested in ranching. In the year of 1898, during the great gold rush to Alaska, he joined a party, mushing over Chilkoot Pass to Dawson City. However, he returned to Gunnison county and devoted his time to ranching for a number of years.

After moving to Gunnison Mr. Comstock became actively identified with the Democratic party and in the election of 1924, was elected county commissioner, and again in 1928. He also served as mayor of the town of Gunnison in 1917-18, and took active interest in various business enterprises about town. In late years he had been closely connected with road building around the county.

On August 22, 1884, he was married to Miss Ione Woodruff at Harpersville, New York. Three children blessed the union, only one of whom is living. A daughter, Mrs. Laurel Spann, died during the flu epidemic in 1918, and a son, Anthony, passed away some years ago in British Columbia. Harry Comstock resides in California.

Besides his wife and son, Mr. Comstock is survived by four grandchildren, Mrs. M. P. Markey, David Boyles, Douglas and Anthony Spann; and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at two o'clock, from the Miller Funeral home. Rev. George Gooderham of the Episcopal church, conducted religious services. Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hatch sang, and Miss Margaret Collins presided at the organ. Pallbearers were Sam C. Hartman, Arthur Hards, W. H. Whalen, Ralph Little, Lang Spann and Sam Ogden. Interment was in Masons & Odd Fellows' cemetery.

In the passing of Mr. Comstock, Gunnison loses a familiar figure about town, one who enjoyed meeting friends and acquaintances to discuss events of the day, exchange political opinions and reminiscences on early days of the county. He will be missed by a large circle of friends as well as business associates.

Reprinted from News-Champion Issue of January 11, 1940

James R. Corbitt Dies Suddenly from Heart Attack in Pueblo

The many friends and acquaintances of James R. Corbitt, for 25 years a ranchman in the Parlin community, were saddened to hear of his sudden death Monday afternoon, Feb. 12, at his home in Pueblo.

Mr. Corbitt was in apparent good health. He had shoveled snow from the walks a short time before his death, which occurred at four o'clock. About that time he complained of heart pains. Death came very suddenly.

James R. Corbitt was born March 13, 1874, at Agency, near St. Joseph, Missouri. He was the son of John and Emma Corbitt. He attended schools at St. Joseph and became a barber by profession.

In 1912 he came to Gunnison and worked at his trade for a short time, but soon purchased a ranch at Parlin, that became his home until three years ago.

On May 27, 1917, he was married to Mrs. Edna McKee Dice, who survives him. They made their home on the ranch at Parlin, where Mr. Corbitt took an active part in community affairs. He was a member of Taylor Park Stockgrowers pool for many years, and served as secretary several terms.

In April of 1937, Mr. and Mrs. Corbitt moved to Pueblo to make their home.

Besides his wife, two sisters and three brothers are living. They are Lenore France of St. Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. Calla Shiek, Cedro Woolley, Washington; W. B. Corbitt of Seattle, Washington; and John B. and Ben Corbitt of Parlin. W. B. Corbitt will arrive here Friday morning from Seattle.

Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at two o'clock, from Miller's Funeral Home, with Dr. Geo. L. Nuckolls officiating. Pall bearers will be Harvey Lobdell, C. F. Martin, J. J. Shackelford, C. T. Stevens, R. I. Vader and Bruce Blackstock. Interment will be in Masons' & Odd Fellows cemetery.

Reprinted from News-Champion Issue of February 15, 1940

Do Dreams Come True?" Is Question Asked By Old Prospector
Dramatic Episodes In The Life Of N. C. Creede
Saguache Crescent -

FOREWARD

I am now a very old man and have about served my time on this earth. I have spent most of my life following the mining game and during my lifetime have known and been associated with a goodly portion of the colorful figures connected with the development of this part of the west. As I have a fair memory, I could now spend hours, or perhaps days, recalling episodes of my life and of the lives of my associates. However, there are not many who care to spend their time listening to an old man spin yarns. Any stories that I have told or had condensed into written form, I have done as history for my three sons, Sam, Robert and Edmund, and my daughter, Ruth, who is now making her home and career in Alaska, and my many friends, neighbors and relatives.

S. T. Ashley.

Many years ago, when silver was at its peak and everyone wanted a producing silver mine, there plodded thru the streets of Salida, Colorado, a prospector driving two pack burros and bent on fulfilling a dream. He headed west up the little Arkansas river with the belief that sometime he would find silver deposits in this part of Colorado. He stayed that night with a rancher whose home was near the old town of Maysville. Now this prospector never had the money or the opportunity to attend a mining school, but he had theories about this mining game, based on his years of noticing geological formations and his experience as a miner. So he asked the rancher where he would find lime deposits, his theory being that somewhere close he would find the silver. He was told there were huge lime deposits around Garfield and Monarch. At Monarch is located the great Madonna mine that has been producing ore for over fifty years. I have been told that there is still ore there by men who have worked in the over-seven-miles of underground caverns. This prospector put in some time around this Monarch country and then moved. When he moved, he always went south. Moving south, he prospected in Green's gulch and then in Pass creek. In the Pass creek country is located the old Springfield copper mine. Copper is the primary metal to be found here, altho there is some silver and some gold. He then moved to the head of Silver creek to the locality of the Kismuth mine. Near this mine he found float that ran into thousands of dollars, but snow and rockslides have forever buried this from the sight of man.

On the west side of Antora mountain, on the headwaters of Indian creek, he sank a shaft some 50 or 60 feet deep. Here he was in the gold belt and missed a deposit of ore some 500 or 600 feet. This deposit has since been opened up. Two miles further south he located the Colorado mine and sold it for \$20,000. He divided with his partners, and, with money in his pocket, he moved on south, crossing Saguache creek and moving on down and thru the range. One day, on the headwaters of the Rio Grande, and in company with Theodore Craig of Salida, he pried out a boulder with his prospecting pick, broke it open and made the remark: "Holy Moses, Craig, it's ore." Here he located the Holy Moses mine. I don't think it was ever a great producer of ore. Soon after this discovery, he found the Little Ethyl mine and the Amethyst, where he made most of his fortune. They ran a railroad up there, and when the ore started to move down the track, the boom was on. People came by the hundreds and thousands and poured

in there a howling money-mad mob. They came like vultures to the feast, with hands outstretched to the silver streams flowing forth from the mine.

Four counties cornered up here, and for awhile no one knew where they were. It is now Mineral county.

There was then no law or order, and nerve, a sixshooter and a steady hand decided all arguments. They called their settlement Jimtown and called their post office Amethyst. Here real estate boomed and business sections lots sold for several thousands of dollars apiece. Men made thousands in a few weeks in real estate. They built great frame buildings hundreds of feet long and two stories high. When they started a building they never stopped, but worked all night long. If you could saw a board or drive a nail, you were a carpenter, if not you could carry a lantern for the man who could. In these great gambling establishments they played for very high stakes that sometimes turned to be death. They stacked their money up on tables and said to the suckers, "Come and get it. The roof is the limit." The gambler put down \$50 bills on where he thot the little ivory ball of the roulette table would stop. The dance hall girl bet her stocking roll on the flip of a card and lost. Why worry? There was plenty more. Another day and the world is mine. The great showman, Barnum, once said, "In the U. S. a sucker is born every minute." In Creede there were two.

Into this mad whirl of humanity there came a boy, a southerner, born in the swamps of Louisiana. This boy had in Creede an old man whom he dearly loved and whom he called partner. These two joined forces and went to work in the mines. When they had been working for some time and had saved up several hundred dollars, the boy came home one night to find his partner missing. He put on his coat and started out to look for him. He found him in a dive among tinhorn gamblers and small-time gunmen. His partner was drunk and his money was gone, and when the boy tried to take him home, the gamblers beat the boy over the head with sixshooters until he was covered with blood. As he staggered from the room, he made the remark, "I am not armed, but I will be back." Now, I have learned in this life that when a southerner tells you anything he don't mean maybe. The boy did come back that night - with the stage all set for his coming. Out there in the street in the glare and glitter of the bright lights, while blood dripped from his cruel wounds inflicted on his head, he evened up the score with a blazing gun in each hand. He shot three of that gang that night, and a doctor who at one time made his home in Villa Grove, was called to attend these men. They all three died, one having been shot three times. After the shooting was over, this boy calmly walked thru a crowded saloon shoving cartridges into his gun, and on out thru the back door, never to be heard of in Creede again.

I don't know what happened to the boy, but in fancy I can picture him today, an old man down in his homeland in the swamps of Louisiana shooting the heads off the poisonous snakes that infest these swamps.

Now, who is he who can read the mind of this prospector that we have been following, this man known as N. C. Creede, this millionaire dressed in the garb of a miner, as he stood on the porch of his little mountain home and gazed out over this mountain camp that he, thru his own courage and determination, had created? Who can say what was in his mind as he gazed out over this monstrosity of his own creation? We do not know what was in his mind, but we wonder if Bob Ford and the many other notorious gunmen buried in Creede, would not be surprised if they could look down from above and see the prosperous little mining camp that is now ruled by law order.

The narrator, an old, gray-haired man wanders over the hills with horse and prospecting pick, not because of any dream, nor in search of hidden treasure, but more in search of health that he lost in the underground caverns of Colorado. Quite often have I come across some monument, some abandoned tunnel or shaft or other work of N. C. Creede, and as I sit there, memories go back and I can see train after train of ore go rolling down the gulch. I can hear the sound of saws and hammers, the tinkle of pianos, scrape of violins, the scurry of flying feet in dance halls, the clink of silver on gambling tables, sharp bark of six shooter as some life was snuffed out in the smoke of battle, maudlin laughter of a dance hall girl as she swung in the arms of some human form, and I remember again the words of Si Warman:

"It's day all day in the daytime,
There is no night in Creede."

I remember this and all other things that go to make up life of a hell-roaring mining camp. This good man, N. C. Creede, has long since been laid to rest, and when I think of his love for little children, his kindness to humanity and love for the west, I say, rest in peace, thy work is done, and dreams do sometimes come true.

S. T. ASHLEY.

Writer's Note -

Above is written the essentials of a story that Sam Ashley told to me only a few days before he died. I have copied as near as possible from my sketchy notes his exact words, and sincerely hope that it is composed as he would have wished it.

COURTNEY MOORE.

Mrs. T. L. Crews Dies Aug. 28th; Aged 72

Private funeral services were held at 4:00 Wednesday afternoon at the Miller Funeral Home for Mrs. Eulalia Teague Crews, who passed away that morning in this city after a short illness. Following the services, which were conducted by Dr. George L. Nuckolls of the Community church, the body was taken to Fairmount in Denver for cremation.

Eulalia Teague was born August 5, 1868, at Little Rock, Arkansas. She was married to T. L. Crews on December 14, 1887, in Williamson County, Texas. The couple were pioneers of Western Texas, coming to Colorado in 1916 and to Sapinero to make their home in 1917. For some years they lived near Gunnison on the present Phillip Easterly ranch.

Five children were born to the marriage: Vada Crews Kern, Denver; Mrs. Guy Clark, Eaton; Mrs. John W. Harding, Mrs. W. O. Sanderson, and Thomas Crews, all of Sapinero. Other survivors are eight grandchildren, four sisters and two brothers.

Accompanying the remains to Denver were Mrs. Kern, Mrs. Clark and Mr. Crews. Mr. Crews and Mrs. Kern will return to Sapinero after a few days in Denver and Eaton.

Mrs. Crews had been in Gunnison under doctor's care for several weeks preceding her death. Her daughters, Mrs. Kern and Mrs. Clark came over to care for her during that period.

The Crews family are well-known thruout Sapinero and the Gunnison region, and the passing of another pioneer of the west is marked with sadness.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Aug. 29, 1940.

Funeral Services Monday For Thomas Lee Crews

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at two o'clock for Thomas Lee Crews, who died at the home of his daughter, Vada Kern, Jan. 11 at 10:45 p.m., after a lingering illness.

He was born Nov. 22, 1863, making his age 82 years, two months and 19 days. His birthplace was Humboldt, Tenn., his parents Thomas Crews and Julia Watson Crews.

He followed ranching, coming to Colorado in 1906, and to Gunnison county in 1916. In partnership with Paul C. Warren of Chicago, he owned and operated for 10 years the east half of the old Alonzo Hartman ranch, what was later known as the Easterly ranch and now owned by E. L. Study. He left this ranch in 1930, and later took up land near Sapinero. He came to live in Gunnison about five years ago.

He was married in 1887, at Georgetown, Tex., to Eulalia Teague, who died Aug. 28, 1940.

A lover of the frontier, he took great satisfaction in seeing undeveloped land come under control through his efforts, and he developed a tranquilizing philosophy through his contacts with nature. He was deeply religious, his affiliation being with the Methodist church. He was a lover of music, and participated in group and neighborhood singing. He was held in the highest regard by his neighbors as a man of unquestioned integrity and high ideals. Those who knew him in Gunnison after he came here to live with his daughter were impressed with his cheerfulness under physical affliction.

Surviving children are Mrs. Vada Kern, Mrs. Arlene Sanderson, and Tom Crews, all of Gunnison; Mrs. Fay Harding of Sapinero; and Mary Crews Clark (Mrs. Guy C.) of Eaton, Colo.

Brothers who survive are G. H. Crews, Memphis, Tex., and J. W. Crews of Wichita Falls, Tex. Half brothers and half sisters are Knox Crews, Plainview, Tex., Martin Crews, Childress, Tex., Mrs. L. C. Nesbitt, Colorado Springs, and Mrs. Habena Alexander, Childress, Tex.

J. M. Crews and his family from Texas were in attendance at the funeral.

Bearers were Cassell LeFevre, Harold Doyle, Rudolph Kropfinger, Frank Anderson, Kenneth Bratt, and Fred Staples.

Interment was in the Masons and Odd Fellows cemetery.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Jan. 17, 1946

Henry Crooks, Pioneer of 1877, Dies At 78 Years

Henry S. Crooks, second oldest pioneer of the Gunnison region in point of years lived in the county, died at his home in this city at 8:30 o'clock Sunday morning, March 19. He had been ill for several months, much of which time he was in the Community hospital.

Henry Crooks was born on March 31st, 1861, on a ranch in the Big Sandy river section of northeast Kentucky. With his father, C. E. Crooks, and two brothers, Ed and John, he came to Colorado in 1874, first residing in Denver. In the early spring of 1877 Henry and his father drove a team from Denver to Lake City, going by way of Fort Garland and Del Norte. The boy was 16 at the time, and they came on to Gunnison that spring, arriving on March 18th.

The elder Crooks made a deal for a ranch near Parlin, but when the deal fell through, they went further up the Tomichi valley and filed on 160 acres between Doyleville and Sargents. Later the railroad siding at this point became known as Crookston, or Crooks. The ranch was enlarged by adding another 160 acres shortly after their settling on it.

However, Henry decided to do some freighting into Lake City, hay bringing very high prices in that boom mining camp; also coal was in great demand for the smelter. He spent nearly all his first summer freighting hay and coal into Lake City.

He gave up the freighting job on August 9th, 1877, just at the time the Gunnison townsite was being surveyed, and went up to the Tomichi ranch. His two brothers joined them about this time.

In 1882 the father was elected county treasurer, and the family moved to Gunnison to live. Henry, himself later took up a ranch in the Waunita section.

In 1880 he married Laura M. Corum. Three children were born to this union. Mrs. Crooks passed away January 23, 1894. The three children of this family all survive him. They are Mrs. Helen Liggett of Colorado Springs; Mrs. Norma Brown of Seattle, Washington; and Jesse Crooks, only son, well-known railroad man of Salida. A sister, Mrs. Catherine Menke, 82, and her four daughters, Alice, Helen, Ruth and Mary, live in Denver. W. H. Corum and Mrs. Nannie Corum of Gunnison are nephew and niece.

Mrs. Helen Liggett has been here with her father for several weeks, while Jesse came over last Sunday. Mrs. Jesse Crooks and Mr. Liggett came during the week, also his niece, Miss Helen Menke. Mrs. Brown was unable to come.

For three years, 1896-1899, Mr. Crooks was town marshal of Gunnison, and it was during this period that a number of dives that still survived from the boom days of the '80's were cleaned up. He also served two years as superintendent of the state fish hatchery here.

In 1902 Mr. Crooks married Angie M. Rowe, and they lived first in town, and then on a ranch on the upper Gunnison, which they purchased, known as Cottonhurst. The second Mrs. Crooks died April 7, 1930.

In 1927 Mr. Crooks began serving as undersheriff of the county under Sheriff Ed Lindsley, and filled that position with honor and ability until his retirement on Jan. 1 of this year.

He grew up with Gunnison county, knew its history well, and often related interesting and exciting incidents of the early days. He was intensely loyal to his ideals and to his friends. In late years he helped numerous school students, and took a keen interest in dancing, where he could step off with the younger people either in an old time waltz or with modern steps.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock from the Community Church, the Miller Funeral Home in charge, and Dr. George Nuckolls officiating. A quartet, composed of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hatch, Mrs. G. Lewis Miller and Dr. H. W. Taylor sang

impressively "Crossing the Bar" and "Face to Face;" Mrs. H. L. Dotson accompanied at the organ, playing Chopin's funeral march.

Pallbearers were Leon Dutemyre, Ed Lindsley, Clyde Martin, Jay Miller, Grant Ruland and H. H. Fogg. Honorary pallbearers were George Anderson, Henry Dunkel, J. J. Miller, Mel Deering, Dr. George Sullivan and R. J. Potter.

Speaking to the large congregation of pioneers, friends and relatives who gathered at the Community church, Dr. Geo. Nuckolls said, in part -

"Thus there passes to the inner shrine another colorful figure in the life of our community. Henry Crooks was a true son of the rugged West whose spirit he and others of his kind fashioned and formed. With the going of our pioneers the country loses one of its dominant and characterizing influences. The situations which made them what they were and consequent situations which they themselves created are denied to our more complex and softer society. Theirs was the sure strength and calm certainty of confident self-reliance. In their thinking and acting, they were primarily individualistic. Their constant struggle in mastery of the forces of nature, created resources of courage and an indifference to obstacles that amazes those of us who live in this later day. Part of all this, for western Colorado, moving in and through it as a determining factor, was Henry Crooks.

"Everyone of us knew him well. We walked out the way of life with him through the enriching years. And while we pay tribute to him as a pioneer of our county, memory holds him dear to us for many other reasons. The gathering years left undimmed his enthusiastic interest in all activities of the young people of our neighborhood. Often he would talk to me about them and not infrequently he found his way to the athletic field to watch them at play. Until very recently he even participated in many of their social and recreational activities. To many of them in pursuit of an education, he gave encouragement and assistance sometimes beyond his means, that their way of life might be made easier and lighter. Numbers of them will ever bless his memory for generous help, given at a timely hour.

"Henry had reached the age of 78, a full-rounded life. We sorrow at his passing. Each of us feels a sense of personal loss. We are proud to have called him our friend and happy to have walked with him through the years.

"To the members of the family who are left to rejoice in his life and to mourn his going away, we extend our heartfelt and prayerful sympathy. You are blest with rich memories of a devoted father who for many years was given to you, and an inspiring and comforting hope of endless years together in that everlasting life when in God's goodness we shall be again with those whom we have loved and lost for the while."

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, March 23, 1939

Dr. Cummings Rounds Out Fifty Years Practice of Medicine

The first half-century of service in the profession of medicine was covered by Dr. B. F. Cummings at graduation time this year, for it was in 1895 that, as a young man of 24, Benjamin Franklin Cummings was graduated from the University of Colorado, receiving his diploma from Albert W. McIntire, tenth governor of Colorado. The first 50 years, Dr. Cummings admits, are the hardest.

Previous to his graduation at Boulder, he had attended Trinity College, Toronto, and had completed the course in medicine at Bellevue Hospital, New York City.

Although his father, John Cummings, was a Methodist minister, the practice of medicine ran in the Cummings stock, for Dr. Cummings' brother George was a doctor; his aunt was one of the first women to gain recognition in the profession; and two of his uncles were doctors. From his mother, Mary Matilda Cummings, a graduate of Victoria University, fluent Latin scholar, the doctor says he absorbed the Latin he knows.

After a short period in Texas, partner of H. C. Frie as physician for the New York Mutual Life, he came to Lake City in December of 1896, where he became company doctor for the Ute and Ulay and other mines including the Golden Fleece, Golden Wonder, Contention, Hiawatha. He was also local surgeon for the Denver & Rio Grande.

They had a hospital in Lake City in the 90's where the ball ground is now located . . . seven doctors . . . eight to ten operations per day. Shootings were frequent in the roaring city of about four thousand. Asked concerning major tragedies in the city, he spoke of the time the Ute and Ulay and the Hidden Treasure made connection, unexpectedly, through some miscalculation in tunneling, and the explosion of gas turned loose in the passages killed or injured 20 men from the Ute and 16 from the Hidden Treasure.

In the course of Dr. Cummings' stay in Lake City, 1897-1933, he was mayor of the town, coroner, conducted the drug store some 20 years, and the first year of his residence there, Dec. 12, 1897, he married Ida Maude Beam, daughter of Thos. L. Beam, interested in the Golden Wonder mine and several sawmills. It was there that his son and two daughters were born.

In the course of his 50 years of practice, Lake City and here, he has been present at the advent into the world of 3,000 children.

The biggest improvements in medicine in a half century? "By all odds, the sulfa drugs, most important discovery in a century, and of course, lately, penicillin."

He went on to relate the almost unbelievable lack of sanitary precautions in surgery 50 years ago-the bare hands, not too thoroughly disinfected, cotton gloves, and only after a long time, rubber gloves.

He was present at early operations for typhitis, early name for appendicitis, and remembers when the new name was decided upon.

Dr. Cummings is admittedly proud of his record, not duplicated many times in the United States, of serving on medical advisory boards and as examining physician during the Spanish American war, World War I and World War II.

Dr. and Mrs. Cummings are now established in a beautiful large home in the northwest part of town, with several landscaped lots, including a pool with its clump of aspen, and a varied and most interesting collection of shrubbery, chosen by the former owner, Paul C. Boyles.

In the beginning his second half century of practice, with his office in his home, he can follow Milton's prescription for advanced years: "In trim gardens take his pleasure."

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of June 7, 1945

Mrs. W. C. Cuthbert Dies at Her Home In Littleton

Gunnison folks were grieved last week to learn of the death of Mrs. William C. Cuthbert of Littleton. Death was due to acute asthma, from which she had suffered for a number of years. She passed away last Monday afternoon, quite suddenly. Mr. Cuthbert had summoned a doctor for his wife, but she fell to the floor just as the physician entered the door.

Mrs. Cuthbert's maiden name was Alice Josephine Bixby, and she was born in Denver on July 17, 1885. On her 22nd birthday (July 17, 1906) she was married to Wm. C. Cuthbert at the old Bixby home on the southern edge of Littleton, in the same room where her parents had been married on January 5, 1881.

A devoted member of the Presbyterian church at Littleton, Mrs. Cuthbert served as treasurer of the Ladies Aid Society of that church for 17 years. She was a great lover of flowers and the gardens surrounding her home in Littleton have been adjudged among the most beautiful in eastern Colorado. Just before she was seized with the fatal attack of asthma, she had plucked a number of her choicest dahlias and arranged them in vases.

Funeral services and burial took place in Littleton last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Cuthbert is a former Gunnison resident who spent his boyhood days here and at Crested Butte. Since 1900 he has served as telegrapher at Littleton for the railroad company and was to have been retired soon on a pension. He and Mrs. Cuthbert had been planning a vacation together as soon as he was relieved of his duties.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Cuthbert is survived by two brothers, Joseph A. Bixby of Denver, and Edward S. Bixby of Brooklyn, New York.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Oct 24, 1940.

Death Claims Joseph Danni Sunday, After Long Illness

Death took another long-time Gunnison county resident last Sunday, when Joseph Danni, well known and respected ranchman of the Jack's Cabin district, died at his home there, following an illness of two weeks' duration.

Mr. Danni underwent an operation on December 11th at Salida, and was in the hospital there for a month. Early in January his family brought him home and he has been confined to his bed since that time. However, he kept up his interest in everyday happenings until the last few moments, talking to members of the family and visitors. Death came at 3:00 o'clock that afternoon.

Joseph Danni was born February 10, 1861 at Pavone, Italy. Had he lived six more days he would have observed his 80th birthday. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Danni. After attending schools in Italy, he went to France, where he worked for several years in the railroad towns of Simplon and Gothard terminals of the railroad tunnels then being constructed under the Alps into Italy.

Marrying a girl of his home town, the family resided with him in France, and two children were born to the union, Anton and Katherine, (now Mrs. George Andratta.)

In 1880 Mr. Danni came to the United States, first residing in New Mexico for a year, then coming to Crested Butte, where he worked as a miner and timber man. His family joined him at Crested Butte in 1897. In 1901 he purchased the Jack's Cabin ranch that was to be his home for the remaining years of his life. Mrs. Danni passed away in 1927, and is buried in the family plot at Masons' & Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Surviving Mr. Danni are his son, Anton, who operates the home ranch along with his own; daughter, Mrs. George Andretta, also of Jack's Cabin; four grandchildren, Joe and Geo. Andretta and Ann Marie and Joe Danni. A sister still lives in the Old Country, and the youngest brother, of the family of seven children, Andrew, lives in Illinois. A niece, Mrs. Frank Cobetto, and Mr. Cobetto of Red Lodge Montana, and a niece, Mrs. Katie Rosetti, of Rock Springs Wyoming, came for the funeral.

Funeral services were held this afternoon (Thursday) from the Miller Funeral Home, Rev. William V. Powers being in charge of services. Interment was in the family plot in the local cemetery. Pall bearers were long-time friends of Mr. Danni, and were Lang Spann, James Shackleford, Lance Spann, John Boni, Gabriel Fardell and Victor Gagnai.

Reprinted From Gunnison News-Champion, February 8, 1940

Requiem High Mass Is Sung Saturday For Mrs. Mary K. Davis

Requiem High Mass was sung at 10 o'clock Saturday morning at St. Peter's Catholic church for Mrs. Mary K. Davis, mother of Mrs. Charles Eilebrecht. Father John Wogan was in charge of the services. Mrs. Georgia Winslow sang Ave Maria.

Mrs. Davis died at 1:17 a.m. Thursday, March 14, at the Community hospital, where she had been since Jan. 21. She has been in poor health for the past several years. Death came as a result of a heart ailment.

Mary Maria Kelley was born in Paisley, Scotland, June 9, 1871. Her parents were Michael Kelley and Rachel Downey Kelley. She came to Crested Butte, Colo., from Scotland with her grandmother in 1888 at the age of 16.

She was married to Dennis J. Kane of Crested Butte in 1889, by whom she had four daughters and one son. Two of the daughters died in infancy. Katherine Kane lived to be 21 years of age. Rachel Marie (Mrs. Charles Eilebrecht), with whom she lived, survives her. The son, John Kane, died six years ago, May 23, 1940, in Somerset.

In 1911 she was married in Utah to D. W. Davis. The family moved to Somerset in 1912, and to Gunnison in 1917. Mr. Davis died in 1922.

Mrs. Davis was a devout Catholic, a member of St. Peter's Catholic church. In 1932 she attended the Eucharistic Congress in Rome. Before coming home she flew across the English Channel to Scotland, where she visited her sisters and brother whom she had not seen for 40 years.

In 1936 she was in attendance at the Eucharistic Congress in Manila. On both of these trips she was accompanied by Mrs. Emma Miller.

She had an excellent voice and was especially fond of singing Irish music. She was a friend of Harry Lauder, and attended a banquet given in his honor in Denver years ago.

She was a member of Gunnison County Pioneer Society and the Altar and Rosary Society of St. Peter's Catholic church.

Surviving relatives are her daughter, Rachel Marie Eilebrecht of Gunnison; three sisters, Jane (Mrs. Ed O'Brien), Rachel (Mrs. Kellet) and Agnes (Mrs. J. Ready), all living in Scotland; and a brother, John Kelley, also in Scotland.

She is survived by two grandchildren: Mrs. Homer Meredith, Long Beach (formerly June Kane) and Donna Mae Kane, Bountiful, Utah; and two great-grandchildren, Lamar Victor Kane and Gerald John Kane.

Pall bearers were Alex Campbell, John Rozman, B. H. Snyder, Warren Mergelman, H. G. Lashbrook and M. J. Verzuh. Interment was in Masons & Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of March 21, 1946

Early Day Experiences of Theodore Davis

* *

Story Related to News-Champion

Theo Davis, pioneer resident of Gunnison, who returned last week from a sojourn in Florida, where he was a guest for some weeks at home of his son, J. Marshall Davis, has given News-Champion an interesting sketch of his early-day experiences, which he recalls so vividly. Mr. Davis is one of the oldest residents of Gunnison, having come to this region in 1879. He was born in 1861, yet anyone seeing his erect and brisk walk and continued active everyday life would find it hard to realize the number of natal days that Mr. Davis has chalked up. He put in full shifts last summer in Gunnison hay fields, and for much of the fall and winter was a carpenter on mines working at White Pine - a remarkable achievement for 82 years.

* * *

"I was a kid of 17 in March, 1878, when I left Dallas County, Iowa, and started west to Kinsey, Kansas, 25 miles east of Dodge City," said Theo. Davis, in relating his experiences of pioneer days in the west, and in particular during his long residence in Gunnison county. "From Dodge City I went on south to the cattle ranch where my oldest brother was camp foreman for Dennis Sheedy, who ran some 7,000 head of cattle in South-western Kansas. Sheedy later drove his herd north and sold it to Swann Brothers of Oglealley, Nebraska, and later bought the Denver Dry Goods Company.

"On my arrival at the cattle ranch my first job was helping the cook on the roundup. Later I got a job taking care of stage stock on the stage road that ran between Fort Dodge, Fort Supply and to Fort Elliott, Texas, on Cimarron river. That summer there were over 240,000 head of cattle driven north along that trail. (Those were the days told of by Emerson Hough in his book, 'North of 36,' in which he dramatized the great cattle drives from Texas to railroad points in Kansas). Later that summer I was sent to Buffalo Holes in Indian territory to relieve another man, and after that I was transferred to Polly's ranch in Texas.

"In December, 1879, I came to Colorado, right at the time of the Ute Indian trouble. My brother had previously left the cattle ranch and was located at Fort Garland, near Alamosa, which was then the end of the Rio Grande railroad. An expedition was being outfitted at that time in Fort Garland for the Indian campaign in the spring. I arrived at Fort Garland on the train about 2:00 o'clock in the morning and asked the mailman if he could direct me to a place where I could stay all night. Beds were scarce for civilians, and he took me to the post office where I paid \$1.00 to sleep on a cot with one blanket, and next morning I was charged only 50c for breakfast. Everybody at the fort was busy with preparations for the campaign. There was a large blacksmith shop with six or eight forges, all working full blast on wagon repairs. I wanted to hire out as a teamster and finally located a Mr. Thompson who was brigade wagon boss. He asked me where I was raised and how old I was. I was only 18 at the time, but I told him I was 21 and was raised on a farm. He wanted to know if I knew a mule when I saw one. I told him 'Yes, sir.' He turned me over to the wagon boss, who hired me as a teamster. His wagon train, making up for the expedition, was camped about a mile out from the Fort. Up to that time I had not located my brother, but by chance I happened to get a job in the same wagon train that he was driving in. I drove a six-mule team on this job for the government for ten months, and after

that I worked in a government pack train for two months. There were four wagon trains in the expedition made up of 100 wagons and 600 head of mules. We accompanied nine companies of the Thirteenth Infantry and four companies of cavalry, hauling their supplies from Alamosa to Uncompahgre valley and arriving there in May, shortly after the Meeker massacre by the White River Utes, who were then camped where Grand Junction is now. Our headquarters that summer was just across the river from where Montrose is now located. While we were camped there, Mrs. Meeker and her daughter, who were the only survivors of the massacre, were turned over to the government by the Indians.

"I have heard many wild tales told of the expedition I was on and how we went into the valley with a solid cordon of cavalry with loaded guns and about the fight they had to get the captives. Those tales are all the bunk, for I was there and there wasn't a single gun fired. There was no confusion whatsoever; the transfer of the prisoners was carried out so quietly that many of us did not know what had taken place until we learned of it afterwards.

"I worked at Fort Crawford, near site of Montrose when it was being built in the winter of 1880-81. My brother and I bought three wagons and mule teams and contracted hauling cord wood at \$3.50 a cord for hauling. Feed for our mules was high; we had to pay 11c a pound for corn and \$90 a ton for hay.

"That spring we went back to Alamosa and I contracted to move five fellows from there to Lake City. They were well supplied with whiskey on the trip and shooting at trees and everything in sight. We camped out one night just above Wagon Wheel Gap, and that same night the stage was held up a short way below where we were camped. One of the passengers had been shot in the leg. Stage and passengers proceeded on to Del Norte and some men from the Gap followed us into Lake City, thinking that we were the holdups; however, there was a woman passenger who had caught a glimpse of the holdup under his mask. When she was having breakfast in the hotel in Del Norte, she recognized the holdup man sitting at the same table. She quietly finished her breakfast and notified the authorities. The man was arrested and found to be the notorious Billy LeRoy, who had been a road agent for a long time in the section. He was taken out by a mob and hanged.

"I first came to Gunnison from Lake City and landed here the first day of June, 1881. I worked my team on the Rio Grande railroad grade, which was then building into Gunnison from Salida. That fall I went to work for Hall at his sawmill on Antelope creek, and was with him until 1886. I recall the hard winter of 1884 in Gunnison. The big snow that year came in March, and I was snowbound in Gunnison for three days. Then, in order to get back to the mill I had George Smith, the carpenter, make me a pair of skis; he had to make them out of green lumber, but the snow was so soft and sticky I couldn't make the trip, so had to turn back. I took the skis back to Smith to be waxed and when I called for them the following morning I was told he had gone to the depot to meet the Marshall family, who were arriving from Iowa. Smith came back with Mr. and Mrs. John S. Marshall and their two girls. That was where I first met Minne Marshall, who later became my wife in 1889.

"While I was with Hall, we sawed every stick of lumber that was used in building La Veta Hotel. In 1886 I filed on 320 acres of land, six miles north of Gunnison, which is now the William Spann ranch. I proved up on this land but did not start to develop it until 1894, when I acquired water rights and extended the Bob Marshall ditch to cover this land. I was engaged in mining above Pitkin for several years and then further developed the homestead, which I later sold in 1915. After that I was with the Denver & Rio Grande railroad from 1917 to 1937, which lacked 25 days of 20 years' service.

"Since that time I have been taking life easy. For the last six years I have been traveling quite extensively in wintertime, and have spent considerable time with my son, Marshall, in New York City and Florida, but I am always anxious to get back to Gunnison as soon as snow starts to melt."

Reprinted from News-Champion of March 18, 1943

Pioneer Lady of Elk Mountain Passes Away In Idaho
[Mrs. Addie F. Decker]

Old-timers of Gunnison county, and particularly of the Elk Mountain region, will be sorry to learn of the death of a former resident of Crested Butte, Mrs. Addie F. Decker. Mrs. Decker passed away on Friday, June 6th, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Hattie D. Mace, in Bonners Ferry, Idaho. She was almost 87 years of age. Funeral services were held at that city from the Crouch Funeral Parlors. Rev. Galleher of the Methodist church officiated.

Mrs. Decker was born on November 6, 1854, at East Arlington, Vermont. In May of 1880, she was married to Henry A. Decker and the next year the couple came to Colorado, driving from Pueblo in a wagon, as the railroad into Gunnison had not yet been completed. They settled in Crested Butte at first, but in 1883 located in the White River country of western Colorado for a time. However, they returned to the Elk Mountains to make their home. While there they owned and operated what is now Hillside ranch and lake, property of W. E. Nash.

Mr. Decker passed away in 1909. His family continued to reside there for many years, until the sons and daughters married and sought other locations. In 1921, Mrs. Decker went to Bonners Ferry, Idaho to live with her daughter, Mrs. Mace, and also spending several summers in Chicago, where another daughter lives, and in California, with her step-son.

Despite her advanced years, she enjoyed good health until about six weeks before her death, when she fell and broke her hip. The shock proved too great and in spite of loving care and medical skill, the spirit of the pioneer lady passed to eternal rest.

She was a devoted Christian, member of the Methodist church since she was 15 years of age. She was a charter member of the Crested Butte church, and a member of Gunnison County Pioneer Society.

Surviving relatives are two daughters, Mrs. R. H. Mace of Bonners Ferry, Idaho, and Mrs. Carl Bergman of Chicago; a step-son, J. W. Decker, resides at Banning, California, grandsons are J. F. Mace, who is in Honolulu; E. J. and Henry Decker, Banning, Calif.; Warren Bergman, Chicago and Teddy Mace, Seattle, Washington. Grand-daughters are Eugenia Mace, Bonners Ferry; and Mrs. C. Lerstrom, Chicago.

The death of Mrs. Decker has removed one of News-Champion's long-time subscribers. Her keenest pleasure was in the weekly visit of her "Old Home Paper," and news of her former friends and neighbors. We are sorry, indeed to chronicle the passing of another of Gunnison county's pioneers.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of June 12, 1941.

Frank Dice Dies Suddenly At Canon City

One of Quartz Creek's most highly-respected long-time residents passed away Wednesday afternoon when Frank Dice succumbed to pneumonia at a hospital in Canon City. He had been ill since December 26th.

Mr. Dice, with his wife and son, Forrest, and his wife, had just returned from a trip to Texas, and were visiting a daughter and sister at Dillon when he became ill and was taken to the Canon City hospital.

Frank Dice was born in Pennsylvania, February 17, 1875, and would have been 65 years of age next month. His early life was spent in that state, and it was there he was married to Mrs. Dice on September 30, 1897. The couple came to Colorado soon afterwards, living on Quartz and Tomichi creeks and settling on the present ranch home 39 years ago.

To the couple were born one son, Forrest, of Parlin, and two daughters, Mrs. Lewis Sammons Dillon, and Mrs. Leonard Nesbitt, Parlin, who with the widow survive. There are also 15 grandchildren, and three brothers, Ed and Fred Dice of Denver, who are expected in tomorrow; Parker Dice of California and three sisters, Mrs. Harley Cook, Littleton, Mrs. Roy Lobdell, Denver and Gertie Dice of California.

Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 1:00 from the Community church with Dr. George L. Nuckolls officiating. Miss Marguerite Vouga will sing two numbers, and pallbearers will be all neighbors of the deceased: Ernest Vouga, M. A. Deering, W. J. Collard, Ralph Little, J. J. McLain, and L. R. Hagin. Interment will be in the Masons and Odd Fellows cemetery at Gunnison, with the Miller Funeral Home in charge.

Mr. Dice was known to many in Gunnison county as well as in his own section. He was a fine man, a good neighbor, and is sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends.

Reprinted From Gunnison News-Champion, January 4, 1940

The Recluse of Hubbard Creek **[Reuben Dove]**

Reuben Dove drifted into the North Fork country about 1890. Some reports were that he came all the way from Virginia. For a time he settled on an eighty acre farm in an isolated section about twelve miles from Hotchkiss near Leroux Creek. When Edd Hanson bought his little ranch, Dove moved even further away from the haunts of man, establishing his unenclosed domicile near Hubbard Creek under an overhanging cliff.

In this primitive environment Dove spent the remaining thirty years of his life. He lived here in solitude the year around, trapping, hunting, fishing, and searching for wild honey. Every spring he ventured into civilization for a few days in order to sell the furs that he had assembled during the winter months. His food consisted primarily of wild meat although he raised a garden near his hermitage in which he planted tobacco and a few vegetables. During the summer and fall he collected wild dandelions and potatoes in flour sacks which he hung on surrounding trees and stumps for winter use.

Popular speculation concerning the motive underlying Dove's with-drawal from society seems to have accepted the story attributing his decision to a disappointing business transaction. In vigorous young manhood Dave is said to have grasped a normally profitable opportunity to prosper thru a contract for cutting railroad ties. His quantity delivered at the tracksides, he was astonished to find the contract permitted what seemed to him ruthless culling by the railroads official inspector. Protracted, heated argument ended in his accepting the sum tendered in payment with, it is said, he emphatically voiced a resolve never to do another day's work for any man.

The hermit of Hubbard Creek became a North Fork legend. He was a rosy-cheeked man with a Tarzan-like physique. The story is told that while following a trail he would often trudge sixty miles a day thru the mountains. He made many of his own cartridges, filling discharged shells with powder and lead and using the heads of matches for priming.

Dove was a suspicious individual and received strangers with a gun in his hand. Altho unsociable and desiring to be left alone, he was a cultured visitor if he could be inveigled into a conversation. In spite of the total absence of any feminine influence Dove was always clean. This might be of interest to certain psychologists who have advanced the theory that without the female element man soon reverts in appearance back to his ape-like ancestors. Unlike some of his fellow hermits in other portions of the North Fork, Dove seldom did any reading. Hunting and trapping occupied most of his time, and he became the greatest hunter of the lone mountaineers with the possible exception of the long-haired buckskin clad "Moccason Bill" Perkins of the Crawford country.

One winter's day three friends stopped at Dove's wild retreat to leave some salt and vegetables. They discovered the hermit lying on his bed, which was composed of a bear skin and a few blankets, under the rocky edge of his abode. Continuous exposure and lack of a well-balanced diet had finally broken his powerful body. He had been hovering between life and death for nearly six weeks, scraping together a meager existence from a few sacks of dried dandelions and soft potatoes hanging nearby. From his bed he was able to reach a pile of snow and the dripping sap of a box-elder tree which had furnished him with a water supply. Dove died a short time after he was taken to civilization for medical care, never disclosing the real secret of his self-imposed exile from mankind.

By Wilson Rockwell in Hotchkiss Times.

Lewis H. Easterly, G. A. R. Veteran, Dies Sunday

With the casket draped in the American flag which he served so long and loved so well, mortal remains of Lewis H. Easterly, commander of Colorado-Wyoming department of the Grand Army of the Republic, and probably sole surviving member of the GAR west of the range in this state, were laid to rest Tuesday afternoon in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery at Gunnison.

Commander Easterly, whose familiar figure in Civil War army hat and blue uniform, was a common sight upon our streets for the past decade, became seriously ill during the winter months when, in obedience to request of Governor Vivian, he went to Denver to attend a called meeting of the board of control of the Soldiers Home in Monte Vista. The trip in rigid winter weather brought on an attack of pneumonia from which he never recovered. As spring came on he was able to sit up for a few minutes at a time, but gradually failed and passed away about three o'clock Sunday afternoon, July 18.

No doubt the youngest civil war veteran remaining in America, Mr. Easterly enlisted when he was nine years old and was fife boy in 1861 in the Ninth Illinois Volunteers in Cairo, Ill., then commanded by General Grant. He accompanied an uncle, David W. Jones, during his period in the Civil War in the battles of Shiloh, Edwardsville and Saratoga Springs.

Lewis Henry Easterly was born on November 13, 1859, at Murphysboro, Illinois, son of Philip and Sarah Jones Easterly.

Following his service in the civil war, he attended Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, and prepared himself for teaching, which he followed in Illinois, and later in Douglass and El Paso counties in Colorado, having come to this state in 1878.

In the early part of 1880, he came on to Gunnison county and took up a homestead on Ohio creek that became the family abode. In 1881 he returned to Salina, Kansas, and on September 15, 1881, was married to Miss Cynthia Husband. The couple made their home in Colorado Springs until 1883, when they came to the homestead on Ohio creek. Mrs. Easterly died February 2, 1921.

Five children were born to the Easterlys, all of whom survive their father and with the exception of David, now at Hawaii, and two grandsons, Verald and Karl Easterly, sons of David, both in the service of their country, they now live in Gunnison. They are David, Philip, LeVan, Mrs. Sara Forsyth and Mrs. Alma VanVoorhis. There are also six grandchildren and one great-grand-daughter living.

Two brothers, Charles Easterly of Pueblo, and John Easterly of Murphysboro, Illinois; and two sisters, Mrs. Rebecca Goodman and Mrs. Jane Johnson, also survive.

Mr. Easterly's mind was a storehouse of historical facts concerning early history of the civil war, and of our Gunnison area. Always clear as to early-day matters, he was frequently consulted about those things which often slip in minds of the rest of the world.

In late years Mr. Easterly gathered much of these facts and figures, many of them preserved for posterity thru columns of the News-Champion. As historian of the Gunnison County Stockgrowers' Association, he has a large collection of facts, clippings, and short stories which his children will turn over to someone qualified to edit and finish the history he planned.

He took an active interest in local affairs, serving on the school board of the Fairview district for well over fifty years, and was secretary of the county stockgrowers association for a long period. He was selected vice-commander of Colorado-Wyoming GAR in 1936 and became

commander in 1938, a position to which he was just recently re-elected at the annual encampment held in Manitou Springs.

Members of the I. O. O. F. lodge, to which organization he belonged, attended funeral services at the Community church, where a large concourse gathered, and then conducted ritual exercises at the cemetery. Miller's Funeral Home was in charge of funeral arrangements, and Dr. Geo. Nuckolls and Rev. Glion Benson officiated. Pall bearers were H. H. Fogg, Hans Larsen, Lee Lehman, Fred Staples, Ross Blackstock and Bob Cooper, Sr.

A quarter composed of Mrs. Alberta Jorgensen, Mrs. Genevieve Benson, H. T. Hatch and T. K. Wilson, sang, with Miss Edwyl Redding at the organ.

Attending the funeral was Mrs. Paul Caspereck of Grand Junction, chaplain of the Women's Relief Corps, auxiliary of Colorado-Wyoming GAR.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of July 29, 1943

Death Claims Mrs. Alice Eastman, Respected Resident of Gunnison

The passing of Mrs. Alice M. Eastman, respected and long-time resident of Gunnison, brought sorrow to friends and relatives alike. Mrs. Eastman passed to eternal sleep about two o'clock Monday afternoon at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Marjorie McDermott. Mrs. Eastman, who was 83 years of age, had not been well for several months and had been gradually failing for the past weeks.

Alice Tower Eastman was born on September 7, 1859, at Greenville, Michigan. She grew to young womanhood there, attending schools and graduating from the Greenville high school. For several years she taught country schools, boarding with different farm families during school year. She often told about her salary of \$4.00 a month and found.

On January 17, 1883, she was married to George W. Eastman, and the couple came immediately to Pitkin, where they made their home until the turn of the century, Mr. Eastman doing blacksmithing during the winter months, and operating a ranch along with his business. The family lived part of the year at the ranch and part in town.

Ten children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Eastman, seven of whom are living. Mr. Eastman died on October 10, 1917.

In 1900 the family moved to Gunnison, and this has been their home since; some of the children, however, have moved to other cities to engage in business or establish residence. In recent years Mrs. Eastman has spent summer months with members of her family, and the winter months traveling. The past three winters she has lived with her daughter, Miss Nelle Eastman, who teaches in Grand Junction.

During her residence here Mrs. Eastman took a keen interest in community activities, being a member of the Community church, Eastern Star, Women of Woodcraft, Gunnison Women's Club and other organizations. During existence of the Women's Relief Corps, auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic, Mrs. Eastman was one of the active members, lending her assistance in various ways toward interests of that organization. After several of the W. R. C. members had moved to other cities and, with death of others, the organization finally disbanded.

She was a wonderful wife and mother; a friend and neighbor whom all loved and respected. Ever ready to lend a helping hand, whether in time of sorrow or in social activities, she was much sought after. Her friendly cheerful disposition will be missed by her many friends, as well as by the home circle.

Children who are living are Mrs. R. A. Woodruff and Mrs. Gertrude Ecker, both of Stockton, California; Bryant F. Eastman, Mrs. Marjorie McDermott, George T. Eastman and Mrs. Aubrey Spann, all of Gunnison, and Miss Nelle Eastman of Grand Junction. There are fifteen grandchildren and several great-grandchildren.

Two sisters and a brother also survive Mrs. Eastman. They are Miss Meb Tower and Miss Nelle Tower of Tampa, Florida, and David Tower of Detroit, Michigan.

Miss Nelle came from Grand Junction Saturday, while Mrs. Woodruff arrived here Monday morning. Mrs. Ecker was unable to come.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock from Miller's Funeral Home, Dr. George Nuckolls officiating. Interment was in the family plot in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery. Pall bearers were E. R. Williams, H. T. Hatch, Ralph Porter, Chas. Eilebrecht, Dr. George Sullivan and Harry Endner.

A trio composed of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hatch and Mrs. Ralph Porter, sang two numbers, "Now the Day Is Over," and "Abide With Me," with Mrs. Wm. H. Mast accompanying.
Reprinted from News-Champion of March 12, 1942.

Mrs. Joseph Eccher Died at Hospital Early This Morning

Mrs. Joseph Eccher, long-time resident of Crested Butte and the East river valley, passed away early this morning at the Community hospital. Mrs. Eccher had been ill for over a year, and under a doctor's care.

Sunday evening her condition became worse, and Monday morning her family brought her to the hospital.

Domenica Zanardi was born Dec. 25, 1874 at Edolo, in northern Italy, only 8 miles from the Swiss border. She grew to young womanhood there.

In the late 1890's she was married to John Pogna, who had come to the United States several years previous, and had returned to Italy. A daughter was born to them there who died at five months of age. They came to the U.S. about the turn of the century, settling at Crested Butte, and that was their home until Mr. Pogna died in 1903. Two children were born to the union, a daughter, who passed away in 1911, and John J. Pogna of Gunnison.

On Christmas day, 1904, Mrs. Pogna was married to Joseph Eccher of Crested Butte. Five children were born to this union. The family resided at Crested Butte in the winter time, and at the ranch home on East river during summer months.

About 35 years ago they moved to the ranch permanently, and it has been the family home since. Mr. Eccher died July 14, 1937.

Mrs. Eccher was a devout Catholic, a member of St. Patrick's church at Crested Butte. Beside her interest in church work, she was a member of the school board of Glacier district for many years, acting as secretary. Altho her principal interest was her home and family, she was a fine neighbor and friend.

Besides her son, John Pogna, she is survived by Jim and Joe Eccher of East River valley, two daughters, Mrs. Charles Halazon of Crested Butte and Mrs. R. W. Oversteg, Delta, and five grandchildren. Mrs. Oversteg came to Gunnison last week.

John Boni of Gunnison, who was born in the same town as Mrs. Eccher, is a second cousin, and Pete Antonio of Crested Butte, who died a year ago, was a cousin. Two former residents of Crested Butte, Pete and Joe Piloni, now of Denver and Helper, Utah, are nephews. Two sons of Joe Piloni are working in the hayfield at the Eccher and Shackleford ranches.

Mrs. Eccher has a sister living in Italy, but she has not heard from her since beginning of the war.

Time of the funeral has not been set; it will be held from the Catholic church at Crested Butte, with Miller Funeral Home in charge.

Reprinted from News-Champion of August 24, 1944

William A. Eckbert, Resident Of Pitkin, Colorado, For Forty Years

By Grace Bondurant

August 31, 1941 is William A. Eckbert's birthday. He will be 91 years old - or should we say, young? He neither looks nor acts his age.

His friends know him as "Billy" Eckbert. The two names seem to belong to each other, and together they seem to fit their owner, for he is small and wiry, friendly and humorous, an authority in several fields and always willing to give of his knowledge to those who ask it. His friends include men and women from every walk of life, and he treasures the friendship of geologists, naturalists, neighbors, educators from Western State college and Chicago University, miners, clergymen, newspaper folk, old time friends, and the children.

He has memories covering many, many years, yet does not live in the past. He relates past experiences interestingly, but seldom does so unless asked about some specific time or event. He keeps up to date on news, and is especially interested in late scientific developments. His conversation is mostly of interests of the present time.

Yet when he is induced to bring out the high lights of his memories and relate them in consecutive order, two thought provoking facts stand out. One is that William Eckbert remained in that state known as the prime of life for a period approximately as long as the entire life span of the average man, as is proved by his activities and interests. The other challenging fact is that his philosophy of life has greatly influenced his life. He states this philosophy very simply: "I take life as it comes, and make the most of it." In the light of this statement, his life seems to have run true to form, with his education, friendships, hobbies, vacations, and personality, all falling into their appointed places and shapes, according to his simple and sensible rule for living.

Four miles up the Susquehanna river from Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, at the little town of Milton, William A. Eckbert was born on Saturday evening, August 31, 1850. He was the youngest of ten children, and is the only one still living. The last of the older children was a sister who died in New York nearly two years ago.

In 1861, when the boy was eleven years of age, he went with an aunt to Ashland, Pennsylvania, in the coal region, to make his home. An older brother, president of the Bank of Ashland, took him into the bank and trained him in the banking business. He was with his brother in the bank for twelve years.

It was here he got his only formal schooling, and it totals to about one year.

This business training proved to be one form of education that came in handy all through the ensuing years, and particularly during the year of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, 1876, when his brother and associates established a bank on the Exposition grounds. Young Eckbert worked there all that year, changing foreign money into United States currency, and changing bills and gold pieces into smaller change for the crowds that thronged the grounds.

In the years 1873 to '76, Eckbert went into the coal business at Ashland with a cousin as partner. They leased coal mines from the famous old Stephen Girard estate, and marketed this coal. One of the young man's duties was to make regular trips to the mines with the representative of the estate, and with him check conditions at the mines, the production, and the shipments. He was also the paymaster. And in some way he incurred the enmity of the Molly Maguires, a powerful secret organization that stopped at nothing in fomenting trouble among the miners.

At this time the organization had spread terror throughout every part of the coal country, and evidence against members was hard to get. Over 200 murders were laid at the doors of the Mollies, murders of miners not in accord with its principles, of mine officials, of personal enemies of members, and other murders seemingly committed to show that the organization was all-powerful. Officers of the Molly Maguires kept the names of their victims listed in the order in which they were to be killed.

The Eckbert cousins felt certain that one of their employees, Davy Kelly, was chief troublemaker in their mines but could only guess at who was giving him orders, and where death would strike next. There was nothing they could do about it.

Then one day two men were murdered at the mine next to theirs. Death came very near, indeed, to the young paymaster, for his name was next on the list, written just below that of the two last murdered men. This was established later at the trial.

As fate would have it, the government began making arrests of the killers just in time to prevent the name of William Eckbert being crossed off the list.

Several years later, when Mr. Eckbert was employed by one of the biggest mills in Leadville, he was pleasantly surprised when he met on the stairway of the mill, a former director of the Molly Maguires, one of the ringleaders who had given orders as to who should be killed. This man, Phil Nash, recognized Eckbert at once, and stuck out his hand with the suggestion that they should let by-gones be by-gones. Eckbert, however, still had no use for gangsters like Nash, and was happy to have a chance to tell him so in forceful language.

About two months later, this Nash was murdered by his prospecting partner, who had grown to hate and fear him while they worked together.

Sandwiched in between jobs, and just as the notion struck him, Mr. Eckbert often traveled. Sometimes the trips were short, sometimes they were ocean voyages, but always they turned up new friends and added first hand information and a rich store of information. He has traveled in every state in the Union, in Canada, Mexico and Hawaii.

In April, 1877, he headed for Denver, which was then the end of the railroad line. He had heard of the mining excitement in this Rocky Mountain state of Colorado, that had only the fall before been admitted into the Union, and he was eager to look it over. At Denver he got his luggage together and left for Idaho Springs where the big strike had been made.

At Idaho Springs, he began work on a mill for treating ore. Cleveland was president then. But there was a big coal strike in the east, and all work on the mill in Idaho Springs shut down. This was because the shortage of coal stopped the trains on the railroad, and the mill men couldn't get their materials shipped out from the east to Denver.

One day while waiting for the coal strike to be settled, Eckbert squatted beside the creek, panning for gold. This was at the end of the mill, and on the exact spot where gold had first been found there. It had all been washed over, but there was still gold in small quantities to be panned.

He was so absorbed in his panning that he was startled when a distinctly New England voice asked, "What ARE you doing?"

Leaning over him, watching him with interest, were two young ladies and their male escort who had wandered from one of the fashionable hotels at the Springs.

In an early day, the Springs was a popular resort spot for easterners.

Billy Eckbert answered the young lady's question. "I'm panning."

The trio looked their amazement. "Panning! What for?"

"For gold!"

"Dew tell!" exclaimed the astonished young lady. "But where's the gold?"

"Wait, and I'll show you," Eckbert told her.

So they waited, and he showed them gold in the pan, tiny particles of gold that hung back and made a narrow comet's tail of precious yellow behind the worthless residue, as he gently swished the water to and fro in the pan. They had never heard of such a thing.

Later, in Georgetown, Mr. Eckbert prospected, and had some charcoal kilns, but he heard about a big placer gold strike across the range, at Breckenridge, and over the range he went. His partners at this time were Dave Walker, and Dave's uncle, "Old Man" Williams, who had mined in Australia.

The three men prospected Swan river, and then started a tunnel under what they thought to be origin of the gold deposit. They worked at this a year, "But," says Mr. Eckbert, "the reports coming in of the strike at Leadville finally caught us."

Leadville was a new camp, and it was booming. There was always something doing, and there were opportunities in many fields. Mr. Eckbert liked the place, and spent much of his time there during the next decade, leaving from time to time for business ventures, or pleasure trips, elsewhere.

One spring he went with another partner, Dick Eddy, across the range onto the Frying Pan. The railroad was going in to Aspen, and Eckbert established a "Half Way House" seven miles below the tunnel which was then being driven through by hand labor. At the same time he financed a burro train to bring in supplies for the men at the tunnel and for the halfway house.

The halfway house served as hotel, and as store where miners and prospectors could outfit with bed roll, tools and grub. The store also handled liquor, no wines nor fancy stuff, but the familiar "rot gut" whiskey which the trade demanded. In cooking and serving the meals, Billy Eckbert found his biggest problem to be bread, until a Chicago woman, who had accompanied her husband to the Frying Pan on a prospecting tour, taught him how to make light bread.

The partner, Eddy, ran the string of burros over the Pass from Leadville to the tunnel every day, and on to the halfway house about once a week. Snow was very deep on the Pass that winter, and for a while the narrow trail in the snow, packed down solid every day by the feet of men and the burros, was higher than the cross ties on the telephone poles.

Predatory animals were a nuisance that winter. One night a young man stopped at the halfway house, on his way out from the tunnel. He had been followed along the trail, he said, by a huge dog. He was puzzled about it, as he had seen no house, and no person to whom the dog might belong. His fright, when he was told that the animal was undoubtedly a mountain lion, was comical to the men, but no one blamed him.

At another time, Eckbert was one of a party of six men who prospected down the Grand river as far as Glenwood Springs. Two miles up into the hills above New Castle they built a dugout and spent the winter. This was wonderful game country, and Eckbert especially enjoyed the hunting which supplied their table plentifully with game. On a horseback trip of two miles to the nearest farm house to get the mail, he counted over two hundred deer and elk.

Near the Mt. of the Holy Cross, where Cross creek comes down and flows into Eagle river, the men pitched two tents. After breakfast all went to the upper tent except Billy Eckbert. He stopped to read a piece of old newspaper which had been wrapped around some of their supplies. Hearing a noise on the trail, he went to the tent door and was surprised to see a large she bear and three cubs coming toward the tent. She saw him, and whoofed warning to her cubs. Eckbert called to the other, and they came out and watched and advised him to shoot. But

though he picked up his gun, he could not shoot the mother. She came on, followed by the cubs, until within fifteen feet of the man with the gun, and then paused to sniff the air nervously and stare at the man and the tent. Then she whoofed again, a plain warning to the cubs, this time, and shuffled off along the trail, still followed by her babies.

It was in 1900 that Mr. Eckbert and George Bardwell finally left the Frying Pan and came to Pitkin. Bardwell was coming, and Eckbert just came along because he was curious about the country over this way. He did not intend to stay.

There was a demand for surveyors and map makers at that time, and among Billy Eckbert's self-taught accomplishments was that of surveying and map making. Almost immediately he was busy running lines in Pitkin and the surrounding country. Names of some of the men with whom he worked in surveying parties are well known in Gunnison county, and include those of Fred Hotchkiss, who recently visited Eckbert here, Billy Fine, who lives in California, Jim Dofflemyre and Joe Heiner.

One of his pleasant memories is of running the county line between Gunnison and Delta counties with Fred Hotchkiss. When they reached the end of the 34½ mile line, Eckbert reversed the instrument, and looking through it, back over the way they had come, they could see three back sites in line, the farthest fifteen miles away.

A. L. Pearson recalls that on Mr. Eckbert's eightieth birthday he was helping the older man run lines on some of the Pearson mining claims in this district. He has made maps of exquisitely fine workmanship within the past few years.

He was never handicapped by the lack of formal schooling, for his keen mind, broad interests, and determination, have caused him to educate himself along many lines beside that of mining engineering. He collected a fine library of books by authorities in a wide range of subjects. He is especially interested in natural history and has combined his book-knowledge of the subject with practical field work in collecting specimens. He is personally acquainted with men and women whose names are well known in the field of natural history, and he recalls with pleasure the fact that he was privileged to meet John Muir, the great naturalist, and with him visited the Grand Canyon.

About a year ago he donated his library to Western State College, as well as the many fossils, some of them rare specimens, which he had collected.

Photography is also one of his hobbies, a favorite one over a period of more than half a century. He has hundreds of pictures which he took while traveling about, and many of scenes in and around Pitkin, and snapshots of Pitkin friends, both adults and children.

He has few pictures of himself, probably because he carried his camera with him and was so often taking the pictures of his friends instead of posing with them.

For many years he was clerk of the town council. During all that time, and up until about a year ago, he kept the records of the cemetery.

Billy Eckbert lives alone in summer, in his Pitkin home. Of late years he has spent his winters in Denver or in Gunnison. He is an inveterate reader, and his eyesight is surprisingly good. He spends much time this summer sitting in his rocking chair near the window, reading. Close to his hand lies the latest National Geographic magazine, a book or two, some light reading material to make him sleepy, and the News-Champion.

In reply to the question, "Mr. Eckbert, have you never married?" he answered emphatically, "Gosh, no!" He later admitted, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had known some very nice girls, but that he enjoyed being footloose, and loved to be free to roam about, and so he let the other fellows marry the girls.

He has not been very well this summer, and has suffered considerably with what seems to be neuralgic pain. But he is always cheerful, always has a smile and a joke for the friends who drop in to see him. The rule by which he lived, "I take life as it comes, and make the most of it" has served him well, and still, as he reaches the age of 91, it gives him purpose for each new day.

* * *

William H. Eckbert died suddenly at his home in Pitkin on the morning of October 17, 1941. Death was caused by a heart attack which seized him as he started to build a fire in his stove Monday morning. A neighbor had run in early that morning, but Mr. Eckbert was still resting in bed. Later, when no smoke appeared from his chimney after the usual time for making his fire, the neighbor went back and found him lying where he had fallen without a struggle.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of August 28, 1941

Gunnison Pioneer Dies Tuesday **[Herman Eilebrecht]**

Tuesday morning, December 12th, at 1:10, Herman Eilebrecht passed to eternal rest at the hospital in Montrose. Altho in failing health for several years past, due to advancing age, he had only been confined to his bed two days previous to his death. Mr. Eilebrecht had spent winter months in Montrose for a number of years past. He was in Gunnison in November, but returned to Montrose the day before Thanksgiving and went directly to the hospital.

Herman Eilebrecht was a native of Germany, born in Hoexter County on November 9, 1855. He attended schools in Germany and later worked in coal mines there.

On November 22, 1879, he was married to Miss Frances Michaels at Bochen, Germany. In the year 1881, with his wife and infant son, he came to the United States to join his brother, Frank, who had preceded him in August, 1880. At that time the railroad was being built toward Gunnison over Marshall pass, and the two brothers worked with others on the project. It happened, however, that neither was present when the first train crossed the pass, both being in Poncha that day.

Gunnison was at that period in the midst of a mining boom, and became the mecca for those seeking new locations to establish homes or business enterprises. The Eilebrecht brothers came to our county and during the summer and fall of 1882, were employed on the South Park railroad, above Baldwin. When in August of that year over a foot of snow covered the ground, "a hard winter" was predicted, so, along with other workmen, the Eilebrechts "got their time" and went back to Illinois, remaining there that winter and the following spring, meanwhile working in coal mines of that state.

But the lure of the west was too strong to resist, and in 1883, they returned to Gunnison, where things were humming with activity and hopes and plans for future growth and prosperity were in evidence on all sides. That was the time when it was hoped to move the steel mills to Gunnison from Pueblo, open great iron mines, erect a big union depot, and establish a thriving metropolis of the western slope. But, alas, for the wonderful pictures painted of a future glory. Some there were, however, whose faith in Gunnison county and her future was still unshaken - Herman Eilebrecht was one of the "men who stayed." During the year of 1883, he and his brother, Frank, worked for Gus Biebel on a ranch, and that winter were employed in old Baldwin U. P. coal mines, a job they held for five years. In 1887, Herman bought what was the Teachout ranch on Ohio Creek, where the family established a home. By hard work and many sacrifices, Mr. Eilebrecht soon made his property into one of the finest ranches in that section. His son, Joe Eilebrecht, resides there at the present time. When advancing years made it hard to continue strenuous activities necessary for ranch life, Mr. and Mrs. Eilebrecht moved to Gunnison, and purchased the residence property on the Boulevard, now occupied by their daughter, Mrs. Clanton Hogan, and family. Mrs. Eilebrecht passed away in March of 1931, just a couple of years after the esteemed couple had celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Mr. Eilebrecht was the father of eight children, all of whom are living. They are J. H. Eilebrecht, Francis W., Joe L., Fred, Mrs. Lena Headington, Charles H., Mrs. Emma Archer, and Mrs. Tillie Hogan. Mrs. Archer resides in Los Angeles, and Mrs. Headington lives in Montrose. All the children, except Mrs. Headington and Mrs. Archer, and his brother, Frank, were at the bedside when he died. Mrs. Headington was in Flint, Michigan, but returned to Montrose immediately.

Mr. Eilebrecht is also survived by 12 grandchildren, five great-grandchildren, and his brother Frank, who lives in Gunnison. A number of nieces and nephews reside in Germany.

The death of this pioneer, brings regret to all who knew him, who will always remember him as a fine man, a good neighbor and friend, a husband and father who loved his home and family. His life was one of activity and industrious, worthwhile enterprises. He was held in high esteem by everyone.

Funeral services were held this morning at ten o'clock, from St. Peter's Catholic church. Rosary was said by Rosary and Altar Society on Wednesday night. Interment was in the Gunnison cemetery in the family plot.

Pallbearers were his grandsons, Merle, Philip, Howard and Kenneth Eilebrecht, Owen Whipp and George Headington, the last named from Montrose.

The Miller Funeral Home was in charge of funeral arrangements.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion - Dec. 14, 1939.

Pioneer Woman of Powderhorn Has 56 Living Descendants

* * * * *

Mrs. Ida Ferguson, 82, Can Tell Vivid Story Of Frontier Life

A clipping brot to the News-Champion this week relates the story of Mrs. Ida C. Ferguson, 82, former Gunnison county resident, who is the principal in a five-generation picture accompanying the article.

Mrs. Ferguson, who now has 60 living descendants, lived on a ranch at Powderhorn for over thirty years, coming to Gunnison county from the eastern slope. She was twice married - first to James H. Warrant, to whom two children and three sets of twins were born. Of that family of eight, two survive, Mrs. Margaret Davidson and John "Billy" Warrant of Bellvue, Colorado. Mrs. Ferguson makes her home with the daughter in the winter, and in the summer, she and her son, John Warrant, live on his ranch at Cathedral.

In 1884, in Eureka, Colorado, Ida Warrant married Frank Ferguson, and reared four children of this union. They are Mrs. Fay Harrison of Hepner, Oregon; Lee Ferguson of Norwood; Jesse Ferguson of Saguache; and R. E. "Jack" Ferguson of Gunnison and Powderhorn. Mr. Ferguson died ten years ago.

The clipping says, in part:

"This staunch pioneer woman, the pride of her six living children, her 26 grandchildren, her 24 great grandchildren, and her four great great grandchildren, was born July 19, 1856, in Iowa, before the county lines were drawn. Because she was the first white child born in the county that later was drawn around the area of her birth-place, it took her name and thus she was born in Ida Grove, in Ida county, Iowa. A monument commemorating this event was erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution at her birthplace, in 1929.

To Denver in 1860

"The little girl for whom a town and a county was named, did not stay long in her birthplace. In 1860, traveling with her parents and a sister, she came by ox train, overland, to Cherry Creek, where Denver is now. A milk cow was tied to the back of the covered wagon, and what milk the family did not drink was put into an earthenware churn in the morning; by noon it had changed to butter from the rocking of the wagon over the rough prairie country. The wagon train carried a 20-gallon keg, which was filled whenever it was possible to find water.

"So hungry for green vegetables was the family when it arrived in Denver, Mrs. Ferguson said, that the mother, Mrs. Edwin Smith, went out and gathered nettles, and cooked them as one would cook spinach.

"The pioneering mother died in 1863, leaving her husband with three small children.

Back to Minnesota

"From Pueblo, where the family had settled, the father turned back with his little brood, going by wagon again to Minnesota, where they stayed until the children were a little older; then the family returned, in 1870, by train to Denver, and by stage coach to Pueblo.

"In 1872, Ida Smith was married to James H. Warrant, who died in 1879, leaving her with eight small children, including the three sets of twins. With them, and with her husband she had gone on many wagon train trips, with cattle, from Pueblo to Mexico. After his death, which occurred on the trail, she returned, driving the train, and nursing her eight-months-old twins.

Settled at Gunnison

"In 1884 the young widow married Frank Ferguson, and went with him to a home on the Cebolla river, near Gunnison. Here four children were born.

"From her father, who died in 1898 in the San Luis valley, she heard many stories of pioneering times, including the story of the time his foot was frozen and had to be amputated without anesthetic."

Another Pioneer Passes Away

[Mrs. S. C. Fisher]

As News-Champion goes to press, word comes that Mrs. S. C. Fisher, pioneer resident of Gunnison county, passed away at the Community hospital this morning about one o'clock. She was nearly 85 years of age.

Mrs. Fisher had made her home with her son, Andrew, on Willow creek, south of Iola. She became ill with pneumonia and Tuesday afternoon an ambulance was sent for to bring her to the hospital in Gunnison. G. Lewis Miller drove the machine, but was unable to get all the way to the ranch house, so Bruce Blackstock and two other men went out in a sleigh and got her out about noon on Wednesday, after which Mr. Miller brought her to Gunnison, reaching the hospital about two o'clock that afternoon.

Mrs. Fisher's maiden name was Carrie H. Gleason. She was born on November 9, 1856, near Boston, Mass. She was married to Sam C. Fisher on New Year's Day, 1879, in Denver. Colorado's first governor, John L. Routt, was present at the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher came to Gunnison on June 20, 1879. Mrs. Fisher drove a span of what she later referred to as "little three-minute mules" from Denver. Her grandmother, Mrs. Abigail Marsten, then 80 years of age, accompanied her, while her mother, Mrs. A. H. Gleason, drove a spring wagon in the same party. The Fishers first settled at what is now Almont, where Mrs. Fisher operated a toll gate and owned a short stretch of road, which county commissioners later purchased from her. Her mother at one time owned the building on Main street, where the Endner Hardware store is now located.

For a number of years Mr. Fisher engaged in freighting business with his brother, the late Horace L. Fisher, during the mining boom days of Colorado, making trips between Gunnison county and Leadville. Later ranching possibilities intrigued them, and they decided to try homesteading in the Gunnison valley. Horace took up a homestead in the Jack's Cabin region, while Mr. and Mrs. Sam C. Fisher took up a ranch on Ohio creek. They specialized in fine blooded horses and cattle, as well as poultry, and for a number of years, the Fisher horses were considered the aristocrats of steeds. At one time Mrs. Fisher owned what was considered the oldest hen in Gunnison county, just as a pet and curiosity.

Three children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, two daughters and one son. Both daughters are dead. Mrs. Marjorie (Fisher) Waterman was a gifted artist, famous for her paintings of animals and nature studies. Mrs. Augusta (Fisher) Anderson was the other daughter. The son, Andrew Fisher, still resides in Gunnison county. The husband and father passed away in February of 1937.

Despite her advanced age, Mrs. Fisher was active until a few years ago, when she suffered a fall at the home ranch, breaking her hip which seriously handicapped her the rest of her days. Her's was an interesting life, replete with experiences and hardships of pioneer life in early-day Colorado. Often she would recount to friends and neighbors some of her early-day experiences in Gunnison county - of the long drive over mountains from Denver, when there were practically no roads; of arriving in Gunnison on June 20, 1879, which then boasted of but three log houses and a frame building used for a jail. There were no trees, no ditches, but plenty of Indians. The day the Fishers made camp on Tomichi creek, where Adams Bros. ranch is now located, a band of 25 Indians camped within fifty yards of them. Aside from being noisy and inquisitive, the Redskins offered no trouble.

Funeral arrangements have not as yet been completed as we go to press. However, burial will be in the family plot in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of January 23, 1941

End Of Trail For Pioneer Woman, Mrs. Susan Flick

Mrs. Susan S. McCracken Flick, wife of the late John Madison Flick, died at 7:00 p.m., Friday, Oct. 13, at the age of 90, at her ranch home on Quartz creek. She had been ill three weeks, a result of injuries sustained in a fall.

Mrs. Flick was born March 25, 1854, at Orangeville, Orange Co., Indiana. Her parents were Robert McCracken and Jennie McCracken. Married on Jan. 2, 1882, at Louisville, Ill., she and her husband came west and in a short time settled on the place on Quartz creek, which has been made, thru pioneer resourcefulness, one of the most fertile, well-watered and productive ranches of the country. On this place Mrs. Flick lived for 62 years. In fact Mrs. Flick's family was one which took root, old-world fashion, and became one with the place in which they lived: Susan McCracken was born on the same farm in Indiana on which her father was born.

"Into the acres of the new-born state

They poured their strength . . ."

Mr. and Mrs. Flick celebrated their golden wedding anniversary January 2, 1932, twelve years ago, among their lifetime friends and neighbors from the entire country-side and from Gunnison.

There on the Quartz creek ranch all of their children were born: two daughters who died in infancy, Arthur C. Flick of Yelm, Wash.; Homer, a graduate of Western State College, now band director in the schools at Palisade; Raleigh E. of Gunnison, who has cared for his mother since his father's death; Bertha LaNoue of Pilger, Neb.

There on the ranch Mr. Flick died, at the age of 84, Dec. 16, 1938. But Mrs. Flick's pioneer spirit persisted: she kept up her interest in politics (the family was strongly Republican) and kept herself well informed on current events in the nation and state as well as in her community.

Funeral services took place Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 at the Miller Funeral Home, with Dr. George Nuckolls, pastor of the Community church, and Rev. Glion Benson of the Church of the Good Samaritan, speaking words of comfort to relatives and friends and evaluating her generous contribution to the development of her community. Mrs. Ralph Porter and Mrs. Lewis Miller sang.

In addition to the immediate family mentioned above, Mrs. Flick is survived by 17 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Four grandsons are in the service of their country: Melvin and Jack, sons of Arthur, are in the Army; Clyde LaNoue, son of Bertha, is in the Marine Corps; and Carroll, son of Raleigh, is in the Navy. All except Jack are overseas.

She has two sisters and two brothers living: Mrs. Aurilla Jenkins, Mrs. Emma Feltmer; William McCracken of Osage City, Kansas, and Chas. McCracken, Greenwood, Calif.

Friends and neighbors who served as pall bearers were Ralph Little, Maurice Metroz, Joe Wright, W. J. Collard, Tom Stevens, and Leonard Nesbit.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of Oct. 19, 1944

Death of Mrs. John Gratton Saddens Gunnison Friends

Death of Mrs. John Gratton last Thursday morning, November 13, in Denver, came as a shock to her many friends and acquaintances in Gunnison. She had not been well in the past three months and had gone to St. Joseph's hospital only the day before. Cause of death was complications of cancer. Mrs. Gratton had undergone an operation about three years ago, and apparently recovered.

The body was brought to Gunnison and funeral services held Saturday morning at ten o'clock from St. Peter's Catholic church. Rev. Leo Thome officiated. Burial was in Masons and Odd Fellows cemetery here, beside Mr. Gratton, who passed away about six years ago.

Pall bearers were John Rozman, Kenneth G. Mark, J. J. Miller, M. J. Fisher, Frank Eilebrecht and B. H. Snyder. Miller Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

Ellen Marie O'Brien was born on March 12, 1880, at County Leitrum, Ireland, daughter of Francis and Mary Owen O'Brien. When she was 14 years old, she came to the U. S. with her mother, the two joining Mr. O'Brien, who had preceeded them to America. The family settled first at Crete, Nebraska, and later moved to Kansas City.

In 1900 she was married to John Gratton, and to the union were born five children, all of whom are living. The family lived at Neosho, Missouri, and Muskegon, Okla., before coming to Gunnison in 1919, Mr. Gratton being employed on the third division of the Denver and Rio Grande Western railroad. Gunnison was the family home until the children grew up and moved to other cities. After Mr. Gratton's death a few years ago, Mrs. Gratton moved to Denver to make her home, returning to Gunnison for frequent visits.

Surviving relatives are the children, Patrick, who resides in Roswell, New Mexico; Mary, of Kansas City, Mo.; Helen, now Mrs. H. J. Hogan of Gunnison; Vivienne, of La Junta, and Kathleen, who has been with her mother in Denver. A brother, Thos. O'Brien, resides in Pueblo, and a sister, Mrs. W. C. Harrington, lives in Kansas City, Mo.

There are also four grandchildren, Patrick John and Mary, children of Patrick Gratton, and John Michael and William, children of Mrs. Hogan.

All the children were present at the funeral Saturday. Patrick returned to New Mexico Sunday, while Mary, Vivienne and Kathleen left on Monday morning, accompanying Mark Gilmore as far as Leadville. Kathleen plans to go to Kansas City to be with her sister, Mary, for the present.

Mrs. Gratton made many friends during her residence in Gunnison and took active interest in church and home work. She was a member of the Altar and Rosary Society and an untiring worker. She will be greatly missed, not only from the family circle, but by friends with whom she renewed acquaintance with on visits to Gunnison.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of November 20, 1941

**FASCINATING ROMANCE OF M. J. GRAY,
CRESTED BUTTE MERCHANT OF EARLY DAYS; POLITICAL DOINGS OF
EIGHTIES**

Another Chapter Gunnison History, By J. E. Phillips

Alhambra, California
February 15, 1937.

Elk Mountain Pilot:

A few weeks ago my attention was called to the notice in your paper of a number of old people still residing in Gunnison county, many of them long past the allotted time mentioned in the Bible, and yet still active, physically, due no doubt to the invigorating climate. Among those mentioned I noticed the name of Samuel C. Fisher, whom I knew over half a century ago, residing on his ranch at the confluence of Taylor and East rivers, known as Almont, now developed into a fishing resort.

It occurred to me that there are a number of people out here who at one time called Gunnison county their home, and who have reached that time of life we call old age. That the present generation would be interested in reading a sketch of their lives, and, as I come to them, I will endeavor to write something of their long careers.

The first one I think of among the names I have in mind is M. J. Gray, who was born in Maine on May 4th, 1848, therefore on May 4, 1937, he will be 89 years of age. I visited with him a few days ago, and while he is nursing the infirmities brought on by old age, yet his mind is bright and cheerful. He likes to talk of things that happened during his long life, especially the period from 1880 to 1890, when he resided in Gunnison county.

Leaving his home, he went to Boston as a young man. Everybody in Maine goes to Boston. After clerking in a store a short time, he found a location to go into business for himself in Milford, New Hampshire, where he conducted a dry goods store for a number of years. He formed the acquaintance of two men, Messrs. Gavitt and Scott, who were land agents of the Santa Fe railroad at Topeka, Kansas, also agents for loaning money on farm mortgages. Messrs. Gavitt and Scott induced Mr. Gray to sell out and go to Topeka, which he did. In the winter of 1879-'80, George W. McCoy went to Topeka and sold to Messrs. Gavitt and Scott the Painter Boy mine, located in Washington Gulch, Gunnison county, Colorado.

The first mining in that county was in 1861, by placer miners, who it is claimed took out a lot of gold, but the fact has never been established. When the Topeka people bought the Painter Boy, they sent M. J. Gray out in 1880 with a large stock of goods, saw mill, and all preparations to work the mine. A townsite was laid out; Mr. Gray built a combination hotel and store, other buildings were put up and the government granted them a post-office, expecting it to be a flourishing mining town.

In 1882, the railroad built into Crested Butte, making that a shipping and loading point for Ruby, Irwin, Poverty Gulch, Gothic, Crystal Pittsburgh and Aspen. The mines in Washington Gulch did not come up to expectations and the wise thing for Mr. Gray to do was to move to Crested Butte with his large stock of merchandise, which he did - and in the most opportune time. Aspen was becoming a boom camp, with Crested Butte the nearest railroad point, while all of the above outlying districts were active in buying supplies, so that Mr. Gray did a very large business for a number of years. The county had built a road over Pearl pass to

reach Aspen. As a wagon road it was a failure. When the contractor finished the road he invited the commissioners to ride over the road before accepting it. It is said they all got drunk and did not know whether they were going over Pearl pass or Coyote pass, but accepted the finished job and paid the contractor. Vehicles could not go over the road, but it made a good pack trail, and was used to pack supplies over and ore out to Aspen. Cy Hallett would have over 200 burros lined up at Gray's store on which to load all kinds of goods, and it was an animated scene to see 200 jacks strung out, going up Brush creek, then over Pearl pass to Ashcraft and to Aspen.

Afterwards, Pitkin county built a road up Maroon Canyon to connect with the Copper creek road from Gothic. That was a good road in summer, but dangerous on account of snowslides in winter.

Art Stauffer, a well known Crested Butte citizen lost his life in a snow-slide on this road.

The government established a mail route from Crested Butte to Aspen over this road. C. C. Pollard and Frank Chapin had the mail contract, and used bobsleds made especially to carry mail and passengers. While Crested Butte always had the coal mining business, it was during this period that it was having palmy days of its career and Marcellus J. Gray was doing the largest business in the town. Many prospectors who had claims in the above outlying districts would come in the spring, buy a bill of goods, go to work their claims, and in the fall would go out for the winter, many of them forgetting to pay their store bills. The next spring they would come back and appeal to Mr. Gray to let them have a bill of goods, declaring they would surely strike it rich this season. The result was that Mr. Gray had some kind of an interest in most of the prospects in the county. Had they all turned out to be rich mines as the owners expected them to be, Mr. Gray would have been richer than old man Tabor ever thot of being.

Mr. Gray was a prominent Republican and was a possible candidate for any office he would accept. Had Gunnison county been of enough importance to furnish a candidate for governor, no doubt Mr. Gray would have been the man. In the campaign of 1889, he was urged to allow his name to go before the state convention for state treasurer. Efforts were made to secure precinct delegates to endorse him. At the same time Jack Fessler, the cashier of Sam Gill's bank, was out getting delegates to endorse him for the office. When the county convention met to elect delegates to the state convention, there was a tie between Gray and Fessler for the endorsement for state treasurer. It was the most memorable convention ever held in Gunnison in the hectic days of the eighties. It was an all-night session, held in a hall half way between the old town and west Gunnison. Neither side would give in until the cold, gray dawn of the morning the convention voted to ignore both candidates and endorse Theodore Thomas for attorney general. It agreed to recommend Mr. Fessler as deputy to whomever the convention nominated and to try to get the state treasurership for Mr. Gray. However, when he learned that the office only paid \$2,500 a year, he refused to try for it, saying he could make more than that amount selling groceries in Crested Butte.

Mr. Gray was made chairman of the county committee, and as the state ticket was victorious in Gunnison county, largely due to his efforts, the party felt very grateful to him. Messrs. Frank C. Goudy, Alexander Gullett, A. M. Stevenson, Theo. Thomas and others of the faithful, contributed to a fund and purchased a fine cane for Mr. Gray. It had a gold head with an inscription saying it had been presented to him by the Republican county central committee, 1889. He is still very proud of that cane and likes to show it to friends.

After the election, in looking over his account book, he found he had about as much charged on the books as he had goods on the shelves. To his notion the thot was "balancing of the budget," and it was time to sell out. He soon found buyers in the firm of Briggs & Calvert.

Leaving Crested Butte, Mr. Gray went to Salt Lake City, at an opportune time during a real estate boom. He soon made a great deal more than his lost book accounts in buying and selling real estate for five or six years in Salt Lake City.

Mr. Gray, with Frank Ross, decided to go to Idaho and in the northeastern part they bought land and laid a townsite which they called St. Anthony. The town grew, people settled in the country, the Oregon Short Line built a railroad that had the town as its terminus for awhile before building further on into Yellowstone Park. St. Anthony was made the county seat and Mr. Gray soon found he was the owner of town lots that grew in value, ranches, bank, store buildings, and what have you, to the extent that he was one of the rich men of Idaho.

Coming to Los Angeles every winter to avoid the rigorous climate of Idaho, about fifteen years ago, he sold out and moved here, making California his home.

After a long and eventful life, Mr. Gray is carefully looked after by his loving and affectionate wife, who administers to his every want and comfort, waiting on the shores of time for a convenient place to step over into that eternal life, from where no traveler has ever been known to return.

I have several other oldsters whom I will write about in the future, but in the meantime, if there are any whom I do not know of, if they will only send me their names and the proper information, I would be glad to add them to this galaxy among the old folks of Gunnison county.

Yours truly,

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Funeral Services for J. Frank Grubb, Prominent Rancher and Business Man

At the funeral services for J. Frank Grubb at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, with friends crowding Miller's Funeral Home, the notes of "Wagon Wheels," sung by Herbert Dorricott, fell with singular appropriateness upon the saddened and subdued group, members of which had known Frank Grubb as a man who loved the open road, the out-of-door-life. It was one of his favorite songs.

Mr. Grubb's sudden death of a heart attack, after but two days' illness, at 4:45 Friday afternoon, Nov. 24, at the Community hospital, was a shock to the entire community.

So short a time ago he was engaged in the current activities of the town, candidate in a close race for county commissioner, which he lost by only four votes. And it was only two years ago in December that he and Mrs. Grubb moved from the large Dos Rios ranch to a town apartment, where life would be less strenuous and their many friends more accessible.

J. Frank Grubb was born Dec. 25, 1874, at Erie, Colo. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Grubb. He attended Teachers' College at Greeley and the University of Colorado at Boulder.

He was married on Dec. 25, 1900, his 26th birthday, to Inez E. Rockwell, at Lyons, Colo. The family has lived successively at Lyons, in Denver, and in Estes Park.

They came to Gunnison May 1, 1930, buying the Dos Rios ranch (ranch of two rivers) one of the most famous land properties in the Gunnison region. The place, comprising 1,080 acres, was founded in 1875 by the late Alonzo Hartman, who, in the early 90's built the fine brick home which is one of the landmarks of the region.

Here Mr. Grubb indulged his life-long interest in breeding of fine horses and of commercial cattle. He and Mrs. Grubb early became important participants in Gunnison county activities. Mr. Grubb, a lifelong Republican, was active as chairman of the Republican Central Committee on two elections.

He operated his ranch successfully for 14 years, making improvements as it became expedient. At the end of that time, he sold it to Craig Goodwin, December, 1942, and moved to a comfortable home in Wildwood Apartments in Gunnison.

Easy and friendly in his relations with his fellowmen, he became a member of the Masonic lodge, Rotarians, Elks, the Community church. He was a trustee of the First National Bank.

Dr. George Nuckolls of the Community church, minister in charge of the funeral services, spoke simply of his complete integrity, his loyalty to high principles, his level look on life, which for him, had its difficulties as well as its successes. He summarized his evaluation with the statement that, even with his sudden passing, he left "with all obligations met." He mentioned Mr. Grubb's devotion to his home and family. The sympathy of all is extended to the bereaved wife and family.

Surviving besides his wife, are his daughter, Mrs. Donald Kilton of Estes Park; his son, Harry Grubb, Gunnison business man; three grandchildren, Donald Kilton and Gerry and Mary Ellen Grubb; and a brother, Harry H. Grubb of Hastings, Neb. One daughter preceded him in death.

Services at the funeral home closed with "When You Come to the End of A Perfect Day," sung by Mrs. Audrey Miller and Mrs. Marjorie Porter, violin obligato by Joan Adams, with Miss Edwyl Redding at the piano. The Masonic fraternity was in charge of the last rites at the cemetery.

Pall bearers were George Eastman, Milford Davis, Ed Dutcher, Ralph Porter, Moe Everett and Jack Houser. Honorary pall bearers were Dr. Reinhardt Schuhmann, Craig Goodwin, Geo. Adams, Rocco Santarelli, Dr. C. C. Casey, Van Bey and Sam C. Hartman.

Interment was in Masons and Odd Fellows' cemetery of Gunnison.

Those from out of town here for the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Donald Kilton and son, Donald, of Estes Park, Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Grubb of Hastings, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Rockwell, Estes Park; and Mrs. C. J. Maier, Longmont.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of Nov. 30, 1944

Ancestry of the Gunnison Family told In Swedish Magazine

In an article entitled "First Scandinavian Settlers in America, in the American Scandinavian Review, brot to the News-Champion office by Dr. John C. Johnson on his recent visit to Gunnison and Gothic, there is considerable material concerning the ancestry of Capt. John W. Gunnison, first explorer of the country, river and town that bear his name.

The Gunnison family is of Scandinavian descent, living in this country since the early 1630's, says the article. "The American ancestor was Hugh Gunnison, who was probably brought over to Boston by an English captain emigrating by way of Holland in 1631. . . . His name, the son of Gunni, points to Norwegian ancestry.

"About Hugh Gunnison the documents offer considerable information. In Boston he was first in the service of Richard Bellingham, later governor of the colony of Massachusetts. Then he became a vintner and owned an inn called the Kin's Arms Tavern. He sold it in 1651 and moved to Kittery at the Piscataqua River where he was licensed to keep another inn. At both places he proved to be a man who stood on his rights. He became a kind of leader in his community; he was associate judge of the court of common pleas and once, in 1654, he was a deputy to the General Court of Massachusetts.

"He married twice and had by his first marriage three daughters, in his second marriage, one daughter and two sons. From the youngest son, Elihu, came a large progeny, and when a geneology of his descendants was published in 1881, the author could boast that it embraced more than a hundred families and more than a thousand persons.

"The family spread over the whole country, and many members were prominent in their communities. Hughs' son, Elihu, was a shipwright at the place that became Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and his descendants kept up the trade there for some generations. One of them, John Gunnison, we meet as a carpenter, serving under Paul Jones in the navy of American Revolution. In the middle of the 19th century, another John Gunnison was a captain in the American army and a surveyor of new lands in the Far West. The massacre of him and his men by the Indians in the Salt Lake region in 1853, made a sensation thruout the country. His merits were such that he got a place in the Dictionary of American Biography, recently published under auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies. After him both Gunnison city and the Gunnison River, Colorado, were named; (also a town in Utah of considerable size, where our mail sometimes gets off the track). A town in Mississippi was named Gunnison in 1889, from the planter who had founded it."

The story of Capt. John W. Gunnison and his discovery of what is now known as "the Gunnison County," is a fascinating romance.

He was born in Goshen, N. H., in 1812. In 1837 he graduated with highest honors from West Point, saw service against the Seminoles in Florida, and was employed for years in the Northwest, making explorations and surveys. In 1850 he published "A History of the Mormons."

In 1853 Capt. Gunnison left Westport, Missouri, in charge of an exploring expedition, which followed the old Santa Fe trail to the San Luis and thence over into this valley by way of Cochetopa pass. They followed the Gunnison river, or south fork of the Grand, as it was then called, crossing the mesa to the south of Sapinero. The expedition continued into Utah, where on the 26th of Oct., 1853, the party was surprised by thieving Indians, or by Mormons disguised as Indians, and murdered, to the last man.

And still later - the present generation - in the illustrious family we have Major Justin C. Gunnison, one of the leading Air Force pilots in the European war theatre. He is the son of Justin E. Gunnison of San Francisco, Calif., and great-nephew of Capt. John W. Gunnison.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of Aug. 31, 1944

He Knew Captain John W. Gunnison

Reprinted by request from the issue of May 13, 1946, this story is intended for special pages of the Gunnison Historical volume which can be seen at News-Champion office.

The Gunnison Daily Review of Friday, Jan. 27, 1882 had the following account of Capt. John W. Gunnison, itself pleasantly dated in style. It is of especial interest now, since the local Pioneer Society, in conjunction with the State Historical society, is planning a marker of massive Aberdeen granite to be set up with appropriate ceremonies some time late in the summer.

From the Review: "The following account of the late Lt. Gunnison after whom our county, river, and city were named, was written by Hon. L. D. Bailey, editor of the Lawrence (Kans.) Tribune and published in that paper on the 8th of last September. Judge Bailey, late Associate Justice of Kansas, is a man of fine literary information and taste and was an anti-slavery man of the John Brown and Sumner schools combined. The article needs no further introduction. It will be read with interest by all our readers.

" 'How rapidly the world moves! Here on our table lies a copy of the Daily News-Democrat, dated Gunnison City, Colo., August 30, 1881. It is Vol. 1, No. 61, neatly printed, well edited, and apparently well supported, for it contains more home advertisements of business houses than both the dailies of Lawrence. Gunnison must be a thriving city, and is reached by the cars of the Denver and Rio Grande railway, which is said to be a "narrow gauge" concern, but it proves itself broad gauged in its policy and far reaching in extent, being the longest road or system of roads of that kind in the world, and having an army of about 30,000 men at the present time employed in its various extensions. But this paper, the Daily News-Democrat, makes us feel old. It carries us back in our imagination to a little log schoolhouse in a cozy nook of the Sunapee Mountains of New Hampshire in the winter of 1836 - by the way the first log building we ever saw in that state. There was an old-fashioned spelling school in that little log schoolhouse that evening, and it was a good one, unusually interesting on account of the teacher whose name was GUNNISON. He was about our own age - a mere boy of 17, we should judge, rather short, finely formed of fresh ruddy complexion, brown hair and as handsome as a picture. We think we never saw a young man more prepossessing than he was. And he was the idol of the school and the whole neighborhood. The fame of his school keeping had gone out into all the region roundabout, and had drawn the writer hereof and a number of other lads to undertake a long walk, just to see him and his school.

" 'We shall never forget that spelling school so long as we remember anything. Nor shall we ever forget that young teacher's face and form - a model of manly beauty.

" 'He had a smile of Heaven upon his face.

Which limners give to the beloved disciple.

How all loved that gracious boy.' "

" 'His school was near its close. He was born in the town of Goshen, N. Y., a few miles from that log schoolhouse on the opposite side of Sunapee Mountain. The writer and he grew to manhood within sound of the same church bell, though separated by a mountain which cut off all common communication. We have since known his father and brother. Soon after we saw him at spelling school, we heard that he had gone to West Point. In due time we heard that he had graduated with honors and was appointed a second lieutenant in the United States army. Then we heard that on account of his remarkable promise, he had been put in command of a party to explore one of the routes for the Pacific railroad. Too soon after that came the sad news that he

and his whole party had been surprised and massacred by Indians in some far off valley of the Rocky Mountains, and that the Mormons were supposed to have aided or instigated the savages to the murder. We do not know whether this charge was true or not. We believe the particulars of the sad catastrophe were never learned. It is one more dark chapter in the vast and bloody volume of Indian murders. Years have rolled over since that sad day. The great war of the rebellion in which Gunnison would in all likelihood have won name and fame but for the deep damnation of his taking off so prematurely, has come and gone. Colorado from a savage and unknown wilderness has blossomed out into a territory, ripened into a state, and now boasts of cities like Denver, Leadville and Pueblo, besides scores of smaller ones, with more than a thousand miles of railroads to connect those cities, and bring their precious mineral products to assist in carrying on the world's commerce; and here in this city of Lawrence, with its stirring history, in the state of Kansas with her million of thrifty people, we are confronted with a daily newspaper from the city of Gunnison, the capitol or chief city of Gunnison county, in the valley of the Gunnison river, which flows through the extensive region famous for rich mines and known as the "Gunnison Country" throughout the world. Verily life and death are full of mystery, and each has its compensations. This young man so full of promise, cut off in the very blush and bloom of early manhood, has yet left his name as a memory of romantic interest to all future generations who shall swarm and toil and live and die, in the mountains and valley where he was so cruelly doomed to death. Honor to the name and prosperity to the city of Gunnison.' "

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 18, 1946

**Beautiful Bronze Plaque Commemorates
Memory of Captain John W. Gunnison**

A beautiful bronze plaque commemorating the passing of Capt. John W. Gunnison through here in 1853 is now on display in the office of Frank Keenan, city manager. It is to be on a monument of Aberdeen granite being prepared by the Pioneer Society. The exact location of the memorial has not yet been decided upon. It will be difficult if not impossible to obtain permission to place it at the postoffice corner, which was first choice of the Pioneers, and other places are under consideration.

It would be worth the time of any Gunnisonite to drop in at the municipal building to see the magnificent memorial.

At the top of the 18 by 24 bronze plaque is the following inscription under the seal of Colorado:

**THIS TABLET IS
THE PROPERTY OF THE STATE OF COLORADO

CAPTAIN JOHN W. GUNNISON EXPLORED THIS REGION FOR
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
IN 1853, SEEKING A TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILROAD ROUTE.
HE AND OTHERS IN HIS PARTY
WERE KILLED IN EASTERN UTAH
BY INDIANS ON OCT. 26, 1853.
THE RIVER, COUNTY AND CITY
PERPETUATE HIS NAME IN COLORADO.

ERECTED BY
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF COLORADO
FROM THE MRS. J. N. HALL FOUNDATION
AND BY THE PIONEER SOCIETY OF
GUNNISON COUNTY
1946**

Appropriate services will accompany the dedication of its monument, this fall, and it is hoped that LeRoy W. Hafen, of the State Historical Society can be present.

The Pioneer Society is working under the leadership of Leon Dutemeyer, president.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 18, 1946

Two Captain Gunnisons Serve Country and Bulk Large in History of Our Region

* *

Following in the footsteps of his illustrious great-uncle, Captain John W. Gunnison, for whom the town and county of Gunnison are named, is the young aviator whose picture is herewith printed. He is Captain Justin C. Gunnison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Justin E. Gunnison of San Francisco, California.

A recent letter to News-Champion from Capt. Gunnison's father, included clippings from the San Francisco Herald, telling of the young flyer's heroism, which has earned him the distinguished Air Medal. Quoting from the S. F. Herald:

"Twenty-three-year-old Captain J. C. Gunnison is credited with leading an air raid that destroyed several freight trains, 30 trucks, four tanks and a train depot at Sicily at beginning of the Allied strafing there.

"After joining the Air Corps in September, 1940, Capt. Gunnison was among 72 men out of 500 to be selected for special training. He was sent to Barksdale Field, La., and received his wings there in April.

"He left for overseas in April and his first letter home was in June. At that time he was in Africa."

Speaking of the young hero's relation to "our Capt. Gunnison," the San Francisco Herald has this to say:

"The young officer comes by his fighting ability naturally. His great-uncle, the late Capt. John W. Gunnison, was graduated from West Point with the class of 1837. In 1853, he was sent by Jefferson Davis, then secretary of war, to survey the best possible route for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. The route has since been used by the Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad.

"The town of Gunnison and Gunnison National Park, both in Colorado, were named for him.

"Another forbear of Capt. Gunnison was Hugh Gunnison, the first of the line to arrive in this country. He landed at Piscataqua Harbor, near Boston, Mass., in the year 1630."

Capt. Justin C. Gunnison is the grandson of the late Albert R. Gunnison, who came to San Francisco in 1851. His grandmother was Mrs. Elizabeth (Noyes) Gunnison. It was Albert Gunnison who presented the relics of Capt. John W. Gunnison to our town. They are now preserved at the First National Bank here.

Justin E. Gunnison, Senior, says in his recent letter that he and his family hope to visit this section when restrictions on gas and tires have been suspended. He is connected with the Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Company, Limited, with headquarters in San Francisco. He now owns the Bible belonging to his uncle, Capt. John W. Gunnison, and promises to bring it with him when he visits us here at some future date.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of August 26, 1943

Alf Haines, Pioneer Buried Here Saturday

Alfred Ingles Haines, born Oct. 26, 1873, died Jan. 5, 1946, at two p.m. in Los Angeles, of a heart attack. Funeral services, with Dr. George Nuckolls of the Community Church in charge, were held here Saturday afternoon at two p. m., Jan. 12.

The body was brought to Gunnison by Mr. Haines' daughter, Mrs. Helen Foster, who found it necessary to return immediately to Los Angeles, to be with her mother.

One other daughter surviving is Myrtle Roberta Chapman of Los Angeles. There is also one granddaughter, Frances Stanley.

Pallbearers were George Eastman, Homer Gray, Jack Chappell, Arthur Pearson, Sam Hartman, and Leon Dutemeyer.

Mrs. Haines, whose name before her marriage was Jестie McLain, collapsed at her husband's sudden death, and is still in a serious condition. She has a brother, John McLain of Quartz Creek. Mrs. Phillip Hogan is a niece of the Haines.

The Fosters and the Haines were making plans to establish a tourist resort at the Haines' place in West Gunnison, and Mr. Haines was completing preparations for return here the day following his sudden death. Mrs. Foster still expects to carry out these plans.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Jan. 17, 1946

Famous Shootin' Irons Shown To Rotarians

* *

Alf Haines Exhibits Part Of Collection Of Historic Guns

Exhibiting just a few specimens from his remarkable collection of more than 200 guns of interest depicting historical "shootin' irons" of the West, A. F. Haines entertained Rotarians after the luncheon hour Monday.

Mr. Haines is himself a pioneer of the Western Slope who came with his mother and father to Lake City and Pitkin in the late seventies. He told vivid stories and showed rifles, shotguns and six shooters which lived thru those early days.

Most prized for its money value was the white handled six gun last owned by Don Tewksbury of Zane Grey fame, which had the equivalent of 20 notches scratched on the butt. These started with a "V" made by "Blue" the Kingfish, Texas ranger turned bad man, who figured in the novel, "To the Last Man." Blue's real name was Don Gresham. Haines traced the later notches up to the "X" which Blue started to scratch after his last fight in which he almost single-handed wiped out the Dillon tribe of sheepmen. Don Tewksberry then carried the gun when he was killed in another battle and fell over a high cliff. The famous six shooter was not found till many years later when Haines and his partner, Pete Stoller picked it out of a chapparel bush near the foot of that cliff while in Arizona. It was identified and pronounced genuine by historical authorities at Los Angeles, when Alf was out there last year. They set a price of \$900, because it is the most noted gun in Colorado, and its historical value is only exceeded by one at Los Angeles, owned by Walt Kingham, famous scout of the Sierra.

Mr. Haines' father was Chas. Haines, 1st lieutenant, Co. A, Colorado Cavalry in 1858. He was a scout who fought with Andy Forsyth's Rough Riders during part of the civil war, and was detailed to Col. Chivington's command when the latter wiped out the Black Kettle war party of Indians at the so-called Sand creek massacre in 1863. In that battle, one of the scouts shot an Indian in a sandpit a hundred yards away, hitting him under the eye, altho he had aimed to put the eye out. The bullet was deflected by the stock of the Indian's gun. Lieut. Haines kept the rifle which formed the start of the historical collection bequeathed to his son. It showed the splinter where the bullet hit.

Lieut. Haines brot his family to Lake City in 1879, when Alf was but a boy of four. He recalls the day when Lake City was surrounded by the angry Utes under Colorow, and everybody was flying here and there as defenses were planned. His mother shoved him into the attic of their cabin and passed up two loaded double barreled shotguns for him to watch. They were not needed, since Chief Ouray came over from the Los Pinos reservation and calmed the Utes.

The elder Haines was then a U. S. Marshal and the family went to Pitkin in 1879. There many interesting things happened, but conspicuous was acquiring of a remarkable gun which Wayne Scott and others discovered in "Dutch Flats," on a high bench up Gold creek, where probably in the sixties, nine white men were wiped out by Indians. The place where their skeletons were discovered, with rotting arrows thru the bones, was found by accident, when Scott, in dipping water from a spring, heard a clanging noise and looked up to see an old whipsaw swinging from a limb. Among relics around the nine skeletons was an old Henry rifle, the stock broken, but capable of being repaired. Wayne Scott found the gun in 1880. After being fixed it was used to kill deer and other game near Pitkin, and finally passed to Haines. "A very wonderful gun," he called it.

The oldest gun he had belonged to the father of D. L. Gray of Gunnison, a matchlock of pre-revolutionary days, probably made around 1712, or long before the French and Indian war in New England.

These were only a few of the relics shown, and Mr. Haines was just getting a good start describing his museum pieces when the luncheon hour was up. He is a mechanic as well as a collector and had two modern rifles for which he carved and polished stocks. Also Haines still has an eye for fine shooting, and claims records well up with Sheriff Ed. Lindsley, but nothing equal to the target in which Ed once made 13 bullseyes with 13 shots, which was exhibited.

Mrs. Raleigh Flick was a guest at the luncheon and Guy Bates of the college sang two excellent bass solos, accompanied by Miss Katherine Norvell. Miss Ruth Thompson was pianist for the songs.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of February 23, 1939

Alonzo Hartman, Oldest Pioneer Of West Slope, Dies In California

* *

Crossed The Range Into Gunnison County 68 Years Ago

The Angel of Death wrote "Finis" to final chapter of the book of life accorded Alonzo Hartman, Saturday, February 10. A volume replete to its full of a long and interesting career, that of a hardy pioneer of the West, when this section of the country was but a wilderness. His was a life filled with a record of industry, integrity, honesty and a love for his fellowmen that is given to but few. Mr. Hartman died at the home of his youngest daughter, Mrs. H. M. Cunius, in Mojave, California, on Saturday. He was 89 years of age and suffered a stroke before he died.

One of the first white men to locate in Gunnison County, Mr. Hartman served as a government agent, postmaster, banker, commissioner, and in many and varied positions of responsibility during his sixty or more years of residence here.

Alonzo Hartman was born September 3, 1850, on a farm near Iowa City, Iowa, the oldest son of Thomas Hartman and Mary Boone Hartman. His mother was a direct descendant of Daniel Boone, great Colonial patriot and frontiersman, and from him Mr. Hartman inherited his love of adventure and pioneering ability, which in young manhood drew him to the, then, untried West. There were five Hartman brothers, Alonzo, Charles, Joe, Edward and Samuel B. Hartman. Edward is the only one now living and resides on Garnet Mesa, near Delta.

Alonzo was the first white man to establish permanent residence on the western slope of Colorado. He crossed the Continental Divide in the late 70's, arriving in Gunnison Christmas Day, 1872. Some years ago, in telling of his early-day experiences, Mr. Hartman wrote to a friend in our city, saying:

"I first came to Gunnison on Christmas Day, 1872, to care for cattle and guard the interests of the Utes. The first winter was the worst since my coming; five feet of snow fell during that season. In the winter of 1875 the Indians gave up that part of the reservation where the town of Gunnison now stands. After they were moved and located in their new home, I remained in Gunnison, filed on some land, and began improving it; then I bought some cattle and opened a little store together with James B. Kelly, who also located land. We worked together for a long time, then I took over his interests in the cattle, as he didn't like the business. Lake City was starting up, so I had a good market for my cattle. After that I made cattle my principal business. There were only a few people in Gunnison, so the store did not pay much, but I had the post office and had to carry the mail myself or we didn't have any. We went once a week to Powderhorn, 'White Earth' was then the name. This we kept until 1879. Sanderson put on a stage line from Gunnison to Lake City, then we began to get mail regularly. That year was the beginning of Gunnison."

At that time the country west of Continental Divide was all Ute Indian reservation up to and until 1874, when the government called the Utes together in council at Los Pinos Agency, near where the late W. C. McDonough had a cattle ranch, now operated by his son, Parker McDonough. Chief Ouray of the Utes had his headquarters there. On July 15, 1874, the date set for the conference, the government sent thirty men from Washington. They came to Fort Garland, near Alamosa, and from there were equipped for the long trip to the mountains with mule train and supplies. There were about 5,000 Indians and 300 white men in the gathering at Los Pinos Agency, and it fell to Mr. Hartman to furnish meat for the entire assemblage, which he did from his Gunnison herd. It required about 5,000 head of cattle. The animals were furnished on the hoof, each purchaser doing his own butchering and curing of meat.

In discussing his arrival in Gunnison county some years ago, Mr. Hartman told a friend:

"I rode a government mule from Los Pinos Agency to the government cow camp on the Gunnison river. It snowed all day and we were soaking wet when we arrived in camp, but Jim Kelly soon had a good blaze in the fireplace and some hot coffee, and we were soon O. K. Kelly and I spent the winter there without seeing anyone for over three months. We had 2,000 head of sheep and 3,000 head of cattle to take care of and the snow was getting deep, but we never lost a single one. We were busy boys riding every day and changing the cattle from place to place to keep them on the best feed we could find, and also to keep them well scattered, so that there would not be too many in one place at a time."

In 1875, he filed on a homestead on the Gunnison river, which later was known as Dos Rios ranch ("Two Rivers") so called because of junction of the Gunnison and Tomichi. By hard work and foresight, Mr. Hartman built his place into one of the finest ranches in western Colorado, and it was the family home for over sixty years. It is now owned by Frank Grubbs.

On January 29, 1882, Alonzo Hartman was married to Miss Anna Haigler, daughter of a prominent Gunnison family. Mrs. Hartman at that time was assistant in the office of county clerk. To the union were born three children, all of whom are living. After the children reached maturity and took their place in the busy world of affairs, Mr. and Mrs. Hartman disposed of their Gunnison ranch property and moved to the Paradox valley. Later they went to Salt Lake City, but when passing years began to take toll of their health, they moved to California, where they have since resided. They never ceased to call Gunnison "home," and each summer that they were able to travel, found them in our city for a brief visit with old-time friends and scenes. The hand of welcome was always extended them, and on the occasion of their last visit here in 1935, during Pioneer Day celebration, they were guests of honor at the various social affairs held in connection with the mid-summer get-together. Friends will indeed miss this hardy pioneer, who was known to all his associates for his honest and upright character, his sturdy and undaunted courage, and industrious life.

Surviving relatives are his widow; their three children, Bruce Hartman, who lives in Midvale, Utah; Mrs. Hazel Kingsbury of Woolridge, Mo., and Mrs. Leah Cunius of Mojave, Cal. Sam C. Hartman and W. T. Hartman, both of Gunnison, are nephews; a niece, Mrs. J. A. Riley, Lynnwood, California, two nieces who live in Denver, Mamie and Emily Overstreet, and a number of nephews in Montrose.

Funeral services were held Wednesday, Feb. 14, from the Roy Alexander Mortuary in Los Angeles, with interment being made in Sunnyside Mausoleum, near Long Beach.

The son, Bruce, was seriously injured at his fox farm in Midvale, Utah, a couple of weeks ago, and was unable to attend his father's funeral.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion February 15, 1940

Interesting Story Of Alonzo Hartman's Boyhood

* *

Told By His Daughter

News-Champion this week received a letter from Mrs. H. M. Cunius, regarding the death of her father, Alonzo Hartman, an account of which we published last week. Mrs. Cunius writes:

"Father was ill just two weeks, a cold ending in bronchial pneumonia. He was up here in the desert with me and had been so well all fall and did a lot of work in the yard. However, I noticed that he seemed much weaker this past year and rested more often, so that he didn't seem able to throw off this last cold."

Mrs. Cunius sent us an interesting story of her father's boyhood as he told it to her one day last fall when in reminiscent mood. News-Champion is herewith reproducing it.

Boyhood Memories of Alonzo Hartman-

At last we had taken our place among those steadily rolling wagons - rolling west with the sun over the long, lush prairie grasses toward the dim mountain peaks which reared gleaming white turrets high above the flat prairie floor.

For many weary months my mother, four brothers, Charley Joe, Ed, Sam and I had seen the emigrants streaming westward, in a slow, but never-ending line past our little farm near Hiawatha, Kansas. We, however, were watching eagerly for a returning traveler, for three years before our father had left us to go out west with some friends to try his luck in the mines.

That year our farm had yielded abundant crops, but everyone else also had plenty, too, so father could hardly sell anything. At that time there were no cattle or hogs from the west to be brought in and fattened on prairie corn; so being discouraged with farming and not a little influenced by the passing hordes of Mormons and other poor but adventuresome travelers, my father decided in 1860 to load his wagons with farm produce to sell and join the caravan. In a letter received from him many months later, we learned he had bought a good claim in the mountains above Denver, but would have to stay longer than he had at first intended. However, he said he knew we had plenty of food and he would send money as soon as he could find an east-bound traveler whom he could trust.

The year after father left, we fared very nicely but the next spring brot a killing drought which destroyed all our crops. We had no feed for our cattle when winter came, so had to give them up. That winter turned out to be one of the most severe for years past and snow piled up so deeply on our little farm that for weeks we could not get to town for supplies. Our cornmeal ran out, and for a longer time than I care to think about, we had nothing to eat except rabbits, which were plentiful. I have never liked rabbit since.

When we finally heard from father again, he said he hoped we had received the money he had entrusted to a cousin some months before, who was en route east. We had seen neither the money nor the cousin - nor did we ever. The letter from father contained good news, too, that as soon as spring opened roads to travel, father was coming after us and take his family back with him.

Trip Across Prairies Is Thrilling

So, in the spring of '63, our hardships were forgotten, for father had kept his promise and we were all together again, and about to complete the long journey from Kansas to Colorado. During our trip we had passed great herds of buffalo, and had been thrilled at the sight of graceful antelopes leaping off across the prairies. We met some Indians, but they were friendly; they had not yet begun to molest wagon trains, but a year or so later, emigrants were to meet with much trouble from warlike tribes of plains Indians.

We had almost completed our journey, but before going on into the mountains where we were to live at the mines until winter forced us down into the valley again, we decided to camp close to the town of Denver for a week or so. Denver at that time was a very interesting settlement and was said to be one of the fastest-growing little cities in the world. At first sight, it looked like a huge, sprawling city of tents. The streets were filled with strangers like ourselves, and there seemed to be no end to the stream of covered wagons, coming and going. It was all very different and interesting to us boys.

Brick and building materials could not be supplied fast enough to meet the demand, and good bricklayers and carpenters could get \$15 to \$20 day wages. Flour and cornmeal were very high in price.

In the year of '64, my oldest brother, Charley, and I now in our early teens, decided to stay in Denver and find work to pay for our board and room so we could attend the full term of school. I found a place helping a widow woman who kept transient boarders. I was given a place to sleep upstairs in an unfinished attic.

One day two men came to the boarding house to ask for board and room for a few days while they were in town. My landlady told them she had no extra rooms, but they insisted they could sleep anywhere and would pay her well, so she put them in the attic where I slept. I didn't see much of them, as they generally came in long after I had retired, but one day officers of the law came to arrest the men. After searching the whole house, what should they find - and of all places - under my bed, but several gold bricks which were immediately identified as having been stolen from the U. S. Mint.

We, of course, wanted to know how the men had come to be under suspicion, and were told that the robbers had filed some gold from the bricks and tried to sell it pretending they had mined it themselves, but the gold had been sent to the Mint and identified, so the men were easily traced. I felt very lucky, as I might easily have become involved in the crime.

About this time the business section of Denver was moving from Ferry street across Cherry creek toward the east. One spring Cherry creek and the Platte both flooded their banks and wrought much destruction along the banks of Cherry. The church which we attended was swept away by the flood. The Rocky Mountain News was housed on the bank of the creek; the flood waters filled the building and washed away a safe containing many valuable town records. Many years later this safe was dug up from the river sands and the records recovered. I remember that a boat was used for some time to ford Cherry creek.

Golden City Then Capital of State

Golden City was the capital at that time and Central City a fast-growing mining center. It was there that I met the Block family, some members of whom still reside in Denver.

One summer I worked for a lady who served meals to passengers of stage coaches, passing thru golden City, going both direction. She charged two dollars a dinner and made lots of money.

One of my first jobs was for Mr. Chessman, who had a drug store in Denver. I remember him as a very nice gentleman and shrewd business man. I distributed handbills for him and he would caution me not to throw the handbills into the road but into doors of houses, where the dwellers would be sure to find them.

Eventually, my father sold his mine and moved his family to a farm or ranch in Littleton, but I and most of my brothers drifted further into western Colorado, where we eventually became cattlemen.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion February 22, 1940

Phillips Writes of Alonzo Hartman

Our old friend, J. E. Phillips who from time to time sends News-Champion stories of early days and pioneers of our section, whom he knew when he was editor of Elk Mountain Pilot at Crested Butte, writes us of his high regard for Alonzo Hartman, pioneer ranchman of Gunnison county, who died in California last week. Mr. Phillips' letter follows:

2521 First Street,
Alhambra, California,
Feb. 11, 1940.

News-Champion:

Alonzo Hartman died Saturday, Feb. 10, at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Cunius in Mojave, California. The funeral was held Wednesday from the Alexander Mortuary in Los Angeles.

Mr. Hartman was 89 years of age, and one of the real pioneers of Gunnison county. He came there in 1872, about eight years before the great mining rush of 1880. He was a pioneer cattleman, owning one of the largest herds and finest ranch in the valley. I arrived in Gunnison on February 26, 1880 - sixty years ago - and one of the first men I met was Lon Hartman. In later years, when I met him in California, he appeared to look about the same. He was one of the best known citizens of Gunnison, but advancing years induced him to retire from the cattle business.

Mr. Hartman was most fortunate in having a devoted wife, who in his declining years, looked after his every want and comfort. They were married in Gunnison in 1882 - enjoying a long life of companionship now broken by his death. At the Colorado picnic, held in Sycamore Grove Saturday, a notice was posted on the "Gunnison post" announcing Alonzo Hartman's death. Old friends would come and read the notice, then turn away in sadness.

The ranks of our pioneers are fast thinning, and it will not be long before those of the vintage of 1880 will also have crossed the divide.

I recall that in 1880, two ladies by name of Haigler came to Gunnison from Indiana. One of them was Miss Annie Haigler who secured a position in the county clerk's office, then run by Jake Hinkle. Her sister, Lou Haigler, I think, taught school. The girls did not remain single long - Lon Hartman married Miss Annie Haigler, and George J. D. Williams, Miss Lou Haigler. The Williams now live in western Montrose county, in Paradox valley. Bright young ladies from Indiana, or any other state, did not remain single for long after coming to Gunnison in those days.

These two couples mentioned lived a long and happy married life, and the passing of Mr. Hartman, the first one to go, broke the family circle.

The Colorado picnic Saturday was a grand success, with a much larger attendance from all parts of the state, who enjoyed meeting old friends and renewing acquaintance with the younger generation, who also appeared in large numbers.

I had no time to secure a list of names of those present but will send it to you next week.

Yours,

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion February 22, 1940

Tribute To Memory Of Alonzo Hartman

* *

By D. J. McCanne

235 E. Virginia Ave., Denver, Colo.,
February 19, 1940.

Henry F. Lake, Jr.,
News-Champion, Gunnison, Colo.,
Dear Henry:

I was shocked when I opened last week's News-Champion to read announcement of Lon Hartman's death. Lon was more than a close friend to me; he was like a brother in my family. I doubt if any of the Gunnison pioneers of the '80's and '90's, with possible exception of Jake Miller, had closer business relations with him and really knew his integrity better than I did, and I want to add to your well expressed eulogy my sincere tribute of appreciation.

Alonzo Hartman was not only the first white man to identify himself as leader of pioneering in the Gunnison valley, by establishing the first store, erecting first permanent postoffice building, (as I recently told about in my story "How I came to build the Gunnison Town Ditch,") but he tried to visualize a real town. Lon Hartman had the vision to realize necessity of supplying the town with streams of running water along both sides of the streets and diverted water from the Gunnison river, offering to build and maintain eight miles of ditches to make this water available to beautify the town. His offer was accepted by Gunnison.

Mr. Hartman was not only in sympathy with, but was always a leading spirit in every movement to promote best interests of Gunnison. When Captain Loudon Mullin succeeded in securing building of his big hotel, and later B. W. Lewis of La Veta hotel, and we started to erect a fine business block adjoining it on the south, in which we proposed to furnish Mr. Hartman with a fine location for the post office, free of rent if he would move the post office into it, his loyalty to his pioneer friends who had built up the east side of town, and his adherence to a spirit of unity, rather than rivalry, prompted him to decline the offer.

Establishment of the first fish hatchery in Gunnison, of which I was much interested in promoting, was greatly helped by Mr. Hartman's cooperation. He had on his Dos Rios ranch an ideal place to prepare the spawning pools, where we procured millions of trout eggs that were hatched during those first years of the industry. He became so much interested that he built a small hatchery on his place which he successfully operated for a few seasons. His slaughter house, in which Jake Miller and his brother, Louis Miller, prepared his beef cattle for market, furnished much ideal food for the baby trout.

Mr. Hartman's Daniel Boone blood, inherited from his mother, made him an ardent lover of nature - of hills and valleys; camping spots; of animal life in the great out-of-doors. He was as much at home in the saddle on a long day's ride over cattle range, as the average citizen today feels in his parlor rocking chair, or seated at his dining table. He knew practically every cow and steer wearing his brand and could readily identify individual animals belonging to neighbors, as he passed them on his daily rides over their range. This inherited interest in range animals made him a leader in round-ups and the umpire who settled all questions regarding ownership of strays. He was, during most of his active range-riding days, president of the cattlemen's association, and his advice was heeded by all its members.

It was this almost universal acceptance of Mr. Hartman's advice as an authority in the cattle business that influenced me to invest in the Milner ranch and stock it with high-grade cattle during the year 1886. From that year until I sold the ranch, about ten years, I was intimately associated with him in the stock business. In feeding my hay to his cattle on my ranch; in putting my cattle with his on his range; in his cooperation in selling of some of my beef steers, and finally in selling to him my entire brand of cattle and largely thru his help and advice, in making a sale of my ranch. In all the years I had thus closely associated with him in business, his attitude toward me was like that of a brother of the same family - I trusted him as confidentially as if he had been my own brother. We never had the slightest disagreement in all our dealings. He likewise trusted me in the same way in all matters pertaining to my specialty. I surveyed and recorded all his water rights.

Mr. Hartman was too busy with his various obligations to his fellow-citizens in making this world a happier place for all, to stop you on the cattle range and tell you to "prepare to meet your God," but he had as much faith in God as the average minister, and was always ready to help any worthy cause, whether civic or religious. He was a lover of his home and his family. His development of Dos Rios ranch is a fine demonstration of his aspirations along that line.

He was a devoted husband and father, as evidenced by the respect and almost reverence of his wife and children for him. They have heart-felt sympathy and condolence in their bereavement, of everyone who knew and appreciated the sterling character of Alonzo Hartman.

Reprinted from News Champion Issue of March 7, 1940

Pioneer Lady Of Gunnison Valley Passes Away in Delta
[Mrs. Samantha Haymaker]

Death of Mrs. Samantha Haymaker at Delta last Thursday, August 6, brought to a close another chapter in pioneer history of the Gunnison country. Mrs. Haymaker was 91 years of age, and came to Colorado in 1882.

She had made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Clara Boyd, in Delta since leaving Gunnison a number of years ago. She had been ill for several years and was confined to her bed for the last four years of her life. Death was due to complications of advanced age.

Samantha Wilson Haymaker was born in Ohio on July 14, 1851. She grew to young womanhood there, attending local schools. On June 21, 1876, she was married to J. A. Haymaker at Earlville. The following year, in 1877, the couple moved to Kansas, where they homesteaded. In 1882, they came to Gunnison and settled on a ranch six miles north of town on the Gunnison river, now part of the Martin ranch.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Haymaker raised their family. Five children were born to them, three sons and two daughters. One son and one daughter have passed away. Those surviving are Mrs. Clara Boyd of Delta; Zilba M. Haymaker of Gunnison, and J. Walter Haymaker of Canon City. There are also six grandchildren. A brother, Sullivan S. Wilson, who is 94 years of age, lives with Walter in Canon City. He was unable to come for the funeral. Both Mrs. Boyd and Walter came to Gunnison to attend. Mr. Haymaker died in Gunnison 31 years ago, in 1911, and is buried in Masons' & Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Mrs. Haymaker was a woman of the pioneer type, industrious and hard-working; a wonderful wife and mother; a true friend and helpful neighbor. While residing in Gunnison county, she belonged to Vashti Rebekah lodge, Isabelle Tourist club and Women's Relief Corps. The W. R. C. has since been dissolved, due to most of its members either passing away or moving to other cities. The Isabelle Tourist club has been affiliated with the Gunnison Women's club.

Funeral services were held from Miller's Funeral Home here Monday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock. Dr. Geo. Nuckolls officiated. Interment was in the family plot in Masons' & Odd Fellows' cemetery. Pall bearers were B. L. Dollard, John Rozman, A. P. Roper, Sam Ogden, Ross Blackstock and William Redden.

Reprinted from News-Champion of August 13, 1942.

His Ninety Years Have Been Filled With Exciting And Memorable Events [Winfield S. Henderson]

* *

Thursday, January 16, 1941

By Mrs. E. E. BonDurant -
From Gunnison News-Champion -

On Friday, December 17, Winfield S. Henderson, of Pitkin, Colorado, received the congratulations of his many friends on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, while enjoying a state of health and a mental outlook that combined to make the day a happy one. His life has been full of many varied experiences, and his memory holds a wealth of pictures of the past, pictures which he is able to paint with vivid words which make the past live again for his listeners. His memories of the early days of Pitkin and other Gunnison county points are full of interest for all who know anything of the history of the county, for these memories bring alive the men and women whose names are well known as pioneers of the county, as well as many who left little imprint on the pages of local history.

Mr. Henderson was born at Eton Rapids, Michigan, on January 17, 1851, the son of a doctor, who also owned a large drug store. "Win," as he has been called by friends all his life, went into the drug business with his father as soon as he was able to wait on customers. His formal schooling did not go far, and he took special work to prepare for an examination in pharmacy.

At the age of twenty, in '71, he was married to the lady who bore his name for sixty-three years, until, in May, 1934, she passed away at their home in Pitkin. Death was caused by pneumonia, following a fall which caused a fracture of her arm. The bereaved husband accompanied her body back to the old home town in Michigan, where he had courted and married her so many years before.

In 1879 Mr. Henderson came first to Colorado to join his wife's uncle, Al. Hamlin, a prospector who had been in California, and who now sent urgent letters to his nephew, telling of the strikes being made in Colorado. The young man came by rail to Pueblo, where he bought a horse and a pack saddle, and then proceeded to buy everything he thought would be needed on a long prospecting trip to points far away from the railroad. For hours, his purchases kept rattling up in delivery wagons to the livery stable where the horse waited, then the young easterner attempted to "pack" the horse. It couldn't be done; the dunnage made a great heap that shifted around inside the tarp and refused to stay put.

The stable boss finally volunteered the information that lots of easterners had to hire an expert packer, and that he could recommend one who made a business of packing. When the packer came at Win's despairing request, he took one look at the mountain of purchases, and his comments were crude, but pithy. He discarded all but essentials, and soon had the horse loaded with all that he could carry.

Al. Hamlin was at Silver Cliffe, in Wet Mountain Valley, and it was a tired outfit that finally located him there. West Cliffe was booming, but likely claims were already staked, and Hamlin wanted to come to the Gunnison country which he had prospected many years before.

The two men returned down Hardscrabble to the Arkansas river, then followed the river upward. The railroad had reached Canon City, and a grading camp for workers on the roadbed, being prepared for the narrow gauge railway, had been established at Cleora, three miles below Salida. There was no Salida at that time. The road up the river was narrow, and was full of traffic; a few big eights, and many fours, snaked around the sharp curves, freighting building

material, machinery, and all kinds of supplies to Leadville. Single rigs, the stage, and men afoot and on horseback, girls to keep the red-lights burning, and earnest ministers of the Gospel of Salvation, all moving into new country.

Messrs. Henderson and Hamlin followed up the Arkansas to Chalk creek, up Chalk creek over the pass and dropped down over the range. In the upper end, above Taylor park, they found one cabin and some campers. The cabin was called the butcher shop, and the man in the cabin sold beef. Don't know where he got it. Other cabins sprang up, and a petition went around asking that a post office be established there, with the name of Virginia City. No stake had been driven at Tin Cup.

After about a month's fruitless prospecting there, the partners heard rumors of a big sylvanite strike at what later became Gothic, and immediately started thru Taylor park and toward Gothic. The trail they followed eventually led them thru Dead Man's Canon, where they stopped to examine the bones of what seemed to have been six or eight white men. They supposed they had been killed by Indians.

One evening they ran onto a deer salt lick, and as they were out of meat, they made camp well back over the ridge, and waited until night to try for a shot at the deer which frequented the lick. Creeping carefully to the top of the ridge in the dark, they were disappointed to find that camp had been made by two men on the site of the lick. They became acquainted, and in the morning went on together. One of these men was "Dutch Henry" Schierenbeck, well known mining man and owner of the big livery stable, part of which still stands in Pitkin. He packed on his own back not less than 150 pounds of dunnage, and could walk all day with it, prospecting as he went. His load consisted of 25 pound keg of black powder, a 25 pound sack of flour, a ham, axe, pick, shovel, steel tamping bar, drills, hammers, bedding, and camp outfit.

The four men stopped at Washington Gulch and started prospecting. Old placer workings showed evidence of having been successful in past years. They had been there only a short time when a bunch of Utes rode in and ordered them out of the Gulch. Arguing did no good, as the Indians claimed this was on the Government Reservation. Three of the party decided that the chance of making a stake in Washington Gulch at the price of possibly leaving only their unburied bones to make another Dead Man's Canon out of their claims, was not worth while, and so left the next morning. The fourth man, who had joined "Dutch Henry" on the trail a few days previously, refused to leave the diggings on the order of the "lousy red skins." The party never heard of him again.

Schierenbeck bought one of Henderson's burros, and figured on going to Leadville after the three of them got down into Gunnison valley. At the present site of Crested Butte they examined the coal float, and agreed that it was a pity that no railroad could ever get over the mountains so that this coal could be of use. They stopped at a big horse ranch farther down the valley, bought a horse, and got a good drink of milk. That was something to remember! They reached the Gunnison and were held up at a toll bridge where they had to pay a toll of one dollar each for the three men, four burros and one horse.

When they reached Gunnison, July 3, 1879, they found fifteen cabins, a land office, and Kelly and Hartman's store. That was about all. The town was in celebrating mood. Tents were everywhere: prospectors, freighters, and a big band of Utes in town for the Fourth. The Utes seemed friendly; would say, "How, How?" and go thru their pockets, examining every article, but putting everything back.

The Fourth was a big day for everybody. Indians and all dressed in their best. As they passed thru the crowd, the three men who had made camp the night before for the first time in

Gunnison, paused to admire the most beautiful pinto they had ever seen. The trappings were hand made, and rich with beadwork. Schierenbeck stepped still closer to examine the trappings. The squaw on the pony's back was watching him insolently, but "Dutch Henry" had no eyes for the squaw. He raised his hand to touch the trappings, and the squaw spat full in his face. She was chewing tobacco. It took the combined strength of Henderson and Hamlin to hold Schierenbeck in their tent, where he had run for his shotgun, until his anger passed to a point where they could make him see that any shooting on his part would bring massacre to all the whites in the valley.

On July 11 Schierenbeck threw in with Henderson and Hamlin, and they came to Pitkin, camping at the upper end of what later became the ball park above town. Prospectors were all over the hills. On the late afternoon of July 21, Hamlin swung at a boulder, crumbled it, and shouted for his partners; the boulder was of rainbow shale in a lime formation, stained with copper, and silver chloride. They took down samples for assaying and in the morning they located it - The Silver Islet. Before they were down six feet they encountered native silver. In locating, they drew a line, and Henderson and Schierenbeck took one side, while Hamlin staked his absent partners back home in with himself on the other side, which became the Silver Age.

The Silver Islet was later sold to Nathaniel Slaughter, of Illinois, the deal being handled by Col. Puffer, a promoter who stayed and became one of the town's first mayors. While the deal was being made, the purchaser sent out a young lawyer, Dexter Sapp, to represent him. Sapp also became interested in the new town, and his name is well remembered by old timers. The purchase price was \$18,000.00, cash on the barrel head. The mine was a good producer.

The Silver Age was sold for \$18,500.00, but never became a paying mine.

In the meantime Wm. Henderson had built him a cabin, and was taking an active part in the booming town, which was then called Quartzville, but which was incorporated under the name of Pitkin in October of 1879. The officers were: Mayor, A. J. Kepple; Recorder, L. Leavitt; Treasurer, C. W. Pace, with bond fixed at \$1,000, and the trustees were Pace, Hyde, and Yates. Later, Mr. Henderson built four more houses in Pitkin.

The gold strikes in the Klondike called Mr. Henderson to the far North for three years, but he returned to Pitkin in 1900, and has made this his home ever since. During the years between 1881 and 1900, he visited every state in the Union, also Mexico, Cuba, and the Isle of Pines.

He has been instrumental in bringing many settlers to Gunnison county, mostly people who were interested in mining. He has been mayor of the town for several terms, and has held other town offices, acting as town Councilman until it became too hard for him to see to walk to the night meetings of the council. His letter head states that he deals in mining and real estate, but he says with a rueful laugh, that he is retired.

His one handicap is that his eyesight has failed so that he can no longer read, and that he cannot recognize friends until they speak. However, he walks up town for his mail each day, in blizzard or in sunshine. He insists that in his long life he has seen much more of sunshine than of shadow, and that he is glad that his life has been busy and full. He has a wealth of reminiscences, so colored by the anecdotes of funny little happenings, and unexpected endings, that they are delightful to young people who know nothing of Pitkin pioneer days, as well as to the old timers who come to talk over the old days.

To his many friends, ninety-year-old Win Henderson is "At Home" any time they call, and he is most happy to shake their hands, even if he can no longer see their faces.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of January 16, 1941

Winfield S. Henderson

Gunnison, October 30, 1941

Gunnison county's oldest resident third oldest in age, Winfield S. Henderson of Pitkin, passed away some time last Thursday night at his home. Coroner Alex Campbell was called for a routine investigation when Mr. Henderson was found dead. He pronounced it death from natural causes.

Frank Keenan to Retire After 35 Years As Superintendent City Light, Water Plant

After 38 years of service for the Town of Gunnison - 35 of them as superintendent of the light and water department and the past 10 as city manager - Frank E. Keenan will retire next Monday, Sept. 16, when Dwight D. Dilworth of Montrose will assume the position.

Mr. Keenan worked for three years for the town beginning in May, 1906, when the Gunnison Water Works was purchased from Bob Lewis. He was gone from 1909 to 1912 as superintendent of the Maple Leaf power plant at Sillsville, and also worked at Gothic.

In 1912 he was appointed superintendent of the Gunnison Light and Water plant. "I was just 24 years old then, and I remember the first day best of all," Mr. Keenan responded to a question. "Since then I've seen Gunnison grow from a community of less than a thousand to approximately 2700; it has all been interesting; there have been good times and bad, but generally speaking the town has made a lot of progress in the past 35 years."

In 1912 the generating capacity at the light plant was 37 ½ kilowatts. Then in 1913 a 150 kw Chuse Coreless generator was installed. The year 1923 saw a 250 kw Chuse Coreless set up, and in 1936 a 300 kw Skinner was added. Both of these engines are still in the plant, and can be operated when needed, run in conjunction with the 625 kw steam turbine that was installed in 1944.

Mr. Keenan has engineered the various changes and installations, including the two big boilers set up in 1936, both 11,500 pound units.

In 1906 Mr. Keenan recalls there were approximately 150 electric meters in the town. Now there are nearly 900.

When he first began working for the Town, there were just two shifts, from sun-up to sun-down and from sun-down to sun-up. It wasn't until 1916 that 24 hour electrical service was begun, and "I can remember some of the remarks when we started daylight service, because some people thought there wouldn't be any need for power during the day."

In 1912 the town had two old Worthington steam water pumps, and the next year they installed a Deming electric power pump with a 300 gallon per minute capacity. A 500 gal. per minute Manistee was put in in 1916, and in 1936 an 800 gallon per minute Manistee was added.

"There were about 150 houses and businesses connected with the town water system in 1912. Now there are about 600 outlets. The peak water consumption we have recorded in any 24 hour period is 1,300,000 gallons, while the average is about 750,000 gallons," Mr. Keenan recalls.

The town put in the present sewer system in 1917 and 1918, the city hall was built in 1931-32, "there are many other improvements like streets and alleys, parks, modern fire fighting equipment, golf course, and so forth, but that would make a long list," he continued.

Mr. Keenan came to Gunnison with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Keenan, in 1897. He graduated from GCHS in 1904. His father passed away many years ago, and his mother still resides here. She is Mrs. Elmer Ames. A sister, Mrs. Ethel O'Connor, lives in London, England and he has a half-brother, Charles Ames of Gunnison, who also has worked for the town electrical department for many years, and has recently been promoted to superintendent of the light and power plant.

"I estimate the present population of Gunnison about 2700, judging from the light meters and water connections," Mr. Keenan says. Asked what he thought the ultimate population might be,

he says he believes it might reach 3500 to 4000. "But the town is growing much faster than most people realize."

Mr. and Mrs. Keenan will continue to operate their ranch and resort on the lower Gunnison, and he "hopes to take it much easier than I have been able to."

"It's all been pleasurable. I've had some wonderful men to work with, and I've enjoyed it, but I'm really glad to be able to pass the responsibility on now."

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Sept. 12, 1946

**Summons Comes To Henry F. Lake At His Home
In Gunnison At 9:30, September 4, 1919**

* *

Aged 75 Years and Ten Months

By Judge Sprigg Shackelford -

On yesterday evening, at his home and surrounded by his family and friends, Henry F. Lake passed away from scenes of this life.

The following sketch of his life appears in the History of Colorado:

"Henry F. Lake, of Gunnison, Colorado, an enterprising and thoroly reliable real estate and insurance man, is a native of Livingston county, Michigan, born November 1, 1843, a son of Rial and Mary F. (Burt) Lake. The parents were born near Bellows Falls, Vermont. The father kept a private school in Philadelphia for several years and in 1834 moved to Livingston county, Michigan, where he was one of the pioneer settlers. He hauled the first cook stove to the county from Detroit, a distance of fifty miles, hauling wheat at fifty cents per bushel with an ox team to pay for the same. He remained in Michigan until his death, having cleared up a farm and helped to organize and shape the government of that section of the state. This worthy couple had eight children, two of whom still survive - Henry F., of Gunnison, and a sister, Mrs. F. W. Munson, now residing at Howell, Michigan.

"Henry F. Lake remained at home until eighteen years of age, receiving but a limited education, which was the case in so many instances in new countries. On August 9, 1862, young Lake enlisted as a private in Company H, Twenty-second Michigan Infantry Regiment. He was promoted to corporal and subsequently sergeant in the spring of 1863. At the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, he had command of his company, as fourth sergeant, all of its higher officers being killed or badly wounded. At this point the entire regiment was captured and Mr. Lake was held as a prisoner of war until March 1, 1865, being confined in prisons at Atlanta, Georgia; Richmond, Danville, Andersonville, Charleston and Florence. In March, 1865, he was paroled at Wilmington, North Carolina, and on April 28 was commissioned second lieutenant, to rank as such from April 1, but was prevented from being mustered out as lieutenant by being a prisoner under parole. He was honorably discharged at Camp Chase, June 9, 1865. On February 28 - twenty-five years later - the government made reparation by special order No. 43, from army headquarters at the attorney general's office, which reads: "The discharge of Sergeant Henry F. Lake, Co. H, Twenty-second Michigan Infantry Vols., June 9, 1865, is amended to take effect April 27, 1865. He is mustered into service as second lieutenant of the same company and regiment, to date April 28, 1865; mustered out and honorably discharged June 9, 1865, and he is mustered for pay in said grade, during the period embraced between the aforesaid dates."

"After the war Mr. Lake returned to Michigan and for ten years farmed a portion of the old homestead. In January, 1876, he moved to the vicinity of Topeka, Kansas, but before the end of that year came to Colorado, going on the first regular passenger train that reached Pueblo over the Santa Fe railroad. A younger brother, George B. Lake, was at that time construction engineer on the A. T. & S. F. During the ensuing winter he served as night clerk at the terminal railway station and in May, 1877, joined a train of freight teams leaving for the San Miguel country, attracted to that region by the mining excitement.

"During the summer of 1877 he made three trips to Pueblo with a freight team, the distance being three hundred and fifty miles each way. He, with several others, remained in the

San Miguel country during the winter of 1877-78. In the autumn of 1877 the town of San Miguel, about two miles below what is now Telluride, was surveyed, and Mr. Lake and others, being dissatisfied with the allotments of land made to them, surveyed and platted the present town of Telluride, which they named Columbia. During the summer of 1878 he prospected with indifferent results. The next winter he worked in the engineering department of the Santa Fe Railroad Company at Topeka, Kansas, and in the spring of 1879 went with burros over the Saguache road to Gunnison, which place then had but two buildings within its limits, one being the county clerk's office, which had a dirt roof. Mr. Lake located at White Pine, about thirty-eight miles to the east of Gunnison, and there engaged in mining and prospecting. He located nearly all of the May-Mazeppa properties on Lake Hill, the famous North Star, now owned by the Akron company, being one of the principal mines of the group. For ten years he successfully operated at this point, then sold his holdings and took up his residence permanently at Gunnison, where since 1894 he has been actively engaged in the real estate and insurance business.

"Politically he was a strong, uncompromising Republican until 1896, when he became a Democrat and has been allied with that party ever since and takes much interest in politics. In 1890 he was appointed receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Gunnison, serving four years. While yet in San Miguel county (then a part of Ouray county) he served as a justice of the peace, he being the first in that region. He also served two terms as coroner of Gunnison county.

"He is a worthy member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Improved Order of Redmen, Grand Army of the Republic, and Woodmen of the World, having been clerk of Gunnison Camp, No. 39, in continuous service since 1890, the oldest clerk in the Pacific jurisdiction of the order.

"Mr. Lake was united in marriage in May, 1872, to Miss Mary Tock, of Hartland, Michigan, who died in 1875. Of this union one son survived - Henry F. Lake, Jr., now editor and manager of the Gunnison News-Champion. In March, 1892, Mr. Lake married Miss Frances A. Norton, of Howell, Michigan. He takes much interest in everything pertaining to the growth and development of his adopted state."

When we went into the world war, he was requested by the government to accept a place on the local draft board of this county. This request was a call to duty in his old age, as the call for troops in 1861, and there was no question with him as to what he should do. He accepted the duty and served during the entire war.

Such is a brief history of this man, whose death the citizens of Gunnison deplore. However, no pen can write the minute details of his acts, his words, or that light which radiated from his great soul, giving hope, and comfort to his associates. These must come to each of us as we reflect in the silent hours of the night, or maybe in the full tide of life's struggles, and will remain as sweet memories for us who knew him so well.

His charities, which were many and generous to the limit of his means, were bestowed in silence and without account of memorandum. To many lowly men and women he gave freely his counsel and comfort, and many dark clouds on faces of those in distress were dispelled and the sunshine of hope was found to appear.

He was a student from boyhood to the end of his life. He was well informed on subjects of general history and more particularly on those of our own country. He was wont to discourse on minute details of the lives of our great men and their views and acts in the crises of national affairs. From his books he learned much; from his life he learned more. He rejoiced in our

national victories. At all times in his life and in any place he was a thoro-going loyal American citizen. The flag of our country was the emblem he worshipped.

He was tolerant of differences of opinion on most subjects, but with him there was no time or place for tolerance on the subject of loyalty to our country. Treason was the unpardonable sin.

To his devoted wife, son, the three grandchildren and his friends, he gave his tender love, his generous aid and devotion. While his tongue is silent, his body at rest, he lives and will live with them as long as God may grant them existence.

He doubtless had his faults, but to my friendly eyes they were as spots on the face of the sun.

I lay this feeble tribute on the grave of a very dear friend.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of September 5, 1919

Funeral Services Were Held Sunday **[Henry F. Lake]**

On Sunday, September seventh, at eleven o'clock, were laid to rest the mortal remains of Henry F. Lake. Amid banks of bloom, the loving remembrance of those living, and amid the falling tears of old friends from far and near, brief services were held at the family residence. The presence of friends and the heartfelt testimony they bore of love and respect for the deceased were grateful to the living but

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?"

Rev. Jerry Wallace, an Episcopalian clergyman from Forest City, Ark., who is spending his vacation in our vicinity, read very eloquently the funeral service. Judge Sprigg Shackelford spoke lovingly of his friend and the loss to the community, dwelling upon the personal regard he and the men and women of the community held for Mr. Lake after forty years of association. Eight surviving veterans of the Civil War, all that remain of Gunnison Post No. 17 G. A. R., of which Mr. Lake was adjutant and commander so long, attended as honorary pall bearers. They were: Dexter T. Sapp, B. F. Martin, V. G. Brewer, S. L. Trine, J. C. McKee, J. R. Millspaugh, W. S. Ditto and Jesse Corum.

Gunnison Lodge No. 39, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, then took charge of the services, the pall bearers being Jos. Blackstock, Wm. Strunk, H. L. Fisher, C. H. Meyer, E. M. Collins and Alonzo Hartman.

At the cemetery Odd Fellow services were conducted by Curtis Osborne, Noble Grand of the lodge, and Edward Miller, chaplain. At an impressive part of the ceremonial the lodge members, fifty or more, filed past, each dropping a sprig of evergreen on the casket. The body was then lowered to its last resting place and six sons of veterans of the civil war, commanded by E. G. Palmer, fired a salute of three volleys over the grave. The young men were: F. C. Martin, F. D. McKee, M. B. Herrick, W. W. McKee, Victor Whittemore and P. C. Boyles. This last ceremonial was a special request of Mr. Lake's and seemed indeed appropriate, as the body lay with the flag he loved laid upon his bosom, and its shining folds held by ladies of the W. R. C., floating at the four corners of the grave.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion-Sept. 12, 1919.

Death Of Mrs. Mary Lawrence Saddens City

The whole community was saddened last Friday, August 8th, on learning of the passing of Mrs. Mary A. Lawrence. Mrs. Lawrence had been in failing health for the past three years, and had been confined to her bed for nearly a month. While her death came not unexpectedly, it nevertheless, brought sorrow to all who knew her during the 58 years as a resident of Crested Butte and Gunnison.

Mary H. Axtell was born in Chicago, Illinois, December 23, 1864, daughter of Volney F. and Jeanette Axtell. She attended Ferry Hall at Lake Forrest, Illinois, where the family resided, and in 1883 came west with her mother and sister, Josephine. These two had come to Colorado the year previous, but went back to Illinois the winter of 1882, later to move to Crested Butte. After coming to Colorado, Mrs. Lawrence attended Wolfe Hall in Denver, and then taught there two years following her graduation.

On January 1, 1891, Miss Axtell was married to Clinton I. Lawrence at Crested Butte. Mr. Lawrence was station agent for the Rio Grande at the Buttes. He passed away June 6, 1906.

In 1912 Mrs. Lawrence again entered the teaching profession, first going to Paonia, where she taught two years. In 1914 she returned to Gunnison as teacher in the public schools and continued in that capacity until 1926. During the later part of this period she was in charge of the teacher training program in the schools. In 1926 she was elected county superintendent of schools and served in that capacity until 1931. During the years of her teaching she continued her studies, and was granted a bachelor of arts degree from Western State College.

Mrs. Lawrence identified herself with the Congregational church during her residence at Crested Butte, and when she moved to Gunnison she joined the Presbyterian church. When that congregation united with Methodist organization, making the present Community church, she continued active work and served on the official board of the Community church for many years past. She carried on her work as secretary of that board up until two months ago.

As a member of the Gunnison Chapter of P. E. O., and of Gunnison Valley Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, she held offices in both organizations and headed many committees.

In recounting Mrs. Lawrence's full life, Dr. George Nuckolls said in part at the funeral services held Monday afternoon at two o'clock from the Community church:

"Thus I read to you dates and names and places within which a life was lived. But in these calendar recordings I do in no wise tell you the story of that life. Your presence here today is part of that story. And you are here because you knew her and held her in highest esteem. Some of you have come many miles to join with us in paying your tribute of love's devotion to one whose memory shall not grow dim with the passing years.

"No words of mine can tell in its fullness the story of her life. In this brief time I would not undertake it. Lengthy eulogy would not be her desire. Nevertheless, for your own inspiration, certain things should be said. There are so many urging themselves upon our thoughts in this hour.

"I could speak of her as a teacher, and I think now of the hundreds of lives that she touched with ennobling influence as she practiced that high profession, of the destinies she helped to shape, of the characters she fashioned and formed always toward the best.

"As a member of a domestic circle she gave herself to those whom she loved with a completeness of devotion that recognized no obstacle and knew no restraint."

Mrs. Lawrence, by personal assistance, made it possible for a score, or more students to get a college education; always willing to give a helping hand.

She is survived by her sister, Mrs. S. P. Spencer; two nieces and one nephew, Mrs. A. R. Nowels of Fruita, Mrs. George T. Eastman and Clinton F. Spencer, Sr., of Gunnison. There are also three great-nieces, Mrs. Frances Nowels Pederson, Miss Eloise Nowels and Miss Doris Spencer, and three great-nephews, Clinton Spencer, Jr., Don and Whitman Eastman; and her step-son, Harlow Lawrence.

Miller's Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements; pall bearers were C. R. Walker, Ralph Porter, Sam C. Hartman, Edward Grout, B. H. Snyder and John Clarke; honorary pall bearers were Dr. Grant Ruland, W. L. Curtis, H. L. Dotson, S. E. Morlan, Ray R. Clarke and H. H. Fogg, all members of the Community church board.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurston Hatch sang "The City Four Square," accompanied by Miss Edwyl Redding at the organ.

Interment was in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery at Gunnison.

Out-of-town friends who came for the funeral were Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Robinson and Mrs. Walter Mergelman, all of Fort Morgan. Rev. Robinson was pastor of the Presbyterian church in Gunnison years ago, and the Robinsons have visited Mrs. Lawrence every summer since leaving here.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of August 14, 1941

Funeral Services for Mrs. Lee Lehman On Saturday

Funeral services for Mrs. Lee Lehman, who died Sunday, January 5th, at her home in Forest Grove, Oregon, will be held Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 2:00 p.m. from Miller's Funeral Home. Dr. George Nuckolls will officiate, and a quartet will sing two numbers, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and "The Vacant Chair."

Pall bearers are Curtis Osborne, Moe Everett, Neil Andrews, Charles Lightley and Phil Easterly. Interment will be in the Lehman-Smith family plot in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery.

The many friends of the family were sorry indeed to learn of Mrs. Lehman's death. She passed away at her home in Forest Grove, after an illness of several weeks, due to a cold and influenza, that later developed into pneumonia.

Maybelle Smith Lehman was born May 9, 1875, in Iowa, daughter of George and Sarah Smith. Her family moved to Gunnison county in early eighties, first living at Tin Cup for a time, and later homesteading the ranch on the upper Gunnison, now owned by O. E. Eiberger. As a girl Mrs. Lehman attended schools here and grew to young womanhood.

On May 15th, 1892, she was married to Lee Lehman. The couple took up their residence on the Ohio creek ranch homesteaded by Mr. Lehman. Nine children were born to the union, three daughters and five sons, of whom eight are living. They are: Mrs. Florence Free, Clarence, Ralph, Raymond and Glenn, all of Gunnison; Mrs. Hazel Tillotson and Rollie Lehman of Forest Grove, Oregon; and Mrs. Dollie Whitmore of St. Anthony, Idaho. Besides Mr. Lehman and these children, there are 16 grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Surviving also are a sister, Mrs. Emma Tidd Dorwin, Tacoma, Washington, and a brother, E. Elbert Smith of Gunnison.

The late Sam Johnson was a half-brother. George Smith, father of Mrs. Lehman, was a brother of Mrs. John Marshall and Mrs. Bob Marshall, both pioneers of this region.

In late years, Mr. and Mrs. Lehman retired from active ranch life to enjoy the fruits of their long years of hard work, and their son, Ralph, has continued operation of the home place. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Lehman traveled, finally locating at Forest Grove, where in the fall of 1939 they purchased a home. Almost every summer they journeyed back to Gunnison county to renew acquaintance with old friends and former neighbors. Their children had already made plans to celebrate their parents' Golden Wedding anniversary in the summer of 1942.

Mrs. Lehman was a fine woman, one who took pride in her family and home; who was a good neighbor and ever ready to lend a helping hand to others. She took an active interest in her community enterprises and assisted in church work and other activities. She was a member of the Methodist church and was affiliated with Rebekah lodge and Neighbors of Woodcraft, but dropped out of both organizations in recent years.

Mr. Lehman and the children in Oregon and Idaho will arrive here Thursday.

The News-Champion regrets indeed to record her passing.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of January 9, 1941

Mrs. Della Lightley Dies at 81 Following Accident

Gunnison folks were universally much grieved Saturday to learn that Mrs. Della Lightley, prominent and well known resident of our city since early days, had passed away that morning at the Community hospital.

A week ago, Mrs. Lightley fell on the sidewalk at her home on Wisconsin street, breaking her leg and suffering a severe shock to her system. Because of her advanced age, 80, recovery was considered doubtful from the first.

Mrs. Lightley's maiden name was Della Harris. She was a daughter of Mr. and Rev. Mrs. Z. M. Harris, and was born in the middlewest in 1859. Her mother was a Quakeress minister. She was married while young to Park Moore in Indiana, and two sons were born to the union. Ray died as a baby, and Gail died in Pueblo in 1918.

In the early eighties the family came to Gunnison. Here the widow met and married George W. Lightley, a prominent ranchman of Ohio creek. Two daughters were born to them, both of whom are living. They are Mrs. Lena Endner and Mrs. Lou Whinnery, both of our city.

Retiring from ranch life, the family moved to Gunnison, altho still retaining their Ohio creek property. Mr. Lightley died here 24 years ago, in 1917.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, resided on the Ohio creek ranch for many years, later moving to Colorado Springs, where they have since passed to eternal rest, Mr. Harris passing away in 1916, and his wife in 1920.

Besides Mrs. Endner and Mrs. Whinnery, other surviving relatives are four grandchildren, two of them being children of Gail Moore; with Robert and Betty Whinnery; and a step-grandson, William Endner. The last three live in Gunnison.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon from Millers Funeral Home at 2:30. Rev. George Gooderham officiated. Interment was in the family plot in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery. Pall bearers were Dr. R.T. Ellington, Joe Miller, Richard Allen, C.F. Stewart, Dr. Kenneth Grove and F. George Damson.

Death has again created a vacancy in fast dwindling ranks of Gunnison county pioneers - for, indeed Mrs. Lightley was in every sense a pioneer. Hers was the life of an early-day resident of the west; she knew the hardships, heartbreaks and disappointments of the pioneer woman of that time. Yet, she lived to enjoy the fruits of her labors, to spend her declining years among her friends and former neighbors. Even at her advanced age, she enjoyed good health and was quite active up until her fatal accident. Friends will miss her cheery greeting and genial disposition. Her friends were many and the respect of everyone was accorded her.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of April 10, 1941

Ed Lindsley Killed In Automobile Accident

* *

Funeral Service Here This Afternoon

Edwin T. Lindsley, 61, sheriff of Gunnison county, 1926-41, and since 1941 until this year, warden of the state reformatory at Buena Vista, died at 10:30 Saturday morning at the Rio Grande hospital in Salida from injuries sustained in an automobile accident.

Mr. Lindsley with Dr. S.F. Kelley, Jr., Salida dentist, had left Salida Friday via the Ute Trail road, on a deer-hunting trip. Two and a half miles out of Salida, the pick-up truck they were driving with horse trailer attached, developed engine trouble. The men disconnected the trailer, drove to the top of a hill, and turned around intending to return to Salida for repairs. While they were coming down the hill, an axle snapped and the car went out of control and rolled down a 30-foot embankment.

A few minutes after the accident, which took place at 4:30, Stanford Warner of Grand Junction, formerly of Salida, brother-in-law of Dr. Kelley, arrived. He was also starting on a hunting trip. Lindsley and Kelley were taken to the hospital in Warner's car. Lindsley, who had suffered a crushed chest and punctured lung, was still conscious until given sedatives. He was thought to have regained consciousness shortly before his death. Dr. Kelley had minor injuries only.

Mr. Lindsley was born in Smith County, Kansas, April 24, 1883. His parents were Angelina Jones and Robert G. Lindsley. He was married June 9, 1907, to Emily Richardson of Gunnison.

Mr. Lindsley began railroading in Gunnison and vicinity in 1909, following this work until he was elected sheriff of Gunnison county in 1926. Previous to railroading, he was a rancher here. He was widely known as a peace officer thruout the west. As a rancher, railroad man, miner, officer and sportsman, he has been prominent for 40 years.

Altho he had been warden of the state reformatory for three years as a provisional appointee, and according to general opinion had done an outstanding job there, he was required by the civil service commission early this year to take an examination for permanent appointment. Fearless as a peace officer and primarily a man of action rather than a person with bookish interests, he placed fourth in the test, and James S. Thomas of Englewood, rating first, replaced him.

Governor John Vivian, a close friend of Lindsley, protested the ouster; but Lindsley, old-time peace officer, believed in upholding the law even when it went against him, and was resigned to the change.

Memorial services were held at the Elks Home in Salida, where he was a member, at 10 o'clock this morning (Thursday). Funeral rites will be held in Gunnison at the Community church this afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, with Dr. George Nuckolls, pastor, in charge. Dr. Nuckolls, close friend of Lindsley, was with the injured man the night before his death, going to Salida at 11 o'clock Friday night and returning to Gunnison Saturday morning to secure a nurse. Word of the stricken man's death came before Dr. Nuckolls and Mrs. Tony Sayer, the nurse, had left Gunnison.

Masonic rites will be performed at the grave. Music will be by Mrs. Ethel Faye Mast, Mrs. Marjory Porter and Mrs. Madeline Williams.

Surviving relatives are Mr. Lindsley's only child, Lorraine, now Mrs. Vernon Hopper, who grew to womanhood in Gunnison, was very prominent in musical circles here, and who now

lives in Alamosa; his former wife, Mrs. Emily Richardson Lindsley, mother of his daughter; August Lindsley, a brother, who lives in Pueblo; A. W. Lindsley, whose home is in Albion, Wash., and Guy Ballanger, a half-brother, who lives in Pueblo. There are two grandchildren, Janice and Sharon Hopper.

His daughter and her mother were with Mr. Lindsley at the time of his death. The brothers, Guy and A. W., are expected here for the funeral.

The following have been named as active and honorary pallbearers: Geo. Cope, Frank Keenan, Jack Andrews, Ray Slane, H.G. Lashbrook, Harry Grubb, Ralph Porter, Rocco Santarelli, Karl Zugelder, Jay Miller, Craig Goodwin, Sam C. Hartman, Ashton E. Winslow, Dr. R.T. Ellington, John Rozman, B.H. Jorgensen, W.W. McKee, Dr. S.F. Kelley, Sr. of Salida, and C.J. Moynihan of Montrose.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of October 12, 1944

Pneumonia Causes Death of Mrs. R.A. Little of Parlin Sunday

The unexpected death Sunday of Mrs. Ralph A. Little of Parlin came as a great shock to her many friends and acquaintances thruout the Gunnison valley. Mrs. Little had not been in good health for several years past, and last week pneumonia set in. On June 26th she was brought from her home in Parlin to the Community hospital, where she passed away just four days later.

Mrs. Little's maiden name was Mae Elizabeth Peake. She was born on May 27, 1876, at Long Eddy, New Little, the couple resided in Boulder Colorado, for several years, coming to Quartz creek in 1912, where they have since resided on a ranch. Mrs. Little took a keen interest in her community, lending her assistance to its social and cooperative activities. She was a member of the Methodist church since she was ten years old.

Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Little both of whom are living. The son, Lawrence, resides in Carson City, Nevada, being in the research department of the state highway department there. His sister Miss Helen Little of Stewart, Nev., teaches in the Indian school near Carson City. Both Miss Little and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Little came to Gunnison last week when their mother became seriously ill.

Besides her husband and children Mrs. Little is survived by three grandchildren, one sister and two brothers. The sister is Mrs. Julia Waldron who resides in the state of New York, and the brothers are William Peake of Marathone, N.Y. and Charlie Peake of Los Angeles.

Funeral services were held at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon from Miller's Funeral Home, Rev. George E. Gooderham officiating. Interment was in Masons' & Odd Fellows' cemetery. Pall bearers were Wm. Murdie, E.R. Williams, Leonard Nesbit, Sam C. Hartman, Willet A. Estes and Frank E. Keenan. Honorary pall bearers were W.J. Collard, E.M. Nourse, J.J. McLain, Henry Corum, Frank Zugelder and Mel Deering.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 3, 1941.

Former Resident, Roy S. Lobdell, Died In Denver Last Thursday

Altho not unexpected, news of the death of Roy S. Lobdell, which occurred at his home in Denver Thursday, July 13, brot sorrow to his relatives and many friends in this locality. Mr. Lobdell had been critically ill for several months, and had undergone three very serious operations.

Cause of death was given as complications of kidney and heart trouble and a back injury received a number of years ago.

Roy Seth Lobdell was born January 28, 1877, in Bartlett, Ill., where his father, Seth Lobdell, owned and operated a grain mill and lumber business. After finishing school, Roy engaged in railroading for a period, and in 1895 came to Denver.

On October 20, 1897, at Bartlett, he was married to Verda Dice of Ohio City. One child, Harvey S., was born to them.

The Lobdells moved to Sheridan, Ill., from Denver, operating a creamery. Later they moved back to Bartlett and took up farming, and in 1905 they sold out there and came to Parlin, where they went into partnership with a brother-in-law, Harvey Dice, in a general merchandise store.

Shortly after moving to Parlin, Mr. Lobdell bought the Valley View ranch on Cochetopa creek from Frank Vader, and engaged in the cattle business for five years, during which time he was secretary of Taylor Park cattle association.

Mr. Lobdell was a staunch Republican, and in the fall of 1914 he was elected county clerk and recorder of Gunnison, serving in that capacity for two years.

In 1925 he was named secretary of the State Board of Stock Inspection Commissioners, which office he held until 1942, when he resigned to retire from active business.

Mr. Lobdell had a keen sense of humor, which remained with him to the last. His genial and courteous manner made him many friends.

Funeral services were conducted at Denver July 18. Interment was in Crown Hill cemetery there.

Besides his wife and son, Mr. Lobdell is survived by a grand-daughter, Ruth Lobdell of Parlin, and a brother, Ralph Lobdell, who resides in Montana.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 20, 1944.

Gene Mahoney, R.R. Man of Gunnison Passes Away in Salida

Shocked incredulity greeted the announcement Saturday evening that Gene Mahoney had passed away at the Rio Grande hospital in Salida at about 6:30. Friends could not believe that Gene, the popular, courteous conductor of the narrow gauge passenger train between Gunnison and Salida for many years, who on the Sunday evening before had waved a smiling goodbye to the crowd assembled at the depot as the Shavano made its last trip from Gunnison, had died. Friends did not then dream that they were also bidding good bye to Gene. Reaching Salida, Mr. Mahoney decided to enter Rio Grande hospital for a tonsil operation, which was performed Wednesday afternoon. Apparently he was recovering, in fact, word was received in Gunnison that he would soon be at work again, and expecting to be transferred to the railroad branch between Montrose and Ouray. However, Saturday evening a blood clot forming on his lungs, caused his death.

Eugene Patrick Mahoney, was born October 24, 1879, at Cherokee, Iowa, son of John and Katherine Moloney Mahoney. The family came to Colorado in 1891, locating first at Sapinero, where Eugene attended school. Later he had schooling in Lake City and Pueblo. About 35 years ago the family moved to Gunnison, where they resided until death and marriage of different members disrupted the family circle. Gene, however, always called Gunnison his home. He embarked upon the life of a railroader in 1898, first at the roundhouse in Sargents, later as brakeman, and since 1908, had been conductor on Rio Grande trains on the third division. At the time of his death, he was the second oldest conductor in point of seniority on this division.

Mr. Mahoney was a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen for 41 years. He first joined the Elks lodge in Ouray nearly twenty years ago, but transferred to Salida, where he held membership at the time of his death.

Mr. Mahoney never married, preferring to devote his love and interest to his parents, whom he cared for until their death some years ago. Later he lavished his affections upon his nieces and nephews, who indeed have lost a staunch friend in the passing of "Uncle Gene." After death of his parents, he made his home with his sister, Mrs. John Yoklavich.

Besides Mrs. Yoklavich, Mr. Mahoney is survived by two brothers, Ed Mahoney of Grand Junction, and Jack Mahoney of Montrose. Two sisters, Mrs. Mamie Smith and Mrs. Nora Trevarthen, passed away a number of years ago. Surviving nieces and nephews are Elizabeth Smith Fouse of California, daughter of Mrs. Smith; Frances Barrett of Vallejo, Calif., and John, Jr., children of Jack Mahoney; Margaret Neesham, of Somerset, and Mary Marsh and Helen Tegarden of San Diego, children of Mrs. Nora Trevarthen; Ed, Jr., and Pete Mahoney, sons of Ed Mahoney, Sr.; and John, Mary Kathryn, Margaret, Patrick and Nora Yoklavich, children of Mrs. John Yoklavich.

All members of the family residing in Colorado came to Gunnison for the funeral; those living in California were unable to come, as were John Yoklavich, Jr., who is attending college in Washington, D.C., and Patrick Yoklavich, a student at Notre Dame.

The body was brought to Gunnison Saturday night and rosary services said Tuesday evening at the Yoklavich home. Funeral services were held from the Catholic church at ten o'clock Wednesday morning, Rev. Leo Thome officiating.

Pall bearers were long-time friends of Mr. Mahoney: Joe Riley, Sr., Chas. A. Kroll, J.J. Miller, Fred Winters, C.M. Purceil and Wm. L. Dean. Interment was in the family plot in

Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery. Elks lodge had charge of services at the grave and the Miller Funeral Home was in charge of funeral arrangements.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Dec. 5, 1940.

Mrs. Abbie Mergelman Died Suddenly Tuesday

Death of Mrs. Abbie Mergelman, well known and respected Gunnison lady, that came suddenly Tuesday morning at 10:45, brought sorrow to her many Gunnison county friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Mergelman had recently undergone an operation, but was making rapid recovery. Monday evening she became suddenly ill and was taken to the Community hospital, but continued to sink, until death came.

Abbie Green was born September 1, 1880, at Boca, California, daughter of Chester and Minnie Green. When she was seven years old, the family came to Gunnison county, first residing on a ranch on Ohio creek, and later moving to Iola. She attended local schools and graduated from Gunnison county high school. At Iola, she served as postmistress for a time.

On January 10, 1907, she was married to Rudolph P. Mergelman, son of a prominent pioneer family of the Gunnison valley. The couple set up housekeeping on their ranch, just east of Iola, that became the family home. Three children were born to the union, Irvin and Warren of Gunnison, and Lois of Alamosa. Mr. Mergelman passed away in 1933, and since then, Mrs. Mergelman has made her home in this city.

Besides the three children, she is survived by two grandchildren, Carol Jeanne and Abbie Kay, daughters of Irvin; two sisters, Miss Minnie Green and Mrs. Emma Zeigler, and a brother, Chester Green, all of San Diego, California. They were unable to come to Gunnison for the funeral. Miss Lois Mergelman arrived from Alamosa, where she is teaching, Wednesday.

Mrs. Mergelman was a member of the Community church, and took great interest in her home and family; she gained a wide circle of friends thruout the county and was highly respected by all who knew her.

Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 2:00 p.m., from Miller's Funeral Home. Dr. George Nuckolls will officiate. Interment will be in the family plot in Masons' and Odd Fellows' cemetery, where Mr. Mergelman is buried.

Reprinted from the News-Champion June 19, 1941

Archer A. Miller Funeral to Be Held Friday Afternoon

Archer A. Miller, prominent resident of Gunnison for nearly fifty years, passed away about one o'clock Wednesday afternoon, following an illness of over a year. He died at his ranch home on Ohio creek, where he had been cared for since leaving the Community hospital in Gunnison some months ago. He was the first of six children of the Miller family to go in death.

Mr. Miller was born February 16, 1870, at Jermyn, Pennsylvania, the son of Martha Jane and Chester L. Miller. He lived in Pennsylvania for a time, later going to Michigan with the family for about five years. The Millers came to Gunnison in March of 1891, all of them making their home here since that time. Mr. Miller followed the occupation of railroad bridge building for many years, becoming interested in ranching in 1913.

He was county road supervisor for years and engineered construction on a great many highways and bridges in this vicinity, also as a master carpenter he built several residences in and about Gunnison.

In June, 1892, Archer Miller was married at Lake City to Miss Minnie Schultz, who died four years ago.

To this union were born three sons, all of whom survive. They are Harry Miller of Ohio creek, Archer Miller, Jr., of Somerset, and Carlton Miller of Gunnison. There are also 4 grandsons and one granddaughter. Three brothers and two sisters live in Gunnison: Ernest, Clinton and Raymond Miller, Mrs. Mazy Williams and Mrs. Inez Cunningham. Mrs. Clarence Alams is a cousin of Mr. Miller.

Mr. Miller was a member of the Community church and of the Shriners. He and his brothers and sisters had looked forward to joining the pioneer society together next March, and the passing of the first of the family group of six is indeed a great sorrow to his family and wide circle of friends.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow, Friday, at 2:30 from the Miller Funeral Home.

Dr. George Nuckolls will officiate at the services, with A.F. & A.M. Lodge No. 39 having charge at the Masons and Odd Fellows cemetery.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Sept. 12, 1940.

Mrs. Margaret Miller, Pioneer Resident, Dies Monday Morning

Mrs. Margaret Miller, resident of Gunnison for 54 years, died peacefully at one a.m. Monday, Aug. 21, in the Community hospital after an illness which began five years ago when she suffered a stroke and which was aggravated by a fall two and a half weeks ago. Since then she has been at the hospital.

Margaret Flaherty, the last of a family of seven, was born in Middletown, Ohio. She died at the age of 78 years, 10 months and 25 days. Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Flaherty.

She was married on March 17, 1890, to Louis Miller and came to Gunnison as a bride - "one of the most beautiful brides who ever came to Gunnison," say old-timers. Mr. Miller, in partnership with his brother, the late J.D. Miller, established the first meat market in Gunnison, known as the Elk Horn Meat Market, and carried on for some 40 years. Later another brother, Peter P. Miller, came to Gunnison from Ohio and was connected with the establishment. All three have since passed on; Louis Miller died in July, 1931.

Mrs. Miller is survived by her only daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Houser. Two sons died in childhood, one at the age of seven and the other at 2 ½ years. A number of nieces and nephews reside in Gunnison, children of Mr. and Mrs. J.D. Miller. A sister-in-law, Mrs. Emma Miller, widow of Peter P. Miller, lives at La Junta.

Delmar Flavin, a great-nephew came from Denver for the funeral. He and his brother, Charles Flavin, now living in Middletown, Ohio, made their home with Mrs. Miller for some time after the death of their mother, Mrs. Carrie Meeks Flavin, while they were yet children.

All her life Mrs. Miller was a devout Catholic. She was a member of the Altar and Rosary Society and of Neighbors of Woodcraft. Before her health failed, she gave generously of her time and efforts toward the welfare of St. Peter's church; as was often said of her: "one can always count on Maggie Miller to help."

The funeral was held Wednesday, August 23, with Requiem Mass at St. Peter's Catholic church at 10 a.m., Rev. John Wogan in charge. Altar and Rosary Society held services on Tuesday night. Interment was in the family plot in Masons & Odd Fellows' cemetery. Pall bearers were John Rozman, Charles Eilebrecht, Dr. Geo. Sullivan, B.H. Snyder, Richard Vader and George Eastman.

Reprinted from News-Champion of August 24, 1944

S. J. Miller, Prominent Business Man, Passes Away Tuesday

Death claimed another long-time resident of Gunnison Tuesday afternoon, when Sylvester J. Miller, pioneer merchant and community builder, died at the Community hospital. Mr. Miller suffered a stroke during the night and never regained consciousness.

Mr. Miller was born on July 22, 1858, at Paducah, Kentucky, making him past his 83rd year. He spent his early years in that state, and altho little is known of his early life, he was located in Kansas for a while before coming to Colorado, first stopping at Alamosa.

He came to Gunnison in winter of 1883, and for several years handled a mail contract between Lake City and Gunnison, drove an express wagon in this city, and with the late Ed Wiley, operated a livery stable. The two men also owned the ranch which became known as the Wiley place on Ohio Creek now operated by Otis Moore.

He engaged in the furniture and undertaking business for a few years. In 1902, in partnership with Louis Fontaine, he built the present store, Main street brick structure now known as the S. J. Miller & Son Dry Goods store. For a time he was in partnership with Ralph R. Allen in a general merchandise store. Later, when Mr. Allen withdrew after several years, Mr. Miller entered into partnership with Joe Parsons. Later Mr. Parsons died and since then the business has been conducted by S. J. Miller and his sons, Arthur and Jay.

Mr. Miller was married in the mid-eighties to Miss Grace B. Adams, sister of the late Chas. E. Adams and Clarence Adams. Three children were born to the union, all of whom are living. Mrs. Miller passed away in 1931. The children are Arthur and S. Jay of Gunnison, and Mrs. Lillian Cunningham of Los Angeles, Calif. There are four grandchildren, Mrs. Betty Toal and J. M. Cunningham of Los Angeles, California; Joanne Miller, daughter of Arthur, and S. Jay, Jr., son of Jay, of our city.

Mr. Miller was the only 50-year member of the Woodmen of the World living in this community.

Of a genial disposition he enjoyed a wide acquaintance thruout the county and despite his advanced years drove his own car, and spent a great deal of his time at his store on Main street every day, where he greeted friends and customers and discussed current events of every-day interest.

Funeral services were held this afternoon, Thursday, at 2:00 o'clock, from the Miller Funeral Home, Dr. George Nuckolls officiating. Interment was in the family plot in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery. Pall bearers were John Rozman, Ed Lindsley, H. H. Fogg, Richard Vader, Ray Miller and E. R. Williams.

Reprinted from the News-Champion December 18, 1941

Last Rites for Myra Ronald Moor; A Leading Citizen

At St. Peter's Catholic church, Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. William Kipp of Colorado Springs, formerly of Gunnison, for one of Gunnison's leading citizens, Mrs. Myra Ronald Moor, to whom death came suddenly and without warning, about three o'clock Saturday afternoon, in her home in West Gunnison, as she was at the phone talking to a neighbor. Rosary service was held at Miller's Funeral Home at eight o'clock Tuesday night. On Wednesday, after the services here, her husband, Marion Moor, accompanied the body to Neenah, Wis., where she was buried in the family lot there.

Myra Ronald, daughter of Millard and Mary Patton, came to Gunnison from Wisconsin at the age of 12, where she was always known by the name of her step-father, Frank Ronald. She grew to womanhood in Gunnison, attending the public schools, and graduating from Gunnison high school in 1897, in a class of seven, composed of Ethel Ferguson, Pearl Powelson, Edna McKee, Daisy Duree, Agnes Rainbow, Fannie Burnett and Myra Ronald. Those who knew her in those earlier days, never fail to speak of her great beauty.

After completing high school, she attended the University of Colorado two years, and Colorado State College of Education one year. She afterwards completed a course at Barnes Business College in Denver.

In her middle 20's she married Duke Cohan, of Richmond, Va., and they lived in Pine, Colo., for two years after which they separated. For five years she engaged in clerical work for the State Board of Stock Inspection Commissioners in Denver; she then entered business for herself in Denver.

When Nov. 11, 1930, her mother, then Mrs. Jerry Brunton, died, she took over the actual management of her mother's extensive ranching operations, winning respect and admiration for her business acumen. She added wisely to her holdings and her livestock, until her business venture became outstanding in Gunnison county. With the constant demands on her time and attention, she never lost the human touch; rather her kindnesses to those worthy of them have increased steadily.

Much of her success in ranching is due to Marion Moor, her associate since 1928 in her business. They were united in marriage Feb. 19, 1934.

A devout Catholic, she participated in activities of the Altar and Rosary Society. She was interested and active in all community affairs. She was keenly aware of political movements and theories; she was a life-long Republican.

Besides her husband, she is survived by an aunt, Mrs. Dollie Stagey of Sheboygan, Wis., and six cousins, Arthur Klinker, Neenah, Wis., Marvin J. Foxgruber, Grand Junction, and four others of the same family whose names are not now accessible; and a second cousin, Leo Klinker, of Gunnison.

Pall bearers were John Rozman, Thomas Doyle, Harry Gates, Sam Hartman, George T. Eastman and John Collett of Montrose.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of March 29, 1945

Capt. Louden Mullin, Promoter, Dreamer

A man is at his best when he goes all out for something he believes in, and that was what Capt. Louden Mullin did in the early 1880's for West Gunnison.

A motor trip through West Gunnison with Elmer Mullin, who is spending the summer here, and a talk with Mrs. Alice Mullen McEwen, opens one's eyes to the early history of the place, and the dynamic force of their grandfather, that spent itself in projects and dreams for West Gunnison, which carried on a none too friendly rivalry with the part of town east of the railroad.

First in interest to the writer was the residence, built at the peak of his success by Captain Mullin, resident of Gunnison as early as 1880, on the wide Boulevard (25 feet wider than any other street), just across from what is now the Grand hotel. It is a neat piece of frame architecture of 1883 or 1884.

There is little, but not too much of scroll trimming, the windows are beautifully arched and chastely decorated (to use the phraseology of the 80's), the gables supported by carved cornices. The eight-room structure is topped by a distinctive iron railing. The large lawn is enclosed by a picket fence, matching the dwelling in color. It is a house which cannot fail to attract the attention of anyone interested in period architecture - a good deal less flamboyant than LaVeta, although of somewhat the same inspiration. The grandson, Elmer Mullin, says it was beautifully and lavishly furnished when the Civil War veteran had it completed.

The Getchells occupied the place for some time, and it is now owned by Clanton Hogan.

Because it is just across the Boulevard, the next building constructed by Captain Mullin to be mentioned here, is what is now the Grand Apartments. Sixty years ago it was an opera house, with office buildings on the first floor, and there at the Mullin Opera House, stage shows flourished in the middle 80's.

West Gunnison needed a school, and tall, broad-shouldered, full-bearded Captain Mullin was the man to see that they had it. At the corner of 8th and Virginia avenue, the sturdy brick building now made into a commodious home by the James Ferrens family, bears above its front door, the inscription "1881." The Ferrens, knowing Elmer Mullin well, took us through the pleasant, high ceilinged home, partitioned off into convenient rooms, and one could picture the first Gunnison public school (private schools preceded it) in which Alice and Elmer Mullin, John Adams, Mrs. John Steele, and many others faced the blackboard (now hidden by a coat of fresh paint in the kitchen) and listened to the words of wisdom issuing from the mouth of the first teacher, A. W. Clark.

Driving Mrs. Mullin's bay mare to the phaeton, holding the buggy whip in his right hand, and the lines in his left, the captain encountered D. J. McCanne one bright morning and confided to him that he had thought of another project "to beautify our side of Gunnison." It was the establishment of the first Gunnison fish hatchery and park. You can locate the hatchery still on the right of Tomichi Ave., as you drive toward the river, just this side of the bridge which spans a natural creek. It was Gordon Land of the state fish commission who furnished the trout to stock it. And Mullin generously gave the building in which the hatchery was housed.

To the north of it, beyond McDougal's Pond, was Mullin Lake, where hundreds of the Gunnison young folk skated in winter and boated in summer. Clear around and around the island circled the skaters, oblivious to the cold of 30 to 35 below zero. A picket fence, perhaps seven feet high, enclosed the park surrounding the lake; there two or three deer were usually

kept. There were boat houses in the beautiful leisure hour pleasure resort. On the practical side, a portion of it was rented to Pennington Bros. for handling ice.

Then there was the Mullin House, whose location was pointed out by Elmer, the grandson. It was on New York Ave., on the north side of the street, across from the George Jayne storage plant. It was built in the early 80's, extended over two blocks, part brick and part frame, first under the management of Jos. Cuenin, and in 1886-88 of Elmer and Alice McEwen Mullins' father, Wesley Mullin. Comparatively recently it was torn down by Clint Miller and his father.

A devout Methodist, Mullin located the first Methodist church in Gunnison, just where the locker plant now stands. It is on the other end of the block on which the Mullin residence was built. It was to promote West Gunnison, and it was to be a convenient distance from his own home. Dr. George Nuckolls was preaching in this church in 1914-15, just before the erection of the now abandoned Methodist church near the postoffice.

Remember the old stone livery barn, where on holiday walks, one formerly tried to envision the coaches and their teams of four or six or more horses dashing up to make an effective finish under the lash of their driver! It was removed a few years ago, but it also was a project of Captain Mullin's. When Wesley Mullin's family came on to join their father in 1880, they brought six wagons, and drivers with cattle and horses. This stock formed the nucleus of the livery service, which was taken in hand by Wesley Mullin.

South of LaVeta, Capt. Mullin built the foundation for the proposed iron works, the iron to come from what was considered the fabulously rich Powderhorn country, a project "completely knocked out by entrenched capitalists," D. J. McCanne says bitterly.

He generously furnished land for the oncoming railroads, and donated what he honestly thought was a quarter of a million dollars worth of lots for financial backing for LaVeta.

He left Gunnison, as did others of the first builders, when the town failed to catch up with the visions of its promoters, and some time later, after other unsuccessful ventures, he built, when an old man, a cabin on a soldier's claim at Bloomfield, N.M. He died in 1899 at the soldiers' home, Monte Vista, at the age of 79. His birth date was June 9, 1819.

He had his successes and his failures, and he had his dreams and they centered around his beloved West Gunnison.

If West Gunnison again flourishes, as it gives evidence of doing, and it has something fine in the way of a building, a park, a museum, it should be named for Captain Loudon Mullin, promoter and dreamer.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of Aug. 16, 1945

D. J. McCanne's Tribute to Capt. Loudin Mullin. Thinks Gunnison Should Commemorate His Deeds

No pioneer ever worked harder for the promotion of Gunnison than did Captain Loudin Mullin, and if the town has even a street named for him, I have no recollection of it.

When Gunnison needed schools, he built the brick school building for West Gunnison, located the Methodist church in the same block with his residence. He undertook to build the finest hotel in the state, and donated what he honestly believed would some day be worth a quarter of a million dollars, of his town lots, to assure its completion; but none of these commemorate his name or his efforts. He built a hotel that bore his name until he, himself, tore it down, choosing to make better use of the material in it, rather than let it stand as a memorial to his name.

In a former letter to The News-Champion I have related some of the inducements that caused Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker and Ben W. Lewis to choose Gunnison, rather than Duluth, Minnesota, when they were planning to make investments in the West. Some of these inducements are tracable to the prophetic vision and influence of Captain Mullin.

The fact that our former president, Woodrow Wilson, was able through his great faith in a league of nations, to almost convince the powers of the world that his was the only way to settle all our international differences, and then that jealousies of political foes has practically killed the League of Nations, show how the wise plans of big minds can be thwarted by the opposition of selfish men.

I have told how Ben W. Lewis, after most of his business life had been successful, was completely knocked out by the opposition of entrenched capitalists, who were too selfish to permit of competition. Such men have a way of never forgetting, and, biding their time to get even, if they have been crossed in their purposes. Having been closely associated with Mr. Lewis for over a quarter of a century, his disappointment in the later years of his life have been almost as hard a blow to me as if the failures he had to suffer had been my own.

My close business relations have always made me a sympathizer and fellow-sufferer with Captain Mullin in his failure.

I presume if we could hear what Col. Schoonmaker and Ben Lewis would say today about what their lives might have been, had they chosen Duluth instead of Gunnison, there might not be so much disappointment, but there is a bond of friendship in fellow-suffering that is not found in the fellowship of prosperity. Had these two men chosen Duluth instead of Gunnison, I never would have known staunch old Captain Mullin, nor enjoyed his appreciative military salute everywhere we met.

The captain never told me of his military experience, but habit of years made the salute an essential part of him. It was a wave of his right hand above his head, very similar to the "high-ball" signal which a railroad conductor gives the engineer. I liked it.

The Start of the Gunnison Fish Hatchery

I think it will interest some of the fishermen who love the fine trout fishing in the Gunnison river, for me to tell how we started the state fish hatchery in Gunnison, with the captain's help.

One morning Captain Mullin was on his way to the postoffice, driving Mrs. Mullin's big bay mare, hitched to a phaeton, which he often borrowed from her, as he was not a vigorous

walker. He greeted me with the usual salute, beckoned me to come out and talk with him. He opened the conversation with:

"Mac, I've been thinking of another project to beautify our side of Gunnison, and I need your help."

"All right, Captain, I'm with you." I replied, "what's your scheme this time?"

He proceeded thus: "You know that swale - that over-flow channel - that runs from the river down through two or three blocks north of your waterworks block, that carries a constant stream of water?"

I answered: "Yes, and that stream was my salvation when the first freezing weather came after we started operating the water works. The 'anchor ice' (the mushy ice that fills the river in freezing weather choked our conduit, thus shutting off our water supply, and if I had not had that stream of water, and turned it into our conduit, I would have had a baffling problem unchoking it."

The captain continued to state his new project:

"I have been looking over the two blocks north of your water works. They are rough, covered with gravel and scrubby brush; they will never be valuable as building lots; but I believe I can make a beautiful lake out of that spot. It will take quite a lot of work; but I think it will be worth its cost and make a beauty spot out of that waste ground."

I took in the situation and said:

"How do you propose to make a lake out of that swale?"

The captain proceeded to describe just what he thought could be done. "We'll excavate a loup to connect with the swale, making it the east side of an oblong, or elliptical-shaped lake, leaving an island in the center, and planting evergreen spruce trees among the cottonwoods. Don't you think that would make a nice lake, by building a dyke or dam at its south end?"

I replied: "I can see what's in your mind. We can make it pay for itself, too, by stocking it with rainbow trout and selling permits to fish at a certain price per hour, besides renting boats."

Said Captain Mullin: "That is a part of the plan I have in mind, but it will take us some time to stock our lake from the trout we can hook out of the river."

"Oh, we don't have to wait for that slow process. We can hatch rainbow trout by the million in one season. Gordon Land, the state fish commissioner, was here a few days ago to look over our water works, and see if our plans offered facilities for establishing in Gunnison a state fish hatchery. After I had shown him over our plant, explained how the water is brought thru a 12 by 20-inch conduit into our pump well, which is 16 feet in diameter and eight feet deep, with a discharge out at the bottom controlled by a valve, which when closed, makes the surplus water overflow at the top, Mr. Land said: 'Your plant is ideal for giving us the right head to deliver our water supply for the hatchery; now let's find the right place to locate the hatchery building.'"

We showed him where we discharged the surplus water. The stream that flows down the swale crosses Tomichi Avenue, about a block southwest of the water works, on nearly level ground, which Mr. Land said would make the right place for the hatchery; that all we needed was a suitable building and a pipe connection to the overflow of our pump well.

As I explained this plan to Capt. Mullin, I could see by the illumination of his face that he was pleased by a vision of how this plan of hatching rainbow trout by the million fitted in with his island lake scheme. He asked: "What kind of a building do we need?"

I replied: "To make a nice beginning, all we need is something like an old store building. It should be about 20 feet wide and 40 or 50 feet long."

The captain could hardly wait for me to finish my answer, then he slapped his knee, as he sat in the phaeton, and said:

"Mac, I've got just the building we need, and I'll give it to the state if you can arrange to have it moved."

As soon as I reported to Gordon Land what I had done, he lost no time in arranging for the state to furnish the necessary funds to enable us to have the building moved, fitted up with an eight-inch pipe connection to our pump well, and the hatching troughs. I will explain how we fitted up the first hatchery. It may have been enlarged and improved since that time - almost 60 years ago.

Building Is Equipped and Trout Eggs Shipped In

We put in a head trough, about five feet above the floor, along the west side of the building, and connected the eight-inch pipe so that it would discharge water from the overflow from our well. We put in about ten hatching troughs, set at right angle across the building, set three feet apart, 30 inches above the floor, and syphoned the water out of the head trough into them; also put in a drain pipe to discharge the water under the floor, when it reached the desired depth in our troughs.

Mr. Land shipped our trout eggs from the Denver fish hatchery, packed in trays the proper size to fit our hatching troughs. I think they were about 10 by 12 inches, and one inch deep, with wire screen bottoms. We carried running water to a depth of about one inch over these trays. In about a week's time, signs of life began to appear on one side of the eggs, and soon a little tadpole grew out and commenced wiggling around, carrying with it the egg bag which contained his supply of baby food, on which he grew to about an inch in length. As soon as his stock of baby food ran out, we fed him a mixture of ground liver and buttermilk, or clabber.

Under Gordon Land's instructions I operated the hatchery for the first season, with the help of my employees, Chas. Meyer, Sam Duckett, George Phillips, and others, who took great interest in their pets, who appreciated their hosts at regular feeding time.

By the next season, Lon Hartman became so interested in fish hatcheries that he, under the direction of Mr. Land, prepared some small sloughs that drained his bottom land into the river, so that trout coming up and seeking spawning pools, could be made accessible and conveniently handled. When the proper time arrived, an expert was sent over from the Denver hatchery, and we were thus able to secure all the eggs we could handle, besides furnishing a lot for Denver.

Capt. Mullin Completes His Island-Lake Enterprise

But to return to Captain Mullin's new scheme. He was going ahead with his island lake and soon had it completed and the lake filled with a running stream of water from the Gunnison river; boat houses were built, and several boats rented to pleasure seekers. He also rented the lake during winter time to the Pennington Brothers for harvesting ice.

During the winter, Gunnison skaters revelled in racing around the island of this lake until midnight, when the thermometer registered 20 to 30 degrees below zero. They had little thot for the cold weather.

And here I must mention how close I came to participating in a near-romance, soon after the boating was ready for the public. I have a vivid recollection of an enjoyable boat ride that my little daughter, then about five years old, and I had with Minnie Smith. Minnie sang for us

while I rowed the boat. Some of her songs were in German, and she thrilled us with her charm. Alf Clark and my brother, Allen, were rivals for her affections. I don't remember whether I told her during that boat ride how delighted I would be to call her "sister," but I have often had a feeling that Allen's chances of winning her began to brighten about that time. Anyway, she became my sister by marrying Allen, July 18, 1888. Minnie is the only survivor of that group who can verify my intuition of that event. I presume she could recall the boat ride and some of her thoughts about her rival boy friends on that Sunday afternoon.

Captain Mullin Leaves Gunnison

I believe Captain Mullin left Gunnison without seeing the vision of his beautiful island lake fully realized, but it has occurred to me that Gunnison people might yet make Mullin Park out of those two blocks into a memorial that might perpetuate his memory.

After the captain left Gunnison, he wrote me an enthusiastic letter from a place near Bloomfield, on the San Juan river, in the northwestern corner of New Mexico, telling me he had found the right place for us to make our last stand - to finish our pioneering with a final victory - by laying out a townsite in a fruit-growing valley, where a railroad would surely soon come thru. He urged me to come and look it over, thinking I would want to join him in his final project. I could not go at that time, but in 1904 I was called to that valley to make a survey and report on a big irrigation project. In making that survey, I ran onto the cabin in which Captain Mullin had spent his last months, so I was told. That was certainly a fine apple country. A whole trainload of apples was shipped from Farmington, in that valley, to Chicago, bearing a large banner tacked to the string of cars, advertising the valley in these words: "A Trainload of Apples Without a Single Worm."

I have a dim recollection of hearing, while on a visit in Monte Vista, that the captain was called to his reward from the Soldiers' Home at that place.

I loved the old captain. He was a valient old soldier; a friend to love, or a foe to fear. He did not stop you on a street corner to talk about your religion, but he and his good wife were so loyal and devoted to the Methodist church that they named one son for Wesley, and the other for Bishop Warren.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, May 12, 1938

**Mrs. Lucy Myers, Pioneer of Irwin And Gunnison,
Dies February 21**

One by one, those who know by experience and not by hearsay that rugged but glamorous life in Gunnison and surrounding towns in the early '80's, are passing.

The death of Mrs. Lucy A. Myers, at the age of 87, at the coming on of dusk, Feb. 21, 1946, recalls vividly the times when Irwin was the mining center of the Elk Mountains.

Born Sept. 30, 1858, in Nevada, Mo., Lucy Anne Pool was married in the place of her birth on Feb. 16, 1879, to Alexander Myers, and attracted by the mining boom which had started in Irwin in 1879, they came to that city in 1881.

It was the time when the Bullion King, the Forest Queen, the Lead Chief, and the Ruby Chief were booming, and Mr. Myers became foreman of the Forest Queen.

There were hardships in plenty, but there was excitement, there was life. So far-famed was the mountain mining town that General Grant visited it in 1880, and Teddy Roosevelt spent a week there before going on to South Dakota.

It was a time of tragedy, too, snow slides and sudden death, and a time of disappointment, also, for the boom faded.

It was here that Mr. and Mrs. Myers brought their young daughter, Ella, born in Nevada, Mo., and it was there that two other daughters were born.

In 1894 the family moved to Gunnison, where they have lived ever since. Mrs. Myers was devoted to church activities, Sunday school, and Ladies' Aid, and one of the early recollections of her daughters is of church suppers at their home. She was first a Presbyterian, later a member of the Community church.

Concerning the building on Main Street, long the property of Mrs. Myers, now purchased by the Clarke Agency, there is an interesting story. Mrs. Myers' husband had died, and she was struggling to put her four daughters through public schools. The woman who owned the building, a Mrs. Lydia Bailey, dreamed three times that it should be left to Mrs. Myers, and following the lead of her dreams, she so willed the property.

Mrs. Myers died at the Community hospital, where she had been taken a few days preceding her death. For some time before, she had been at the Vada Kern home, where everything was done for her comfort. She had been ill for over a year.

Daughters who survive her are Mrs. Clinton Miller of Gunnison, Mrs. Raymond Miller, Monticello, Utah, and Mrs. Arthur C. Miller, Gunnison. Another daughter, Mrs. Chauncey Summers, died seven years ago.

There are seven living grandchildren: Agnes Dorothy Giles of Center, Colo.; Everett Miller, Gunnison; Lester Miller, Bremerton, Wash.; Virginia Belotti, Walsenburg; Henry Summers, Walsenburg; Dan Summers, Denver, and Joan Miller, Gunnison.

There are three great-grandchildren: Kirk Miller, Gerry Miller and Bobby Summers.

A half-brother also survives, Joseph Pool of Chickasha, Okla., who visited his sister in Gunnison about eight years ago, 50 years after he had engaged in mining in Irwin with his brother-in-law and sister in the boom days.

Relatives from out-of-town who came for the funeral services were Mrs. Raymond Miller of Monticello, Utah, and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Giles of Center.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller, who were in Phoenix, Ariz., flew to Montrose and came on by car to Gunnison.

Funeral services were held Saturday, Feb. 23, at two p.m., at Miller's Funeral Home, with Dr. George Nuckolls of the Community church in charge. Mrs. G. Lewis Miller, accompanied by Mrs. Wm. Mast, sang.

Pallbearers were Karl Zugelder, L. B. Lashbrook, Frank Keenan, Ralph Walker, Ross Blackstock and Chas. Duree.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Feb. 28, 1946

Tunnel Builder Dies at Salt Lake City

[James A. McIlwee]

Salt Lake City, June 26. - James A. McIlwee, whose tunnel construction links many intermountain waterways, died today of causes incident to age.

McIlwee, 77, a native of Scotland, came here in 1918 from Leadville, Colo. Among projects built under his direction were the Larimer-Poudre tunnel in Northern Colorado and the Rogers Pass tunnel in British Columbia.

He leaves three sons and two daughters. Burial will be in Los Angeles.

The above item will be news to every citizen who resided in Crested Butte fifty years ago. No young man of the town was better liked or known than Jimmy McIlwee. In all coal towns one of the principal sources of amusement is balls, hops or just old-fashioned dances. Whenever it was announced that there was to be a dance, Jimmy was the leader. I can just see him now, a small short legged Scottish chap standing on a chair in the Elk Mountain House dining room of an evening calling out "Galavant-left - salute-your-partner," etc. He was the official to call off for the square dances.

Jimmy McIlwee was one of a large family with father and mother who landed in Crested Butte sometime in the 80's right from Ayrshire, Scotland to work in the CF&I mine.

It was at the time when John Gibson was superintendent, who also came from Ayrshire, Scotland. Many of the crew in the mine had come from the same place. I remember Bill and Jack Angus, Billy Davidson, Edward Edwards are just a few of the names. I recall that dancing was principal amusement. Bobby Burns' birthday was a gala time. It was then that . . . "Every lassie had her laddie, coming thru the rye." When the Roosevelt tunnel at Cripple Creek was started some forty years ago, Jimmy McIlwee put in a bid and got the contract. That was a big job, driving a tunnel 16x18 feet 15,000 feet into the mountain, but Jimmy got the job and fulfilled the contract in record time.

That established Jimmy McIlwee's reputation as a successful tunnel contractor. He afterwards had a big contract to build a railroad tunnel for the Canadian Pacific railroad. He contracted to have the job done at a certain time, and everybody said it was impossible in so short a period. However, he fooled them all, by driving a small pilot tunnel several thousand feet, by the side of the proposed main bore, then he cut over to the line of the tunnel. By this method he had two more headings to work from beside the East and West portals. In the contract the railroad was to furnish dump cars and haul the rock away. When Jimmy got started with four crews breaking rock from four headings, he had the railroad sweating blood to find cars enough to haul the rock away. The result was that the tunnel was finished in record time and Jimmy collected the bonus that was hung up by the railroad to have the work done in a certain period.

After that Jimmy had a contract to run a tunnel at Park City, Utah, which brought him into that locality, where he has resided for a number of years at the Utah Hotel; while, I believe, his family lived at Long Beach, Calif., he making frequent trips to see them.

When he was running the Cripple Creek tunnel Burt Carleton invited me to go into the tunnel with him when it was in some 5,000 feet. We were whizzed in on an electric car and at the breast he started to introduce me to his contractor who happened to be in there, when Jimmy looked up and saw me he said, "Hello, Shon", much to Carleton's surprise, he not knowing that I

knew Jimmy. He was a good citizen, led a useful life but has gone the way of all flesh, leaving a few of us of the vintage of the period of the Eighties behind.

Many stories could be told of Jack Gibson who ran the CF&I mine in the Eighties. A fellow applied for work one day and asked Jack how long he had to work, and Jack told him he had to work from "Wussel to Wussel."

Yours,
J. E. PHILLIPS.
Alhambra, Calif.
June 30, 1941

NOTE - In connection with the above interesting sketch of Mr. McIlwee, it is recalled that he has owned for years a phosphate mine in Utah, and made large shipments during the last world war.

About four years ago, Mr. McIlwee wrote an autobiography, copies of which were distributed among members of his family and to close friends. In this he recounted early days in Ayrshire, Scotland, when as a young man he worked in the pits with Harry Lauder, who later became famous the world over as a Scotch singer and humorist, and the late D. J. Kane, father of Mrs. Chas. Eilebrecht of Gunnison, and the late John Kane of Somerset.

McIlwee came to America in 1886, while Lauder and Kane came in 1888.

Mr. Kane lived for years in Crested Butte and Somerset. The friendship between the three, McIlwee, Lauder and Kane, lasted thruout their lifetime. Mr. Kane moved to Denver after retiring from active life. He died in that city a few years ago.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 24, 1941

Bert McKee Has 50-Year Record As Banker

By Margaret Freeman

* *

W. W. McKee, president of the Gunnison Bank and Trust Company, recently observed the 50th anniversary of his start in the banking business as he looked back half a century to June 18, 1892, the date he assumed duties at the First National Bank in Gunnison at its present location on Main Street.

McKee's rank in the banking world has increased a great deal since that first year, when he devoted himself mostly to building fires, sweeping the office, washing windows, and, incidentally, doing a lot of the bookkeeping.

"I was just a boy, but I was much impressed with the importance of my new job," McKee commented, reviewing his work in the bank which was at that time headed by Sam G. Gill, as president and E. P. Shove, cashier, both leading business men in Gunnison. Not many years after McKee assumed his first bank duties, Gill and Shove left Gunnison. Gill became affiliated with the International Trust Company in Denver, and Shove grew rich in Cripple Creek and Colorado Springs.

"It is a fact, that in 1892 Gunnison had barely 1,000 residents, although before the end of the boom in 1884, there were probably 5,000 living within the area of streets, or camped along the river," McKee reminisced, remarking that Gunnison's fortunes were at low tide in the early 1890's. The Gunnison banker recalled that a big house could be rented for only five dollars a month, and that a lot of the big houses stood vacant.

West town was more populous then than it is now - there were two or three grocery stores and four saloons in West Gunnison, and most of the railroad men lived there.

Banker McKee spent 18 years working for the First National, and then he joined with Henry Barlett, T. W. Gray, A. E. Hyzer and C. W. Winslow in organizing the Gunnison Bank and Trust Company in 1910, 32 years ago. None of the other original directors are living; nor are any of the first directors of the First National Bank still alive.

However, McKee stated, several who deposited money and drew checks fifty years ago remain in Gunnison, and he greets them every day, remembering them as young men in his early banking days.

Bert McKee's parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. McKee, were pioneer ranchers on upper Ohio Creek. He was the oldest of a large family which included Ernest McKee, now supervisor of the Challis National Forest in Idaho; A. D. McKee, who lives in Seattle; and Mrs. Edna Corbett of Pueblo. Another brother, F. D. McKee, died recently in Gunnison. Originally there were seven children in the family.

Mr. McKee was married to Miss Fannie Denby. Their son, C. J. McKee, is an engineer.

Gunnison's dean of bankers attended schools in many sections of the country, including Illinois, Canon City, Gothic, Gunnison, and other country schools, where he concentrated on mathematics and bookkeeping. He completed a course in a business college in Oakland, Calif., in 1889.

Reprinted from News-Champion of July 2, 1942.

Picturesque Happenings of the Early Eighties Retold By W. W. McKee

* * *

Came to Gunnison and Gothic as Boy of Five With His Parents

It was an afternoon in June, 1879, when W. W. McKee, president of the Gunnison Bank & Trust Co., then a boy of nine, first saw Gunnison.

With an uncle and an aunt, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Gregory, he had been on the road two weeks driving from Canon City, then the terminus of the D. & R. G., by way of Poncha Pass, thru Saguache and over Cochetopa. There was no Salida then, but he remembers there were a few people living at Poncha Springs.

They were headed toward Gothic where the boy's father and two uncles had, in April, started a store. Their wagon was loaded with miners' supplies, tin dishes, bacon, overalls, for the trade.

"Gunnison then consisted of four cabins," says Mr. McKee. "The only people we saw were two Indians. There were some white residents but we didn't see them as we drove thru that June afternoon to camp on the river near where the Marshall bridge is now located."

Mr. McKee has a good memory for roads. "We followed up the river on the east side to the present Almont, and forded where Salisbury's place is. We had worried about that ford as the Taylor was swift and high, but were surprised and pleased to find that a toll bridge had been built.

"On the way up East River we passed a small cabin with a man standing in the door. 'That's Jack Howe, and that is Jack's Cabin,' said someone.

"The road followed the north side of the river and around the bluff facing the present Eccher ranch. Traces of the old road may still be seen where it winds up and down on the face of the bluff. In those days not much time or labor was spent on roads or bridges. Anything passable was a good road.

"There was no Crested Butte then. The road followed the East River into Gothic.

"It was no lonely highway," asserts Mr. McKee. There were hundreds: traveling freighters, pack trains and pedestrians, the latter with a roll of blankets strapped to the back. There were prospectors leading one burro loaded with blankets, grub, and a pick and shovel.

Very exciting to the small boy was the genuine, uproaring mining camp of Gothic. Miners, prospectors, gamblers, dance hall girls crowded the one street.

The town consisted of many log cabins, and there were tents in the street and all over the surrounding hills and gulches.

"I can't remember how many saloons there were," says McKee, "but there were plenty! There were numerous gambling places and two dance halls. In one dance hall the girls wore skirts about to the knee, and that was considered very shocking in Gothic!"

With the advent of a saw mill, board shacks went up, and before long three streets were built solid.

Every evening a big bonfire was lighted on Main street, and a crowd would gather, smoking and telling stories. Sometimes there would be a foot race, with much money changing hands. Sunday there were horse races on the road at the edge of town with much money at stake.

Half the population carried guns, usually a big revolver on a belt of cartridges. There were two-gun men, too, but very little killing. "I think there were only two murders during the boom," says McKee. "One was an innocent bystander shot in a tent saloon by a drunk; the other an unarmed man shot down on Main street in a quarrel over a lot.

"I don't suppose there were half-dozen locks in town. They were a tough lot, but they didn't steal."

Before the post office was established a man was sent out every few days for the mail. He would stand on a box on Main street and call out the names on the letters: "Letter for John Smith!"

This rough, vigorous scene absorbed the interest of the nine-year-old boy with his black and tan terrier, Dan. Dan would "fight anything that walked" his owner asserts, and was a great favorite with the gamblers, who admired his courage if not his judgment.

McKee cannot remember that Gothic had a school in '79, but had one in '80 - a log building on a back street, with 25 or 30 pupils.

With the advent of a saw mill, the McKees built a two-room house on River street in Gothic, which they occupied three summers, going across the range for the winter. The first winter they spent in Canon City; it was here that Fred McKee was born. Mr. McKee remembers that the fall of '79 on his return trip to Canon City, there were about 20 houses in Gunnison, mostly on Main street.

This was the time of the dramatic fight between the Santa Fe and the Denver & Rio Grande for the right of way thru the Royal Gorge. "Both roads had gangs of armed men scattered thru the canon. It was said that many men were on both payrolls.

"One Sunday the Rio Grande laid its track out of town and up into the canon. They didn't take time to build any grades except on hillsides to keep the trains from tipping over. They built on Sunday so the Santa Fe couldn't get an injunction, thinking possession was worth something. The Rio Grande finally won the right of way, which may have been a bad break for western Colorado," added McKee.

He remembers the overnight visit of General Grant to Gothic in the summer of 1880. The miners shot off the town's supply of giant powder by way of salute. Grant made a short speech from the balcony of the Gothic House, and there was a reception at the hotel in the evening.

Naturally sports stick in a boy's memory, and he tells this story: Gothic had a foot racer, a rather small, bow-legged man whom they all thought unbeatable. Crested Butte, now started, also had a foot racer. A contest was arranged for a Sunday afternoon - 100 yards on Main street, Gothic. There was much betting. Gamblers backing the Gothic runner were told the race had been fixed for him to lose. They sent him the dire word that if he didn't win, he would be killed. He came out on the race track pale and shaky, but he didn't lose! The Crested Butte man ran half way and quit, hopelessly outdistanced!

On the way back to Gothic in the spring of 1880, the family was parked at Poncha Springs for two months due to heavy snow. It was then that the Rio Grande completed the railroad into what is now Salida and started a town called South Arkansas. "One Saturday, I hitched a ride with a freighter and went down to see the new town, which was all on the north side of the river where the railroad yards are now.

"In early June we returned thru Gunnison to Gothic. Gunnison by that time was a lively city, and Gothic was still booming.

"The mine with the biggest reputation in Gothic was the Sylvanite, four or five miles up Copper Creek. It shipped rich silver, sometimes chunks of nearly pure wire silver. But the ore seemed to be in pockets, and when they couldn't find any more pockets, they quit. It was worked, off and on, up to 1885 or perhaps later. I think this was the mine that started the boom in the Gunnison country."

Mr. McKee is, of course, well acquainted with the history of many of the ranches in the vicinity of Gunnison.

"My uncle, Joe Willson, in 1879 bought out a squatter on Ohio Creek who had located some land and built a small cabin. Uncle paid him \$100 for his rights. This is now the Dollard ranch. No ranches were then located above this place, although some were taken up that fall and winter.

"The bottom land on lower Ohio Creek was all taken up by Teachouts, Purriers, Vidals, Ahrens, Bohm (Hildebrand place) and others.

"During the time we were on Ohio Creek, in August, 1879, waiting for my father, who had gone back to Gothic prospecting, Biebel filed on the present Biebel ranch. We were driving by and saw the location stake and foundation (four poles forming a square). Someone got out of the wagon and read the name Biebel on the stake. I think this is the only one of the pioneer ranches on Ohio Creek still occupied by the original owner's family. I think, however, that Bert Hildebrand is a nephew of Mrs. John Bohm."

Mr. McKee recalls that during the fall of 1879 a great many forest fires were burning all over the country, obscuring the sun. Supposedly the Indians started the fires because they were to be moved and they were angry at the prospect. "There were thousands of jackrabbits and sage hens, and the creek was alive with trout.

"In September or October we started back to Canon City for the winter, my uncle, Joe Willson, driving the four-horse team and big freight wagon in which we rode. We went over Marshall pass just being built as a toll road by Otto Mears. On many of the lower stretches there was no road at all, and it took much climbing over points and across creeks and gulches to get through. They told us it was the first four-horse team over the pass."

McKee recalls his father's freighting on the Leadville road where might have been seen in '79 big outfits of probably 50 teams of six mules and two wagons each, all owned by the same firm.

"You were never out of sight or smell of a dead mule. Besides the big outfits there were many men with one team of two or four horses or mules. Drivers of the six-mule teams rode the left wheel mule and guided the team with one line called a jerk line, which led to the left-hand leader, trained to turn left by a pull and right by a series of jerks. The teams were trained to follow the leaders. The drivers were called mule skimmers and all were expertly profane. All freighters were supposed to clear the tracks for the Barlow and Sanderson stage lines.

He also had vivid recollections of going with his father, '79 to '81, on prospecting trips at the head of Rock creek (Crystal river) above the town of Elko.

"There was a road of a sort up East river to its source (Emerald Lake), and over the divide to Elko. Snow slides had filled the canon just below the lake to a depth of perhaps 100 feet, and the road crossed the canon on this snow bridge.

"There were a great many prospectors on Rock creek then, and the hills were covered with location stakes. There were three towns: Elko, Schofield, and another whose name I have forgotten."

In the fall of 1880 the McKees moved to the Willson ranch on Ohio Creek and kept the stage station. On the main road to Irwin following up Ohio Creek and over the divide, were two stage lines. "One line (Hammonds) changed horses at our place, which was half-way to Irwin. We kept the horses and served meals to passengers. The other line changed at Castleton, where Wamsleys kept the station. Irwin was booming, and there were many freighters on the road. We

had a camp house for the freighters and sold them hay for 3½ cents per pound. Uncle Joe Willson in the summer of 1880, had fenced his place, got out ditches, and raised a hay crop.

"There were a good many teamsters, also, hauling coal from the mines around the Baldwin section of Gunnison. Coal sold in Gunnison for about \$12 per ton. The Richardson mine (Mt. Carbon) now operated by Gomar Dollard, had many teams on the road, also the Kubler and several others.

"My father and uncles took a contract to haul coal from the Warner mine west of Castleton to the Henry Teachout ranch (Andrews), where Warner's teams would come out from town and get it. I drove one of the coal teams; this made me feel quite grown up. We marked the road across the mesa from the mine with willows stuck in the snow. After a storm no trace of the road could be seen except the willows.

"In the spring of '81, we were back in Gothic and Dad worked the assessments on his claims. This summer, I think, the Cleora mine on Brush Creek was located, causing a rush to locate claims. The Cleora shipped ore about two years and then gave out or the vein was lost.

"The boom in Gothic lasted from 1879 to 1881, and then faded, altho many lived there for several years. Gradually they moved away until there was no one left but G. H. Judd, 'the man who stayed.'

"In the fall of '81, we moved back to Ohio Creek. A road had been built from Crested Butte to Irwin; most of the traffic went that way, and the Ohio Creek stage lines quit.

"In the spring of '82 Dad bought out a squatter and filed on and proved up the McKee ranch, now owned by Herb Lashbrook. We built a two-story frame house with log annex, and started in the cattle business in a small way.

"Running cattle was a rather simple matter. In the spring we opened the gate and let them out; and after snow came in the fall, we rounded them up.

"It was about this time that the McKee brand, the horseshoe, was recorded. A good many cattle have worn the horseshoe since," concluded Mr. McKee.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of October 21, 1943

Fred D. McKee Dies Suddenly Of Heart Trouble

The sudden passing of Fred D. McKee at his ranch home last Monday morning at 8:30 came as a shock to his many friends and acquaintances throughout this community and over the state. Although he had had several periods of illness in recent years, his death was totally unpredicted.

Mr. McKee had driven to Denver a week or so ago, and contracted influenza. He had been quite sick, and was just getting over the attack.

He appeared to be in good health Monday morning, and after eating a good breakfast, had gone out to the engine house with Mrs. McKee and his son, Donald, to start a gasoline engine. Without any apparent warning, he fell over on the floor; physician called immediately, pronounced it heart failure.

Frederick Donald McKee was born Nov. 9, 1879, at Canon City, Colorado, son of Joe and Isabelle McKee. The family settled at Castleton and there his boyhood days were spent with his sister, Edna, and brothers, Bert, Ernie, and Del.

The family later moved into the Gunnison region where he attended the Gunnison County High School. After graduating from Gunnison County High School, he attended the Colorado State College of Agriculture for one year, and then purchased the home ranch on the upper Ohio Creek from his father.

On June 26, 1906, he was married to Winona Allen of this city; two children were born to the couple. They were Jean, now Mrs. George Besse, and Donald McKee. There are six grandchildren.

In 1913 Mr. McKee purchased the George Lightley ranch on Ohio creek, which has since been the family home. He has been in cattle business for some 35 years, and gained a wide circle of friends and business acquaintances over the entire state.

Mr. McKee was an active member of the Gunnison County Stock Growers association, and took a keen interest in community affairs. He was liked and respected by all who knew him.

Besides Mrs. McKee and two children, Mr. McKee is survived by six grandchildren, a sister, Mrs. Edna Corbitt of Pueblo, and three brothers, W. W. McKee of Gunnison, A. D. McKee of Seattle, Washington, and E. E. McKee of Challis, Idaho. Mrs. Corbitt came from Pueblo for the funeral, but Del and Ernie were unable to come.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock from the Miller Funeral Home, Dr. George Nuckolls officiating. Pallbearers were Herbert Axtell of Fort Worth, Texas, B. L. Dollard, Lance Spann, George Eastman, Neil Andrews and J. J. Shackleford, all of Gunnison. Interment was in Masons and Odd Fellows cemetery.

Thus with the passing of another 60-year old pioneer resident, the roll grows longer of those substantial citizens who helped develop the Gunnison country as we know it.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Aug. 22, 1940.

Mrs. Sadie Nichols Dies Tuesday, To Be Buried Friday

The death of Mrs. Sadie McGregor Nichols at 4:20 p.m., Tuesday, July 24, at the age of 85, marks the passing of another of the family of Elijah Adams McGregor and Ella McGregor, patriarchal and pioneer couple who settled, with their ten children in the Powderhorn valley in 1882, and who, with children and grandchildren have had an abiding influence in Gunnison county and nearby communities.

The immediate cause of Mrs. Nichols' death was the shock resulting from a fall sustained two weeks ago, when her shoulderbone was broken.

Sadie McGregor was born Dec. 30, 1859, in Hamlet, Ill. The family moved to Linn county, Kans., to Jasper county, Mo., and in 1878 to Winfield, Kans., coming to Colorado in the spring of 1880.

She was married Nov. 28, 1888, to David Matthew Nichols, who was interested in mining. For a time after their marriage they lived in Wyoming, later in Telluride, Pitkin and Irwin.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Nichols lived on the Powderhorn, where she served as postmistress 37 years, was a member of Powderhorn school board, and was active in Red Cross work. Of late years, she has been with her daughter, Norma, in Boulder. At the time of her death, she was at the home of a nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Andrews.

Surviving are two daughters, Norma (Mrs. Arthur Jammer) of Boulder; and May (Mrs. Fred Rouviere) of Powderhorn. Sisters who survive are Mrs. Emma Hartman, Mrs. Mary Andrews, Mrs. Carrie Matzke, and Mrs. Lou Howard. A sister-in-law, Mrs. Louena McGregor, lives at Powderhorn, whose husband, Mrs. Nichols' brother, Eugene A. McGregor, met tragic death here in 1924; and a brother-in-law, William Howard.

There are three grandchildren, Nancy Jammer of Boulder; Sgt. Leon Rouviere, stationed in Louisiana; and Chester Rouviere on the ranch at Powderhorn.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow (Friday), July 27, at 11:00 a.m. Miller's mortuary, with Dr. George Nuckolls in charge. Burial will be in the Powderhorn cemetery.

She will be borne to her grave by six nephews, whose last service marks the patriarchal nature of the clan of the McGregors. They are Sam Hartman, Herbert Andrews, Dave Howard, Albert McGregor, Fred Wilson, and Clarence Radeka.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of July 26, 1945

E. M. Nourse, Prominent Attorney and Civic Leader, Died May 13

Impressive funeral services conducted by Dr. George Nuckolls of the Community church, were held Monday, May 15 at 2:00 p.m. at the Miller Funeral Home for E. M. Nourse, prominent attorney, senior member of the firm of Nourse and Dutcher, and resident of Gunnison since 1896. Business houses were closed, and the funeral home crowded to capacity.

Mr. Nourse died May 13 at 6:30 a.m. at the Community hospital of a heart ailment, after an illness lasting since March 31. His son and daughter had been with him for a week preceding his death.

Ernest Morrison Nourse was born May 21, 1871, at Westborough, Mass., where members of his family have owned and lived on the same farm for six generations. His parents were B. Alden and Jane Fay Nourse.

He attended Amherst college, graduating in 1893 with the A. B. degree. Calvin Coolidge was in Amherst at the same time, also Harlan F. Stone and Dwight Morrow. Mr. Nourse attended the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation last year. There were 21 members of the class present.

After his graduation from Amherst, he pursued his legal education in the Atlanta Law School, Atlanta, Ga. In 1896 he was admitted to practice law in Georgia.

He was the first paid coach in Georgia School of Technology. Leonard Wood was one of the players on the team that he coached. His proficiency in athletics had placed him among a small group of "most valuable athletes" graduating from Amherst.

He came to Gunnison in 1896 to be associated with Thomas C. Brown in the practice of law, his brother, Willard Nourse having preceded him to Colorado and informed him of the opening here. For a time he was interested, with the late T. O'Leary, in the O'Leary drug store.

In 1899 he married Irma Brown, daughter of his law partner. To them were born two children, Elizabeth and Thomas.

The firm of Brown and Nourse had offices not only in Gunnison, but in Lake City, Cripple Creek and Grand Junction. After the death of Mr. Brown, Mr. Nourse was associated in the law office successively with John Halderman, Tom Hogan, Myron Power; and since June 10, 1932 with Edgar L. Dutcher.

A discriminating mind, sound judgment and broad human sympathy combined to make Judge Nourse counselor and friend to thousands in the course of his career. The regard in which he was held by the judges of the Seventh Judicial District and members of the Montrose County Bar Association is attested by the letter to Mr. Dutcher printed elsewhere in this issue.

He served as county attorney in Gunnison county 15 years: 1899-1901, a period in 1913, 1923-1931, 1933-1937. He was city attorney for years. He was formerly local counsel for C. F. & I. He was attorney for the Gunnison Building Loan and Savings Association, and assisted in its organization. His firm is counsel for the First National Bank, and local counsel for the Denver and Rio Grande railroad.

At the time of his death, he was United States Land Commissioner, a position he has held for approximately 30 years. He at one time represented the second district on the state highway advisory board.

It would be difficult to evaluate the service Judge Nourse has given gratuitously to the county and the town of Gunnison in the Chamber of Commerce, in which he served six years as president, as trustee and president of the Cemetery Association, in the Rotary club, and as mayor, 1912-1913 - in fact in all major enterprises for the public good.

For well over 25 years he has served Red Cross in this county, being Home Service chairman at the time of his death. Here his broad sympathy and his keen sense of fairness and justice enabled him to perform inestimable service.

In the war work he was administrator of the Gunnison County Rationing Board, No. 40; a recent certificate of award from the Office of Price Administration testifies to his meritorious service and his patriotic contribution to the war effort.

A staunch Republican, he was a potent force in party councils, but sought no elective office for himself.

In Amherst he was made a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon. He was a member of A. F. & A. M., belonging to the blue lodge, chapter and commandery; El Jebel Temple and the Mystic Shrine. Mr. Nourse was a member of the Elks, the Woodmen of the World and the Sons of the American Revolution. He was a member of the Community church.

A quartet composed of Mrs. E. R. Williams, Mrs. Ralph Porter, Guy Palmer, and H. W. Taylor, accompanied by Miss Edwyl Redding, sang at the funeral. Pall bearers were George T. Eastman, Ed Dutcher, Frank Keenan, Ralph Porter, Rocco Santarelli and Clyde Martin. Honorary pallbearers were Mel Deering, Henry Corum, Fred Brown, Charles Cowan, Ralph Little, Jack Andrews, E. R. Williams, B. H. Jorgensen, H. W. Endner, Jay Miller, Milford Davis, John Lambertson, Dr. John P. McDonough and Oscar Mion.

The Masonic Lodge was in charge of the services at the cemetery.

Sympathy is extended to his son and daughter and their families, to Edgar L. Dutcher, who was so closely associated with him, and to Miss Laura Glover, his trusted, long-time secretary. The town has lost a man whose advice and disinterested effort are an integral part of its growth for almost half a century.

Surviving are his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth N. Hatch of Berkeley, Calif., his son, Thomas A. Nourse of Denver, a brother, Arthur M. Nourse of Westborough, Mass., an adopted sister, Mrs. Fred Doolittle, Northfield, Mass., and two grandchildren, Thurston Willard Hatch and Thomas Donald Hatch of Berkeley, Calif.

We are permitted to publish the following letter to Edgar L. Dutcher, law partner of the late E. M. Nourse, in appreciation of Mr. Nourse's service to the legal profession:

Montrose, Colo., May 13, 1944

Ed Dutcher: Atty'y. at Law
Gunnison, Colo.

The undersigned judges of the Seventh Judicial District of the state of Colorado as well as the undersigned members of the Montrose County Bar Association learn with deep regret of the death at Gunnison, Colo., of E. M. Nourse, your venerable and distinguished partner in the practice of the law.

We deplore the fact that the condemned bridge across the Gunnison river affording the only remaining means of travel between here and Gunnison, prevents our attendance at Judge Nourse's funeral on Monday, the fifteenth inst.

Judge Nourse at the time of his death the oldest pioneer lawyer in active practice in this district, will always stand out as an earnest disciple, practitioner and preserver of the topmost and dignified ethical standards of our profession. The record of his professional life shines radiantly today and reflects the proud fact that he was always unswerving in his devotion to the types of practice and counsel which resulted in that spirit of abiding faith and truthfulness in the hearts of his myriad clients. An upright citizen, loyal and patriotic to his community, state and nation and

devoted to his offspring, we record his loss with deepest sorrow and extend our sympathy and hope to be permitted to share in part the distress which you and the members of the family feel in the loss of such a worthy friend, associate and father.

George W. Bruce, Straud M. Logan, District Judges, C. Kinikin, Walter P. Crose, John L. Stivers, E. M. Sherman, K. Earl Bryant, Herbert L. Strang, Paul L. Littler, Charles A. Petrie, Dan H. Hughes, Charles J. Monynihan.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion issue of May 18, 1944

Death Comes to Mrs. Pat O'Fallon, Resident of Gunnison for 60 Years

Requiem Mass was sung at St. Peter's church at 11:00 a.m. Monday by Rev. John Wogan, for Mrs. Patrick J. O'Fallon, who died at 11:00 a.m. Friday at her home about a mile and a half east of Gunnison.

Mrs. O'Fallon had lived here for some 60 years, coming with her husband in 1886, two years after their marriage. Of sturdy pioneer stock, the O'Fallons, both husband and wife, have been integral in the growth of the community, contributing to integrity, loyalty and the good life. Their children and grandchildren have taken positions of responsibility in the community. She was a member of St. Peter's Catholic church.

Anna Robinson was born in Echo, Oregon in 1865, and it was there she met Mr. O'Fallon, who was engaged in railroading. Their marriage took place in Echo, Sept. 7, 1884.

The celebration of their golden wedding anniversary took place in 1934, when five children, 14 grandchildren and one great grandchild gathered to honor them at a banquet at the O'Fallon home.

Mrs. O'Fallon had been in poor health for more than a year, and Miss Grace O'Fallon, daughter, was released from vows as a nun in a convent in Leavenworth, several years ago, and came to be with her parents as long as they needed her. Her presence will give comfort to Mr. O'Fallon in the loss of his life-time companion.

Of a large family of 12 children, those surviving are Owen O'Fallon, rancher on the upper Tomichi; Mrs. Douglas Barlen, Pasco, Wash.; Mrs. Gladys Coe, Grand Junction; and Miss Grace O'Fallon. Others who reached maturity, but are now deceased, were Bryan O'Fallon, Margaret Hemphill Nehls, and Miss Stella O'Fallon.

There are 14 grandchildren, all well-known in Gunnison: Kenneth, Paul and Shirley O'Fallon, and Patricia O'Fallon Tovatt; Maude Nehls Stewart, Gunnison; Fred Nehls, Colorado Springs; and Adolph Nehls, in service; Ralph Barlen, in service; John Barlen, Pasco, Wash.; Ellen Jaques, Colorado Springs; Bob Barlen, in service; George and Lorraine Davis; and Hugh O'Fallon, in service.

Rosary services were at 7:30 Sunday night at the Miller Funeral Home, with many friends in attendance.

Pall bearers at the last rites were close relatives: Kenneth and Paul O'Fallon, Anthony Tovatt, George Davis, Ivan Jaques, and Fred Nehls.

Relatives from out of town in attendance at the funeral were Mrs. Barlen, Washington; Mrs. Coe, Grand Junction; and Mr. and Mrs. Jaques, Colorado Springs.

With the passing of Mrs. O'Fallon, something of the pioneer life of the Gunnison region has passed into history.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Feb. 7, 1946

Grim Reaper Takes Another Long-Time Resident, Mrs. Osborne

Death took another long-time resident of Gunnison Tuesday of this week, when Mrs. Curtis Osborne passed to eternal rest. She had suffered with cancer for the past five years, and had been confined to her bed for seven long months.

Gertrude J. Killey was born October 31, 1878, in Brown county, Kansas. She was one of seven children, daughter of Marshall and Mary Ella Killey. When she was five years old the family moved to Denver, and later to Fairplay. They were at Alpine Pass for a time. The girl who was to marry Curtis Osborne on March 12, 1898, came to Gunnison in 1895. They were married at Montrose, but made Gunnison their home.

Mrs. Osborne was active in Episcopal church affairs, being a member of the Guild. She was prominent in I.O.O.F. and Rebekah lodges, and went thru all the chairs in Rebekahs, being a member of Past Noble Grands and holding the Degree of hivalry. She also took an interest in community activities and belonged to several organizations in town, including the Gunnison Women's Club. She was a member of the Women's Relief Corps when that organization flourished a few years ago.

Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, three of whom are living. One daughter, Ella, died in 1922. Surviving besides Mr. Osborne, are one daughter, Mrs. Alice Stephens of Denver, and sons, Mark and Harry, both of our city. There are seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Two nephews, Frank and Cameron Killey, reside in Denver.

Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 2:00 p.m., from Miller's Funeral Home. Rev. George E. Gooderham will officiate. Rebekah lodge will conduct graveside services.

Interment will be in the family plot at Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery. Pall bearers will be Dr. George Sullivan, Robert Potter, H. H. Fogg, D. R. Logan, Milford Davis and Marion Wenman.

Mrs. Stephens has been in Gunnison the past month helping to care for her mother. Mrs. Stephens' daughter, Lorraine Lathrop, and Mr. Stephens will come from Denver to attend the funeral.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of April 24, 1941

Packer Case Recalled at Canon City

Old Resident There Has Cane Made By Man-Eater

Memory of the famous "man eating" case of Hinsdale county was revived here recently when J. E. Dewey, retired Rio Grande railroad man who is now living in Canon City, exhibited a handsome cane given him by Alfred Packer, who served a long-term sentence in Colorado state prison for devouring his companions, says the Canon City Record

Mr. Dewey recalls that Packer gave him the cane, made of cow horns, in 1900. At that time the man, who had been described as "the American cannibal," was serving time in the penitentiary here.

Mr. Dewey attended the famed Packer trial in 1884, nearly sixty years ago. He tells the story thus:

"I had known Packer for quite a while before that. In fact, when he was in jail in Gunnison, he had given me gifts, such as a horse-hair hat band.

"The crime for which he was tried occurred in 1874 near Lake San Cristobol, above Lake City. Packer and his companions were caught out in raging blizzards that winter. They ran out of supplies. Later, human remains were discovered in shallow graves, and Packer was arrested several years later on charge of having devoured his companions to keep from starving. He was supposed to have lured them away, one by one, and then killed and eaten them. It wasn't until 1884, in Gunnison, that he was brought to trial finally convicted at the second trial.

The sentence of 40 years in the pen, eight for each man eaten, would have been carried out, but about the turn of the century, the Denver Post, in one of its periodic stunts, actually got the man pardoned, and he died five years after that in eastern Colorado, about 1907. The evidence against him was circumstantial, altho the first trial in Hinsdale county in 1883, when Packer had been discovered hiding under name of Swartz in mountains of Wyoming, resulted in a verdict of guilty and sentence of death.

Considerable fiction has grown up around the case. Those who love "Western thrillers," are fond of alleging that District Judge Gerry, following conviction in Lake City in 1883, declared:

"Stand up, ye son-of-a-gun and receive your sentence. When there was only six dimocrats in Hinsdale county you et five of thim." This is given as the version of Larry Dolan, a saloon hanger-on, who had been attending the trial.

As a matter of fact, Judge M. B. Gerry, of Macon, Georgia, who had been a federal jurist, used formal and elegant language in sentencing Packer to be hanged. Billy Blair, who has been serving as a clerk in the Colorado legislature just adjourned, was long time editor of Lake City "Silver World," and dug from the files these words of the actual sentence:

"Alfred Packer," said Judge Gerry, "a jury finds you guilty of wilful and premeditated murder - a murder revolting in its details. In 1874 you, in company with five companions, passed thru this beautiful mountain valley where stands the town of Lake City. At that time the hand of man had not marred the beauties of nature. The picture was fresh from the hand of the Great Artist who created it. You and your companions camped at the base of a grand old mountain in sight of the place you now stand, on the banks of a stream as pure and beautiful as ever traced by the finger of God upon the bosom of the earth. Your every surrounding was calculated to impress upon your heart and nature the omnipotence of the Deity and the helplessness of your own feeble life. In this goodly favored spot you conceived your murderous design.

"You and your victims had had a weary march, and when shadows of the mountain fell upon your little party and night drew her sable curtain around you, when your unsuspecting victims lay down on the ground and were soon lost in sleep, and when thus sweetly unconscious of danger from any source and particularly from you, their trusted companion, you cruelly and brutally slew them all. You then and there robbed the living of life and then robbed the dead of the reward of honest toil which they had accumulated.

"To other sickening details of your crime, I will not refer. Silence is kindness. I do not say these things to harrow your soul; you, Alfred Packer, sowed the wind; you must now reap the whirlwind. Society can not forgive you for the crime you have committed. With God, it is different. He will not forget, but will forgive. He pardoned the dying thief on the cross. He is the same God today as then - a God of love and mercy, of long suffering and kind forbearance - a God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and promises rest to all the weary and heart-broken children of men; and it is to this God I commend you."

And then in the formal stereotyped language of the courts, Judge Gerry sentenced Packer to pay the extreme penalty of the law.

After Packer was brought to the prison in Canon City, Mr. Dewey visited him on occasions. He was given the cow-horn cane nearly 43 years ago and has it as a keepsake ever since.

Mr. Dewey is now on the retired railroad men's list with fifty years of service behind him. He moved to Canon City this winter to enjoy the mild climate.

Recently Mr. Dewey attended the Past Master's night at Canon City Masonic lodge. He happened to get in conversation with D. E. Goodenough, another retired railroader, now living here, and who was master of the Gunnison lodge in 1902. The two men discovered that they had worked on the same trains out of Gunnison in early days, including the Crested Butte branch of Rio Grande. They had a fine time reminiscing of old times.

Accompanying picture, probably the only one extant of the man-eater, was given to the News-Champion by the late "Doc" C. W. Shores, who was sheriff of Gunnison county during the long months Packer spent in jail here. With all the sentimental gush to the contrary notwithstanding, Doc always claimed Packer was "guilty as hell," and that he had a slimy, detestable mind, quite capable of planning and carrying into execution the horrible crime he admits perpetrating. But Packer told a very different story, relating that he returned from a desperate search for food and found one of the remaining quintet had slain the others and was roasting some human flesh over a fire. This murderer, Packer claimed, then tried to kill him, and he was forced to shoot in self defense, and then, as he was starving, did eat the meat and carried some of it with him in the journey over the low divide behind Sawtooth to Los Pinos Indian agency on the Cochetopa.

Reprinted from News-Champion of April 8, 1943

Mrs. Carey A. Partch, Ohio Creek Pioneer, Dies Here Wednesday

Mrs. Carey A. Partch, pioneer of Gunnison county, and prominent for years in the Ohio Creek valley, died Wednesday morning, Aug. 16, in Gunnison.

Mrs. Partch was in failing health at the time of her husband's death in Sept., 1943. She went to Denver shortly after, living for a time with her son, Albert, and since April with her sister, Mrs. Annie Frew Miller.

Feeling that she would not recover, she asked to be brought to Gunnison to spend her last days. Mrs. Miller brought her over Sunday, and she died at her home here Wednesday. The end came peacefully during the night or early morning, the family finding her dead Wednesday morning.

Margaret Frew was born in Wishaw, Scotland, coming to America at the age of five. She was married to Carey A. Partch, Feb. 13, 1893, she and her husband representing two prominent Ohio Creek families - the J. B. Partches and James Frews.

They made their home on the Ohio Creek ranch near Castleton, where they lived continuously until 1939, when they moved to Gunnison.

Mr. and Mrs. Partch were active in the life of Ohio Creek valley and of Gunnison county. Although home and family were Mrs. Partch's first consideration, she found time for outside activities. She was especially assiduous in war work during the first World War. The Partch orchestra, made up in her own family, with Mrs. Partch as pianist, gave all proceeds to Red Cross. Bruce-Frew Post No. 54 of the American Legion is named for Clarence Bruce and Hugh Frew, the latter Mrs. Partch's brother, who died on Aug. 4, 1918 in World War I.

She was the mother of three sons: Joseph and James, who live in Gunnison, and Albert, who resides in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Partch celebrated their Golden Wedding, Feb. 13, 1943, when members of the immediate family gave a dinner in their honor and friends dropped in during the day to extend congratulations.

Besides her sons and her sister, Mrs. Annie Frew Miller, Mrs. Partch is survived by three brothers, David, James and John Frew of New York City. There are 11 grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, and several nieces and nephews.

The funeral will be held at the Miller Funeral Home, with Rev. T. Clifton Hathorn, pastor of the Baptist church, in charge, at 2:30 p.m. Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Partch and daughter, Marlene, from Denver, will be here, and Mrs. Elizabeth Osborne, a niece from Denver. Mrs. Osborne's children, Annie Jean and Mark, Jr., came with their grandmother, Mrs. Miller. Mrs. Ray Brookins, niece, of Berea, Ohio, has also telegraphed she will be here.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of August 17, 1944

Death Claims Pioneer Railroad Man Friday

[Frank H. Perkins]

Frank H. Perkins, retired railroad man of the third division, died at his home in Salida last Friday. He was 75 years of age. Mr. Perkins had been in failing health the past two months, and had only been home a couple of weeks from the Rio Grande hospital, where he had been for some weeks. Friday morning, Mr. Perkins arose from his bed and went to the bath room. When he failed to return to bed after some time, his wife went to investigate and found him dead in the bath tub.

Mr. Perkins entered the employ of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad in 1886, first as utility man, working his way to promotion, finally being made conductor on the narrow gauge passenger between different sections of the third division. When he was retired in 1937, he had been working between Salida and Ouray, and Gunnison and Grand Junction.

He was one of the best known and esteemed railroad men on the narrow gauge system. Surviving are his wife and two daughters, Mrs. Dureath Williams of Delta, and Thelma Perkins of Salida.

Funeral services were held in Salida Sunday, the Masonic Lodge having charge of services at the grave.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of February 20, 1940

Dean of Western Colorado Writers Pens "Thirty"

J. E. Phillips Dies at Alhambra, Calif.

It is with genuine regret that News-Champion announces the death of genial John E. Phillips, which occurred in California on Monday, March 15th in Los Angeles General hospital. He had been in San Francisco early in February and became ill with influenza shortly after returning to his home in Alhambra. He was taken to the hospital, February 27th, where he passed away.

Word of his death was sent News-Champion by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Corinne (Phillips) Miglionico, of Baldwin Park, Calif., and also from J. E. Packard of Los Angeles, a life-long friend of Mr. Phillips.

Mr. Phillips was 88 years of age, having been born in Delaware on October 7, 1854. His parents owned a farm in Sussex County, Delaware, and it was there he spent his boyhood. He first came to Colorado in 1879, remaining in Denver for a time, then going to Leadville, later to Custer county and finally in 1880 came to Gunnison.

At that time Gunnison county was in the throes of a mining boom, one that echoed almost around the world, and attracted men from every walk of life and every section of the United States; many of these same men later became famous in history. Mr. Phillips knew them all intimately, in fact, kept in close contact with a number of them in later years.

Newspaper activities, mining and politics were Mr. Phillips' life interests - interests he retained until his death, altho he had retired from active life many years ago.

Readers of News-Champion will recall his many entertaining stories written for publication in this paper from time to time, telling of his early-day experiences in the Elk Mountain region and at Irwin when he was editor and owner of the Elk Mountain Pilot - now published by News-Champion management.

It was on the 4th of March, 1880, that John E. Phillips came to Gunnison from Rosita, Custer County, Colorado. With him came Charles Stevens of that place. The trip was made with a two-horse team and a spring wagon, there being no railroad over Marshall pass at that date. He remained in Gunnison for a short time, then went to Irwin and started the Elk Mountain Pilot, which later was moved to Crested Butte. In telling of his early-day newspaper experiences, Mr. Phillips described in one of his articles the start of that paper. Snow was then twenty feet deep in Irwin and the only building available to house the office equipment was an empty cabin without doors, windows or a floor, nevertheless it was there that the first three weeks' issues of Elk Mountain Pilot were printed on a Washington hand press, freighted in from Alamosa. The first issue was printed on June 17, 1880. First copy off the press sold for \$50, and the entire issue of 1,000 copies the first week were sold before the ink on the paper was dry. After moving to Crested Butte, Mr. Phillips purchased the interests of his two partners, Chas. Baker and John L. Lacey, and continued to publish a weekly edition until 1893, when he sold out to the late Dr. J.W. Rockefeller and Ed Gillett. In 1909 he went to California to make his home.

It was in the spring of 1887 that Mr. Phillips journeyed to Danville, Illinois to claim his bride, daughter of a prominent family of that state. Among the guests at the wedding was the late "Uncle Joe" Cannon, whose home was in Danville and who was a close friend of the bride's parents. Phillips brought his bride to the Elk Mountain metropolis, where they established a home. Mrs. Phillips died in California on March 4, 1930. Besides her husband, one son and six grandchildren survived her.

In his thirty years of residence in Colorado, the veteran newspaper man led an active and eventful life, taking part in many and various industries, including, besides his editorial activities, that of mining, politics and for a time engaged in banking at Grand Junction in 1902. He numbered among his friends men and women from many walks of life, rich and poor; influential and just "everyday folks." They all knew him as a real friend. He retained a keen interest in Gunnison county and its old-timers and was a steady subscriber to the News-Champion. Many were the entertaining and historical articles he wrote for the paper, recalling experiences brought to mind by some article printed in the N-C. At time of his death he was the oldest newspaper man of the western slope, only one of original editorial galaxy.

In the passing of this Grand Old Man, we feel a deep, personal loss. No more will his facile pen tell of early newspaper days in Gunnison, Irwin and Crested Butte; no more will he be quick to sieze present-day news items and link them with the picturesque past; no more can our readers look forward every few weeks or months to a chatty letter from Alhambra, Calif., telling of the remaining pioneers in the Golden State, who once called Gunnison county home.

Few indeed are the pioneers left who stood side by side with him in those historic winter days of 1880-81, when snow got so deep in the Elk Mountains that the mail carriers sat on top of telegraph poles to rest. And the Gunnison folks he knew in the eighties are also getting into their octogenarian decades.

Among them we recall J. E. Packard now at Los Angeles, Calif.; V. E. Metzler of Pasadena; S. P. Spencer, Jos. Blackstock, L. H. Easterly and Mrs. Lucy A. Myers, all of Gunnison.

Reprinted from News-Champion of March 25, 1943

Recollections of Early Days In Delaware and Colorado

* *

By J. E. Phillips

When I was a small boy living with my parents on the farm in Sussex County, Delaware, we had a family physician named Dr. Marsh. He lived about three miles away and when I was old enough to lead a horse to the fence to get on, it was my duty to go after the doctor. There was always some one sick. If it was not the measles, it was mumps or some other terrifying child's trouble. No telephone in those days, as I am speaking of the fall of '59 and spring of '60. Dr. Marsh was the most popular and skillful physician in all of that country. He would drive up in his gig, a popular two-wheel vehicle of that day and after a family greeting would be escorted to the patient - pulling his key-winding watch. We did not have stem-winders in those days - and after feeling the pulse of the patient he would ask for a dinner plate, and turning it upside down, take out a hunk of something that looked like putty. He would pinch off and roll a dozen pills, then hand them to my mother with instructions to give the patient one every two hours. Then he'd sharpen his knife and tell one of the kids to come to him that he wanted to cut off his toe. Of course, the children believed he meant it and were always frightened and would hide out until he departed.

Abraham Lincoln was elected president in the fall of 1860. In March 1861 he was inaugurated President. On his way to Washington he stopped off in Philadelphia where great crowds had come from a distance. When he appeared on the portico of the Continental Hotel, my father held me on his shoulder that I might see him, as Chestnut street was packed with people.

In April he called for 75,000 volunteer soldiers for three months service to put down the insurrection in the South, as Fort Sumpter in Charleston Harbor had been fired upon. My older brother, not yet 18, went through the country soliciting young men of his age to enlist. When the day came to organize the enlisted into a company, all of our neighbors had gathered at the house to see him ride to join the company. Dr. Marsh was there. We had a flag - it was about the first time I had seen the stars and stripes as it waved in the breeze. I thought it the most beautiful thing I ever saw. It thrilled me and my patriotism was alive with joy and happiness. Everybody was laughing and talking; my father and mother with tears in their eyes and grief in their hearts to think that they had raised the boy from babyhood to manhood only to be lined up and shot in bloody combat by his fellow men.

Dr. Marsh patted him on the back and pointed to the flag, told him to go and protect that flag and defend the country with a desire that he might return unharmed and a hero.

The war went on. After the three months enlistment, three year enlistment took place. My brother was promoted to be a captain in Co. I - First Delaware regiment - and when he did come back it was to fill a soldier's grave in old St. George's church grave yard, and the inscription on his tomb shows he was not quite 20 years of age.

We hear much today about the women going out in the fields to harvest crops in our present war, and what a hardship it is. But in those dark days of the War of 1861, I remember distinctly that the women and school children went out to save the crops. They had to or else go hungry or go on rations. Coffee gave out. No one could buy coffee and we all had to do without. That might happen again. No one can tell.

The territory of Colorado at that time had not been formed. It is true George A. Jackson had found gold in 1859 up Chicago Creek where Idaho Springs is now located, and Green

Russell was up in Central City, telling the people how to get gold out of quartz, but Denver was only a little cluster of houses and tents on Cherry Creek. The country took on a rapid development after these discoveries and soon Colorado territory was cut off from Kansas, and by 1876 it was admitted as a state, hence it has always been known as the Centennial State - admitted just 100 years after the Declaration of Independence.

I arrived in Denver in 1879, and soon found my way to Leadville, then to Silver Cliff in Custer County, thence Gunnison county in 1880. After living in Colorado just thirty years, of which seven years were spent in Cripple Creek, I then moved to California in 1909.

Sometime after 1909, a bright young attorney arrived in Denver. He rapidly grew in fame and popularity, so I have been told, and soon became a leader in the Democratic party of the state, and his ability had made him a candidate for the United States Senate. His name was James W. Marsh, a grand-son of Dr. Erasmus Marsh, our family doctor in my boyhood days eighty years ago - over three quarters of a century ago. Don't that sound big. Hence he and I grew up in that peaceful land where the flag still waves over the land of the free and the home of the brave. It is so near the Atlantic Ocean that you can hear the roar of the waves like the rolling of a thunder storm. Our homes were about three miles apart, but my family had all left there before Jimmy Marsh was born. I call him Jimmy because all boys by the name James become Jimmy or Jim. Mr. Lincoln once said of that state that it had three counties at low tide, but only two at high tide. It is so near Washington, I think only about sixty miles as the crow flies, that when Jimmy Marsh gets to be Senator he can buy a plane and hop down to his old home in about 30 minutes. It is only about three miles from the old colonial town of Lewis on the Atlantic Ocean - my maternal ancestral home.

They have ceiling prices on everything in Washington, in fact they have cracked through the rafters so that he will be glad to go to that peaceful land famous for good watermelons and peaches. Black Republican that I am, I would be inclined to vote for Mr. Marsh just for the pride and admiration I would have for a boyhood countryman. Colorado would make no mistake in electing him, as I have known the Marsh family for three generations and as loyal, good citizens their record is without a blemish. I think he is the son of Dr. Joe Marsh who was the son of Dr. Erasmus Marsh.

It is all too true that a few years makes a great change in the population of any country. In the time I have been away, I am a stranger in the land of my birth and ancestry, yet the home of my youth, "be it ever so humble" is near to my memory.

Phillips Had a Hand in Politics

The thirty years that I lived in Colorado I knew about everyone of prominence in both the republican and democratic parties, but today I can recall hardly one of the old timers that stood guard over the destiny of the state - they are all dead.

I attended every republican county and state convention from 1879 to 1909 and we had joys and sorrows over our victories and defeats.

I think it was in 1886 that A. M. Stevenson, Gen. Bill Hammill and Lieut. Gov. Jud. Brush had been appointed a committee to name a state ticket to be voted on in the state convention. That was before the primary law. They selected the names down to the state auditor, when Stevey looked up at me who happened to be in the room and said we have no one on the list of candidates from the Western Slope and wanted to know who over there would make a good auditor. I said there was a capable young man in Grand Junction and the only thing against him was that he was not well known in the state, when Stevey said that made no

difference, the less he was known the better he would run, so down went Darwin P. Kingsley's name. He was nominated and elected.

The state auditor is the insurance commissioner in Colorado, and former auditors had been derelict about collecting the state license. When Kingsley got in he made them all pay up or take down their sign. John A. McCall, at that time president of the New York Life Co., so admired him for his business-like method, that when his time was out he offered Kingsley a position, and Kingsley went into the Boston office to learn the business and soon was called to the main New York office. Meantime, he was made vice-president. After a few years when McCall died, Kingsley was elected president at a salary of \$50,000 a year, which position he held until he died a few years ago. From a Grand Junction editor to the presidency of the New York Life Co. was a big jump and in after years he always gave me credit for pointing the way to his business success.

Phillips Has Banking Experience

I see the N-C has been saying nice things about local bankers. It cannot be that the N-C is getting ready to make a touch for a loan. I will briefly mention my banking career. In 1902 the First National Bank of Grand Junction failed. I was with Mr. Shoup in his Colorado Springs office when I read that news. I said to Olem H. Shoup, who afterwards became your governor, that there was a good chance to start a bank. That evening we took the train for Grand Junction. Next morning on our arrival we called on Orson Adams of the Mesa County Bank and told him we were there to start a bank. He said for us to buy him out and we would have a bank already started. We told him the town had to have two banks and we were satisfied to have him for a competitor. We then called at the failed bank and found the directors grieving over their troubles. We told them we were going to start a bank. They wanted us to buy their building for \$30,000. We told them we were going into the banking business; that our capital was only \$50,000, that we would rent their building and buy their fixtures. When we received our charter we organized the Grand Valley National Bank, and I was elected president for two years with Mr. Moyer, a merchant of Grand Junction, vice president, and Mr. Shoup one of the directors. At the end of two years, I sold out and resigned.

Knew the Carrs in Rosita

I see your governor, Ralph Carr, is running for the U. S. Senate on the Republican ticket. I knew his father in Rosita, Custer county, and in Cripple Creek in the early nineties. Frank Carr was a well-known old timer of that period and Ralph Carr has made you a good governor and would make a good senator if elected.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of September 17, 1942.

**Pioneer Resident, Mrs. Julia Quinn, Dies March 16,
At Her Home in Gunnison**

Mrs. Julia Quinn died Saturday, March 16, at 3:45 o'clock at her home in Gunnison at the age of 75, after an illness of several years. She has been a resident of Gunnison county since 1889.

Requiem High Mass was sung at St. Peter's Catholic church at 10 a.m. March 19. Rev. John Wogan, pastor of the church, was in charge of the services. Mrs. Georgia Winslow sang Ave Maria.

Julia Gorman was born March 10, 1871, at French Village, Illinois. Her parents were Thomas Gorman and Sarah Joyce Gorman. She attended Loretto Sisters Academy in St. Louis. Her family came to Baldwin in the fall of 1889, where they lived six years, after which they came to Gunnison, and have resided here since.

She was married April 27, 1893, in Gunnison, to Michael Quinn, who died Jan. 16, 1922.

Mrs. Quinn was a devout Catholic, and was active in church, and in the Altar and Rosary Society. At one time she was a member of Neighbors of Woodcraft, and much interested in its activities.

Gardening interested her in her earlier years. For the last two years she has been unable to sit up, but was a constant letter writer, communicating daily with her grandson, Quinn Watson, while he was in service.

She kept up a very lively interest in all the happenings in Gunnison, with which she had been familiar for 46 years. She was a member of Gunnison County Pioneer Society, the second one of its roster to die last week.

Children who survive are Dr. Thomas W. Quinn, dentist, at Cortez, Colo., John M. Quinn of Little Rock, Ark., and Mrs. Sadie Quinn Watson, who has been with her mother thruout her final illness.

Grandchildren are Patricia Quinn Bezemek, who is with her father, Dr. Quinn, in Cortez, while her husband is in service; J. M. Quinn, Jr., in college at Boulder; Jane Quinn, at the University of Missouri.

Quinn Watson, son of her daughter, Sadie, died in service Dec. 1, 1944, in New Guinea.

One sister also survives, Mrs. Sarah C. Hogan. A brother, Thos. Gorman, died here some 35 years ago.

Relatives from outside Gunnison for the funeral services were John and Dr. Thomas Quinn, the former flying from Mississippi to Pueblo, and the latter coming from Cortez. Also Mrs. Patricia Bezemek, who came from Cortez with her father.

Pall bearers were Frank and John Zugelder, John Rozman, Richard Vader, John J. Pogna, and Charles Eilebrecht.

Interment was in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of March 21, 1946

Life of Samuel Quigley, President Western 1915-27, Comes to Close

"And He opened His mouth and taught them saying; . . ." in tribute to 52 years of teaching, was the text of the sermon, in the late afternoon of Nov. 13, down in Knoxville, Tenn., when Samuel Quigley, dean and president of Western State College, 1915-1927, was laid to rest.

He had requested that "Requiem" and "Crossing the Bar" be sung; also "Faith of Our Fathers," and "O, God Our Help In Ages Past," and the baritone voice of the singer rose comfortingly.

His wife, his daughter, and his two foster daughters were present and had been with him thruout his last painful illness. Other relatives were there and a profusion of flowers from various parts of the United States showed respect and regard.

"When I am buried," says the poet,

"all my thoughts and acts

will be reduced to lists of dates and facts.

And none will know the gleam there used to be

About the feast days freshly kept by me,

That curlew-calling time in Irish dusk,

When life became more splendid than its husk"

Mrs. LaPeuma.

But for the sake of the record, here are the dates: He was born Jan. 26, 1873, at Princeton, Minn., the son of William Merwin and Sarah Crawford Quigley. He was graduated from the Iowa State Teachers College, from Iowa State University, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts; from the University of Chicago, where he received the Master's degree, and he pursued further graduate study in Harvard. The honorary degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred upon him by Denver University.

He became associate professor in the college of education of the University of Minnesota in 1911 and remained there four years.

On Jan. 25, 1923, in Gunnison he and Mrs. Christine Dunn were married. Mrs. Quigley is a sister of B. H. Jorgensen of Gunnison. His family consisted of an adopted daughter, Caroline, a trained nurse, who came home from Germany where she was in the work of Red Cross, to be with him in his last illness; a foster daughter, Olivette, now Mrs. Morgan, and twin children, Paul Merwin, who died in infancy, and Ruth, now Mrs. LaPeuma.

Mrs. Alberta Jorgensen of Gunnison went by plane to Knoxville, Mrs. Ashton Clemens, an aunt, came from Des Moines, and Mrs. Ralph Parris, a sister of Mrs. Quigley, from Denver.

It was in February, 1915, that Prof. Quigley came to the education department of what was then the Colorado State Normal School. He came from the University of Minnesota, where, as associate professor, he organized and administered the extension division of the university. His willingness to leave a large university to come here was due, at least in part, to the close comradeship which had long existed between him and President James Herbert Kelley.

He immediately became active as an outstanding teacher and a writer, who combined scholarly thinking with profitable experience. He organized the service bureau, and was in demand as a speaker thruout western Colorado. Before the close of the year he had the title, Dean and Professor of Education.

At the close of the spring term, 1918, Dean Quigley left his position here for Y. M. C. A. work in France. From the then current college publication: "He has filled the office of dean with its accessory duties on the executive committee, the advisory board, the committee on advanced standing; he has taught as head of the department of education; he has managed the Co-op; he has devised and maintained the Boys' Club and the local Boy Scouts organization. For the Western Slope teachers, he has been head of the school service bureau and extension lecturer. He has served the community in innumerable ways."

At first, he was transport secretary - to be on the ocean constantly with troops going over, and with the wounded as the transports returned. Later he was placed on French soil, organizing the Y. M. C. A. work in the villages occupied by our soldiers, and working in a base hospital. Later in hut and canteen service, he was known to thousands of boys returning from the front line of the Verdun-Meuse sector as "The Chocolate Man."

In April, 1918, President Kelley responded to a larger call from Pennsylvania, and Dr. Grant Ruland took up the position of acting president.

On April 22, the cable came from Quigley that he was sailing that day on the General Grant; there was rejoicing on the college campus, and when the narrow gauge from Salida puffed thru the valley, students, faculty, and townspeople were at the station to greet the tall gentleman who appeared on the platform.

Still deeper was the satisfaction when Dr. George Sullivan of the Board of Trustees, wired from Denver that Dean Quigley would receive the unanimous vote of the Board of Trustees to succeed Dr. Kelley to the presidency, and the news was passed through the building from class to class.

Faculty strength was President Quigley's watchword, and he early established the program of paying and retaining the best possible teachers. The four-quarter plan was adopted, and constant attempt made to eliminate laxity of standards. Plans for betterment of living and classroom conditions were soon underway, and the auditorium-gymnasium, county high school building and girls' dormitory (the first one) were started.

Enrollment grew from fewer than 100 in 1919 to 487 in 1927. The four-year course leading to the A. B. degree with Life Certificate was instituted in 1920; in 1931 permission was received to grant the master's degree, and in the same year the school was admitted to Class A standing in the American Association of Teachers' Colleges. The name was changed to Western State College.

But his greatest achievement was the gathering of boys who had broken the bonds of restraint, setting them right, and starting them on lives of useful endeavor. No sacrifice in time and money was too great. Those who went out from the institution carried an idealism which has never been extinguished; a devotion to the school and its purposes which still flames out in far-away and unexpected places. To the teacher he held up teaching as the supreme service.

He had the appearance, the bearing of an aristocrat; but he was a true democrat in the Biblical sense. He was an avowed pragmatist; but he bore all the marks of having been guided by absolutes.

There came the tragic days of 1927. Told that his resignation would further the chance of appropriations for the college, President Quigley was placed in an impossible position. Faculty petitioned that he stay. He was endorsed by various town organizations, alumni groups, teachers' associations; a demonstration on the streets of Gunnison was put on by the students of Western, but his 12 years' work here was ended, and as far as position was concerned, his future was "bound in shallows" - but his service for the youth of the nation went on unabated, almost to the

time of his death. It was only the last of July that he gave up his teaching at Pittman Center, Methodist Mission, 38 miles from Knoxville.

" but life's hands
Have given constant gifts in changing lands,
And when I count these gifts, I think them such
As no man's bounty could have bettered much."

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of November 21, 1946

George Root Retires From Historical Society of Kansas on Jan. 1, 1947

Was Prominent in Early History of Gunnison, Lake City, White Pine

After 55 years spent in helping to preserve the record of Kansas and its people in the collections of the State Historical Society at Topeka, George A. Root is to retire as curator of archives for the society, Jan. 1.

A four column feature article presenting his life and works appeared in the Kansas City Times of Oct. 28. He is now 80 years old.

Root has been a factor in massing the Kansas collection of newspapers - the largest collection of bound newspapers of any organization in the country, except the Library of Congress. It is in this collection that the early history of Gunnison county may be found - files from Tin Cup, Irwin, Crested Butte, Gunnison, including the early issues of the News-Democrat, and Richardson's Gunnison Sun. It was here that Mrs. Henry Spencer worked in writing her master's thesis which is a history of the newspapers of Gunnison county, and the nearest to a beginning of the history of the county that we have.

Root has checked, catalogued and filed the Isaac McCoy writings, which came into possession of the society 30 years after the Civil War, when the documents were packed in trunks and boxes and hidden in attics and cellars, not to be touched until the Historical Society made them available, in 60 bound volumes, for historians to consult.

He has made an historical record of all the ferries that ever plied any of the streams of the state. There were some 600 of these, and Root dug out the history of each from newspaper files, advertisements, records of the operators, and from the journals and diaries of visitors to the state.

Root Maps Santa Fe Trail

An important job which Root has completed was that of mapping the historic Santa Fe trail from documentary evidence in the files of the society. The D. A. R. and other patriotic organizations proposed to erect monuments to mark the route of the old trail, but there was no definite record of the route entirely across the state.

Root examined every letter, newspaper clipping, book and map available describing the trail during its heyday, and from this made the first authentic map of the route. Every turn of the trail had to be approved before Root approved and mapped it.

Writes History of Express and Stage

Another important project developed by Root was the complete history of express companies and stage companies operating in Kansas in territorial days and before. (Shame on us who haven't written the Barlow and Sanderson stage account!)

After an extended story of the establishment and progress of the Kansas State Historical Society and Root's part in it, follows a paragraph of biographical facts: "George Allen Root was born at Atchison, March 13, 1867. When only eight years old, he became the printer's devil in the office of the Kansas Farmer and served as an apprentice, for four years in the Kansas Farmer and North Topeka Times offices, while his father was editing those papers. He attended the public schools in Holton, Topeka, North Topeka and Gunnison, Colo. His family moved to Gunnison in 1881, and George worked as a printer on newspapers in Colorado until 1886, when the family returned to Topeka. George Root joined his father in the firm of Frank A. Root & Sons as the publishers of the Topeka Mail, and the firm continued the publishing of that

newspaper until it was sold to Senator Arthur Capper and became the keystone of the Capper publications.

"George Root worked for the Kansas Historical Society during the summers and the early fall of the 80's while he was still in school. This work was purely voluntary. His real service with the society began in March, 1891.

"On Dec. 21, 1892, he married Minnie Jewett Van Cleave, also an employee of the society at the time. Three sons and a daughter were born to them: Julien, in Y. M. C. A. work in Idaho; Herbert, living in Vidor, Tex. and Melvin A. in Houston. The daughter, Mrs. L. E. Shaw, lives in Topeka.

Lived in Gunnison 1881-1890

But that doesn't give Gunnison the importance it really has in the life of the Roots. Frank A. Root, George's father, arrived in the valley of the Gunnison, April 21, 1880, and started preparation for publishing a paper in West Gunnison. That was the time when Gunnison and West Gunnison were separate communities.

Together with Henry C. Olney, old-time Lake City newspaperman and publisher of Gunnison county's first newspaper, The Hillerton Occident, Root decided to pioneer the journalistic field of West Gunnison. First issue of the Gunnison Review appeared May 15, 1880, first copy off the press being auctioned off for \$100. At this time George would have been 13 years of age.

In the spring of 1882, the Review appeared as a daily. On August 1, 1882 it was consolidated with the Free Press, thereafter appearing under the name of the Daily Gunnison Review-Press. Root sold out his interest to Mr. Olney, Nov. 22, 1886 and returned to Topeka. George would then have been 19. Frank Root died June 20, 1926, at the age of 89.

Here 50 years later, George Root wrote at length in the News-Champion of the changes wrought in the place in a half century; he remembered keenly the Gunnison of the 80's. He visited his old home on the northwest corner of Georgia Ave. and Twelfth.

Edited White Pine Cone

But that doesn't end Root's connection with the county. In 1883, at the age of 16, he went up to White Pine as first assistant to George S. Irwin in establishing the White Pine Cone (Files of which we have almost complete in Western State College library). Bunking at first in the Cone office, they put out the paper in the booming city, and Root has written an extended account of his experiences there. Away for a year on the Lake City Phonograph, he returned to the Cone, ending his career there in 1890 when he joined his father in Topeka.

George Root has carefully annotated Mrs. Spencer's thesis on the early newspapers of Gunnison county, and the annotated copy will go to the historical collection in Western State College library.

Meanwhile the slogan "Ask George", whether it is Kansas history or the history of Gunnison county will continue to be the response to the inquiring public, for though retired George Root will still maintain his interest.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of December 26, 1946

Funeral Services Held In Gunnison Today For Mrs. La N. Rogers

Funeral services for Mrs. Louisiana Norvell Rogers, pioneer resident of Gunnison, who died at the Colorado Springs psychopathic hospital on Monday, April 22, were held this afternoon at two o'clock from the Miller Funeral Home. Rev. Richard Jones was in charge. Pall bearers were Dr. George Sullivan, R. W. Cooper, Henry F. Lake, Jr., E. G. Palmer, H. H. Fogg and Richard Andrews. Interment was in the Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery.

Mrs. Rogers' age at the time of her death is not known, altho it is thought she was around ninety. A niece, Mrs. J. T. Smith, and her father, Frank E. Cool, of Macksville, Kansas, came Wednesday to attend the funeral.

Mrs. Rogers was the widow of John Wesley Rogers, to whom she was married in 1875 in Kansas. Her maiden name was Louisiana Norvell. The couple came to Colorado shortly afterwards, altho the exact year in which they arrived is unknown.

An interesting story is told about Mrs. Rogers' arrival in Gunnison. Mr. Rogers had come on ahead of his wife, leaving her in Pueblo until he could return to bring her over the mountains. However, she decided to come on by herself, so secured a wagon and horses, loaded it with supplies for a millinery store which she planned to open in Gunnison, and joining a wagon train, journeyed over the mountains. Needless to say, her arrival here was somewhat of a surprise to Mr. Rogers.

Mrs. La N. Rogers, as she was familiarly known to Gunnison folks of the early days, operated a millinery store and ladies ready-to-wear shop for many years in the building now occupied by the Sweet Shop. Her husband operated a hay, grain and feed store for several years, and later had a furniture store. He was also an undertaker, and is thot to have been the first person to follow that line of business in the then thriving mining camp. He served as mayor and was councilman for several terms, and justice of the peace for some time. He died on March 23, 1919.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Rogers conducted her millinery and apparel store for some years, but in the middle 20's disposed of her goods due to failing health. For the past eleven years she had been in the Colorado Springs hospital.

Mrs. Rogers had three sisters and one brother, all of whom have preceded her in death. The oldest sister died in March of this year at the age of 92 years. Mrs. Rogers was the second child in the family and thot to be two years younger.

Gunnison early-day residents recall her as a good Christian woman, with a keen sense of business ability. Her friends of those days who still reside here will regret to learn that another pioneer of early-day Gunnison has taken the last, long journey.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of April 25, 1940.

Mrs. Mary Rozman Dies At Crested Butte; Long-Time Resident

Another beloved and respected old-timer of the Crested Butte community, Mrs. Mary Rozman, was called Home at 5 o'clock Sunday morning after a few days' illness. The end came peacefully after a long and useful life.

Mrs. Mary Russ Rozman was born September 5, 1862, at Dobranice, Jugo Slavia. She emigrated to America in 1889, coming first to Steelton, Pa. At Steelton she was married to John Rozman, June 1, 1889. They lived in Pennsylvania about two years before coming to Crested Butte where she has lived since that time. To the union eight children were born, three of whom died in infancy. Five surviving are: John Rozman of Gunnison; Joseph, Anton and Louis Rozman of Los Angeles; and Mrs. Mary Manley of Crested Butte. Her husband died 26 years ago. Also surviving are six grandchildren.

Mrs. Rozman was a devout Catholic. She was a kind, loving mother and friend and was well liked by all. She was a great lover of flowers and always kept beautiful house plants. She was active until her fatal illness which came upon her Tuesday of last week.

Monday night the body lay in state at the family home in Crested Butte. Members of the Altar and Rosary Society and the Knights of Columbus recited the rosary at the home. Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at 9:00 with Requiem Mass at St. Patrick's Catholic church. The church was filled with friends who came to pay their last sad respects. Many beautiful floral tributes and spiritual bouquets testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held.

Pallbearers were J. J. Miller, Chas. Eilebrecht of Gunnison, George Spehar, John Sporcich, Rudolph Verzuh and Anton Byouk of Crested Butte. Interment was in the Crested Butte cemetery beside her husband.

The community extends heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved children in the loss of their mother.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Sept. 12, 1940.

Passing of Mrs. Lillie Ruck Saddens Friends

Passing of another of Gunnison county's pioneer residents is recorded in the death of Mrs. Lillie Ruck, who passed away Saturday at Lansing, Michigan, where she had been visiting a son, Wm. Ruck, for some months. Death came peacefully, following two years illness, during which time she suffered with dropsy. She was unconscious for two days previous to her death. Nora Lillie Banghart was born February 3, 1871, in Lincoln County, Iowa, and her parents were George and Phoebe Banghart. Victor, Iowa, was her childhood home. At the age of 19 she came to Gunnison and in 1890 was married to William Charles Ruck, who has preceded her in death. The couple made Gunnison their home during the ensuing years, rearing a family here.

Of the five children born to the union, three survive. They are George H. Ruck, Gunnison; Lloyd R. Ruck, Los Angeles; and William L. Ruck, Lansing. One daughter, Frances, died in infancy, and a son, Roy A. Ruck, in 1918. There are five grandchildren.

Mrs. Ruck was active in church work during her near half-century in Gunnison, and was a sincere and honest worker in the Ladies Aid of the Community Church, until ill health had somewhat curtailed those activities.

Funeral services were held Wednesday at 2:00 from the Community church, with Dr. George L. Nuckolls officiating, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fogg sang a duet, and Miss Katherine Norvell played the organ. Interment was in the Masons and Odd Fellows cemetery at Gunnison, in charge of Miller Funeral Home. Pallbearers were Colin Moore, H. H. Fogg, E. G. Palmer, R.J. Potter, Henry F. Lake, Jr., Curtis Osborne.

Coming to Gunnison for the funeral were William Ruck of Lansing; Lloyd Ruck of Los Angeles; Mrs. Nellie Beatty and Mrs. Joe O'Neil of Montrose; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Beatty, Sioux City, South Dakota.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Aug. 8, 1940.

Death of A. W. Sewall Gunnison Business Man of 1880

News-Champion:

A. W. Sewall of Philadelphia died about two weeks ago at his summer home in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, at the age of 78.

This item does not mean much to the present day generation of Gunnison county. To the people who were living there 55 years ago it would be sad news. Mr. Sewall resided in Gunnison from 1880 to about 1885 and was well known thruout the county, especially in the mining fraternity.

In 1880, or perhaps 1881, three young men from the state of Maine arrived in Gunnison with a large stock of stationery, combining fishing tackle, books, etc., and they rented the store where Lon Hartman had the postoffice in the rear, near the corner of Tomichi and Main street. It is present location of Martin's drug store.

The firm was called Eaton, Small and Sewall. They were energetic and popular young fellows, soon gaining the confidence of the people of Gunnison. Messrs. Eaton and Small were active in the store. Mr. Sewall, while owning an interest, was not actively identified but devoted his time to the mining business in the various mining districts. I became acquainted with and very much attached to Mr. Sewall in that connection. When he left Gunnison, he went to Iron-ton, a mining town between Ouray and Silverton, where he acquired mining interests and was successful. So popular was he in that town that he was elected mayor.

It was a wild and woolly booming mining camp that took a man of his ability to keep order. In my trips east for the last forty years and calling on Sewall, he would delight in recounting some of his experiences.

Leaving the San Juan country, Mr. Sewall went to the lead and zinc mines of Missouri. Farseeing the growing industry of road building and the use of asphaltum, he went to Philadelphia, and became connected with the Barber Asphalt company in 1898. In the organization of that company into the General Asphalt company in 1912, he became president of the company, holding that position for 24 years. He resigned in 1936 owing to poor health. He married in 1897 to Cynthia Pope Yeatman in St. Louis, who died June 12, just 6 weeks before he passed away. His wife was a sister to Pope Yeatman, the well-known mining engineer.

I would like to congratulate Gov. Carr on his address before the Western State College commencement which I read in the News-Champion. I knew Gov. Carr's father, Frank Carr, in Rosita, Custer county, and I think the governor was born in that town probably after I left which was in the winter of 1879. Frank Carr was one of the popular old-timers of that town. I afterward met him in Cripple Creek in the nineties.

After reading Governor Carr's address, I came to the conclusion that he had more ability than any governor you have had in late years, and the Republican party has a man that would be a credit to the state and the party in the United States senate when the time comes to elect a candidate.

If not too late, I wish to express my praise of your Special Edition for the pioneer week. From a mechanical viewpoint, it was a work of art for a town the size of Gunnison. You should receive the commendation of every citizen of your county for displaying so much enterprise.

In the sixty year item in the Denver News I read the following item: "They are shipping silver ore from Rosita, Custer county, worth \$1500 a ton." I do not think one of these miners ever got deeper than 600 feet. At that time, 65 years ago, the Leviathen, Pocahontas, Chieftain,

Victor and Bassick, were widely known as big ore producers. No machinery, but all hand drilling, and 600 feet was as deep as they could go, whereas today we have 3,000 feet deep. Like Irwin in your county, where shafts were only 300 feet deep, and all stopped in good ore. It is a wonder that engineers of this generation do not look into this condition.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Mrs. Helen A. Sills Died in Denver Tuesday

Funeral services for Mrs. Helen A. Sills were held from Miller's Mortuary at two o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Sills died at St. Joseph's hospital in Denver Tuesday, she having suffered a paralytic stroke two weeks ago.

Helen A. Brown was born July 3, 1861, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She was the daughter of Captain Jas. D. and Mary Brown. She received her education in Philadelphia, and on January 19, 1886, was married to Charles Thomas Sills of that city. The couple came immediately to Gunnison, where they made their home until Mr. Sills' death in 1919.

Mr. Sills was a pioneer of the Gunnison country, arriving here in 1880, drawn west by the mining excitement of that period. He located coal lands in the Crested Butte district, and was successively engaged in stockraising, insurance and metal mining. Around the turn of the century he became publisher of the Gunnison Republican, continuing in that enterprise until his death in 1919.

After Mr. Sills' death, his wife and son, Carlton T. Sills, took over the management of the newspaper until it was purchased by News-Champion a few years later.

In September of 1934, Mrs. Sills moved to Denver to make her home with her son, Carlton T. Sills, and his family, at 2312 Fairfax Boulevard.

Mrs. Sills was the mother of three sons, two of whom died in childhood. A woman of gentle breeding, education and refinement, brought up in an environment the exact opposite of the rugged west, she nevertheless, adapted her life to her new surroundings when she came to Gunnison as a bride. She took a keen interest in club and social doings, and activities of the community. A daughter of a Civil War veteran, Mrs. Sills was particularly interested in the Women's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, and was president of the Colorado-Wyoming department of the W. R. C. in 1910-11. She also held office in a number of women's clubs and activities during her residence in Gunnison.

The wealth of floral tributes banked around the casket, and the outpouring of friends and former neighbors at the funeral this afternoon, bore testimony to the love and esteem in which Mrs. Sills was held.

Dr. George Nuckolls was in charge of religious services and Mrs. Alberta Jorgensen and H. T. Hatch sang two hymns, "Lead Kindly Light," and "Rock of Ages." Pall bearers were Jay Miller, B. H. Snyder, Ashton Winslow, Lawrence O'Leary, M. J. Fisher, and Clinton Spencer.

Honorary pall bearers were E. M. Collins, Curtis Osborne, John A. Steele, H. H. Fogg, and Clinton Miller. Interment was in the family plot in Masons' and Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Aug. 8, 1940.

Long-Time Resident, Mrs. Arta B. Smith, Dies Suddenly, Jan. 26

The sudden death Saturday of Mrs. Arta B. Smith, long-time resident of Gunnison, brought grief and sorrow to her family and friends of this community. Mrs. Smith had not been well for two days and Saturday afternoon became critically ill. She was rushed to the hospital, where she died shortly.

Daughter of David and Lucinda Little, Mrs. Smith was born Sept. 11, 1874, at Winston, Mo. The family moved to McCook, Neb., when she was quite young and she grew to womanhood there. She graduated from Maywood Normal School and taught school two years in Nebraska.

While she was visiting a sister in Alamosa, she became acquainted with Joseph W. Smith, and on July 27, 1895, they were married at Taos, N. M. They came to the Gunnison region in 1899, and lived in Vulcan mining camp for many years, where Mr. Smith was superintendent of the Good Hope mine. Later Mr. and Mrs. Smith moved to a ranch north of Gunnison (now the Cunningham ranch) and resided there nine years. They moved to Gunnison in 1917, and this has since been their home.

Mrs. Smith's principal interest was her home and family. Eleven children were born to the couple, two of whom died in infancy. Mr. Smith followed mining for many years until his death in 1934. Mrs. Smith carried on for several years and owned some excellent manganese properties on Steuben creek, west of Gunnison.

She was a member of the Community church, the Ladies' Aid, and Rebekah Lodge. She belonged to the Gunnison Women's club for years.

After the children were grown Mrs. Smith began a remarkable collection of pitchers and at the time of her death had over 700, all different. Many Gunnison people have seen the collection and admired it. The family will keep it intact.

She enjoyed gardening to the fullest degree, and never failed to have a large garden of vegetables and flowers.

Mrs. Smith was a neighborly woman, always friendly, loved by everyone who knew her.

Children surviving are: Lawrence J., of Gunnison; Mrs. Clarence Boyd, Denver; Mrs. Elmer Tabler, Rifle; Mrs. Mace Warner, Bozeman, Mont.; Mrs. Ben Eden, William D. and Edwin, Gunnison; Mrs. Frank Lamphire, Caracas, Venezuela; and Carl H. Smith, Gunnison. There are 17 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Two sisters and one brother also survive; they are Hugh Little, McCook, Neb.; Mrs. Thurston Doyle, Tensleep, Wyo.; and Mrs. William Hughes, Detroit, Mich.

The entire family, with exception of Mrs. Lamphire, is home this week. Mrs. Lamphire was unable to come the long distance. CPO. James Downer, son of Mrs. Boyd, came from Seattle, Wash., on emergency leave, arriving here Monday night.

Funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon from Biebel Memorial Chapel, with Dr. Geo. Nuckolls officiating. The Miller Funeral home had charge of arrangements. The male quartet from Western State College sang "Abide With Me," and "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." Miss Edwyl Redding played the organ. Pall bearers were John Rozman, Ray Marsh, G. W. Newberry, Milford Davis, Harold Doyle and Robert G. Porter. Interment was in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Jan. 31, 1946

Mrs. Mae Soden, Long-Time Resident, Dies at Sargents

On Saturday morning, November 30, at 1:20 o'clock, Mrs. Mae E. Totten Soden passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Roy Leonard, in Sargents. She had been in failing health for the past three years. Immediate cause of death was paralysis.

Mae Totten was born at Melrose, Wisconsin, December 1, 1870. She came to Randolph, Nebraska, in her early girlhood with her parents, making the trip in a covered wagon, drawn by an ox team. Here she grew to womanhood, and taught school for a few years. On May 8, 1891, she was married to George Howard Soden of Wisner, Nebraska. To this union were born eight children, one of whom died in infancy, while the family lived in White Pine.

In the year 1898, the family came to Colorado and for years have been prominent ranch people of Tomichi valley. Mr. Soden died on June 30, 1935.

Surviving Mrs. Soden are her seven children, Mrs. Roy Hicks and Mrs. Roy Leonard of Sargents; William H. Soden, Wisner, Nebraska; Mrs. C. N. Goodman, Parks, Arizona; Mrs. G. W. Stanton, Marengo, Iowa; Mrs. E. M. Shoemaker, Silver City, N. M.; Lester Soden, Doyleville. There are also 19 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren living. She has three sisters and one brother living. They are: Mrs. Nettie Crellin of San Gabriel, California; Mrs. Leroy Felton, Dickens, Iowa; Mrs. Lula Tatge, Cheyenne, Wyoming, and William Totten, Tie Siding, Wyoming.

Funeral services were held at Gunnison Wednesday afternoon, with Dr. George Nuckolls officiating. Pall bearers were friends and neighbors of the family: Archie Templeton, Harvey Hicks, Dallas Duncan, Ed Leonard, John Evans and Rudolph Watters. Interment was in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery.

The death of Mrs. Soden has removed one of the prominent and best liked matrons of Sargents. She was respected by all who knew her, and had many friends in Gunnison, where she and her family are well known. Hers was a long and useful life, that of a pioneer of the west, one who knew and tasted the hardships of a ranch woman's life, yet who lived to see her efforts and labors blossom into success. Her presence will be missed, not only in the family circle, but by a large number of friends.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Dec. 5, 1940

Last Rites for James R. Spann Wednesday At Community Church

Funeral rites were held Wednesday afternoon at 2:00 p.m., at the Community church, for James R. Spann, who died at the Community hospital at 9:50 a.m. Sunday morning, after an illness which has lasted several years. Dr. George Nuckolls, pastor of the Community church, and long-time friend of the deceased, was in charge.

Mr. Spann was one of the substantial ranch owners and cattlemen of the Jack's Cabin region, and has played an important part in the life of the county, making lasting friends, interested in schools and politics and showing marked acumen in business.

He was born Feb. 18, 1870, at Trimble, Mo. His parents were James Willis and Hannah Spann. He was 75 years of age at the time of his death.

He came to Colorado in 1900, engaging in ranching and cattle raising. He was married Jan. 1, 1913, at Grand Junction to Mrs. Carra Shackleford Parsons, daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. Sprigg Shackleford of Gunnison, who died July 13, 1924.

Mr. Spann was a member of the school board of District 18 for many years, and served for some time on the county high school board. He held membership in the Community church.

He at one time made a strong run for county sheriff on the democratic ticket.

Through a long period of lingering ill health, he had remained on the ranch, directing its activities, maintaining unvarying geniality and cheerfulness. For the past year, his daughter, Mrs. Janie Seraphine, and family have been with him, and another daughter, Mrs. Nancy Braswell, and children moved from Denver to Gunnison to be near and to assist in caring for him.

Surviving are Mrs. Seraphine, wife of Marshall Seraphine, and Mrs. Braswell, wife of Norman Braswell, and two step children, James Parsons of Montrose and Mrs. Carra Parsons Beer of Denver.

Four brothers also survive: Lang, William and Lance Spann of Gunnison, and Peyton Spann of Trimble, Mo.; and one sister, Mrs. Hannah Shackleford, wife of J. J. Shackleford of Jack's Cabin.

Grandchildren surviving are Robert James and Janie Anne Braswell, and Sandra Lee and Marshall Kurt Seraphine.

Pallbearers, old friends and business associates of the deceased, were B. H. Jorgensen, Geo. Eastman, John Adams, William Bargfriede, Scott Capehart and Anton Danni. Mrs. Alberta Jorgensen sang, accompanied by Miss Edwyl Redding.

Here from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. James Parsons of Montrose, and Mrs. Carra Parsons Beer of Denver.

Interment was in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery; Miller's Funeral Home was in charge of the service.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Feb. 7, 1946

S. P. Spencer Dies at 85

* *

Head of First Nat'l Bank for 45 Years

Twenty-four hours after the death of his son, Clinton, Samuel P. Spencer, 85, president of the First National Bank of Gunnison for 45 years, suffered a paralytic stroke from which he did not rally and to which he succumbed at 4:30 Sunday morning, Dec. 26. He had been in failing health for a twelvemonth or more.

Mr. Spencer was one of the pioneers and builders of Gunnison county. He located first in Irwin in 1880, then went to Crested Butte. He came to Gunnison in 1890. In all three places he held positions of responsibility and importance. As president of the First National Bank, his name has become a symbol of integrity, and his wise counsel has been sought for a half century in town and on ranch and range.

Samuel Perry Spencer was born near Cambridge, Md., in 1858. His youth was spent in Baltimore. In the spring of 1880, he outfitted in Denver, and came to Gunnison county by team. He has resided in the county ever since.

Mr. Spencer, as a lad of 22, first located in the boom town of Irwin, engaging in mining and real estate. He became active in the Democratic party, and served as clerk, treasurer, and mayor of Irwin during his four years of residence there.

Removing to Crested Butte, he engaged in the transfer and freighting business, and during Cleveland's first administration, was postmaster there.

He was elected clerk and recorder of Gunnison county in 1890 and served four terms, until 1898, when he refused the nomination for a fifth term, as it was in that year that he entered banking.

He was elected president of the First National Bank in 1898, a position he has held ever since. The First National Bank is one of the oldest business houses in Gunnison, having been established May 2, 1892, with Lewis Cheney as president and Eugene P. Shove as cashier.

Mr. Spencer's name was presented as candidate for governor in the Democratic convention in 1905. The Denver News, publicizing his candidacy, says, "He is a man of powerful physique, commanding presence, with handsome, intellectual features. His keen eye looks a questioner through and seems to penetrate the motive and nature of a question before it is asked." Mr. Spencer received flattering support from many other counties beside Gunnison.

He was married July 31, 1890 to Josephine Axtell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Axtell, pioneers and founders of Crested Butte. At the time of her marriage, Miss Axtell was a student at Wolfe Hall, Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer came immediately to Gunnison, where Mr. Spencer was then county clerk, and lived in the Tanner residence (now known as the Dr. Cooley house). Except for these first years, they have occupied their present home continuously.

They celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage in 1940 with a visit to the V. F. Axtell home in Crested Butte in which they had exchanged vows a half century before.

Mr. Spencer, a member of the Masonic Lodge, was a Royal Arch Mason, and a Knight Templar. He had received from the Masonic Lodge the jewel presented in recognition of 50 years of membership.

Funeral services were at 2:30 Tuesday at the Miller mortuary. Rev. Glion T. Benson of the Church of the Good Samaritan, of which Mr. Spencer was a member, read the Episcopal

burial service. Dr. George Nuckolls of the Community church paid tribute to his character and achievement.

Mrs. Ralph Porter and Mrs. Lewis Miller sang "Lead Kindly Light" and "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

Pall bearers were Milford Davis, Max Sievers, Guy Palmer, Willet Estes, H.G. Lashbrook and Ray Clarke. Honorary pall bearers were Clyde Martin, Charles Cowan, Frank Keenan, E.M. Nourse, A. W. Hogan, and Clinton Miller. The Masons attended in a body and conducted the services at the cemetery.

Surviving are Mr. Spencer's wife, Josephine, and two daughters: Mrs. Auburn Nowels of Fruita and Mrs. George Eastman of Gunnison. The only other child was his son Clinton, who had preceded him in death Dec. 22.

Grandchildren are Don and Whitman Eastman and Doris Spencer of Gunnison, Clinton Spencer, Jr., in service in the Solomon islands, Mrs. Willard Pederson of Alliance, Ohio; and Eloise Nowels, in training for service in the Marines, New River, North Carolina.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of December 30, 1943

DINNER MAY 26 HONORING MISS LUCY SPICER WHO IS RETIRING AFTER 33 YEARS AT WESTERN STATE

Invitations have been issued by Western State College for a dinner on May 26, at 7:00 p.m., honoring Miss Lucy Spicer, who is retiring from her work at the college after 33 years of service.

Miss Spicer will leave the day after Commencement, going to Cedar Falls, Iowa, where she will participate in the fiftieth anniversary of her graduation from Iowa State Teachers' College. Later she will visit sisters in Boise, Idaho, and Whittier, Calif., stopping in Gunnison. She will return to Cedar Falls to make her home, she and an unmarried sister having kept up the home there since the death of their parents.

Miss Spicer was here on the opening day of the Colorado State Normal School, Sept. 12, 1911 - or rather on Sept. 1, as all the faculty responded to a request of C. A. Hollingshead, principal, that they arrive early.

There were ten of them: C. A. Hollingshead, Edna Collins, W. A. Frank, Eva Carpenter, John C. Johnson, Merton I. Bedford, Marie T. Hennes, H. L. Richter, Grant Ruland and Lucy Spicer.

The number of students totaled 13, and it would have been impossible, as Miss Spicer explains, to start, if the high school students, some 80 or them, had not been moved up, bag and baggage, from the building we used to know later as the county hospital.

"It was in what is now the little theatre that Principal Hollingshead called us together - Jay Miller and Dan Lehan, high school freshmen, on the front seat, such little boys that the principal called them the 'high chair children,'" says Miss Spicer. In the course of the year, the auspicious 13 was increased to 28 - four men and 24 women.

From the meagerly furnished classrooms, they could get an unobstructed view of the town, for the building they were in was the only one on the campus - of the town, of the blue Colorado sky, and a little later, of the gold of the narrow-leaved cottonwoods.

Among the memories of those earlier days Miss Spicer recalls most vividly the horseback riding, the dances and receptions in the old gymnasium (now the band room), the spirit of comradeship thruout the entire group of teachers and students, and the wonderful cooperation and consideration of the townspeople.

In fact, without this support and cooperation, those very early years might have ended in complete discouragement. Miss Spicer laughingly tells that the favorite song of the principal in assembly was,

"O three times round went our gallant ship
And it sank to the bottom of the sea."

And when they sang it, she always thought of the school.

Miss Spicer, as teacher of Latin and mathematics, dean of women and registrar, has had much to do with the formation of school policies and the direction of procedure.

She has served on the Student Loan Fund committee since the late Mrs. Margaret White O'Leary instituted it in 1912, up to the present, when she is relinquishing his place to Miss Cora Bruns. Her service on this committee had necessitated, especially since Mrs. O'Leary's death, much correspondence which has added to her knowledge and understanding of students. The work has been meticulously done with no loose ends for another to gather up.

She was dean of women from 1916, under the presidency of James Herbert Kelley, to 1930. In this position her firmness and her intrinsically sound attitude toward the problems that arose, had a salutary effect on the school.

She became registrar in 1925 and has directed the work of the registrar's office until the present. At close of this term, Herbert Dorricott is to take up the work. In this position her patience and exactness added to her scholarly outlook, have influenced the progress of the school more than many, who mistakenly think of the work as merely clerical, realize.

She has been engaged many months with the aid of her staff, in revising records of the 2,000 graduates according to an improved system, which will adequately summarize each year's graduations.

"I should like to come back some summer," she says characteristically, "and finish the job - without remuneration."

Abounding energy and health have always contributed to the effectiveness of her efforts. She says that in something over 50 years of teaching, she has taken only a day and a half off for reasons pertaining to health - and that was at the time she fell and broke her arm a few years ago.

She once said, "It's a wonderful thing to have seen the school grow from almost nothing to its present proportions. Sometimes I think I love it and have a right to love it more than anyone else."

She has sponsored Alpha Sigma Alpha since its installation here. Before that she guided a group called Spicerians. She has been active in Kappa Delta Pi, and in her own undergraduate days was elected to Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Chicago.

Without any hesitation she mentions the Hiking and Outing club as the phase of extra-curricular work she has enjoyed most. Before it was started, she organized outing trips. "It is the outdoor life, the mountains and the Colorado air which have been the most attractive to me," she says.

The committee in charge of plans for the complimentary dinner are Miss Edwyl Redding, Miss Ada Kansgen and Miss Cora Bruns. The general committee has asked Mrs. Alberta Jorgensen to head the invitations committee, F. George Damson the program, and Miss Mina Burney the decorations.

Invitations have been sent to the alumni in the state, numbering 1300, the student body and faculty, the people of Gunnison who have been associated with Miss Spicer in the various organizations to which she has belonged; the members of her family and intimate friends, and the presidents and registrars of other colleges of the state. There will also be certain honor guests. President Charles Clinton Casey will preside.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of May 18, 1944

Death Of John A. Steele Saddens Community

His kindly smile is gone, his crisp comment forever silent, his generous heart is stilled, as John A. Steele, pioneer business man and resident of Gunnison for sixty years, passed from this earth to eternal rest last Friday, February 20th, at his home on North Main street.

Mr. Steele had been in failing health for the past year, but nevertheless, insisted on coming down town for a few hours each day when weather permitted, where he enjoyed greeting friends and business men; discussing current events and local interests. Early this winter, his brother, Dr. Henry Steele, came from the east to look after his health, and remained with him until the end.

Shortly before his death, Mr. Steele's sister-in-law, Mrs. Mabel Clark, and her son, Lieut. John Clark, arrived from California, and another nephew, Andrew Steele of Chicago, came to be with the sick man.

John A. Steele was born August 21, 1859, in Lancaster, Illinois, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Steele. In 1882 he came to Gunnison, then in its heyday of prosperity, and worked for his uncle in the hardware business. A few years later, he assumed management of the establishment, known as the Gunnison Hardware, and at a later date became sole owner and proprietor. Being a keen business man, his store became one of the best of its kind in this section, and Mr. Steele continued in business until a few years ago, when he decided to retire from active life, and sold out.

He took an active interest in community enterprises and political interests of the county. Because of his fine business ability and honest and constructive opinions, his advice and assistance was much sought after. It was quite the rule to hear some one say, during a debate on some subject of vital interest to the community, "Let's ask Johnny Steele." Mr. Steele served as mayor for four terms and as town trustee three terms and was a member of the Chamber of Commerce. He served as director of the First National Bank for 25 years or so, resigning three years ago. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of State Normal School, now Western State College, when the first building was constructed on the campus. The cornerstone of that structure, now known as North unit of the Edward T. Taylor Hall, was laid on October 25, 1910.

Politically, Mr. Steele was a Republican, and for several years served as chairman of the Republican County Central Committee, but never aspired for office.

For 56 years he held membership in Gunnison Lodge No. 39 A. F. & A. M., and was a member and officer in higher Masonic orders. He belonged to Gunnison County Pioneer Society, and for the past few years has been chairman of the local committee of Boy Scouts.

It was in the year 1893, that John A. Steele and Miss Hattie Clark were united in marriage in this city. Mrs. Steele was the only daughter of a pioneer family, Prof. and Mrs. W. A. Clark. One child, a son, was born to the union, but died when a small child. Mrs. Steele passed away on July 29, 1935.

Last rites for the beloved pioneer citizen were held Monday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock from the Miller Funeral Home. Dr. George Nuckolls, a long-time friend of the Steele family, officiated, paying a glowing tribute to the departed. Interment was in the family plot in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery.

Pall bearers at the church service were Ed T. Lindsley (of Buena Vista); John Rozman, Dr. Wm. H. Mast, Ed Dutcher, J. J. Shackleford and Chas. Duree. Honorary pall bearers were Jos. Blackstock, E. M. Collins, Charles Kroll, Dick Andrews, S. P. Spencer, Mel Deering, Geo. Olmstead, W. W. McKee, E. M. Nourse, Fred Brown, Ralph Porter and Dr. George Sullivan. A

quartet composed of Mrs. Alberta Jorgensen, Mrs. E. R. Williams, F. George Damson and T. K. Wilson, sang "Rock of Ages." Miss Edwyl Redding accompanied them.

In his eulogy of Mr. Steele, Dr. Nuckolls said: "From the first he identified himself with the institutions and enterprises of the community where he had elected to make his home, and here he enlisted the interests and powers of his life on the side of community development and advancement. Here he was married and for long years he and his devoted companion, greatly beloved and esteemed, were an inspiration and stalwart support of the people and those forces laboring for life's better things. I think now of the countless people, many of whom have spoken to me since his passing, to whom he gave word of encouragement and substantial aid in time of need. Many of them are with us today, in thought and spirit, glad for his life, and grieving that he walks with us no more.

"I must speak of his charities, for it was my privilege to administer many such things for him. Because he would not want it, I will not tell of them in detail. Suffice to say they were so wide as the field of need and that in all his giving he would never permit his name to be mentioned.

"Even as I am talking to you, you are thinking of him as you knew him, and each of you is paying his own added tribute. We shall all go on doing so for a long time. Hearts that are so richly full cannot be emptied but through the years. He walked among us in complete courage of spirit and unfaltering confidence of conviction. Thus he lived to a ripe age, a life that was rounded out and full. His last years were spent in the comfort of friends where those who were closest to him administered with loving hearts and willing hands and to his every need and want and concerning whom he often spoke with abiding appreciation."

Reprinted from News-Champion of February 26, 1942.

C. T. Stevens Sells '76' Ranch To C. A. Switzer

(Lois Borland)

The "76 Ranch," owned by C. T. Stevens since 1907, changed hands Friday when C. A. Switzer, with Tom B. Field as manager, took over. The livestock was also included in the sale, and has been marketed by Field.

The property is located on the upper Tomichi, three miles this side of Parlin and nine miles from Gunnison.

Switzer, of Arvada, Colo., part owner of the Piney Hereford Ranch of Wolcott, Colo., owned by George Hartman and sons and C. A. Switzer, is well known in Gunnison as one of the largest road contractors in Colorado. He did approximately half the work on Highway 50 thru the Gunnison country. Tom Field is a widely known Gunnison cattleman and has done significant work here as sponsor of 4-H club activities. Switzer is moving his Piney Herefords here to be run under management of Field.

The Stevens ranch, now comprising 397.6 acres, and cutting 500 tons of hay in a normal year, is one of the oldest ranches under cultivation in the Gunnison country. The J. P. Elsens filed on a portion of the ranch in 1876, two years after the Richardson expedition into the Gunnison region, and in the same year that the Colorado legislature passed the bill by which Gunnison county was organized - hence the name, "76 Ranch" and the brand.

From the Elsens the ranch passed into the hands of Herman and Henry Rausis. In 1907, in partnership with W. T. Hartman, Tom Stevens took over, Henry Rausis staying on until his death, in the employ of the new owners. In 1914 Stevens bought out Hartman's interests. Ethel Miller, Stevens' niece, has been housekeeper and hostess for her uncle since 1907.

Stevens' family are among the first pioneer families of this region. His parents, Joseph and Elizabeth Stevens, who came to Colorado from Missouri by covered wagon, the father in 1865, and the mother and children in 1867, were in Tin Cup as early as 1880. From Tin Cup they moved to what is now a portion of the Elmer ranch on Taylor river, in 1883.

The family members are most of them very well known here, having their part in the growth of Gunnison and Taylor valleys: W. B. (Bill) now of New Mexico; Laura Miller of Gunnison; Stella Thompson, now living in Idaho; Grace Zugelder of Gunnison; and James E. Stevens, Elizabeth Stanley and Dollie Wareham, deceased.

C. T. Stevens was born in Pueblo county near Fountain, remained there until 1891, when he bought the Taylor river ranch, now known as the Redden place. In the winters of 1892 and 1893 he was in Cripple Creek when it was at its peak, rip-roaring and wide open. However, he retained his ranching activities. His place adjoined the Elmer property, his father's ranch and the two pooled their efforts.

He sold the Taylor river ranch in 1903, retaining the stock. For several years he was associated with Alonzo Hartman in Dos Rios ranch, south of Gunnison. He also went to New Mexico and Arizona to look over ranching prospects, but, deciding Gunnison valley was tops, he returned to purchase "76 Ranch" in 1907, in partnership with W. T. Hartman.

Stevens' primary interest is cattle. He is one of the first stockmen in Gunnison county to start breeding and thus gradually improving his range stock. It was he and the late Wm. Gillaspey who brought in the first pure blood bull - a Shorthorn or red Durham - from Iowa.

When he assumed charge of the Stevens ranch, the cattle were red Durhams. In 1913, he and his partner, Hartman, changed to Herefords.

For approximately 25 years Stevens served on the State Cattle Inspection Board, to which position he was appointed in January, 1916, replacing T. W. Gray.

He is active in the Gunnison County Stockgrowers' Association, going frequently as a delegate to Denver. In 1931 he was a delegate from the state and a special representative of the Stock Inspection Board at the National Stockgrowers' convention in Seattle.

He is a member of the Gunnison Pioneer Association, and also of the State Pioneer Association, having been born in Colorado.

Asked what he will do now that he is relieved of ranch responsibilities, made doubly heavy by recent labor shortage, Stevens, erect and dignified, and looking at least a decade younger than his 75 years, says, "There are still prospect holes to be dug deeper, and there are still red-bellied trout up in Union park to be caught."

As soon as papers for transfer of the ranch were signed Friday in Attorney Ed Dutcher's office, Stevens was off for the Stock Show in Denver. It is hoped that his cattle, mining, and sport interests will keep him in Gunnison among his many friends.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of January 20, 1944

County Is Saddened By The Death of Dr. Geo. Sullivan, Dentist, Prominent Citizen

Gunnison was saddened Tuesday morning, Oct. 17, when there passed from one to another news of the unexpected death at the Community hospital at 7:00 a. m. of Dr. George Sullivan, dentist and prominent citizen for 36 years. He had been seriously ill for only a week.

Dr. Sullivan had a fine capacity for friendship, and there were many whose eyes were wet at the news of his passing. His brothers and sisters to whom he was most generous when they were preparing for their careers; young people who attended high school and college, and those he counted his friends among his associates, have been recalling since he has gone, incidents of his lifelong loyalty and generosity. His family was the center of his interest and his pride in their achievements was one of his great satisfactions.

George Sullivan was born in Elmwood, Province of Ontario, Canada, Jan. 31, 1880. His parents were Michael and Barbara McIntosh Sullivan. He lived in Elmwood from 1880 until 1892, attending public schools there. His parents, with their large family of sons and daughters, moved to Aspen, Colo., where the home was close to that of Mrs. Grant Ruland's family. George remained in Aspen until 1908. There he graduated from the high school and from there he attended Denver University, 1904-1908, working his way for the most part.

He graduated with the degree of D. D. S. in 1908 and came to Gunnison to practice his profession of dentistry. He has resided here continuously ever since, building one of the most attractive homes in town.

On July 30, 1911, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Grant Ruland, he was married to Miss Ruth Westgate of Titusville, Pa., who had graduated at Oberlin College, traveled in Europe, and had come to Gunnison to teach in the high school and was later on the original faculty of Western State College. Dr. and Mrs. Sullivan celebrated their silver wedding anniversary in 1936.

Dr. Sullivan has been closely identified with the activities of town and county. He was president of the high school board, 1910-1916; president of the board of District No. 1 for 12 years; he was a charter member and past president of Rotary, and attended national conventions in Denver, Cleveland, and San Francisco.

From 1921-1925 he was county commissioner of Gunnison county, serving the first district. He received the second highest number of votes on the Democratic ticket in the 1920 election. His service to the county in securing Highway 50 is given in the editorial section of this issue.

During World War I, Dr. Sullivan was active as War Board chairman of four-minute men, and chairman of the war savings division of the chamber of commerce.

He served on the town council, being alderman in 1933. He was a member of Pythians, Elks, a life member of Masonic lodge and member of El Jebel Shrine. He was affiliated with the Community church.

Dr. Sullivan was also well known in the state, serving as a member of the Board of State Dental Examiners, 1911-1913, and on the Board of Trustees of the Colorado State Normal School, subsequently Western State College, two different periods: 1917-1923 and 1933-1939. He was on the Normal School board when the institution was given permission to grant the A. B. degree, and was acting chairman when it was accorded the right to confer the M. A. degree.

Those who have followed the college history most closely are deeply mindful of his interest in faculty and students, not only as a group but as individuals, and his untiring efforts for the general welfare of the institution and his unflagging loyalty to it.

A unique occasion was the commencement in 1938 when Dr. Sullivan had conferred upon him by Western State College, Dr. Charles Clinton Casey, president, the degree of Doctor of Laws in recognition of his long and distinguished service to the schools of state and county, and his daughter, Betty, was at the same time, recipient of the A. B. degree.

Surviving are his wife, Ruth; his daughter, Betty, graduate of Western State and student at Oberlin College, who reached Gunnison this morning (Thursday) from Chandler, Ariz., where she is supervisor of music, his son, Arthur, in training as electrician's mate at Farragut, Idaho, who will arrive Friday night or Saturday morning. Another son, George Norman, died in 1923 at the age of five.

Of the large family of brothers and sisters, the following are still living: Wm. Sullivan and Mrs. Jessie Vanderzone, both of Ventura, Calif.; Dr. Norman Sullivan, Vera Cruz, Calif.; Mrs. Mae Bogard, Phoenix, Ariz., Mrs. Barbara Murphy, Denver; and Dugald Sullivan and Mrs. Mary Anderson, both of Grand Junction.

Funeral rites will be held at one p. m. Saturday, Oct 21, with Dr. George Nuckolls, pastor of the Community church, in charge. Mrs. Ralph Porter and Mrs. Lewis Miller, accompanied by Mrs. Wm. H. Mast, will sing "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." Masons will have charge at the grave. Masonic pall bearers are Dr. Chas. C. Casey, F. George Damson, Ralph Porter, Jack Houser, Dr. Rex. T. Ellington.

Honorary pall bearers: Richard Walker, H. H. Fogg, N. Wm. Newsome, L. B. Stitzer, Frank Grubb, B. H. Jorgensen, Alex Campbell, George T. Eastman, Dr. B. F. Cummings and Charles H. Duree.

Interment will be in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of Oct. 19, 1944

California Friends Of T. J. Thompson Attend His Funeral

J. E. Phillips of Alhambra, California, sends News-Champion the following account of the funeral of T. J. Thompson, who died at Long Beach, a week ago:

News Champion, Gunnison:

"I attended the funeral of T. J. Thompson in Long Beach on Friday, the 18th. His only near relative is his daughter Mrs. Essie Briggs. Rev. Ralph Jesen preached the funeral sermon after which the body was taken to a crematory. Mr. Thompson died July 14, 1936.

"Mr. Thompson was a native of Roanoke, Missouri, and was 87 years of age. He settled in Gunnison in 1880 where he conducted a general merchandise store in west Gunnison for a number of years and was highly respected as one of the leading citizens of the city. He moved to Long Beach about 15 years ago, and for the last two or three years has been in declining health, owing to the infirmities of old age.

"Mr. Thompson was fortunate in his last years to have a dutiful daughter who looked after all his wants with loving care and devotion. Poor Essie grieved as though her heart would break when it came to parting with her nearest and dearest relative. She was born in Gunnison, grew to young womanhood there and was married to Perry L. Snodgrass, an employe of the federal government. Their happiness was cut short by his death a few years later. After coming to California, Mrs. Snodgrass was married to Dwight Briggs an estimable young man of Long Beach. That union lasted only about two years, when he was suddenly taken ill and passed away. She feels that she has had her share of joy and sorrow in life but has a host of old-time Gunnison friends to comfort her in the loneliness of having to suffer the loss of a beloved relative.

"There were a great many old-time friends, formerly of Gunnison, at the funeral. There were but few that I knew and many that I did not know. After the services they all stopped for a little visit with those who had been neighbors and friends back in Gunnison. It testified to the esteem and friendship for the departed, as well as for the daughter, to have so many come and pay respects to one whom they had known so long in life.

"Among those I noticed at the funeral was John Whipp and wife. (The latter was the daughter of the late Andrew Bray, and grew up in Crested Butte). Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cuthbert, Mrs. Edna Crylie, whose two daughters, Alta and Loretta, are now happily married; Frank Brown the son of the late Ira Brown. I met a young man, John Clark, who told me he was the son of the late Alfred Clark, whom I knew in the hardware business with Capt. E. W. Burton many years ago in Gunnison and a grandson of Prof. Clark, superintendent of the Gunnison schools in the eighties; also a Mr. Arey whose father I knew as a partner of A. J. Spingler in the furniture business years ago in Gunnison. A niece of Lon Hartman, and a daughter of Mrs. T. W. Gray, were also at the funeral; likewise Mrs. Sarah Marsh MacDonald and her sister Mrs. Mary Marsh Smith. There were a great many others whom I did not know - both elderly and young people.

Yours,

J. E. PHILLIPS,

403 So. Garfield Ave.,

Alhambra, Calif."

July 25, 1936.

J. B. Turner, Pioneer Of Whitepine, Dies in Salida at 89

Gunnison county folks who knew John B. Turner and wife, early-day residents of Whitepine and Waunita, will be saddened to learn that Mr. Turner passed away at his home in Salida last week. The Salida Mail has the following account of his life.

John B. Turner, who died last week in Salida, was one of the pioneers of the colorful days in this section of the state. He was a deputy sheriff of Gunnison county in his younger days before his marriage. Afterwards he was a merchant, hotel keeper, ranchman and mine manager in turn. He retired in 1916 and bought a home in Pueblo, but he became lonesome for the mountains and moved to Salida. He purchased the homestead on Scott street, where he died.

Mr. Turner was one of six children and the last to survive. His brother, Jonie died in Los Angeles, December 30, 1939. Mr. Turner was born December 4, 1851, in McConnellsville, Ohio, the son of a merchant. When he was eight years old the family moved to St. Joseph, Mo. Mr. Turner came to Colorado during mining excitement of 1879, and made his home in Whitepine for twelve years. He operated a store there, and at the North Star mine camp for twelve years, meanwhile being in charge of mining operations at the North Star mine. When the mine was sold, he shared in the profits.

He quit mining to go into the hotel business at Waunita Hot Springs, where he met people from all parts of the country who came to the resort in search of health. He also entered the cattle business near Waunita, remaining in it 18 years, until his retirement.

He made big money as a miner and a merchant, but he was easy with credit and many of his customers defaulted.

When he retired, he believed he had enough to maintain himself and his wife in comfort for the balance of their lives, but illness and an accident twelve years ago depleted his finances. He was on a ladder picking fruit from an apple tree when a wind storm blew the ladder down. He incurred a fractured leg and was partially disabled from that time until his death.

Mr. Turner suffered several slight strokes, but was only confined to his bed a few days before the end came. He was 89 years of age.

He is survived by his wife, the former Anna J. Hammond, to whom he was married March 8, 1900. They had no children.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner were held up in their home several weeks ago by a masked robber who took their pension funds.

Funeral services were held at the Stewart chapel Friday afternoon, the Rev. H. C. Alley officiating. Interment was in Fairview cemetery.

Mrs. Turner will continue to live in her home on Scott street. She is 89 years of age.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Feb. 8, 1940

Frank Tuttle Dies In Crawford

Funeral services for Frank Tuttle, long-time resident and colorful character of Gunnison and Iola, were held in Crawford last Friday afternoon, with interment there. Mr. Tuttle died Monday, February 10th, at the home of his brother, William, with whom he had been making his home for the past two years.

Mr. Tuttle was born on July 4, 1861, in Rochester, Minnesota. He came to Colorado in 1879, and worked at his trade as carpenter, coming to Gunnison in 1884. He was married to Miss Leitha Hare at Grant, Colorado, in 1889, and three daughters were born to the union. Mrs. Tuttle passed away in Gunnison in 1910, and is buried here.

About ten years ago Mr. Tuttle retired from active work as a carpenter, and enjoyed leisure the last few years of his life. His principal diversion was fishing, and his skill as an angler became known far and wide in this section. During open season, he seldom missed a day's fishing in his favorite streams, and never failed to catch a mess of trout. His stories of the "big ones" in the lower Gunnison are told and re-told by fishermen who have met him on the Gunnison.

Two of the three daughters, Mrs. Hattie Dunn of Gunnison, and Mrs. Viola Forrell of Lusk, Wyoming, were present at the funeral. The third daughter, Mrs. May Ingram, of Reno, Nevada, was unable to come. Three grandchildren, two of Mrs. Dunn's and one of Mrs. Forrell, also survive.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of February 20, 1940

Mrs. Boyd Tyrer Passes Away Suddenly Sept. 6th

The sudden death of Mrs. Boyd D. Tyrer Saturday morning at Grand Junction came as a shock to her many friends in Gunnison. Mrs. Tyrer had not been in good health for the past six years. She went to Grand Junction a few days ago to be with Mr. Tyrer, and to visit her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Doyle, and was preparing to return home with Mr. Tyrer, when she was taken suddenly ill. She passed away about 7:30 a.m.; cause of death was given as carcinoma.

Lula Louise Dutemeyer was born in Gunnison, October 4, 1894, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Dutemeyer. She grew to womanhood in this community, attending schools, graduating from high school and taking some college work.

She was married to Boyd D. Tyrer in Gunnison on August 14, 1910, and two daughters were born to the union, both of whom, with Mr. Tyrer, survive her. They are Mrs. Oscar Doyle and Mrs. Ernest Bottenfield. She is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. John April and Miss Minnie Dutemeyer, and a brother, Leon Dutemeyer.

The family made Gunnison their home, Mr. Tyrer being a railroad engineer working out of here. During the past three years Mr. and Mrs. Tyrer have spent considerable time at Montrose and Grand Junction, Mr. Tyrer working out of those parts on the Rio Grande.

Funeral services were held from the Miller Funeral home Wednesday afternoon, September 10, at 2:00 p.m., Dr. George Nuckolls officiating. Pall bearers were Claude Clay, Harold Doyle, Harry Grubb, Bob Judy, Gus Freche and C. H. Kroll. Interment was in the family lot at the Mason's and Odd Fellow's cemetery.

Mrs. Tyrer would have observed her 48th birthday this coming October 4th. She was well known throughout the whole community, and universally respected. She was a member of the Community Church, and her greatest interest was in her home and family.

Friends join with relatives in mourning her untimely passing.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of September 12, 1941

Death Of Fred VanAken Removes Prominent Figure

* *

Was Resident Here For Fifty-Six Years

Apparently recovering from a seige of pneumonia which had assailed him but a short time before, Fred D. VanAken, pioneer citizen of Gunnison, passed away Thursday night at his home here. His physician had reported him early that morning as being somewhat improved, so that news of his death was a great shock to lifelong friends of this highly respected resident.

Mr. VanAken was born at Wanatah, Indiana, January 4, 1862, the son of Mrs. Amanda VanAken Unruh. He came to Gunnison with his mother and stepfather in 1883, residing in this community since that date. For the past 25 years he has been mechanic at the city light and water plant. Previous to that he worked in the car department of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, and also served as town treasurer and clerk for a good many years.

On June 6, 1888, Mr. VanAken was married to Miss Maty Yeldham, who came to Gunnison from Denver with her parents. The ceremony was performed at Aspen, where she was then teaching. June, 1938, the couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, marking fifty happy years of companionship and understanding devotion.

Two children blessed the union. One of them, Dr. Ray C. VanAken of Denver, with his mother, survives to cherish the memory of a devoted husband and father.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, from the Community church, with Dr. Geo. L. Nuckolls officiating, and Miller Funeral Home in charge of arrangements. A quartet consisting of Mrs. Grant Ruland, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hatch and Henry F. Lake, Jr., sang, "He Leadeth Me," and "Abide With Me." Pallbearers were E. L. Dutcher, Ross Blackstock, Robert J. Potter, Frank Keenan, C. C. McGonegal and Everett Miller. Interment was in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery, with Masonic lodge, of which Mr. VanAken was a member, conducting rites at the cemetery.

Coming to Gunnison for the funeral were Dr. Ray C. VanAken and his wife and two children, David and Arlene; Mrs. R. C. VanAken's parents Mr. and Mrs. White of Delta; Mrs. Fred VanAken's sister, Mrs. R. I. Green of Salt Lake City; Mrs. Davis of Delta; Fred Duncan of Salida.

Speaking in tribute of Mr. VanAken, Dr. Nuckolls said:

"Thinking of him and his life, there comes to my mind the words of scripture: 'When David had served his generation according to the will of God, he fell on sleep.' For it was as true of him as it was of any man I have ever known, that he faithfully served history and generation. As husband, as father, as neighbor, and friend, he established for himself a place in our affection and esteem that will not grow dim with passing years. In his going he leaves a loneliness in all our hearts. His memory will be to us a constant inspiration in life's better living and his influence will continue far beyond this generation.

"He will be missed in his home, in the work of the city, in the fellowship of the lodge of which he was an honored member. Altho he had reached an age when most of us would have retired from active service, each succeeding day found him at his place of labor, doing his bit in a spirit of cheer, without a murmur or complaint. I think his 'going away' was just as he would have had it - busily occupied up to almost the day of his death.

"It was good to have known him. He was a credit to life, our community holds his name in high honor."

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of November 23, 1939

Mrs. Maty VanAken, Long-Time Resident, Is Laid To Rest

In testimony of her revered memory, friends and neighbors paid their last respects to Mrs. Maty VanAken this afternoon at funeral rites at the Miller Funeral Home. Dr. George Nuckolls was in charge.

Mrs. VanAken died March 17 at the home of her son, First Lieut. and Mrs. Ray C. VanAken at Santa Monica, Calif. She had arisen in the morning as usual, had gone about the duties of the household assisting Mrs. Ray VanAken, and in the mid-morning decided to lie down for a few minutes. She died in her sleep.

Marietta Aurora Yeldham was born on Nov. 24, 1867, at Aurora, Ill., daughter of Charles H. and Sarah A. Yeldham. The family came overland in a covered wagon from Illinois to Kansas, and from there moved to Blackhawk. In 1882 they came to Gunnison, making this their home for many years.

Mrs. VanAken graduated from the Gunnison high school in the second class in which there was but one other girl, Lizzie Woodard.

She taught in a school near Aspen and was married there on June 6, 1888, to Fred D. VanAken of Gunnison, whom she had met here.

The couple made their home in Gunnison and on June 6, 1938, they observed their Golden anniversary.

Two children were born to them, a daughter, Iva, who died in infancy, and a son, Dr. Ray C. VanAken, who is now a first lieutenant in the U. S. Veterans' Administration hospital at Los Angeles.

Mr. VanAken died here in November, 1939, and since then Mrs. VanAken has made her home with her son the greater part of the time, with occasional visits home and with her sisters.

Besides Lt. and Mrs. Ray VanAken, she is survived by a granddaughter, Mrs. E. L. Merrill, and great-grandson, David Merrill, of Kansas City, Mo.; a grandson, David VanAken, with the U. S. Army somewhere in Europe; two sisters, Mrs. A. F. Price of Modesto, Calif., and Mrs. R. I. Green, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Bringing the body to Gunnison were Lt. and Mrs. Ray VanAken, and Mrs. E. E. White of Delta, mother of Mrs. Ray VanAken.

Interment was in the family plot in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery. Pall bearers were Jack Miller, Ross Blackstock, Chas. Ames, Clyde Martin, E. L. Dutcher and Frank Keenan.

Mrs. VanAken took a very active part in many organizations of the community. She was a member of the Order of Eastern Star, and served as Worthy Matron. She was treasurer of the Neighbors of Woodcraft for many years; was a charter member of the Monday Afternoon Club, now incorporated with the Gunnison Women's Club, of which she was an honorary member. Both Mr. and Mrs. VanAken were faithful workers in the Community church, and they took leading parts in the social life of the community.

As a wife, mother, neighbor and friend, Mrs. VanAken established for herself a place in the affection and esteem of the community that will not grow dim with passing years.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of March 22, 1945

Mrs. Philip Vidal Passes Away at Colton, Calif.; Aged 85

Another of the long list of Gunnison county pioneers passed away this last week, when Mrs. Marie Vidal died at her home in Colton, California, at the advanced age of 85. She was married to Philip Vidal in 1876, the two settling on a ranch at mouth of Ohio creek, just north of the Gunnison river. About that time Philip's brother, Regis Vidal, also came to Colorado. Many years later the family sold their ranch, now incorporated in the W. B. McDonald holdings, and moved to Gunnison around the turn of the century. They lived in the stone house on North Boulevard, now the Boson residence. Later they moved to California, locating for a time at Santa Ana.

A note from Mrs. C. D. Jones, now at Arlington, who is a niece of deceased, says that her husband, herself and her sister, Pearl, attended the funeral. She also encloses the following clipping from a Colton paper:

"Following a lingering illness, death this morning summoned Mrs. Marie Vidal, mother of Mrs. Walter Rankin and Philip Vidal, both of Colton.

"Mrs. Vidal, who was 85 years of age, passed away at the Rankin home, 150 East Olive, where she had resided since 1928. In addition to the two children, other survivors include three grandchildren, four great-grandchildren and eight nieces.

"The nieces are: Miss Pearl Vidal, San Francisco; Mrs. Josie Roberts, Mrs. A. E. Miller, Mrs. Chas. Tracy, Mrs. Harry Harlow, Mrs. C. A. Griffin and Mrs. Carl Krueger, all of Denver, Colorado, and Mrs. C. D. Jones of Gunnison, Colorado.

"Mrs. Vidal was born February 18, 1855, at Aubenas, Ardeche, France. At the age of 21 she came to America and the same year was married to Philip Vidal, Sr. She came to Calif. in 1919, and to Colton in 1928."

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Dec. 26, 1940.

Steve Watters, Pioneer Ranchman, Tells Of Early Days Here

Snow, cold winds and general "winter" weather prompted Steve Watters, prominent Tomichi valley ranchman to tell some early day history of Gunnison county, and couple it with his experiences on the Kansas plains in the early '80s.

Mr. Watters left his home at Gettysburg, Penn., when a young lad, going to western Kansas before it was opened for settlement. There he learned the cowboy trade, spending several years herding cattle for various outfits. This was before the herd law went into effect in the middle '80s.

The large cattle outfits that inhabited the plains after the great cattle drives from Texas had stopped, numbered into the tens of thousands, and roamed for hundreds of miles north, south, east and west. There were no fences, and no attempt made to keep the various herds separated. At round-up time, each owner would furnish so many horses and riders, along with camp outfit, chuck wagon and the other necessary equipment, and the whole group would spread out across the plains sweeping everything in the way of cattle before it. As they passed each camp, they would cut out the stock belonging to the particular owner, and then move on again to the next camp, picking up more cattle.

Mr. Watters relates how the young calves would become so tired they just couldn't go on, and they would have to drive the mothers on without them, leaving them to starve to death. "If anyone could have found a way to pick up all those calves and feed them, they could have built themselves a sizeable herd in short order. Sometimes several hundred calves were left to starve in the course of a ride. "It was terribly wrong," Mr. Watters reminisced.

After the herd law came into effect, each owner had to furnish riders on the ranges all the time and keep track of individual herds, keeping them within certain areas. "Grass on the plains was lush, just like the buffalo had left it," he stated, going on to explain how great dust clouds rose whenever several thousand cattle were being pushed along in a herd.

The Indians were mostly gone, except for a few who were supposed to be civilized. "I only recall one incident when three Indians deliberately killed a negro roustabout and two cowboys and wounded the owner of a ranch. They came into camp apparently peaceful enough, and left once. However, they returned in a short while, picked up a rifle lying on a table, and proceeded to shoot the three men and wound the fourth," Mr. Watters related.

The Big Blizzard -

"There were quite a few coyotes and some grey wolves on the plains then, but it was during the big blizzard in the winter of 1884 when practically all the cattle were frozen to death that a new era dawned in western Kansas. "It didn't seem to hurt the horses so much, and there were lots of wild horses.

"The wind blew for three days and three nights, and it was bitter cold. There was only about a foot of snow, and it didn't drift very much. Just kept moving. It wasn't safe to venture out of sight of the cabin we were in unless we had a rope to guide us back. Even with a barn no further away than from here across the street, it was impossible to reach it. When you were out of sight of any land mark, you seemed to be in a big white room with the walls going along with you as you moved.

"Cattle drifted up against the Union Pacific railroad fence and into small pockets where they just froze to death in piles. Their nostrils froze up and they couldn't breathe. The wind drove the snow and cold into their hides and they perished by the thousands.

Some Bad Men

"Yes, I remember well one particular bad man. He was really bad - just as soon shoot you as eat," Mr. Watters answered a question of this reporter. "His name was Charley Coulter.

"During the fight between Leoti and Coronado in western Kansas over which was to be county seat - railroads were coming in then - Leoti citizens hired Coulter for a "little business." Coulter killed seven men in that one deal before the other side finally got him.

"Wish I still had an old cap and ball pistol I picked up on the plains once. Some one stole it from the bunk house a good many years ago. Anyway, I found it half buried in the dirt in the plains of western Kansas. Whoever lost it had apparently been a gunman, because it was pretty well notched up on the butt - the way gunmen used to keep track of the men they killed."

Mr. Watters said he came to Gunnison in 1887, and started riding for Bill Snyder, prominent cattleman of early days, who ran a herd of some 2500 shorthorns on the area between Stubb's gulch (just south of Gunnison) to Sawtooth and east to Cochetopa dome and Cochetopa to Marshall pass on the east.

"Henry Bartlett bought that herd in the late 90's and I dehorned the whole bunch for him," Mr. Watters said. "That was probably the largest herd of cattle ever under one management in this county."

"A few years later I bought one of the Snyder ranches of 320 acres at Crookston, and that is our home place today," he concluded.

Altho Mr. Watters seldom talks about early days, he can when he pleases, tell some intensely interesting stories about incidents of the late 80's and during the 90's in our county.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion February 1, 1940

Mrs. Webster Dies Prominent Here Nearly 60 Years

"Let not your heart be troubled . . . I go to prepare a place for you . . ."

Consoling the words from the 14th chapter of John fell upon the ears of acquaintances and life-long friends who had come to pay last tribute to Mrs. May E. Webster at the Miller Funeral Home Tuesday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock.

In Mrs. Webster's well-worn Bible this passage was marked as the text of Herman's funeral sermon and of Helen's. Herman was her husband who died in 1920, and Helen her daughter, who met tragic death thru an accident here in 1916. So Dr. Geo. Nuckolls' Mrs. Webster's pastor and her friend for 35 years, chose the passage to read at her funeral.

Mrs. Webster became ill of heart complications last Wednesday evening at her rooms in Columbine Hotel. She was taken to the Community hospital at noon Friday, where she lingered on, only partially conscious, until 5:00 o'clock Sunday afternoon, when death came.

Miss May E. Smith of Mendota, Ill., came to the flourishing town of Gunnison in 1885 - almost 60 years ago - to become the bride of Herman M. Webster, foremost drygoods merchant of the town who had started business in Gunnison in 1882, coming from Washington, Orange County, Vt.

They were married one evening after service - it was July 26 - at the Methodist church, then located on the Boulevard, near La Veta Hotel.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Webster participated to the fullest extent in the life of the growing town. The church was one of their primary interests, and Mrs. Webster served it in many capacities - in Sunday school, in the Ladies' Aid, in the choir, as organist, she served devotedly. After her husband's death, she took his place on the church board.

In the cultural life of Gunnison, she has had no small part. She was one of the early promoters of Women's club work here and in the district of which Gunnison is a part. She served as chairman at the first district meeting. She had literary interests, and herself, wrote interestingly.

In 1936, as a memorial to her husband, Mrs. Webster made the first large gift toward the construction of a Community Center, and the structure which had taken shape in the minds of Dr. Nuckolls and others, became Webster Hall in honor of Herman M. Webster.

A prophetic gift by Mr. Webster, almost a half century before, for just such purpose, when he was a member of the town council, had remained on the town records, all but forgotten. Mrs. Webster did not, herself, know of this small gift until it was called to her attention after her donation had been made. The building, brot to successful completion in June, 1939, and fulfilling its purpose as youth and adult center, will always be a memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Webster and their integral part in the life and growth of the town.

Dr. Nuckolls, putting aside the customary eulogy, talked intimately with those assembled - about his friend and theirs, before the casket, banked with Gunnison peonies, red, pink and white.

Mrs. Marjorie Porter and Mrs. G. Lewis Miller sang two of Mrs. Webster's favorite hymns, "No Night There," and "Abide With Me." They were accompanied by Miss Wilma Doig.

Pallbearers were Wilbur Curtis, Chas. H. Cowan, Frank Keenan, Geo. Eastman, Ross Blackstock and Clyde Martin.

Interment was in Masons & Odd Fellows' cemetery beside her husband and daughter.

Mrs. Webster is survived by an aged brother, Erman Smith, of Dodge City, Kansas, who was unable on account of ill health to attend the funeral. A brother, Dow Smith, well known in Gunnison as one of those employed in the Webster dry goods store, died some years ago. A grand nephew, Chester Smith, in whose education Mrs. Webster had been interested, is in service.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 13, 1944

Friends Pay Final Tribute to Judge Clyde Welch Saturday

Funeral services for Judge Clyde Allen Welch, who passed away last Thursday at 1:30 p.m., were held Saturday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock from Miller's Funeral Home. Rev. Geo. E. Gooderham officiated. Gunnison Lodge A. F. & A. M. No. 39, had charge of services, both at the Mortuary and at the graveside. Pall bearers were Colin Moore, Ross Blackstock, Gomar Dollard, F. C. Martin, L. R. Hagin and Dr. George Sullivan. Mrs. Audrey Miller sang.

Interment was in the family plot at Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery.

Judge Welch was born on December 4th, 1872, at Burlington, Kansas. The family moved to New York state when he was quite young, and he grew up there. He graduated from Madison University at Hamilton, N. Y., receiving both a B. S. and M. A. degree. He was athletic director at Madison for a year after graduation, then taught school for two years in New York state.

Coming west, Judge Welch was clerk of district court at Ellsville, Mississippi, for a period, and then came to Colorado, where he engaged in ranching near Saguache.

About forty years ago, he moved to Gunnison county, taking up a ranch on Tomichi creek. Twenty-six years ago he purchased well-known "Fountain Place" on the lower Gunnison, which has been the family home since that time.

Judge Welch has taken an active part in community affairs; he has been a strong Democrat all his life and ran for office several times. On April 1, 1937, he was appointed county judge to fill the vacancy created by resignation of R. G. Montgomery. He was re-elected to the office in 1938 and again last November for a four-year term, both times by large majorities.

In addition to his ranching activities, the judge was a clever sign-painter, and for many years fulfilled most of the needs of this community along this line.

He was married to Miss Frona Dillie of Colorado Springs, who survives him. There are also eight children living, two by a former marriage. They are Delos Welch of Idaho Springs, Eunice Darley of Denver, and Lee Allen, Denver, Doris McDaniel of Uravan, Loran, John, Grace and Bert, all of Gunnison. Mr. and Mrs. Welch lost a 17-months-old daughter by drowning several years ago. A sister of Judge Welch, Mrs. Edith Welch, resides in Gunnison. There are five grandchildren.

Gunnison residents will miss the genial presence of Judge Welch, who always had a cheery greeting for friends and acquaintances as he met them on the streets about town. He had a wide acquaintance thruout this area, and his death is regretted by all who knew him.

Reprinted from the News-Champion of May 22, 1941.

**W. H. Whalen, Commissioner of Third District for 28 Years,
Died Monday Noon This Week**

The report of the death of W. H. Whalen at one o'clock Monday afternoon spread rapidly thru Crested Butte, Gunnison county, and the entire state.

Crested Butte's first citizen, he had a genius for friendship with the fortunate and the unfortunate, a business and political acumen that was recognized and respected thruout the county and state.

He had been ill for several months and during the winter was with his daughter in Denver under medical care. In February he returned to Crested Butte. He was in Gunnison the Friday before his death, and called on his doctor here. Saturday he felt better than he had for months, but on Sunday morning he suffered the most severe of a series of strokes, and never regained consciousness.

William Henry Whalen was born in Cork, Ireland, July 12, 1870. He came to America with his family when he was but six years old, the family settling at Weathersfield, Conn. There he lived until he was 21 years old.

It was in Weathersfield on Thanksgiving day, 1891, that he was married to Hannah Kelleher. Soon after their marriage, they went to Iowa for a short time. Fifty-three years ago they came to Crested Butte, Mr. Whalen working with his uncle Timothy Dowling in the light and water plant.

After ten years in Crested Butte, he was attracted by the Cripple Creek boom. The family remained in Cripple Creek six years. Dr. George Sullivan, long-time friend of Mr. Whalen, remembers that he wired the Portland mine there; also that he was successful in his business ventures. They returned to Crested Butte from Cripple Creek and have made their home there since.

Mr. Whalen's business interests were extensive. Beginning as a workman in the Crested Butte Light and Water plant, he was made superintendent after his return from Cripple Creek, and was a partner, with L. G. Espey, in the ownership. He sold his share in the early 1920's, a few years before the plant was purchased by the town.

He was a partner in the Horace mine; he started the Crested Butte Hardware, which was taken over by his two sons-in-law. He was an officer and owner in the Crested Butte Bank, later selling his interests.

He and Mrs. Whalen spent several winters in California where he had a home. While there, in partnership with the late Martin Verzuh, he owned a factory. He organized the Harbor Side in San Diego, and named the streets for Crested Butte and the surrounding territory. This California property was sold in 1939.

Public service was given freely and he was a potent force in the Democratic party. He was mayor of Crested Butte several times, and served on the town council board, being a member at the time of his death. He was appointed by the county as a member of the water conservation board of the Colorado river. He was president of REA and for years was secretary of the school board.

Probably his most important public service was as commissioner of Gunnison county for the third district. He took office June 1, 1909, being appointed by Gov. John Shafroth to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Geo. L. Miller. He was elected in 1910 and succeeded himself until 1922. From that date until 1930 he was not in office, but returned to the place in 1930 and held it until the time of his death - almost 28 years of service.

He came into office at the time of the origin of the state highway project in Gunnison county, and assisted in its development. He was instrumental in improving the highway between Crested Butte and Gunnison, and the Taylor Park road. His own especial interest was the building of the scenic road over Kebler pass, thus giving Crested Butte an outlet to the lower country.

During his terms of office, county general obligation bonds were retired at a fixed rate per year, and he was on the board when the program of refunding in 1917, was completed in June, 1942, and the county was without bonded indebtedness, a fact of which he was very proud. Registered warrants were also all paid last summer, leaving the county with no debts and a comfortable balance.

He was a member of the Elks, the Lions, Gunnison County Chamber of Commerce and Gunnison County Pioneer Society.

He was intimately acquainted with most governors and state officials of Colorado during the past 30 years. His influence was always sought when measures were up affecting the county and Western State College.

Everywhere groups about town are talking of Mr. Whalen - his personality, his fearless genuineness, his indomitable will, his capacity to forget all grudges; but almost never do they fail to mention his loyalty and devotion to his family. "He was a good family man," says one friend, "and that tells you a lot about him."

Mrs. Whalen died Oct 7, 1935. Five children preceded Mr. Whalen in death: Timmie and Billy, both of whom died at the age of five; two daughters who died in infancy; and Margaret, who died in 1911 at the age of 17.

Mr. Whalen is survived by three daughters: Mrs. A. J. Mihelich and Mrs. John Campbell of Crested Butte, and Mrs. Tom McCartney of Denver. All three were with him at his passing. He has eight grandchildren: John, Alex, and Roger Campbell; Billy, June, Martha Jean and Ruth Nelson (the latter now Mrs. Funero) and Eileen McCartney. There are two great-grandchildren.

He is also survived by a sister, Mrs. Mary Finnegan of Hartford, Conn.; a brother, James Whalen of Weathersfield, Conn.; an aunt, Mrs. Katherine Dowling of Glenn Falls, New York, and several nephews and nieces.

Mr. Whalen was a devout Catholic. He was a charter member in Crested Butte of the Knights of Columbus and the Holy Name society. Rosary service will be tonight (Thursday) at eight o'clock.

Funeral services will be Friday at 10 a. m. in the Catholic church at Crested Butte. Rev. William Kipp, Colorado Springs, very close long-time friend of the deceased; Rev. Thomas Forrest, Monte Vista; and Father Fabian, Crested Butte, will have charge. Gunnison Elks, of which he was a life-time charter member, will hold special services at the home tonight. Mrs. Alberta Jorgensen will sing as part of the service.

Relatives from a distance who come for the funeral are John Campbell from Texas and Alex W. Campbell from Georgia, both grandsons, and both in the armed forces.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of April 27, 1944

Mrs. Elmer Wiley Dies In San Diego

Word comes from San Diego, Calif., that Mrs. Elmer Wiley, 78, had "crossed into the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," Feb. 11, 1946. Her husband preceded her Feb. 12, 1932.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley were both well known in Gunnison and Gunnison county, Mr. Wiley having served as sheriff and county commissioner; also they were host and hostess at Waunita Hot Springs for some years.

Miss Rassie Mitchell came to Pitkin in the early eighties to live with an uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reynolds, who owned and operated a dry goods and notion store where the Odd Fellows' Hall used to stand. There she met her future husband, Elmer Wiley, and they were married in 1894. They resided in Pitkin, Gunnison, Canon City and Waunita Springs. In 1917 they moved to Denver.

In December of 1924, Mr. Wiley visited San Diego, and was so favorably impressed he returned, to Denver and brought Mrs. Wiley back with him. Their children, Elsie and Blanche, then grown to womanhood, and Lewis, a youth of 16, soon followed them, and a home was built at 3004 Bancroft Street, which became a Mecca for Gunnison county folks who happened that way. The Wileys soon made a host of new friends, for whom the welcome mat was always out. Elsie is now in public welfare work, and Blanche, is now Mrs. Joseph Sharpe. Mrs. Margaret (Jack) Cammann, also formerly of Pitkin, has made her home with the family. She sent News-Champion the information of Mrs. Wiley's death.

Mrs. Wiley was loved and respected by all who knew her, and she will be greatly missed.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed. Let her own works praise her in the gates."

Funeral services for Mrs. Wiley were held in Benbrough Mortuary. Entombment was in Cypress View Mausoleum.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Feb. 21, 1946

**David Wood, The Great Freighter,
Died Thursday at the Age of 93**
(Lois Borland)

David Wood, the great freighter of the Gunnison country, died peacefully at his home in Grand Junction last Thursday night, March 9, at the age of 93.

The name of Dave Wood is synonymous with the development of Western Colorado. He helped build the Denver and Rio Grande railroad over Marshall Pass and played an important part in establishing the line from Gunnison to the Utah border. He operated a freighting line across the Continental Divide. The railroad hauled produce and supplies to the end of the line where a big warehouse would be erected, and there Wood took up with his freighting. As the road advanced, the warehouse was moved on.

On a single day his freight line handled 500,000 pounds of freight, a tremendous amount when one considers that power was furnished by slow-moving mules. His teams and wagons on that big day brought in 400,000 pounds of ore from the neighboring mining camps and departed with 100,000 pounds of supplies and materials. Those were the boom days for Dave Wood. In the heyday of his business, Wood had 500 head of horses, mules and oxen at work. His was recognized as the largest freighting outfit in the state.

During the winter when the line was being built to Grand Junction, Wood had 12 six-mule teams working on the grading. He hauled all the ties and bridge material for the Ouray branch. For years he had the contract for all the freighting out of and into Ouray and Telluride, and no one else could get a pound of merchandise or freight to haul without an order from him. He amassed a considerable fortune which was wiped out in the panic of 1893, when he said he lost \$250,000.

Dave Wood in Gunnison 1881 and 1882

The Montrose Press of March 10 and again March 13, devotes many columns to the story of Dave Wood, but Gunnison has a lively contribution to that story which will undoubtedly be written completely by some historian of transportation in the old West.

It was on Nov. 1, 1881, that Wood's advertisement first appears in the daily Gunnison Review, with this note in the locals: "Read David Wood's new card in this issue. Mr. Wood is a young man, but an old Colorado freighter. Yesterday he loaded 90,000 pounds of freight for the Uncompahgre, and still has over 100,000 on hand for the same place, with advices from over 400,000 pounds which will be here inside of 60 days."

And from this time until April 24, 1882, the advertisement appears daily in the Review without change of a word:

DAVID WOOD
FREIGHTER
and wholesale and retail dealer in
FLOUR AND GRAIN
Freighting done from the end of the
railroad to all points in the mount-
ains. Especial attention paid to
handling large lots of machinery.

HORSES AND MULES BOUGHT AND SOLD

Mark and consign goods to David
Wood, Gunnison, Colorado.

On April 24, 1882, it changes, to name and box the towns his six-mule teams and big freight vans served. The list was probably for practical purposes only, but it gives a lively thrill to the imagination: Lake City, Portland, Delta, Grand Junction, Animas Forks, Capitol City, Rose's Cabin, Montrose, Sherman, San Miguel, Ophir, Grand River, Placerville, Allens, Ouray, Telluride.

This advertisement appeared daily with no further change until the end of Wood's stay in Gunnison, and for some time afterward as he moved down the line.

Wood Purchases 12 Six-Mule Teams for \$11,000 Cash

"The biggest mule sale that ever took place in Gunnison" is recorded in the daily Review, Nov. 1, 1881: "Dave Wood, the freighter, yesterday purchased of W. L. Hazen 12 six-mule teams for which he paid \$11,000 cash. About two weeks ago he sold his old outfit for \$7,200, and his business now is running at the rate of 30,000 a month. Wood is one of the solid men of the Gunnison country."

"David Wood, the great freighter" is the way the locals concerning him are always introduced in the Review: David Wood, the great freighter, has gone on a trip to the reservation with a lot of his stock. (Feb. 6, 1882); David Wood, the great freighter has gone on a 10-day trip to Montrose - Freight is now rapidly coming in by D. and R. G. and Mr. Wood is preparing to do an immense business between here and the different towns springing up on the reservation," (Mar. 10, 1882).

On April 18, 1882, Col. S. N. Wood, his father, who was then managing editor of the State Journal at Topeka, Kans., visited his son in Gunnison, and went to the adjoining camps partially in the interest of the State Journal.

Review Interviews Wood

Here is a picture from the Review of David Wood in Gunnison, March 27, 1882: "Last Saturday a reporter of the Review called on David Wood, the freighter, and was shown through his mammoth warehouses. He first visited in his office which was nicely arranged a few rods north of the Denver and Rio Grande tracks at the foot of 10th street, and after being made acquainted somewhat with his mammoth business repaired with him to his warehouse, which is built at the railroad track.

"The platform we found piled full of railroad machinery, much of it destined to points in the San Juan country. In the first warehouse, which is 24 by 72 feet the first thing that attracted attention was nearly a ton of bullion from the Crookes smelting works at Lake City, destined for New York. We understand there is received from the Crookes works for shipment east an average of about two carloads of bullion a week and that already about 160,000 pounds from there has been received and sent to its destination east since Feb. 7.

"Another item we noticed was 90,000 pounds of the finest mining machinery that ever crossed the range for the Brooklyn and San Miguel Mining and Smelting Company at Columbia, George S. Andrus, superintendent.

"There was a lot of freight destined for Lake City, comprising 100,000 pounds, also an immense lot for Ouray, San Miguel, Telluride, Montrose, and Grand Junction.

"Adjoining the freight warehouse on the east is his grain warehouse which is 24 by 60 feet, piled nearly full of grain of all kinds, and four brands of best Colorado flour.

"His platform is 45 by 160 feet and is so full of mining machinery that it is almost impossible to pass over it. One big lot was destined for D. T. Thompson, manager of the Keystone Hydraulic company, San Miguel.

"Besides all the foregoing, there were three carloads of merchandise consigned to the care of Mr. Wood that came in on Friday night, and from those who know we learned that about three-fourths of all the freight now coming in from the East was consigned to his care. His freight bills alone we learned from the railway managers amounted to about \$1000 per day and would soon considerably exceed that amount, which shows that he is doing an immense business, and what is still better, enjoys the confidence of the public.

"He is a favorite with all the freighters: His large corral on 10th street, occupying 12 lots, is fitted up especially for their accommodation, and having himself resided west of the range for the past six or seven years, driven his own six-mule team with them, it is natural for them to make their headquarters and home at his place when in the city.

"Mr. Wood devotes his personal attention to his business. Nearly every teamster that hauls freight is loaded by him and as fast as a team reaches here from any of the freighting points, it is reloaded and started out again; therefore freight does not accumulate faster than he can dispose of it.

"Connected with his office is the telephone and he is kept constantly advised of everything in town related to the receiving and forwarding business. He is a thorough Western man, takes nearly all the San Juan papers as well as a half dozen others, has visited most of our western towns this winter and is well posted on the country and is enthusiastic over the Uncompahgre and Grand valleys as a farming and grazing county, and Lake City, Ouray, San Miguel and their tributary camps as mining country.

"He says that all they have needed heretofore to open that country and some of the best mines in Colorado was capital and cheaper transportation; that the completion of the railroad to Gunnison has brought the latter, and that fact, together with their magnificent gold and silver mines is attracting capital, and from information in his possession, he predicts that this season will be the beginning of a boom for that country only equaled by the boom in Leadville."

Wood Moves to Kezar

It was on April 27, 1882, David Wood sold his office and warehouse to J. C. McClure, and leased his mammoth corral, retaining his freighting business. It was approaching the time when he would move as the D & R G advanced. On April 28 he was making arrangements to move to Kezar (Iola) as soon as the railroad should reach that point.

The daily of June 13, 1882, contained the announcement: "David Wood, the great forwarder of the Gunnison, yesterday moved his business headquarters to the end of the track at Kezar." Wood's advertisement continued to appear in the Review, and there were notes of his continuing success, but this ends the Gunnison chapter of his life.

Buried With Military Ceremonies

David Wood was buried Saturday at Montrose, his home for a long period, with military ceremonies, veterans of three wars participating, for strenuous life began early for him. His

father Col. S. N. Wood, organized the 6th Missouri cavalry, and young Dave enlisted Jan. 1, 1862. He was but 10 years of age and was honorably discharged by order of the Secretary of War, but he had served as bugler and orderly for seven months in the region made memorable by the battles of Westport and Pea Ridge. The crowning event of his later life, as related by the Montrose Press, was his trip to Gettysburg, Pa., in 1898. "Mr. and Mrs. Wood, daughter Ruth and son Albert left Montrose, June 18, stopping in Chicago where they were joined by their daughters, Frances and Dorothy. They proceeded to Gettysburg, where the blue and the gray met on the 75th anniversary of the great battle; there they were entertained with every courtesy.

Wood is survived by his wife, three daughters and three sons: David is in South America, Albert in Alaska, Curtis, Dorothy and Frances in Chicago, and Ruth in Grand Junction.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion issue of March 16, 1944

Community Will Miss Ben F. Wright; Buried Saturday

The hearty friendship and infectious good spirit of Benjamin Franklin Wright, a resident of Gunnison for nearly half a century, will be missed by his many friends and acquaintances. Mr. Wright died last Thursday morning after an illness of five weeks. Funeral services were held Saturday from the Miller Funeral Home, Dr. Geo. Nuckolls officiating. Pall bearers were Moe Everett, James Gazzoli, Floyd Allen, John White, Ralph Funk and J. J. Miller.

Mr. Wright would have been 82 years old this coming August 11. He was born in Independence, Mo., in 1863, son of B. F. and Martha Howe Wright. The family lived in Kansas and Missouri during his early life, and on August 26, 1883, at Topeka, Kan., he was married to Miss Mattie Swigart. In 1896 the family came to Gunnison, and it has since been their home. Mrs. Wright passed away in April of 1943.

Mr. Wright first worked at timbering, getting ties for the railroad. Later he worked on the railroad, both the Colorado & Southern and the Rio Grande, and for many years worked for the town light and water plant.

Later he took up ranching, and the family home was at the southwest edge of town, where the Jas. Gazzolis now live, for many years.

Altho he was interested in civic affairs, Mr. Wright never took an active part in them. He enjoyed being a friendly and helpful neighbor, and his primary interest was his home.

Ten children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Wright. Two died in infancy, and two daughters, Mrs. Lora Crooks and Mrs. Cecil Campbell, died in recent years.

Two daughters, Mrs. Ray Andrews of Santa Marie, Calif., and Mrs. Lou Mikkelsen of Gunnison, and four sons, Frank of Grand Junction, Paul of Walnut Grove, Mo., Ralph of Cleveland, Ohio, and Charles of Canton, Ohio, survive. There are also 19 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren, and a half-sister and two half-brothers surviving. Lois Campbell, now Mrs. Virgil Spann, of Gunnison, grand-daughter of the Wrights, was raised by them when her mother died.

Yes, Gunnison will miss Mr. Wright. He seemed so much a part of the community, always jolly, friendly, kind to youngsters and thoughtful of everyone. His many friends share in the sorrow of the immediate family.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of Aug. 2, 1945

Mrs. Margaret Zugelder Passes Away After Long Illness

After many months of suffering, Mrs. Margaret Zugelder passed away at 2:25 o'clock, Saturday, May 3rd, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Irene McDowell, with whom she had lived during the past number of years. Direct cause of death was apoplexy.

Mrs. Zugelder was nearing her 77th birthday, having been born on July 17, 1864, at Nebraska City, Nebraska. Her parents were John and Helen Clarey. She came to Gunnison almost 57 years ago to visit her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Mueller, and here she met and married Leonard F. Zugelder, cousin of the late Fred and Frank Zugelder, prominently identified with early-day history of this section. Four children were born to the union: Leo Zugelder, Mrs. Irene McDowell, Mrs. Mary Kyle and Frank Zugelder. Mr. Zugelder died in our city about 25 or 30 years ago.

Mrs. Zugelder was a hard-working woman, yet found time to lend assistance and comfort to friends and neighbors in time of sickness or distress. She was a devoted Catholic and before failing health confined her to the house, no Sunday was too cold or stormy to prevent her attendance at services at St. Peter's church. For years she took an active interest in church work. She also belonged to Women of Woodcraft.

Mrs. Zugelder is survived by her two daughters and son, Frank, and a sister, Mrs. Mary Mueller, of Gunnison; and four grandchildren. Mrs. Richard Vader of Tomichi is a niece, and Chas. Mueller of Salt Lake City, Utah, is a nephew.

Funeral services were held Monday morning at 9:00 o'clock from St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. Leo Thome officiating. Interment was in the family plot in Masons & Odd Fellows cemetery. Pall bearers were John Zugelder, Milton Zugelder, Frank Zugelder, John Rozman, Richard Vader and Charles Eilebrecht. Deceased's son Frank and family came for the funeral.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of May 8, 1941

Mary E. Zugelder, Long-Time Resident, Dies Sept. 19, 1946

Graveside services were held Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock for Mrs. Mary E. Zugelder, long-time resident of Gunnison, who passed away in Denver last Thursday night, Sept. 19. Dr. George Nuckolls officiated; Miller Funeral Home was in charge.

Mary Elle Walter was born on Jan. 7, 1861, at Lakeville, Ind., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Walter. She was educated there, graduated from Valparaiso College and then taught school for two years. She came west with an invalid sister, Edith, in the early '80's, and for a time worked in the millinery store of Mrs. La N. Rogers.

On July 21, 1883, she was married to Fred G. Zugelder, stone mason and bricklayer. Three children were born to the couple, Karl, Hazel and Fred B.

Almost all of the substantial and historical buildings of Gunnison bear the handiwork of Mr. Zugelder, such as the First National Bank building, and the former La Veta hotel. Mr. Zugelder discovered the Aberdeen granite deposit, and the family lived there for several years when stone for Colorado's state capitol building and other Denver buildings was being quarried.

The large brick dwelling on north Boulevard was the family home for some 40 years before Mr. Zugelder's death on May 24, 1929.

Mrs. Zugelder was an ardent church worker, giving of her time and energy to the Methodist church and in later years to the Community congregation. She was a member of the Monday Afternoon club and other groups. She was kind hearted, charitable, always interested in the welfare of her friends and neighbors, and greeted her acquaintances with a cheery smile.

About nine years ago she moved to Denver to live with her daughter, Mrs. Hazel Gregg, coming back home occasionally to visit friends and relatives. About eight weeks ago she was taken to a hospital in Denver, suffering from complications of advanced age. She was nearing her 86th birthday at the time of her death.

Her son, Fred, died about 10 years ago. She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Gregg, of Denver; Karl of Gunnison, who went to Denver last Thursday to assist with funeral arrangements; two grandchildren, Helen Zugelder of San Diego, and Mrs. Lornalee Holman of Denver, and a great-grandson, Stanley Robert, born to Mr. and Mrs. LaVonne Holman on July 29, 1946. Two sisters, Mrs. Linnie Jackson and Mrs. Kate Robertson, of South Bend, Ind., and several nephews and nieces also survive.

A sister, Miss Caroline Walter, came to Gunnison in 1903 and taught music privately here for several years before her death in 1914, and a brother, William Walter, resided in Gunnison for many years. He died in Denver on April 19, 1938 and is buried here.

Mrs. Gregg was unable to come to Gunnison for her mother's funeral. Pall bearers were H. H. Fogg, J. H. Towner, Henry F. Lake, Jr., Charles Duree, George Ruck and J. R. Blackstock.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Sept. 26, 1946

First Pioneer Day Observed In 1906

Nobody will talk too long at the Pioneer supper this evening, at 6:30, at Webster Hall. That is the edict of the toastmistress, Mrs. Susie Miller.

Although Gunnison County Pioneer and Historical Society, as now set up, is of comparatively recent origin, a copy of the Gunnison Republican, dated Jan. 20, 1906, devotes several columns to "The First Observance of Pioneer Day," by the Isabella Tourist club. Eighty invitations were issued, and 60 women were present. The celebration lasted from 11 a. m. to 3:00 p. m., and "brighter, cheerier sunshine never shone on Colorado mountains." Dinner was served at noon, with Mrs. S. E. Land, mother of chief Emory S. Land of the U. S. Maritime Commission, presiding.

Guests on that first Pioneer Day, "as nearly as the reporter can remember them," were Mesdames Ira Brown, C. R. Bourdette, W. H. Endner, John Eastman, Grandma Ferguson, J. F. Heiner, Alonzo Hartman, N. J. Hyatt, S. E. Land, R. B. Lewis, George Mason, Celia Mullin, John Marshall, E. M. Nourse, Henry Purrier, J. C. Pennington, E. N. Palmer, J. W. Rogers, George W. Smith, A. L. Teachout, Sprigg Shackleford.

D. Unruh, J. E. Whipp, Hannah Winters, Aunt Susan Bryan, E. Bates, S. S. Duree, George Eastman, H. P. Ferguson, J. P. Farley, P. J. Hurley, M. Haigler, W. H. Knode, Henry F. Lake, Jr., J. H. Gavette, E. E. Mueller, Robert McConnell, C. G. Miller, Tim O'Leary, O. M. Potter, J. A. Proffitt, E. A. Price, W. Redden, W. Scott Smith, W. L. Sweet, J. R. Trevarthen, George VanAlstine, J. W. Wolfe, J. F. Young.

Misses Florence Allen, Elizabeth Mahoney, Nannie Corum, Agnes Winters, Martha Brown, Nannie Harwood, Hattie Teachout, Caroline Walters.

There was plenty of talk then: Mrs. O'Leary spoke on "Our Household Angels, Our Grandmothers;" Miss Brown on "The Pioneers;" Mrs. E. A. Price on "Gunnison;" Mrs. Proffitt on "Colorado;" Mrs. Hurley on "The West;" Mrs. La N. Rogers, on "The Pioneer Woman In Business;" Mrs. Wolfe, "The Pioneer Girl;" Mrs. O. M. Potter, "The Home;" Mrs. Land "The Club Woman;" Mrs. W. Scott Smith, "The Old Days and the New;" Mrs. Shackleford, "Society Pleasures of Pioneer Days;" Mrs. Lewis, "Our Hostess Club."

Reception committee from each of the clubs was as follows: Isabella Tourist, Mrs. Purrier; MAC, Miss Brown. (Don't say the New Deal invented the alphabet); Woman's Club, Mrs. Dunkel.

Over the lavender-decorated tables floated such songs as "Whispering Hope," "The Maiden's Prayer," "The Old Oaken Bucket," et. al.

So, it's the women who first instituted observance of Pioneer Day.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Pioneer issue of July 13, 1944

Pioneers Held First Annual Dinner

* *

107 Gathered At Webster Hall Last Thursday

Gunnison pioneers to the number of 107 - quite a surprisingly large group - gathered at Webster Hall last Thursday night for the "First Annual," of the society. Ladies of the Community Aid served an elegant banquet of old fashioned dishes, such as baked ham, boiled potatoes, beans, brown bread, cole slaw, pie and coffee.

The tables, grouped in semi-circle in the spacious dining room, were handsomely decorated for the occasion. Harry Fogg was toastmaster; Mrs. Fogg played the piano for a dozen songs.

Old-time costumes vied with modern dress, and with cowboy and cowgirl outfits. The toastmaster called for a story of pioneer days from a score of the guests who had been in our vicinity 50 years or more. Some thrilling tales and really humorous events were related. Among those who responded were Joe Blackstock, Mel Deering, Charley Adams, Bob Potter, John Steele, Theo. Davis, Mrs. Maty Van Aken, Lewis Easterly, Elmer Mullin, Mrs. May Webster, John McEwen, Alex Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cuthbert, Mrs. Susie Miller, Mrs. D. L. LaPlante, Dr. B. F. Cummings.

The stories told were most interesting and proved actual vignettes of early-day life here. Letters of regret were read from Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Hartman and Mrs. Helen A. Sills.

It was unanimously decided to meet again each year of the future. While the older group is going, each season many more are coming of the age when they have been residents of the county for 50 years.

A great many pioneers with their younger generations, had the usual picnic on the court house lawn Friday noon.

The registration list at the banquet included the following names:

John Steele	Mrs. Margaret Grant
E. E. Smith	Toni Dani
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Cooper	C. E. Bates
Mrs. Noel Hamm	C. T. Stevens
M. A. Deering	Mr. and Mrs. Will Sammons
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Sammons	Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Andrews	J. U. McWilliams
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Davidson	E. G. Duncan
Mrs. J. E. Forsyth	Mr. and Mrs. D. L. LaPlante
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fogg	Mrs. Susie Miller
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Duree	Dave Easterly
Mrs. Nannie Corum	Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Carpenter
S. F. Carpenter	J. B. Judy
Mr. and Mrs. John McEwen	Elmer Mullin
Mrs. Olive Mauer	Mrs. A. O. McDonald
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Eilebrecht	C. G. Bennett - Ouray
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Miller	W. H. Corum
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Eilebrecht	Joe Blackstock
Mrs. Bruce Blackstock	Mrs. May Webster

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Lake, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Palmer
Ethel Adams - Montrose
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kroll
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Martin
Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Van Aken
Lewis H. Easterly
Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Potter
A. H. Rouviere
Mr. and Mrs. Al Haines
J. R. Blackstock
Leon Dutemeyer
William Neesham
Mr. and Mrs. L. S. McGregor
Miss Sadie Nichols
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McKee

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cuthbert
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams - Montrose
Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Flick
Virginia Kroll
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Riley
Mr. and Mrs. Sherman White
David H. Cooper
Mrs. Emily Lindsley
Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rouviere
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eilebrecht
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Winters
Mrs. May Rouviere
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Allen
John Neesham
Mrs. E. M. Collins
Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Cummings

Pioneer Society Grows

New members of the Gunnison County Pioneer Society joining last week brought the number to nearly 200, with 198 actually recorded. Those affiliating with the group since our last publication are:

Mrs. Mary Bray, Mrs. Sam B. Hartman, Oscar Johnson, Mrs. Ethel Palmer, Lizzie Biebel, Mrs. Ida Roberson, Wm. Sammons, J. A. Ferrens, Mrs. Elizabeth Hards and Esther Davis.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of July 20, 1939

Second Annual Pioneers' Dinner Was Gala Social Event

An event of increasing importance in connection with Gunnison's mid-summer celebration was the second annual get-together dinner of members of Gunnison County's Pioneer association, held Thursday night at Webster Hall. Each member of the organization was privileged to bring a relative or friend to the dinner, and around 130 assembled in the spacious lounge and lobby of Webster Hall at 6:30. Greetings and hand-shaking was the order as old-time friends and neighbors came together again, some of them present having traveled from far-away sections of the U. S., just to enjoy the occasion once more. As each person entered the lobby, a badge bearing his or her name was given them, furnished by the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce, thru John M. McEwen of that city. Both Mr. and Mrs. McEwen, as former early-day residents of Gunnison, are members of the Pioneer Association.

A large number of those present wore costumes of early-day styles - hoopskirts, bustles, swallowtail coats, silk hats, long plumes - all were in evidence and caused much merriment, not to mention admiration.

The Ladies Aid of the Community church had prepared an appetizing chicken pie dinner with appropriate trimmings, and when the diningroom was opened, the hungry crowd soon were seated around long tables and served by a corps of efficient young women, acting as waitresses. After the dinner, tables were cleared and chairs moved so as to face the rostrum and the assemblage were entertained with a pageant depicting the pioneering and settlement of this region. This was written especially for the occasion by Mrs. Pearle Casey. News-Champion had hoped to reproduce this excellent story, but space at this time forbids. The script was read by Mrs. Bruce Blackstock, who wore a gown made in exact replica of her mother's wedding dress. Mrs. Nellie Fogg was responsible for the characters who depicted typical scenes and persons of the changing events from the dawn of recorded history on this side of the range, to early eighties.

Harry Fogg was toastmaster of the evening's program, and talks were given by three presidents of the association, Jos. Blackstock, L. H. Easterly and Mel Deering.

The second annual dinner turned into a "banquet and ball," when the tables were folded up and chairs pushed back along the walls and old-time dancing indulged in. Waltzes, two-steps, quadrilles, and Virginia reels kept 'em going until around ten o'clock, when the crowd gradually broke up and left for home.

The old-time dances had another inning Saturday night and scores of both oldsters and youngsters gathered at Odd Fellows' Hall for the annual event there. A group of dancers performed for the "youngsters," who knew little of Virginia reels and quadrilles, and also gave a sample on Main street after the band concert Friday night.

Returning to the homecoming dinner of Thursday night, following is the registration furnished us by the management, so that those old-timers who failed to attend can see whom they missed greeting.

Alex Davidson
Mrs. Alex Davidson
E. G. Duncan
Mrs. May Jacobs
Mrs. Betty Ball
Mrs. May Webster
Mrs. D. Getty

Mrs. Fred Winters
Pat O'Fallon
Mrs. Pat O'Fallon
W. W. McKee
Mrs. W. W. McKee
Mrs. R. H. Andrews
R. H. Andrews

Starr Nelson
 Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Watters
 J. M. McEwen
 Mrs. Alice McEwen
 Roy E. Mullin
 Mrs. Roy E. Mullin
 Elmer Mullin
 Mrs. Olive Mauer
 Wm. Runge
 Mrs. A. E. Hyzer
 Mrs. J. G. Crooks
 J. M. Cuenin
 Mrs. Ernest Miller
 G. E. Wilson
 Mrs. G. E. Wilson
 R. W. Cooper
 Mrs. R. W. Cooper
 James Ferrens
 Mrs. James Ferrens
 Mrs. Bob Potter
 Bob Potter
 Joe Blackstock
 Mrs. Bruce Blackstock
 J. U. McWilliams
 E. E. Smith
 Mrs. D. Landon
 Carrie Palmgreen
 Anne Gulliford
 C. L. Moore
 Mr. Kerns
 Mrs. Kerns
 H. H. Fogg
 Mrs. H. H. Fogg
 Mrs. S. J. Carpenter
 Zora Judy
 D. E. Goodenough
 Mrs. Abbie Mergelman
 Warren Mergelman
 C. E. Jones
 Mrs. C. E. Jones
 Mrs. Essie Davis
 Otis Moore
 L. H. Rouviere
 Mrs. L. H. Rouviere
 Herbert Andrews
 Mrs. Herbert Andrews

J. H. Eilebrecht
 Mrs. J. H. Eilebrecht
 Mrs. J. L. Eilebrecht
 J. L. Eilebrecht
 Mrs. O. L. Duncan
 Mrs. Fred Eilebrecht
 Fred Eilebrecht
 F. H. Brown
 Martha C. Brown
 Sadie M. Nichols
 Henry Knoll
 Guy Palmer
 Ethel Palmer
 M. A. Deering
 J. A. Riley
 Mrs. J. A. Riley
 John A. Steele
 Mrs. Margaret Grant
 A. L. Steele
 Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson
 Mrs. Ed Lindsley
 Mrs. Joe Miller
 Joe Miller
 E. M. Collins
 Mrs. E. M. Collins
 W. H. Corum
 Nannie Corum
 R. B. Judy
 Mrs. R. B. Judy
 S. J. Miller
 Bruce Blackstock
 Ross Blackstock
 Mrs. Ross Blackstock
 Sam C. Hartman
 Emma P. Hartman
 Susie Miller
 Edith Peel
 Mrs. S. P. Spencer
 Mrs. Mary Lawrence
 Karl Zugelder
 Earl Storm
 Mrs. Earl Storm
 Mrs. Karl Zugelder
 Henry F. Lake, Jr.
 Mrs. Henry F. Lake, Jr.
 Ralph Allen

Mrs. L. S. McGregor
A. L. Rouviere
L. E. Burns
Mrs. L. E. Burns
J. H. Harrell
Mrs. Frances E. Harrell
Agnes Winters
C. A. Kroll
Mrs. C. A. Kroll
Fred Winters

Florence A. Martin
F. C. Martin
Mrs. Vince Oprandi
Lewis H. Easterly
Mrs. Sarah Forsyth
E. H. Hiden
Ethel Miller
Clara Surles Alexander

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 18, 1940

Pioneer Banquet Of 1941 Brod Many Thrills

(By Lois Yoder.)

The eve of Cattlemens' Days and the excitement of the approaching celebration hung heavy in the air last Thursday evening, July 10th, as members of Gunnison County Pioneer Association and their families and invited guests gathered at Webster Hall to feel the hearty handshake and meet the heart-warming smile of former neighbors and friends. Yes, they gathered there - 137 strong - those pioneers of the Gunnison country.

That splendid spirit with which these early-day residents fought back frontier perils shoulder-to-shoulder, was visible on the face of each of them. Over in a corner sat two old-timers speaking of the festivities. The elder broke a short silence with "Yuh know, I could swear that that is Maude Murray over there. She's Joe Riley's sister and now lives in Los Angeles and hasn't been back to greet old friends for 17 years."

"That's Mrs. Harry Fogg sittin' down to the piano, guess she is going to play while Mrs. Ira Taylor sings 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and her daughter, Bonnie, acts it out in pantomime. Sounds good, doesn't it? Thot maybe I was gettin' old, but the sound of that music still sends a thrill down my spine.

"There's Mrs. Alice McEwen at the head table actin' as toastmistress. Comes back every summer from Fort Worth, Texas, to enjoy scenes of her girlhood. She's surely wearin' a pretty pale yellow old-fashioned gown. Notice that Mrs. Bruce Blackstock is wearing a lovely old blue dress and carryin' a fancy fan. Listen, now, Mrs. McEwen is introducin' Mel Deering. Yup, he's one of the oldest of them all. He's tellin' the true story about Chief Ouray and Sapinero, and how the village of Sapinero got its name.

"See these little log cabin favors on the tables? They were made by Elmer Mullin and his brother-in-law, John McEwen, last winter while Elmer was vacationing in Texas. I can remember when there wasn't much else but log cabins in the Gunnison country. Lady across the table says she's going to take her souvenir home to the children.

"Here comes those pretty waitresses dressed in sunbonnets and peasant skirts. Yum! Yum! Bean soup! It's been a long time since I ate any bean soup. Takes two days to make this good old-fashioned kind.

"Everythin' on the menu tonight, including the sour milk biscuits, fried chicken and cherry pie, are just like what we used to get back in the early days. Tastes mighty good, eh? Guess those Ladies Aiders haven't lost the art of old-time cookin'.

"Alex Davidson of Denver, an officer of Colorado's Pioneer Society is goin' to make a short speech, tellin' of aims and purpose of the organization. He's a retired railroad man, used to live in Salida, you know.

"It's a great thing that enables us to get together with old friends and talk over the young days of the Gunnison country. Miss Martha Brown just told about when she was a child and moved to Irwin with her parents. The family lived in a house for three weeks before they knew it had a picket fence around it. Snow was five feet deep there that winter.

"Mrs. Maty VanAken is greeting the pioneers from the other end of the room; and Jos. Blackstock, or 'Uncle Joe,' (as Mrs. McEwen calls him) is sure doing a fine job as secretary and past president of the Pioneer Society. He's telling us about some of those events in Gunnison history that brings back many a memory. Henry F. Lake, Jr., expressed the feelin' of all of us when he said a few minutes ago, 'Once a Gunnisonite, always a Gunnisonite.'

"There's Harry Fogg signaling for us all to sing that barber shop harmony, 'Down By the Old Mill Stream.' Those other two old numbers, 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree,' and 'When You and I Were Young, Maggie,' were done well by all of us. Guess we are never too old to sing.

"Mrs. Alpha Nutting of Paonia, assisted by Ruby Blackstock her daughter's daughter was good when she gave that reading, 'The New Teacher Visits Henry's Wife.' Everyone surely enjoyed that.

"Huh? You mean those children and that man who played cowboy tunes and did fancy roping during dinner? They're from out of town, here for the celebration. They put on a good show, too.

"Look! They're gettin' ready for the square dance up on the stage. Four couples of them - Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fogg, Mr. and Mrs. John McEwen, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Logan and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Riley, can show 'em how to dance.

"Well, they are clearing away the tables for old-time dancing, so guess I'd better go over and say hello to Mel (Peanut) Herrick, who is here from Niles, Michigan, and Mr. and Mrs. William Cairns of Salt Lake City, who are visiting Mrs. Cairns' brothers, Colin, Wallace and Otis Moore, and say good nights to everyone.

"Think I'll have to leave dancin' for the others. So, if not before, I'll see you next year at the fourth Pioneer Dinner. This one has sure been great."

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 17, 1941

Gunnison County Picnic In Denver Sunday Was Big Social Outing

A very happy and congenial crowd gathered at city park picnic grounds in Denver Sunday morning, June 11, for the Gunnison county second annual picnic.

A large banner marked the spot, and folks came early and stayed late, enjoying to the fullest extent meeting and visiting with old acquaintances once again. Many came from long distances to greet friends and neighbors of long ago, and as each new arrival appeared they were met with a warm greeting.

Two hundred little folders decorated with columbines and announcing place and date, and with the songs, "That Old Gang of Mine," and "Auld Lang Syne," printed inside, were passed out. At noon those who had brought lunch spread a sumptuous picnic dinner on the tables and proceeded to enjoy themselves.

Snapshots were taken of the crowd at intervals during the day by different people. After lunch, folks gathered in groups here and there to talk over old times.

At sundown, the crowd dispersed, all voting June 11th a most happy day, altho all too short; and all promising to be on hand next year on the second Sunday in June.

A list of those registering at the picnic, together with their present street addresses, is herewith given:

Formerly of Gunnison

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Hurley	622 Grant
Mrs. Maude Jennings	518 Clarkson
Mrs. C. W. Flockhart	518 Clarkson
Hazel Zugelder Gregg and Lornalee Gregg	2739 W. 32 Ave.
Mrs. Mary E. Zugelder	2739 W. 32 Ave.
Nettie French Murray	Littleton, Colo.
J. E. Murray	Littleton, Colo.
C. T. Rawalt	1641 California, Apt. 19
Pat Hurley Groves and daughter	622 Grant
Lucy Russell Rushmer and children, Nancy and Russell	4965 So. Broadway, Englewood
Frankie Caddon Haws	742 Mariposa
Kate Caddon	742 Mariposa
T. A. McCauley	906 E. 5th Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hatch	
Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Van Aken	1715 S. Clarkson
Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Van Aken and Arlene and David	1715 So. Clarkson
Mrs. Betty Jo Watters	Sargents, Colo.
Mr. and Mrs. Art Chinery	737 W. Colfax
Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Hazelhurst and family	141 S. Emerson
Mr. and Mrs. Herman Weirick	1128 W. 10th Ave.
Merrill Weirick	1128 W. 10th Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Quist (Billie Wilbur)	3391 W. 32 Ave.
Mrs. C. L. Wilbur	3522 Alcott
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wilbur, Jr.	2435 Grove

Over from Gunnison were Mr. and Mrs. John Yoklavich, John Yoklavich, Jr., Mary K. and Margaret Yoklavich, Frances Mahoney, Elnora Gavette, Joe Riley and Tom Quinn

Formerly of Crested Butte

Mrs. Mattie L. Miller	3529 W. 65th Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene J. Smith (Mildred Miller)	3529 W. 65th Ave.
Stanley Miller Smith	3529 W. 65th Ave.
Margaret K. Oram	2024 Goss
J. E. Phelan	1122 Lincoln
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer L. Snyder and son	425 23rd St.
Dr. and Mrs. Angus Taylor	804 S. Union, Pueblo
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. P. Willson	Pueblo
Fred Dice	3438 Wyandot
Mr. and Mrs. Max Bazz	125 So. Broadway
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McNeill	Frederick, Colo.
Delmar McNeill	Frederick, Colo.
Dorothy McNeill Patterson and Joan	Erie, Colo.
Mr. and Mrs. W. U. Mergelman and Shirley Jo	Fort Morgan
Mr. and Mrs. Jos. H. Block	4200 Hooker
Mrs. Bertha Knuth	2285 Albion
Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Walker	1685 Franklin
Mrs. Sophia Bruce, Emma L. Bruce, Marreon Gilchrist, Grant Bruce	2610 Cherry
Mr. and Mrs. Mike Kikel	Boulder, Colo.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Job	2535 Grape
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Platzek	Erie, Colo.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Young	4900 Raleigh
Mr. and Mrs. S. A. McWilliams	4900 Raleigh
Sam McWilliams, Jr.	4900 Raleigh
Mr. and Mrs. Pete Gardiner and family	Louisville, Colo.
Mr. and Mrs. William Gardiner	Lafayette, Colo.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCloskey (Thelma Cain) and family	54 S. Federal
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Miller (Romona Miller), Beverly and Carol	3624 Raleigh
Miss Margaret Everly	Pueblo
F. Elroy Miller and Marilyn	1157 Harrison
Jos. A. Miller and Richard	3540 Elizabeth
Chas. Pasic and daughter	Crested Butte
Frederick Platzek	Erie, Colo.
Visitors included Mrs. Florence Absher, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Goyn, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore and Misses Drinkwater and Atlee	

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of June 15, 1939

"Gunnison County Picnic" Held In Denver Sunday

Altho Sunday, June 8th, was a bad day as far as the weather was concerned, it did not prevent Gunnison county folks from attending the picnic held at city park in Denver. They came from far and near to meet old friends and acquaintances of by-gone days, and by noon a goodly crowd had gathered.

The lunches, which are a main feature of any picnic, were enjoyed by those who brought them, while others ate before they arrived at the park, and visited among the crowd and also the animal cages, where bears were performing on roller skates.

We missed several of our regular attendants this year, as each year sees several pass to the Great Beyond. At 6:00 p. m., all wended our way homeward, with happy thoughts and remembrances of the day, and hoping to meet all the folks again next year, on the second Sunday in June.

Following is a list of those attending the annual picnic Sunday, and their present home address, as well as their former place of residence:

Formerly of Gunnison

Mary E. Zugelder	2739 West 32nd Ave., Denver
Hazel Zugelder Gregg	2739 West 32nd Ave., Denver
Lornalee Gregg	2739 West 32nd Ave., Denver
Mrs. C. E. Morris	Moffat, Colorado
Harry A. Morris	31 Sherman St., Denver
C. T. Rawalt	1641 California St., Denver
Louise E. Geatt	Denver
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown and Judy Ann	3035 Wyandott, Denver
Eva Adams Kennedy	5030 West 33rd, Denver
Roberta Kennedy	5030 West 33rd, Denver
Leo Joshua Kennedy	5030 West 33rd, Denver
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stephens (Alice Osborne)	2741 California, Denver
Nettie French Murray	293 Almo St., Littleton
John E. Murray	293 Almo St., Littleton
Lois Mergelman	Gunnison
Dr. R. T. Ellington	Gunnison
Viola Phelps	1771 Pennsylvania, Denver

Formerly of Crested Butte

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Smith (Mildred L. Miller) and Stanley	3529 W. 65th
Mattie L. Miller	3529 W. 65th, Denver
Mr. and Mrs. Ault	934 Portland, Boulder
Doris Snellar	934 Portland, Boulder
Mr. and Mrs. Loring B. Cain (Irene Kerr) and son	2027 Cornell, Denver
Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Mergelman and Shirley Jo	808 Main, Ft. Morgan
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gardiner (Cecil Ross) and family	Louisville
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gardiner (Ruby Headley)	Lafayette

Mr. and Mrs. Sam McWilliams	3333 W. 38th, Denver
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Young	3244 Vine St., Denver
Mr. and Mrs. Mike Kikel	940 16th St., Boulder
Miss Mary Kikel	940 16th St., Boulder
Mike Kikel, Jr.	940 16th St., Boulder
Matt Kikel	940 16th St., Boulder
Louis Somrak	309 W. 14th Ave., Denver
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bazz	4230 Bryant, Denver
Mr. and Mrs. Matt Saya	2710 Fillmore, Denver
Jack S. Gardiner	1870 Broadway, Denver
Mrs. T. B. Cullen	1830 Pennsylvania, Denver
Joe Frank Vuletich	2270 Dexter, Denver
Chris Vuletich	2270 Dexter, Denver
Thelma Lacy	Crested Butte
Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Job (Annie Pasic) and Louise	1621 Filbert Ct.
Guss Schaefer	759 S. Downing, Denver
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Miller (Ramona Miller) and daughters	3624 Raleigh
Jos. A. Miller and Richard	2175 S. Lafayette, Denver
Emil and Frank E. Fisher	1132 Clarkson, Denver

From Other Localities

From Eckert came Inez Kehmeier of 3334 E. 17th Ave.: Maude Kehmeier Franklin of 2637 Raleigh, while Foster R. Franklin of 2637 Raleigh, came from Canon City.

Mr. and Mrs. Tad R. Knowles, now of Golden, claim Doyleville as their old home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bain and son, Jack, of 924 W. 10th Ave., Denver, were former Jack's Cabin residents, and C. C. McWilliams of 3333 W. 38th Ave., came to Denver from Somerset a number of years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lupanci of 3517 Brighton Blvd., and Jos. N. Miller of Tucson, Arizona, were visitors.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of June 19, 1941

**J. E. Phillips Writes Of Activities of Pioneers
Who Have Moved Away**

* *

Recent Golden Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rech in Salida
Brings Back Many Recollections of Early Day Residents of Gunnison Section

Alhambra, California,

June 30, 1936.

I was much interested to read in your issue of June 18 of the golden wedding on June 3rd of Mr. and Mrs. William Rech, in Salida. Fifty years - half a century - have passed since that wedding took place in Crested Butte.

I knew Mrs. Spencer and her daughter, Ora, and son, Willie, and it seems like yesterday, so to speak, when we gathered together to see Billy Rech take from us the most popular lady, making a (w)rech in our little social circle.

We young people of that day had the bloom of youth on our cheeks, and hope and aspiration in our minds, not knowing what the future had in store for us. A few have gone on and made a success in life, while others have been failures, the most of whom have long since answered the call of the Grim Reaper.

Many important events have taken place in that fifty years. Automobiles and trucks have taken the place of horse-power. The radio is almost a household necessity by which we can talk over the world; airplanes and flying machines are used to travel in the air all over the world. The narrow gage Rio Grande railroad has become obsolete. Who would have dreamed fifty years ago that the railroads would be abandoned to make room for the motor bus and truck, in fact, gasoline has come into universal use since that time. We have engaged in a world war, which has been fought and won, and over three million young citizens, many of whom were born since this fifty-year period, were killed, leaving three and a half million ex-soldiers, many of them crippled for life, but all provided for by a grateful government.

My recollections of a half-century ago in Crested Butte are as vivid in my mind today as are recent occurrences; yet the bloom may have faded from our cheeks and our hopes and aspirations may have grown as thin as the web of a spider.

While the Rio Grande railroad may have had many (w)rechs, yet it never had but one Billy Rech. I see no mention in the anniversary write-up that they ever had any Rechs in their family. May they live to enjoy many more birthdays.

I had the pleasure recently of renewing the acquaintance of one of my early-day friends in Irwin. John E. Packard, a young man from Chicago had a store in Irwin in 1880, up to 1882. Since that time, 54 years ago, we have never met until a few weeks ago, when it was our mutual pleasure to meet and talk over affairs of long, long ago. When he left Irwin, he came to Pomona in 1883, then a hamlet of a few hundreds in the then sparsely settled San Gabriel valley. He has lived to see that town grow into a prosperous city of 20,000 in population, where there is located a co-ed college - the standard of education of which is equal to any in the country. He is proud to know that he is counted among the pioneers of that city. I visited Pomona with him the other day and he showed me a camphor tree that he planted 53 years ago, that has grown from a little twig to one of the largest trees in the world. It measures over 15 feet around and has a spread of limbs of over 100 feet. The Ebell club that purchased the ground where the tree stands, built their club house there and had an iron plaque nailed to the tree on which is the inscription: "This tree, planted in 1883 by John E. Packard." An everlasting memory to him.

Mr. M. A. Hawks passed away recently in Sierra Madre, at the age of 95. In the eighties he was a well known and loyal citizen of Gunnison county. He leaves one son, Albert Hawks, who is president of the Congoleum Corporation of New York; also a daughter, Flossie, the wife of C. T. Camahan of Chicago, also a grand-daughter, Louisa, the wife of a college professor at Pomona college. Their old home was at Evanston, Illinois, and over fifty years ago I visited with them there when this son and daughter were children. Another son, Benjamin, who had a brilliant business career as president of the American Playing Card Co., died a few years ago.

I visited T. J. Thompson in Long Beach, a week ago. He was a well known merchant in Gunnison for many years, and now, over 87 years of age, is in feeble health. He is blessed to have a daughter who looks after all his wants. Mrs. Essie Thompson Briggs is devoted to her father. What a blessing it is for older people in their declining years, that they have children to look after and care for them; at least return a part of the filial love and devotion that parents exercise over the bringing up of their children.

Mrs. Sarah Marsh MacDonald went to the automobile races in Indianapolis with her husband and they drove back a new Packard car. That will be news in Gunnison, as Sarah Marsh was raised there, having taught school in a number of the county sections.

Colin Timmins was buried here last week. He was 81 years of age, a native of New Holland, Ohio, and a well known mining engineer in Aspen and the Gunnison country fifty years ago. About 1889 he served one term in the Colorado legislature. I knew Mr. Timmins very well. He was highly regarded in his chosen profession.

This communication has much to do with the old people, who in their day and generation were known to the Gunnison country, and it is altogether befitting and appropriate to speak of them now, as you are having Pioneer Day this month in your town. Personally, I am in good health and feel as young as I ever did - at least I think so.

We have another golden wedding in the offing to record very soon. I think Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Metzler will celebrate before long.

J. E. PHILLIPS.
403 South Garfield Ave.,
Alhambra, Calif.

**Sixth Annual Gunnison County Picnic
Held At Long Beach, Nov. 13 [1938]**

* *

(by Maude Farley Cuthbert)

The day for the Sixth Annual Gunnison County (Colorado) Picnic arrived, and November 13th dawned clear and beautiful. The place, Bixby Park, Long Beach, California; the time, 10:00 a. m.; requirements, "bring your lunch, and free coffee will be served."

One-time Gunnison county people now living in California began coming to the park to see friends by appointments; and to find surprises, by attendance of folks who had heard of the picnic, or read the notice in the Gunnison News-Champion. Many who are now living in California, and others who are visiting or touring, and made their time fit the picnic date, came. First, we hunt the register, write our own name on it, then read the other signatures to see who has arrived ahead of us. Later we return to scan the added names as the crowd swells with new arrivals.

Those who have but recently arrived from Colorado are eagerly sought and questions asked about the friends back there.

As usual, the big lunch baskets are unpacked about 12:30, long tables bountifully filled, and groups of friends clustered near their own baskets. The Ben Hur Coffee Co. donated their delicious coffee thru their good customer, Edna Parlin Crylie, and Mr. Ford, superintendent of the Park Recreation Co., made the coffee. Mr. Ford had reserved our tables in a secluded group of trees and shrubs, near the larger space to allow for greater numbers.

Many of our numbers had attended every year, and each year brings others who have never come before. We had news from some who had been detained, and guessed at the reason why others did not arrive.

Many expressed anticipation that Hugh and Irene Sandifer Palmer of Pasadena would come and bring their little daughter, Sheila Jane. But she is too young for picnics yet, Hugh has added duties in his teaching work this year, and besides, they are anticipating occupying their lovely new home before Thanksgiving. Accordingly, they did not attend the picnic.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Metzler had auto troubles, and as they had intended bringing John E. Phillips of Alhambra, none of them arrived.

Mrs. Laura Lewis was not well enough to come from San Diego. Mrs. Jap Pittser, Osee DesCombes, Linton Pittser and Nita and Norris March and daughter, Juanita, of San Diego, could not give time to attend, because their Pittser Novelties Co. is expanding into a larger factory, and they are moving to National City at once, having large orders for Christmas novelties to fill.

Someone reported having heard from Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Hartman and daughter, Leah, that they hoped to come, but they did not. Neither were Mrs. D. R. Peck and Ursula Carpenter there.

A note of sadness and loss was felt when we thot of the dear ones who no more will write their names on our register. Thoughts of Sarah Marsh McDonald, who was always so interested in the annual picnic and glad to greet friends; T. J. Thompson, so loyal to Colorado and his friends; Bob Lowrey, the railroad man, so well known; Dwight Briggs, only recently known to our group, but sadly missed.

A group of Southern California Western State College alumni, with Henry Benson as spokesman, held their annual meeting near our tables, and when it was suggested that we join

together, they decided to make their annual picnic on the same date and at the same place each year hereafter, having their own organization, but joining with us for lunch and greetings and renewals of Gunnison county friendships.

Following is the list of names and the register, together with addresses:

Formerly of Gunnison

Ralph Monte McGregor (Olathe)	646 Princeton, Ontario
Pearl Irish McGregor	646 Princeton, Ontario
Edna Parlin Crylie	2123 So. Grand Ave., Los Angeles
Fred Motschman	1336 W. Second St., San Bernardino
Frank S. Cuthbert	RFD 1, Box 696, Orange
Maude Farley Cuthbert	RFD 1, Box 696, Orange
Bertha Williams Brown	6228 Carmelita Ave., Bell
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Williams	1847 W. 42 Place, Los Angeles
Frances and Willora Williams	1847 W. 42 Place, Los Angeles
E. G. Motschman	890 Bellevue, San Bernardino
Ragia Vidal Rankin	150 E. Olive, Colton
Wallace Rankin	150 E. Olive, Colton
Frank A. Brown	345 Colorado Place, Long Beach
Mrs. F. A. Brown	345 Colorado Place, Long Beach
Mrs. Elmer Wiley	3004 Bancroft St., San Diego
Elsie B. Wiley and Blanche Wiley	3004 Bancroft St., San Diego
Mrs. Doris Stochdale Schraher	6720 Franklin, LaHabra Apts., Hollywood
J. F. Benthine	3004 Bancroft St., San Diego
Floyd Segar	441 Towne Ave., Los Angeles
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Beckley	2454 Louella Ave., Venice
Mrs. and Mrs. H. L. Daniels	South Gate
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whipp	225 Chestnut Ave., Long Beach
Mr. and Mrs. Urias Williams	207 So. Burris, Compton
Mrs. Jane Williams Pratt	112 Douglas Ave., Compton
Mr. and Mrs. John April	547 Orange Ave., Orange
Mrs. Mary B. Smith	1243 Roycroft Ave., Long Beach
W. Scott Smith	1243 Roycroft Ave., Long Beach
Mrs. Alice Smith Titus	1243 Roycroft Ave., Long Beach
Katherine Abel	1723 W. 9th St., Los Angeles
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Kelly	2607 Kent, Los Angeles
Mrs. Maude Murray Collier	6320 Riverside Ave., Bell
Mrs. Kate Murray Nesse	6320 Riverside Ave., Bell
Mrs. Kate Murray Parish	349 E. Ocean Ave., Long Beach
Louis A. Thomas	839 E. 7th St., National City
Mrs. Lena M. Berg Lutes (Iola)	3931 E. Third, Los Angeles
Clara S. Alexander and grand-daughter	4647 E. 9th, Los Angeles
Herman W. Pyle	Montgomery Ward, Huntington Park
Mrs. Leola Hay Kirby	1210 E. 20th St., Long Beach
Mrs. W. C. Sackett	2711 E. Hope, Huntington Park
Mary L. Edwards	2711 E. Hope, Huntington Park

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Doig	243 W. Brookdale Place, Fullerton
Wilma Doig	243 W. Brookdale Place, Fullerton
Mrs. H. W. Pile	6720 B. Malaba, Huntington Park
Margaret Riley Stainbrook	744 Redondo, Long Beach
Mrs. Fred Hay	1210 E. Twentieth, Long Beach
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spenst	7321 Atlantic Blvd., Bell
Miss Hazel Spenst	7321 Atlantic Blvd., Bell
Frank Dlugosh	145½ W. 41st St., Los Angeles
Essie Snodgrass Briggs	1155 Hellman St., Long Beach
Gladys M. Montgomery	2454 Louelle Ave., Venice
Henry W. Smith	2257 Linnington Ave., Los Angeles
Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Fouse and family	2257 Linnington Ave., Los Angeles
Alpha Sigfrid	1723 W. 9th, Los Angeles
Mrs. Georgia Adams	340 W. Malvern, Fullerton
Mrs. Carroll Christy	340 W. Malvern, Fullerton
Mrs. Jessie H. Leonard (visiting from Doyleville)	
Harry A. Schnepf	354 H. St., Chula Vista
Mrs. Julia Korn Harrington (Tin Cup)	3725 ½ E. 5th St., Long Beach
Chas. Eugene Harrington (Tin Cup)	3725 ½ E. 5th St., Long Beach
Sam E. Arey	2507 Via La Selva, Palos Verdes Est.
Herbert F. Hardy	2901 Pension, San Pedro
Mrs. Ruth McKirsan Hardy	2901 Pension, San Pedro
Mr. and Mrs. Roe E. Riley	5211 ½ Marmion Way, Los Angeles
Henry Benson	1065 W. 62nd St., San Diego
Mr. Gladys Cooper Benson	1065 W. 62nd St., San Diego
Ray Williams	947 Marine Ave., Wilmington, Calif.
Leonard Rich	6765 California, Long Beach
Ruth Crary Wheeler	2067 Thayer Ave., W. Los Angeles
William McGinnis	1753 Appleton, Long Beach
Jim Harrington (Tin Cup)	3725 ½ E. 5th St., Long Beach
Mrs. Estella F. Kelley	1430 W. 37th Drive, Los Angeles
Leora Cooper (Olathe)	606 E. 6th St., Corona, Los Angeles
David and Lois Hunden	943 Pine Ave., Lynwood (W.S.C.)
Greta Crawford Gulick (Meeker)	Rt. 1, Box 152, La Habra
Winifred Rowley Myers	1325 Cedar St., Santa Monica
Helen Deering Richards and daughter	Los Angeles

Formerly of Crested Butte

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McKinley	Fullerton
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. (Wallie) McDonald	Palm Springs
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Long	5912 Olive Ave.
Donald R. Long	5609 Cerritos Ave., Long Beach
Henry Decker	1335 W. 66th St., Los Angeles
E. V. McCormick	3218 Atlantic Ave., Long Beach
William and E. J. Decker	Box 613, Banning
Mrs. Edna Olney Roberts	249 S. Ave. 2, Los Angeles

Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Jarvis
George Ball
Dave and Ethel Ball Watkins
Kate Williams Requa
Mrs. J. V. McClenathan
Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Williams

San Diego
4386 Kansas St., San Diego
4386 Kansas St., San Diego
112 Douglas Ave., Compton
4874 Avoca Ave., Los Angeles
124 So. Quigly Ave., Pasadena

W.S.C. Alumni Have Meet at Long Beach

* *

(By Estella F. Kelley)

Western State Alumni Association of Southern California held its fall get-together on November 13th [1938], in conjunction with the Gunnison County picnic at Bixby Park in Long Beach.

It was an enthusiastic group that gathered at one of the long tables to renew old friendships and exchange bits of news from the folks back home. The gabfest was so interesting that Henry Benson, president of the organization, had difficulty in getting attention long enough to attend to the necessary business.

By unanimous vote Henry was re-elected president for another year - against his protests. Mrs. Estelle F. Kelley was chosen secretary, and Miss Katherine Abel, treasurer. Some interesting little talks followed the business session. Mrs. Maude Farley Cuthbert, who is sponsor of the annual Gunnison County picnic at Bixby Park, told of how the custom came into being about 20 years ago. Mrs. Essie Briggs and Louis A. Thomas, both old-time Gunnison county residents, told of some of the early days in Gunnison.

Following is a list of those present at the WSC Alumni gathering, with a few items of interest regarding a number of them:

Wilma Doig, Blanche and Elsie Wiley, Mary L. Edwards, Katherine Abel, Leora Cooper, Mrs. Kellaphine Morrison, Jennie Hanlon, Alpha Sigfrid, Mrs. Carroll Christy, Mrs. Leota (Blaine) Smith, Mrs. Agnes M. (Walker) Frye, Mrs. Helen Goddard Danielson, Mrs. Estelle F. Kelley.

Mrs. Winifred Rowley Myers and two sons, aged 13 and 15.

Mrs. Margaret (Riley) Stainbrook with three children, Teddy, the oldest, is very much like his father, the late Marvin Riley.

Ray Williams, Leonard Rich, Louis A. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Kelley and daughter, Mary.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hunden and Sally Jane and David, Jr. Mrs. Hunden was formerly Lois Hotchkiss.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Gullick (Greta Crawford) and their daughter, Greta Mae; Mr. and Mrs. Roe Riley and son, Kenneth; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hardy and children, Donna Mae and Donald Ray. Mrs. Hardy was Ruth McKissen.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Daniels and sons, Denny and Jack. Mrs. Daniels was Louise Gibbette of Gunnison high school. She will be remembered by Westerners thru her mother, a teacher in the psychology department for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benson (Gladys Cooper) and their daughters, Virginia and Doris Jean. It is thru the untiring efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Benson that this group has been cemented and held together.

Visitors included Mrs. Maude Farley Cuthbert and Mrs. Essie Snodgrass Briggs.

OTHER NOTES

LeRoy Kelley, son of S. Charles and Estella F. Kelley, was married in Charlottesville, Virginia, last May to Miss Nancy Bruce, daughter of Dr. Bruce D. Bruce of Greenville, South Carolina.

LeRoy was a student in Gunnison high school until 1930, when the family moved to Los Angeles. He is a member of the faculty and part-time student at the University of Charlottesville, Va., in the math. department, and will get his Ph. D. there next year.

The other Kelleys live at home in Los Angeles. Paul is a bookkeeper and personnel man for a southern California company; Lois is a civil service employee; and Charles Ray is a senior in Manual Arts high school.

Gunnison County Folks In California Hold Combined Picnic

The following interesting accounts of the annual picnic of Gunnison county folks now in California, held in conjunction with the annual meeting of Western State Alumni of southern California, held at Bixby Park, Long Beach, on November 12, [1939], have been sent to News-Champion, and will no doubt be of interest to our readers.

Gunnison County Annual Picnic

(By J. E. Phillips)

The seventh annual reunion of the Gunnison county Association of Los Angeles was held in Bixby Park, Long Beach, Sunday, November 12th. It was a grand success, both as to numbers present and sociability. About 140 former residents of Gunnison county were there - many of them long past eighty years of age, and many younger people, who were born in Gunnison county.

It was decidedly the best gathering the association has had in years. Many of those present were friends and neighbors while living in Colorado, but are now so widely scattered that they do not meet each other except on occasions of this kind. One would see them in groups of two or more, shaking hands and discussing happenings in their lives of long ago.

Many of the older folks at the picnic came to Gunnison county in covered wagons, at that time the only way to travel before railroads were built into the section, and they enjoyed recounting little incidents of those days which were indelibly engraved on their minds, never to be forgotten. They were younger fifty or sixty years ago, yet it was a pleasure to renew acquaintance with old friends.

One man, strutting around, said he lived in Colorado but never heard of Gunnison county. One of the ladies told him it was the mother county of all the counties west of the Continental Divide, and that we were the first settlers and descendants of the first pioneers of that county; that we crowded out the Ute Indian, who moved elsewhere when we came.

Tables at the park were heavily laden with choice food, brought by different families, and plentifully served to those who came unprepared with lunch.

It has been suggested that next year we will arrange for a golden wedding party. For whom will it be?

We would like to make mention of many whom we met at the picnic, but space will not permit. We are, however, indebted to Mrs. Maude Farley Cuthbert for typing names of all those present, which are herewith attached. Also a few items which Mrs. Cuthbert gleaned and which will be of interest to News-Champion readers.

Gunnison may have its annual pioneer meetings, but this annual festival in California is a sort of second edition of Pioneer Day - or it may be first, at least it will draw a lot of people in California, who once called Gunnison county home, and who do not attend for any other reason than that they just neglect to do so.

Following are a few comments on some of those present:

R. P. Smith, vice chairman, All-States Picnic, to be held in Ontario, California, on June 1st, 1940, invited all Colorado people, whether their homes are still in that state, or any place else, to attend the annual "Two Mile Long Table Picnic."

Mrs. Kellephine Morrison was very much in attendance, and friends greeted her joyously. Mrs. Morrison is the teacher of Deanna Durbin, the movie star, and a new film has just been finished of the wonderful singer and the preview proven perfect.

Mrs. Henry Richter, now of Rolling Hills, near Palos Cerdes Estates, enjoyed meeting friends from Colorado, and says that one of Mr. Richter's fine paintings was exhibited at the Golden Gate Exposition in San Francisco.

Many expressions of gratitude to Editor Henry F. Lake, Jr., Gunnison News-Champion for notices and articles concerning the Gunnison County picnic in California, were heard. A picture clipped from a recent copy of the new Western Campus was passed around, and one mother was heard to say: "We are planning on sending our son to Western. He is only six years old now, and it may seem like a long time ahead, but we are intending to give him the privilege of that fine, thoro and clean college education."

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Palmer from Gunnison arrived recently in Pasadena at the home of their son, Hugh.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McKee have arrived at the home of their son, C. J. McKee. Mrs. McKee also came to the picnic. Mr. McKee could not attend, and we were sorry not to have seen him, too.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Larsen spoke with much enthusiasm of Gunnison, proudly told of catching a big trout and being awarded a year's subscription to the News-Champion; of spending many happy summers at Jack's Cabin with J. J. Shackleford; of Mrs. Clyde Burris' gracious permission for them to fish on her ranch near Iola; and of other friends in Gunnison.

Following is a list of those attending the picnic on the 12th:

Name	Present Calif. Address	Old Home Town
Rufus Knopp	San Luis Obispo, Calif.	Gunnison
Frank S. Cuthbert	RFD 1 Box 696, Orange	Crested Butte-Gunnison
John Arch	220 E. Garfield Ave., Glendale	Gunnison
Frank A. Brown	345 Colorado Place, Long Beach	Gunnison
Mrs. Margaret Cammann	3004 Bancroft St., San Diego	Pitkin
Mrs. Kate Arch	1268 13th St., San Diego	Gunnison
Mr. and Mrs. John April	244 No. Olive, Orange	Gunnison
William O. Chinery	6613 Ajax Ave., Bell Gardens	Gunnison
Louis A. Thomas	839 E. 7th St., National City	Gunnison
Adelene B. Thomas	839 E. 7th St., National City	Gunnison
Alex Lou Thomas	839 E. 7th St., National City	Gunnison
Eugene Burasso	348 ¼ E. 51 St., Los Angeles	Gunnison
Marion Thomas Burasso	348 ¼ E. 51 St., Los Angeles	Gunnison
Walter J. Ellis	248 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles	Pitkin
Ruth Langston Ellis	248 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles	Pitkin
June Ellis	248 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles	Pitkin
Edna Parlin Crylie	3123 Grand Ave., Los Angeles	Parlin
Bertha Williams Brown	6228 Carmelita, Bell, Calif.	Gunnison
J. J. Williams	1847 W. 42nd, Los Angeles	Gunnison
Essie Snodgrass Briggs	1155 Hellman St.	Gunnison
Frances J. Curtiss Anderson	El Segundo, Calif.	Pitkin
Harriett H. Adams	206 American, Kennedy Apt., L.A.	Gunnison

Ghita Marsh Owen	4900 Figueroa St., Los Angeles	Gunnison
Rolland E. Owen	4900 Figueroa St., Los Angeles	Gunnison
Mrs. Ed Owen	1715 So. Primrose, Alhambra	Gunnison
John Steele Owen	1715 So. Primrose, Alhambra	Gunnison
Mamie McClendon Owen	1715 So. Primrose, Alhambra	Gunnison
Alberta Metzler Bennett	262 S. Greenwood, Pasadena	Crested Butte
Pete Campbell	820 Orizaba Ave., Long Beach	Pueblo
Guy Murphy	1518 W. 168th St., Gardena	Crested Butte
A. J. Johnson	2067 E. Broadway, Long Beach	Crested Butte
J. V. McClenathan	4874 Avoca, Los Angeles	Crested Butte
May S. Metzler	262 So. Greenwood, Pasadena	Crested Butte
Edna Olney Roberts	249 So. Ave 21, Los Angeles	Crested Butte
V. E. Metzler	262 So. Greenwood, Pasadena	Crested Butte
J. E. Phillips	25 No. 1st., Alhambra	Crested Butte-Gunnison
Luella Johnson	2067 E. Broadway, Long Beach	Gunnison
Boyd Johnson	2067 E. Broadway, Long Beach	Gunnison
H. L. Spencer	Idaho Springs, Colo.	Gunnison
Alica Spencer	Idaho Springs, Colo.	Gunnison
E. G. Palmer	1585 Casitas Ave., Pasadena	Gunnison
Ethel Ferguson Palmer	1585 Casitas Ave., Pasadena	Gunnison
Lelia Reilly	11544 Lewis St., Lynwood	Gunnison
Kate Williams Requa	112 Douglas Ave., Compton	Crested Butte
L. G. Williams and wife	745 Brady, Los Angeles	Crested Butte
Jane Williams Pratt	112 Douglas Ave., Compton	Crested Butte
Fred E. Jarvis and wife	1761 Montecito Way, San Diego	Crested Butte
Mark A. Richard and daughter	2907 ½ 4th Ave., Los Angeles	Gunnison
Helen Deering Richard	2907 ½ 4th Ave., Los Angeles	Gunnison
Mrs. D. R. Peck	1464 Chestnut Ave., Long Beach	Gunnison
Ursula Peck Carpenter	1464 Chestnut Ave., Long Beach	Gunnison
Mrs. Fred Hay (Webster)	1156 E. 20th St., Long Beach	Gunnison
Leola Hay Kirby	1156 E. 20th St., Long Beach	Gunnison
Clara Surles Alexander	4647 E. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles	Gunnison
J. E. Whipp	225 Chestnut Ave., Long Beach	Crested Butte
Fannie B. Whipp	225 Chestnut Ave., Long Beach	Crested Butte
Leo Long	5912 Olive Ave., Long Beach	Crested Butte-Gunnison
Candice Long	5912 Olive Ave., Long Beach	Crested Butte-Gunnison
Urias and Alta Williams	207 S. Burris, Compton	Crested Butte-Gunnison
Mrs. Eva T. McKnight	1107 Burnside Ave., L.A.	Crested Butte-Gunnison
Roe R. Riley	5211 ½ Marmion Way, Los Angeles	Gunnison
Doris Kelly Riley	5211 ½ Marmion Way, Los Angeles	Gunnison
John E. Packard	Barclay Hotel, 103 W. 4th St.	Irwin
Rassie M. Wiley	3004 Bancroft St., San Diego	Pitkin-Gunnison
Elsie M. Wiley	3004 Bancroft St., San Diego	Pitkin-Gunnison
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKinney	5168 Pacific Ave., Long Beach	Gunnison

Ronald French	5168 Pacific Ave., Long Beach	Gunnison
Lucille McKinney French	5168 Pacific Ave., Long Beach	Gunnison
Neil Arey Frymier	253 Bennett Ave., Long Beach	Gunnison
Mrs. W. A. Arey	253 Bennett Ave., Long Beach	Gunnison
C. J. McKee	1515 S. Sierra Vista, Alhambra	Gunnison
Mrs. W. W. McKee	1515 S. Sierra Vista, Alhambra	Gunnison
Jim Harrington	3925 ½ E. 5th St., Long Beach	Tin Cup
Lorita Crylie McCrea	234 W. 20th St., Long Beach	Salida
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McKinley	Sunny Hills Ranch, Fullerton	
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Curtiss	1442 Marine, Wilmington	Pitkin
Mrs. Henry L. Richter	17409 Redondo St., Rolling Hills	Gunnison
Mrs. Winnie E. Magaw	214 Bluff Road, Montebello	Gunnison
Ruth Magaw	214 Bluff Road, Montebello	
Anna W. Fitzpatrick	802 No. Tyler, El Monte	Gunnison
Mrs. Pearl Irish McGregor	646 Princeton, Ontario	Gunnison
R. M. McGregor	646 Princeton, Ontario	Gunnison
Ruth McCormick	12017 So. Bradfield, Lynwood	Crested Butte
Mrs. E. V. McCormick	12017 So. Bradfield, Lynwood	Crested Butte
E. V. McCormick	12017 So. Bradfield, Lynwood	Crested Butte
Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Larsen	Savoy Hotel, Los Angeles	

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of November 23, 1939

W. S. C. Alumni Attend Picnic

* *

(By Mrs. Henry Benson)

The annual meeting of Western State College Alumni of Southern California, was held at Bixby Park, Long Beach, Sunday, Nov. 12 [1939], in conjunction with the Gunnison County picnic. Twenty active members were present.

After a delightful picnic and visiting among Gunnison county friends with renewing old acquaintances the alumni meeting was called to order by Henry Benson, president. "Alma Mater" was sung by the group with great enthusiasm, led by Hugh Palmer of Pasadena.

Letters from Dr. C. C. Casey, president of Western State, and H. L. Dotson, vice-president, were read by Mrs. Kellaphene Morrison. All were very much interested in the five new buildings that have been completed on W. S. C. campus since 1936, at a total cost of \$327,818, and that a new field house with a swimming pool to care for both men and women, is soon to be built. The alumni was glad to know that President Casey will make every effort to visit our group in the near future, at which time colored motion pictures of the campus and campus activities will be shown.

Everyone was enthused about the making of a new banner, "Southern California Western State Alumni of Colorado," suggested by Mr. Dotson, vice-president of the college, and sponsored by Richard Purcell, director of publicity of Western.

Mrs. F. George Damson gave a very interesting informal talk on Western State, its activities and buildings. She informed her listeners that the summer band camp is now the second largest of its kind in the United States and that the dramatics department is sponsoring "A Little Theatre Guild."

Miss Luella Johnson, class of 1915, and Grace B. Wiley, class of 1916, gave interesting accounts of Western, at that time a Normal school, when they attended.

Mrs. Morrison gave a very enthusiastic "pep" talk on what Southern California alumni could do for Western State. She suggested there should be more meetings during the year to bind the members more closely together.

Mrs. Henry Rawley Myers, of 1325 Cedar Street, Santa Barbara, was elected president for the ensuing year. Mrs. Henry Benson was made secretary and treasurer.

Following is a list of those present:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benson	1065 W. 62nd St., Los Angeles	Gunnison
Mr. and Mrs. David Hunden	943 Pine Ave., Lynwood	Hotchkiss
Mrs. Leota Blaine Smith	3314 A Beechwood, Lynwood	Delta
Mrs. Doris Kelly Riley	5211 ½ Marmion Way, Los Angeles	Montrose
Roe R. Riley	5211 ½ Marmion Way, Los Angeles	Gunnison
Leora Cooper	606 E. 6th St., Corona	Olathe
Louis A. Thomas	839 E. 7th St., National City	Gunnison
Adelene B. Thomas	839 E. 7th St., National City	Gunnison
Louis B. Thomas, Jr.	839 E. 7th St., National City	Gunnison
Kellephene Morrison	4617 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles	Gunnison
Mrs. F. George Damson	6501 Orange St., Los Angeles	Gunnison
Mary Kathryn Damson	6501 Orange St., Los Angeles	Gunnison

Luella Johnson	2067 E. Broadway, Los Angeles	Gunnison
Lucille McKinney French	5168 Pacific Ave., Long Beach	Gunnison
Hugh E. Palmer	1585 Casitas Ave., Pasadena	Gunnison
Irene Sandifer Palmer	1585 Casitas Ave., Pasadena	Gunnison
Sheila Jane Palmer	1585 Casitas Ave., Pasadena	Pasadena
Mr. and Mrs. Jess E. Arterburn	1340 So. Ross St., Santa Ana	Gunnison
Elsie B. Wiley	3004 Bancroft, San Diego	Gunnison
Mary L. Edwards Roy	1424 Constance, Los Angeles	Gunnison

Annual California Picnic of Gunnisonites For 1940

By J. E. Phillips

Alhambra, California
Sept. 10, 1940

We had another one of those Colorado picnics at Sycamore Grove last Sunday. Citizens who formerly resided in Colorado to the number of over 3000 men, women and children assembled, many with their lunch baskets. After lunch they registered in the county from which they had formerly resided, then waited for their friends to come and register or look over the names.

Many old time friends, acquaintances and oftentimes relatives meet in that way. These meetings are fraught with joy and happiness when old neighbors come together who have not seen each other for ten or twenty years.

Some of these meetings are very amusing. I was sitting on a bench and saw two ladies standing 50 feet apart, glaring at one another. Suddenly they started toward each other, and bang! A regular collision took place, and then smack! smack! smack! It was all over. They backed away and started in:

"Well, if this isn't Sadie Brown whom I knew in Prowers county 20 years ago. Where have you been all this time? How is Mr. Brown and all the children?"

"And you are Mary Abbott! Well, I have lived right here in Monrovia. Mr. Brown passed away. My oldest daughter is married and has two children. Come up here, Sadie and show Mrs. Abbot the kids."

Up steps Sadie and two little ones, and another warm greeting follows.

"Do you live out in that dust bowl country. Why don't you get Mr. Abbott to sell out and come here to live. This is the only country to live in. Out where we live they are building nice five room houses that you can buy on the installment plan - \$150 down and \$25 a month for ten years, then you own your own home. If the government is going to spend 15 billion to keep us out of war, all of us should get a few of those dollars, then have the pleasure of living in this beautiful southland."

"Well, you know Abbott cannot sell out and besides you remember Elizabeth, our oldest daughter, who was a little girl when you lived out there. She is married to a young dust bowl farmer and has three children, whom we do not like to leave. If we can persuade them to come along we may all come next spring. As you say there will be lots of jobs with money to spend, and Dad and son-in-law can all find work to do."

The talk kept up like that, and it is only a sample of what goes on around the posts of the 58 counties represented.

Over 300 registered at the Denver county stand and all counties were well represented.

Gunnison had a distinguished guest from home. She enjoyed meeting old friends and was supremely happy. It was none other than Miss Agnes Winters, your society editor, who also takes care of the 20 Years Ago column in your paper. I asked her why she did not bring Jack with her. She told me he had to stay home to water the lawn, look after the chickens, keep the dogs out of the flowers. I told her it was unfair to leave him at home, that he needed a vacation and should have come along. Anyhow, she was having the time of her life, meeting so many people she did not expect to see.

I knew Miss Winters' father, Frank Winters who came with our crowd from Rosita, Custer county, in 1880. He worked in the Forest Queen mine, and was one of the few who ever made any money out of that mine in Irwin that was reported to have produced a million dollars. Once the owners lost the pay shoot and it was all pay and no income. They were about to shut down when Frank Winters and Frank Meyers asked for a lease. They did not work long until they found the vein, took out fifty thousand apiece, it is claimed, which was a good stake. Meyers being a Civil War veteran, old age and infirmities brot him to Sawtelle, where he died seven years ago.

Following is the list of Gunnison county folks registered:

Name	Calif. Address	Old Home Town
J. W. Coe	6025 Brogtin Ave., Long Beach	Marble
Roe R. Riley and family	936 N. Ave. 50	Gunnison
Mrs. Pearl (Irish) McGregor	646 Princeton, Ontario	Gunnison
A. F. Hefley	15 ½ El Dorado St., Arcadia	Marble
Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Metzler	262 So. Greenwood, Pasadena	Crested Butte
Mrs. Alberta Metzler Bennett	262 So. Greenwood, Pasadena	Crested Butte
H. S. Walter	827 McDonald, Wilmington	Crested Butte
Bruce Redden	1916 Harding St., Long Beach	Gunnison
Mrs. Irene Riley	2636 Pasadena Ave., L.A.	Gunnison
Eugene M. Riley	2636 Pasadena Ave., L.A.	Gunnison
J. E. Phillips	25 N. 1st St., Alhambra	Crested Butte
Jane Williams Pratt	112 Douglas St., Compton	Gunnison
Kate Williams Regna	112 Douglas St., Compton	Gunnison
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benson & Family	1065 W. 62nd St., L.A.	Gunnison
S. W. Payton	1938 Ralph St., Rosemeade	Marble
F. M. Hartman	San Dimas	Gunnison
C. H. Taylor	1938 Ralph St., Rosemeade	Marble
G. L. Jones	2031 Eleanore Dr., Glendale	Gunnison
Mrs. Hilda Taylor	1938 Ralph St., Rosemeade	Marble
Mrs. John Papish (Anna Yoklavich)	927 W. 62nd, L.A.	Crested Butte
Mrs. Clara S. Alexander	4647 E. Olympic Blvd.	Gunnison
Wm. Platzek	3719 Beach St.	Crested Butte
Jack O'Neill	610 So. St. Louis	Crested Butte
Mrs. W. H. Archibald (Nora O'Neill)	339 W. 97th	Crested Butte
Edna Parlin Crylie	3123 So. Grand Ave., L.A.	Parlin
Mr. and Mrs. Rolland Owen	4900 No. Figuero St., L.A.	Gunnison
Alice J. Davis	2215 Oris St., Compton	Somerset
Mr. and Mrs. M. Cofer	9126 Denker Ave., L.A.	
Miss Agnes Winters	9126 Denker Ave., L.A.	Gunnison
Edith Potter	4369 O'Neil St.	Gunnison
Eula Campbell Rose	6520 El Cortez, Bell	
Geo. Leeming	4006 Collis Ave., L.A.	Somerset
Jessie Fulton Peters	311 W. 93rd St., L.A.	Gunnison

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Meeting Friends of Youth In Sunny California

* *

(By J. E. Phillips.)

Attending the Gunnison County reunion in Bixby Park in Long Beach, California, in November, Wally McDonald and his wife were there from Palm Springs. He has a livery stable in that city, specializing in producing riding ponies for the young boys and girls who come there every winter.

The home town of Wally McDonald is Glenwood Springs, Colorado, where he has the same interests, catering to summer visitors. In the fall, he loads up a long string of ponies and comes to Palm Springs, California, where he does a good business supplying the young bloods who spend the winter there. In the spring, when summer tourists here depart, Wally loads up his ponies and drives back to Glenwood Spring. It is an original idea that gives him business the year around.

Now, I will tell you who he is. He was born in Pugwash, Nova Scotia, came to Crested Butte as a boy. His father was killed in that disastrous explosion that took place in the C. F. & I. coal mine in Crested Butte in the winter of 1888, killing 59 men. Mrs. McDonald was left with three children to look after, of which Wally was one. Time went by and she struggled to bring up her three children. Then, one day it was announced that Widow McDonald was to marry Cal Chappell, a bright young building contractor of Crested Butte. That gave Wally a step-father, and in time, a half-brother, Floyd Chappell, now forest ranger at Glenwood Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Chappell lived a happy married life in Crested Butte and the children all grew up there. A. O. McDonald and Mrs. Ed Allen, both of Gunnison, are brother and sister of Wally.

Mrs. Wally McDonald, before her marriage was Bessie Kelley, one of the twins born in Irwin, daughters of R. R. Kelley, who kept the hotel in Irwin in the eighties. Everybody knew genial Bob Kelley in those days. He was from Illinois, A Republican, first, last and at all times. His older daughter was the wife of Amandus Anderson, who resided in Crested Butte. Another one of the Kelley girls married Charley Hamlin, a brother of Clarence Hamlin, multi-millionaire editor of the Gazette and Telegraph, who died in Colorado Springs a short while ago. I knew the Kelley twins when they were running around Irwin 55 years ago.

Also at the reunion in Bixby Park was Willie Decker, a native son of Crested Butte. His father, H. A. Decker, was in business there, now deceased, but his mother is living with a sister in Sand Springs, Idaho. Will has a ranch near Banning.

Eugene McCormick was another Crested Butte boy of the early days in the "eighties" period, who now lives in California and attended the picnic. He, with Thomas A. O'Donnell, started a dairy in Crested Butte about 1889. Sam Metzler, the banker, loaned them money to buy cows. They were ambitious, worked hard to make a success, but fate and high prices of cow feed were against them - the feed bill was greater than the profit on the milk production. Mr. O'Donnell became disgusted, sold out to Eugene, and bot a ticket for California in the spring - I think of 1890. He went to work in the oil fields and made a fortune, spending his summers at his home in Long Beach and the winters in Palm Springs. Eugene McCormick stayed on the job. He milked those cows until they all went dry, when he had to turn to other pursuits. He finally came out to see how his old partner was getting along. While at Bixby Park picnic, he introduced me to two fine looking young men who were his sons, and while he has not risen financially as well as his former partner, Tom O'Donnell, he says he has had a good time and is proud of his family.

Between the decade of 1880 and 1890, there lived in Crested Butte Wally McDonald, Willie Decker, Eugene McCormick, Frank Cuthbert, Tom and Jim O'Donnell - all boys between ages of 10 and 15 years. That was 55 years ago - over half a century - and the bloom of youth was in their cheeks and energy and ambition in their minds. Then it was that they bucked the snows of that vigorous climate, little dreaming that after 50 years they would still be alive, and all located not so far apart in sunny Southern California.

I have met Mrs. Maude Farley Cuthbert, formerly of Pitkin and Gunnison, who is the wife of Frank Cuthbert. She is always at his side. Where he goes, there she goes, and it is truly a happy couple.

The great advantage of these reunions is you get to meet old childhood friends whom you never expected to see again in life. I remember all of them as youngsters 55 years ago. It is a pleasure to meet them.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Dec. 26, 1940.

**Annual Gunnison County Picnic
Held In Long Beach, Calif., Nov. 9**

* *

Ninth Annual Now Called 'Gunnison Day'

News-Champion is indebted to J. E. Phillips of Alhambra, California, for the following interesting account of the annual picnic held at Bixby Park, Long Beach, California, on Nov. 9th, by former residents of Gunnison county now living on the coast:

Alhambra, Calif.,
November 13, 1941.

We have Armistice Day, Columbus Day, Admission Day, Labor Day, Christmas Day and Independence Day; why can't we have now "Gunnison Day" on the calendar?

On Sunday, November 9th, former citizens of Gunnison county held their ninth annual picnic in Bixby Park, Long Beach, California. It was a glorious success as to members present and sociability - at least, that is what everyone said who attended. Read over the list of names of those who registered at the picnic, and you will recognize many familiar ones. Altho there were many others who failed to register, I think possibly 150 were present. We had with us folks from San Diego, San Luis Obispo, San Bernardino, and a dozen outlying points besides.

When you do not meet old friends of long, long ago but once a year, or more, you have a lot of news and friendly gossip stored up to impart to them that makes the day one of mutual joy and pleasure.

Everyone brings lunch, and it always tastes better on these occasions.

Old Man Arbuckle was there with his coffee pot, and it was good to the last drop; so good that we had to have a second helping.

It is amusing to observe some of the cordial greetings between old-time friends when they meet. When you used to live next door to neighbors back home and could see them daily, it is far different where you only meet once a twelvemonth, and have a whole year's gossip to unload at one fell swoop.

Each year folks look forward to another picnic, with meetings of friends, whereas, if it were not for these gatherings, many of us would never see each other, as we live in widely separated localities.

"Oh, Sadie, I'm so glad you are here; we have so much to talk about. Let's go over and sit on that bench and talk it out."

By the time they are seated, other friends spy them, and they all gang up on Sadie and her old friend; all start conversing until they do not really know what they are talking about, but all have a good time.

This annual picnic of former Gunnison county folks was a grand success and those who failed to get there do not know what they have missed.

Following are names and addresses of those who registered, and also the location of their former place of residence while in Colorado.

Names

Present Address

Originally From Gunnison

Frank and Maude Farley Cuthbert

R. 1, Box 696, Orange, Calif.

Jane Williams Pratt

112 Douglas St., Compton, Calif.

Pearl Irish McGregor
 Bertie Irish Glendenning
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benson
 Misses Virginia and Doris Jean Benson
 Mrs. Jos. Metroz
 Mrs. S. M. Turner
 Mary Lake Gray
 Lawrence Gray
 Major Homer Gray
 Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Redden
 Fred Motchman
 Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Knopp
 Mrs. Annie Hartman
 Leah Hartman Cunius
 Lelia Hall Reilly
 Alfred Reilly
 Blair Monson
 Mrs. Minnie Owen
 John S. Owen
 Mr. and Mrs. Larry Metcalf
 Mrs. S. E. Metcalf (Lizzie England)
 Kate Williams Requa
 E. H. Peck
 Frank A. Brown
 Louis A. Thomas
 William and Nannie Merrett
 Russell Stokes
 Bill Palmer
 W. J. Schriner
 Irma Gillaspey Colvin
 Bertha Williams Brown
 William R. Chinery
 Miss Wilma Chinery
 L. G. Williams
 Mr. and Mrs. Willard H. Wilt
 Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Palmer
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Niederhut
 Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Zeigler
 John O'Neill
 Irene Riley
 Minnie L. Green
 Chester and Helen Green
 Alma O. (Hay) Webster
 Mrs. Robert E. Kirby (Leola Hay)
 C. Eugene Harrington
 Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Spent

646 Princeton, Ont. 625-334
 646 Princeton, Ont. 625-334
 1065 West 62nd, Los Angeles
 1065 West 62nd, Los Angeles
 583 50th, Sacramento
 583 50th, Sacramento
 4641 Arlington Ave., Riverside
 4641 Arlington Ave., Riverside
 4641 Arlington Ave., Riverside
 1916 Harding St., Long Beach
 1336 W. 2nd, San Bernardino
 240 Sondercock, San Luis Obispo
 11544 Lewis, Lynwood
 208 K. St., Mojave
 11544 Lewis, Lynwood
 11544 Lewis, Lynwood
 1629 Union, San Diego
 1715 So. Primrose Ave., Alhambra
 1715 So. Primrose Ave., Alhambra
 809 Lookout Drive, Los Angeles
 321 N. Mt. Vernon, Prescott, Ariz.
 114 Douglas Ave., Compton
 1336 W. 90 Place, Los Angeles
 345 Colorado Place, Long Beach
 839 E. 7th St., National City
 729 ½ Atlantic Ave., Long Beach
 729 ½ Atlantic Ave., Long Beach
 729 ½ Atlantic Ave., Long Beach
 630 So. Abvrado
 8129 Seville Ave., South Gate
 6228 Carmelita, Bell
 6613 Ajax Ave., Bell
 6613 Ajax Ave., Bell
 314 Arizona Ave., L. A.
 4326 Willowbrook Ave., Los Angeles
 43 Penn., Pasadena
 2086 Bacon St., Ocean Beach
 4189 Idaho, San Diego
 610 So. St. Louis, Los Angeles
 2636 Pasadena Ave.
 4225 Ohio St., San Diego
 4330 Idaho St., San Diego
 1156 E. 20, Long Beach
 1156 E. 20, Long Beach
 3852 Mayfield, 894-48, Long Beach
 7307 Atlantic Blvd., Bell

John R. Gray
 John McKinney
 Frank and Hazel (Spenst) Dlugosh
 Mr. and Mrs. John April
 A. J. Johnson
 Luella Johnson
 Mrs. Sadie Gray
 Miss Lois Jones
 Merrill D. VanTuyt
 V. E. Metzler
 Mr. and Mrs. Noel H. Schriener
 Pvt. Wm. E. Schreiner
 Mrs. Clara Surles Alexander
 Mel Clarke
 Eugene M. Riley
 H. C. Lydick (Carbondale)
 Essie S. Briggs
 Margaret Riley Stainbrook
 Mr. and Mrs. M. Cofer
 Hugo S. Walter (Pueblo)
 Mrs. W. J. Doig and Miss Wilma
 Marian Campbell
 Mrs. Rose Gallagher Leisure
 Doris Kelly Riley and Roe R. Riley
 Robt. L. Chinery and Family
 J. C. Wells

1142 E. 1st St., Long Beach
 40 W. 53rd, Long Beach
 430 E. 67th St., Los Angeles
 244 N. Olive St., Orange
 2067 E. Broadway, Los Angeles
 2067 E. Broadway, Los Angeles
 4105 64th St., Long Beach

 727 Atlantic Ave., Long Beach
 Pasadena
 630 Salvadore, Los Angeles
 A1-42 MCB, South Dakota
 4647 E. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles
 70 South Oak Street
 2636 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles
 710 E. 8th, Long Beach
 1155 Hillman, Long Beach
 262 E. 57th, Long Beach
 9126 Denker Ave., Los Angeles
 827 McDonald, Wilmington
 400 Newell Place, Fullerton
 400 Newell Place, Fullerton
 691 E. Mariposa, Altadena
 4415 Mont Eagle Pl., Los Angeles

 582 Woodland Drive, Sierra Madre

Originally From Crested Butte

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Gulliford
 Mrs. V. E. Metzler

2039 Cotner Ave., Los Angeles
 262 So. Greenwood Ave., Sycamore,
 Pasadena
 339 W. 97th St., Los Angeles
 1917 ¼ Byann St., Los Angeles
 4163 Halldale, L.A.
 123 Hudson Place, Los Angeles
 1761 Montecito Way, San Diego
 1743 3rd Ave., San Diego
 12017 Bradfield, Lynwood
 59000 Olive Way, Long Beach
 Coachilla
 1443 W. 145th St., Gardena
 1423 Magnol, Los Angeles
 2989 W. 11th, Los Angeles
 1882 Lakeshore Ave., Los Angeles
 25 No. First, Alhambra

Nora O'Neill Archibald
 Russell Roberts
 Gayford Steinberg
 Mrs. Maude Fay Roberts
 Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Jarvis
 Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Boyle
 Mr. and Mrs. E. V. McCormick
 Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Long
 Vic Mitzler
 Pete C. Campbell
 Louis Rozman
 Joseph Rozman
 Andrew Campbell
 J. E. Phillips

From Other Towns In Colorado

Mrs. E. Archibold (Cripple Creek)	339 W. 97th St., Los Angeles
Edna Parlin Crylie (Parlin)	3123 So. Grand, Los Angeles
John E. Packard (Irwin)	103 W. 4th St., Los Angeles
F. M. Hartman and Wife (Salida)	San Dimas
Alfred Alderson (Baldwin)	1001 Town Ave., Englewood
Mr. and Mrs. Bob Watters (Sargents)	400 E. St., Oxnard
Floyd Leonard (Sargents)	546 W. 130 Hawthorn
Mr. and Mrs. Homer Meredith (Somerset)	1941 Walnut Ave., Long Beach
Sam Gallagher (Tin Cup)	850 Sadara St., Pasadena

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of November 20, 1941

No Night In Creede

John Satterstrum of Palisade recently brought to the News-Champion office two photographs taken during that glamorous spring of 1892 when there never was any blackout in Creede. They were taken outside Bob Ford's dance hall, and show the crowd just after the killing of Bob Ford, on June 8, 1892. One picture shows the removal of the body, and in both of them Mr. Satterstrum, himself, can be placed, as he was in the crowd.

Satterstrum remembers the scene vividly. He had gone to Creede in the fall of 1891, and by spring of 1892, there were 10,000 people there.

"Bob Ford had been standing in front of the bar while Edward O'Kelley, marshal of Boulder City, near Creede, was near the door. Ford turned and walked toward the dance hall. As he passed O'Kelley, the latter said: 'Bob, I want to see you.'

"When Ford turned in response to this statement, O'Kelley shot him thru the neck." So runs Satterstrum's account. Ford had no more chance than he had, himself, given Jesse James, April 3, 1882, when, as one of James' own band, he shot him thru the head for the \$10,000 reward offered by Governor Crittenden of Missouri."

As a motive for the Ford killing, a half-century-old San Luis valley paper says that Ford used to set out in front of his establishment, draw his gun, and make passers-by dance. O'Kelley had been forced to dance and had been bullied by Ford.

O'Kelley was arrested by James Slane of Saguache, father of Ray Slane, formerly of Gunnison county, but now at Buena Vista. He was tried in Lake City and sentenced to the penitentiary in Canon City, but was soon released.

The picture recalls words of the 50-year-old song about

"Bob Ford, the dirty coward
Who shot old Mr. Howard
And laid Jesse James in his grave."

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of December 2, 1943

Former Crested Butte Resident Recalls Early Day Impressions Of That Region

W. C. Cuthbert Writes From Littleton

Littleton, Colorado,

March 11, 1940.

Mrs. Mary Yelenick, Reporter, News-Champion, Gunnison, Colo.

Dear Mrs. Yelenick:

Your splendid account in the News-Champion of February 26th of the early-day tragedy caused by the explosion of the C. F. & I. Co. mine on February 24, 1884, turns back the pages of time considerably for me, and if you will pardon some personal reference to my family and myself, I would like to relate a few boyhood incidents as taken from memory.

My father, John A. Cuthbert, and my mother, Ella Cuthbert, with three young sons, Frank, Will and David, moved to Crested Butte early in 1883, and my two sisters, Grace and Elsie, brother, John, were born there, so you will understand why I hold such a warm regard for Crested Butte and still claim it as my home town. Father held the position as baggageman at the D. & R. G. station and we lived near the depot with other railroad families.

While I was just a lad of five, I have a slight memory of that awful tragedy mentioned and remember still more from my mother's stories of it, and what a dark day it was for the then small mining town, and how badly my mother felt about it. She could vision the miners at night by little lamps they wore in their caps as they dug thru the snow to open a road to the cemetery. My brothers and I often visited the old mine which was boarded up after the explosion, and we also saw the graves of the men in the cemetery, which always saddened our hearts.

Another tragedy that many will no doubt remember, which was a shock to the community, was when two Smith boys were drowned in an abandoned mine shaft near the present C. F. & I. mine. The names of the young boys I have forgotten. G. A. McWilliams, who moved to Crested Butte the same year we did, together with George Schaeffer, Frank Songer and others, no doubt remember my family.

Other men in the railroad group at about this time, as I recall them, were C. I. Lawrence, agent; Jerry Brunton, operator, (later on he became conductor); Mr. Martin, clerk; Tom Starr, yardmaster; Frank Songer, switchman; and George Estes, engineer. I have a picture of the depot there showing the above mentioned men, including my father and mother, and others, and with switch engine No. 36 standing nearby - we boys thot it such a large engine and were always happy when Engineer Estes would let us ride with him to the water tank or roundhouse.

Later, as I recall, agents were Ed M. Gillett, now in Los Angeles; J. Q. Logan and M. J. Boyle; Engineer Charles Hazelhurst; and later, my brother, Frank Cuthbert became engineer. Then came Dave, Jerry and Dick Williams as clerks at the depot.

As boys we all went to school in the old stone building, which I understand still stands, and may I mention some of our schoolmates as I remember them under Professors S. D. Carroll and Phillips; teachers Mary Axtell and sister, and Bessie Webster, Will Martin, now an editor at Carrolltown, Texas, who started in newspaper work on the old Elk Mountain Pilot; Daisy Metzler, who taught school in Denver until her death; Eddie Metzler, Willie Decker, Charlie and Jessie Ross, Violet Treewick, two Jarvis boys, Florence, Bessie and Cale Estes, Josie Miner, and many others.

Some business men I remember were V. F. Axtell, lumber; the Deckers' hardware store; S. D. Carlile, General Merchandise; Glick Bros., Bruce's Bakery.

Then we remember Samuel P. Spencer, postmaster; with Dr. J. W. Rockefeller, who cared for all the ill ones and was much beloved by everyone. The two draymen who met trains, carried mail, express and freight were Charlie Julian and Dan V. Miner. Charlie Julian was Mrs. Susie Miller's father. (She is now a prominent resident of Gunnison.)

In 1888 my father became express messenger on the Gunnison-Crested Butte branch and his train was snowbound very often near Slate Cut, at one time for 17 days. The engine had a wedge plow on it and often the rotary plow would precede the regular train in order to get thru. Those were days when Crested Butte had real snow and we all used skis (snowshoes in those days) and skiing was good for about six months each year. We could cross country over fence tops any day.

I think it was Fred Jarvis who carried mail to some nearby points on skis, and I understand he is still in the United States mail service at San Diego, California.

About 1892 train time was changed so that the layover was at Gunnison, which caused the Estes family and ours to move to the county seat, but Brother Frank and I remained at Crested Butte. He clerked in Decker's hardware store and I worked as office boy at the depot, becoming interested in telegraphy.

On August 12, 1893, tragedy struck our happy home and our father, at the age of 43, was killed in a railroad wreck at Almont, when his baggage car rolled over three times down a rocky bank.

This, of course, caused us boys to go to work while still rather young. Frank and Dave entered train service, and later on, Johnny did likewise, as he became old enough. Thus we followed our father in railroad work. I entered station service, and after working extra a few years, in 1900 the opening came to me as night operator for the D. & R. G. W. at Littleton, where I met my lovely wife. In 1907 I was made agent and since 1918, have been joint agent for D. & R. G. W. and A. T. S. F., thus working in one office forty years.

May I say that Littleton is Denver's best suburb and the place where the Littleton Independent is published; the home and headquarters for the CCC for Colorado-Wyoming district, and has several thriving industries.

The News-Champion is a splendid paper and I carefully watch your Crested Butte items for familiar names, but due to lapse of years, I find but few.

By the way, my uncle, D. T. Cuthbert, sent and received the first message from Leadville on September 4, 1878, the telegraph lines having been completed on that date.

Kindly extend my very best regards to Mike Boyle, if he is there, and I trust your account of this early-day tragedy will bring word from others. With best wishes,

Sincerely,

W. C. CUTHBERT.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, May 2, 1940

Rifle Found in Washington Gulch Is Relic of Buffalo Hunt in '80s

From a skull, a bullet-hole and a Spencer repeating carbine 56/50 caliber, it can be safely assumed that buffalo roamed through the Gunnison region near Washington Gulch in the Crested Butte area as late as 1863, according to Harry Endner.

H. L. Johnson, well known in Gunnison, just recently presented Mr. Endner with this gun, and retained the buffalo skull which has a bullet-hole corresponding to the shell of the gun. The buffalo roaming in this area were believed to have been killed off prior to this date.

A six-shot carbine, the gun is the stock loading type used during the Civil War, the production of which was discontinued following that conflict.

It is believed by Mr. Johnson, who found the carbine in Washington Gulch in 1933, that it was left by the 500 Georgians who were engaged in placer mining in that area.

The gun barrel is rust-coated and most of the wooden stock has rotted away thru the years, exposing the barrel and the butt where the gun was loaded.

"Frank Buster, the first white child born in Denver," asserts Mr. Endner, "remembered seeing the Georgia outfit camped on Cherry Creek enroute to the Gunnison Country."

Also in possession of Mr. Endner is a muzzle loader, cap and powder which was brought to Scofield in 1879 by Tim Ring of Tim Ring and William F. Mason, Scofield pioneers.

During the week of Cattlemen's Days, these two antique items are on display in the windows of Endner Hardware and will prove interesting to everyone.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 18, 1946

Crested Butte Hose Co. No. 1

By Phil Kerby

Blow the whistle, boys, and get out of the way! Here comes another volunteer fire department racing from the pages of the past.

Presenting, for your edification, the Crested Butte Hose Co. No. 1, a bunch of nimble-footed 10-second men, who, around the turn of the century, never gave a fire an even break.

And what's more, this old-time crew of firefighters, chalked up a record of 35 seconds for the regulation contest run away back 42 years ago. That clipped three-fifths of a second from the mark established by the proud George B. McAulay Hose Cart Co. of Silver Cliff six years before.

Authority for that statement is C. C. Ross of Pueblo. Authority for the record time of the Silver Cliff squad is Everett Thomas of Pueblo. Gentlemen, shake hands and come out fighting, but don't hit the reporter who is just an interested spectator.

Confidentially, it hasn't come to that at all, but the oldtimers know what it was to build up the west before machines made things a lot easier, and they are proud they contributed the strength and spirit of youth on the job.

On July 4, 1901, the 11-man Crested Butte team, each member capable of running 100 yards in 10 seconds, beat the Gunnison volunteer fire boys by one second. It seems the competition was so close that second and fractions of seconds were all important.

C. C. Ross was one of the fleet runners, and his brother, C. L. Ross, a handsome, curly-haired giant weighing 250 pounds, was the lead or "spike" man. Other members were F. E. Songer, George Miller, R. W. McDonald, Frank Wilson, Harry McCormick, M. E. Smiglow, David Shields, Harry Tingley, and a hose man whose name Ross does not recall.

Dead now are C. L. Ross, Harry McCormick, M. E. Smiglow, David Shields, George Miller and Harry Tingley. Tingley was an opera singer from the East, according to C. C. Ross, "and we never did find out much about him. In later years, he sang in Denver churches."

McDonald winters in California and summers in Colorado and rents saddle horses. Wilson was town marshal at Crested Butte and now lives in retirement at Trinidad. Songer is a retired railroad conductor at Salida.

C. C. Ross has been employed many years here with building contractors.

He was born in Crested Butte, "a mighty fine little town, even if you did have to get out lots of times at night and push the snow off the roof to keep the house from buckling." Certain other buildings had to be two stories high so you could walk to them over snow many feet deep, the Pueblo man recalls with little regret. Even the clothes lines had to be strung several times higher than high for the same reason.

Miners around Crested Butte in those days during deep winter carried dynamite sticks wrapped around their legs under their trousers while going to work. That kept the dynamite from freezing.

Why did they need dynamite?

If they came to a place where they suspected a snowslide was imminent, they put a stick of dynamite on a high pole and set off a charge. The concussion was sure to jar snow that was loose, snow that might otherwise unexpectedly cause an avalanche.

Say, who was that fellow who was talking about the "good old days?"

Traveling in the Gunnison Country 88 Years Ago; Loring's Expedition

A little known expedition thru the Gunnison country by Colonel William Wing Loring in 1858, is written up in detail in the current Colorado Magazine, for the first time.

This has added interest here in Gunnison because of the movement to establish a marker this summer commemorating the expedition of Capt. John W. Gunnison five years earlier.

First Road Across Colorado Went Thru Here

It seems that the first road across Colorado was along the route which Senator Thomas Hart Benton called the "Central Route" to the Pacific. This crossed the continental divide at Cochetopa Pass - the lowest crossing of the divide in Colorado - and followed for some distance along the Gunnison and Colorado rivers. It was traversed by Gunnison, J. C. Fremont and E. F. Beale, with three separate parties in 1853.

In 1858 the first big wagon train traveled this route, having to make its own road much of the way. This train was a military detachment under command of Colonel Loring and comprised 50 wagons, and 300 men.

The journey was from west to east, the command setting out from Camp Floyd, Utah, July 19 and reaching Fort Union, New M., Sept. 13, 1858.

Loring Had Varied Career

Colonel Loring was born at Wilmington, Delaware, 1818. He was commissioned a second lieutenant at 19. He studied law, practiced in Florida, and became a member of the Florida legislature. For gallant service in the Mexican War he was brevetted a lieutenant colonel. In 1849 he led five companies of Mounted Riflemen, with a train of 171 wagons, over the Oregon Trail - the first military unit to travel the entire length of that famous highway. He entered service of the Khedive of Egypt, assuming command of Egyptian coast defenses, 1870. He served in Abyssinia 1875-76, and became a Pasha. He died in 1886.

Early in the spring of 1858 he took reinforcements from Fort Union, New Mex., to Gen. A. S. Johnston's "Utah Expedition" at Fort Bridger. The Mormon troubles in Utah adjusted, Loring was directed to lead a command back to New Mexico, and it is the record of this expedition that Mrs. Hafen has found at the National Archives and publishes, with notes by Mr. Hafen, for the first time.

Antonio Leroux was a faithful guide for the party. His influence with the Indians and his knowledge of the mountains was invaluable.

Picking up the narrative as the wagon train approaches the present site of Gunnison:

"Grand [Gunnison] River, Aug. 27. Left camp at 6 a. m., following the ravine of the creek, crossing several easy hills and then the creek and a spring branch 1¼ miles wide. Passed over another easy hill, and immediately commenced winding around the mountain on our right, making 1½ miles, Grand [Gunnison] River in view in a deep canon some distance below us on our left. Two canon streams emptying into it from the north and Laguna [Lake] Creek from this side. Changing our course more to the east, passed over a rocky, rolling and winding road, gradually descending 2½ miles, when the descent for ½ mile to Laguna Creek [Lake Fork of the Gunnison], becomes more precipitous, the creek which is crossed here is 20 yards wide, in a distance of ½ a mile this creek is crossed three times. Here you have an ascent of one mile, steep in places & a gradual descent of 2½ miles to a short ascent, then two miles of descent to camp ¾

of a mile above and near the mouth of Tabawatche creek, and also in rear of us among the sage there is good grass. Cottonwood on the river and speckled trout in abundance. Two miles before reaching camp crossed a dog creek where there is good grass, and fifty yards above a fine spring. Rain last night. General course northeast. Distance 13

Approaching Iola

"Grand [Gunnison] River, Aug. 28th. Left camp at 8¼ a. m. Crossed the [Gunnison] river 50 yards wide with bed good. Half a mile an ascent of 10 yards, and crossed the river a second time today, bottoms wider, grass and cottonwood abundant. In 1¾ miles made a third crossing, here there is a good camp, passed over a ridge, gentle ascent, 1 mile to Surprise creek, good camp. A gradual ascent turning to the right around a mountain ridge to a spring 2½ miles. A rolling road for two miles to Pioneer creek, a good camp and a good road of one mile to fourth crossing of river today. The valley is level, five or six miles in length, and 1½ miles in width [valley where Iola is located] good grass, cottonwood trees, at each end, trout in abundance. Rested here several hours. In 1½ miles commenced the ascent of a mountain ridge, ¾ of a mile to its crest, steep in four places. A gradual descent of 3½ miles to Grand [Gunnison] River (just before reaching the river crossed Phantom creek, it comes out of a canon near camp and runs northerly into the river). The last part of the road today was in places sandy. The bottom here is large; rich soil and abundance of grass, cottonwood and willow, Antelope, Elk and Bear, with great numbers of grouse, ducks, and speckled trout. Numerous trails and signs of Indians, from their movements they are frightened at our approach. The general course of the river here is south of west, saw evidence of Gunnison's trail today, but lost all trace of it at this river. A good road can be made from here to Beaver Creek across the ridge south of our camp, cutting off some distance. Very cold and frost. The course has varied. General direction N. of E. Distance 14½.

"Goochatope [Tomichi] River, Aug. 29th. Left camp at 7 a. m. Up the river 1½ miles, the soil deep in wet weather, and difficult travelling. Crossed the river, banks and bed good. Continued up the river, road gravelly and better to crossing again, which is good, three miles. Soon came to the valley formed by Grand [Gunnison] River running east, its fork from the north and Goochatope [Tomichi], its tributary from the south, extending over 15 or 20 miles. Good soil, easy irrigation, good grasses and cottonwood trees, pine on the mountain side, speckled trout in the streams. Antelope, bear, and grouse, also recent buffalo signs, and numerous Indian trails seen. Crossing the valley 4½ miles over a level road to Goochatope [Tomichi]. Here near the Point of Rocks its valley narrows to 40 yards. Upon passing the point it opens again, good road 2½ miles along it to good camp at cottonwood. Rested here 2 hours. Soon after leaving, crossed and recrossed the river, good banks and beds. In 7½ miles with the exception of two short mountain spurs, level and good road to camp. This camp has excellent wood, water and grass. Valley wide and rich soil. Abundance of antelope, deer, bear, grouse, duck, geese and sand hill cranes and also recent buffalo signs. Numerous Indian trails seen. Same description applies to the valleys throughout the day's march. It is thought that a road could be made across the ridge south of camp today to Beaver Creek, cutting off several miles. Saw Gunnison's trail today at the second crossing of Grand [Gunnison] River but soon lost it. Ice last night and cold. General course east. Distance, 18."

The diary then goes on to detail experiences at Beaver Creek, the headwaters of "Sawatch" creek, Carnero Creek, and down toward the Rio Grande.

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'Pathfinders of Colorado' Given Eloquent Tribute By Ray Clarke

A vivid story of the Pathfinders of the West, those hardy pioneers who blazed the first trails thru pathless wilderness across Colorado was given to Rotarians Monday by Ray R. Clarke. Mr. Clarke is very well posted on this phase of pioneer doings in our state and traced the history of different expeditions from Lewis and Clarke in 1804, a year after Thomas Jefferson bot Louisiana from France, up to the travels of John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder" of the Oregon Trail, who, however, made extended trips thru our own state. A more extended resume of Mr. Clarke's article is printed herewith.

I have entitled this talk **The Pathfinders of the West**. In searching my mind to determine why the stories of these intrepid explorers grip and hold my imagination and interest, several ideas seem uppermost. Perhaps one is I am of the West-Western. Some inquiring relative has traced my direct ancestry back some twelve or fourteen generations to the settlement of Rhode Island and Roger Williams' time and finds my forebears fleeing with Roger from the narrow views and intolerance of the Puritan settlements to hew out a home in the wilderness. My great grandfather pioneered in New York, my grandfather in Wisconsin and my father West of the Missouri River. My earliest recollections are of stories of Sioux Indian raids, although I have no direct recollection of any of them.

Perhaps another reason why the story of the Pathfinders of the West has such a grip upon me arises from the well-recognized psychological reason that everybody really admires a trained athlete, whether he be a boxer, tennis, basketball, football, or basketball player. Everyone admires a man who possesses the courage, physical endurance, good marksmanship, woodcraft and ability to take his life in his hand and with only his trusty rifle, hunting knife and hatchet, plunge into an uncharted wilderness filled with lurking savages, and ferocious beasts of prey, there to maintain himself for months on end.

The Great West, an Inland Empire

But I believe the main reason the story of the Western Pathfinders intrigues me as it does is because I like to think of that area west of the Mississippi River stretching westward over rich valleys, rolling prairies, mighty mountain ranges, inland empires to the golden shores of the Pacific Ocean; a vast area of over two million square miles; a billion and one-third acres, totally unexplored, unimpaired and undeveloped by the hand of man; its richness of soil, of mineral, or timber, undetermined; its vastness filled with almost all kinds of land, aquatic and bird life; an area which in a few short years was to become the home of 40 million people. This, indeed was a challenge to anyone with a spark of sense or imagination. Yet before it was explored, only a very few of the leading men of the nation could see its importance, the majority declared that the effort and expense of even taking a look were not justified. But of that more later.

Lewis and Clarke made the first official expedition west of the Mississippi in 1804. They ascended the Missouri, crossed the Continental divide, descended the Columbia River to its mouth and returned in 1806.

Zebulon M. Pike sought the source of the Mississippi in 1806, and in that year and the year following made a reconnaissance from the St. Louis to the head of the Arkansas River, turned south and built a fort of sorts on the upper Rio Grande. He was soon discovered by a

superior force of Spanish and was forced to become their guest and accompany them to Chihuahua.

Major Stephen H. Long in 1820 came up the Platte River to the Peak that bears his name, visited the Royal Gorge, and returned east by the Arkansas. In 1826 Benjamin Reeves, Major Sibley, and others laid out the famous Santa Fe Trail.

About this time, Gen. William H. Ashley equipped a party under Smith and Fitzpatrick which traveled the famous South Pass in Wyoming and then opened what some ten years later became the Oregon Trail.

All these expeditions and others make an exciting and interesting study, but as my time will not permit, I shall mention briefly three: those of Gunnison, Hayden, Fremont expeditions which touch more intimately our home valley.

The biography and accomplishments of each one of these famous men would well be made the subject of more time that I have at my disposal, but I shall touch only upon certain phases, hoping to portray to you some of the difficulties, hardships, and dangers which these men encountered and the patience, perseverance, resourcefulness, fortitude and courage with which they were met. There was but little of humor connected with the life of these explorations. There was much of privation and hardship and still more of shrewdness and courage displayed

Captain Gunnison's Explorations

In 1853 Capt. John W. Gunnison was ordered by the then Sec. of War, Jefferson Davis, to survey a line for a railroad through the Rocky Mountains near the head of the Rio del Norte, by the way of the Huerfano and the Cochetopa, down the Gunnison to the region of the Colorado (then the Grand) and Green River.

Accordingly, in June, 1853, he left St. Louis in company with his second in command, Lt. Beckwith; R. H. Kern, topographer; S. Momane, astronomer; Dr. J. Schiel, surgeon and geologist; F. Kranzfelt, botanist; J. A. Snyder, assistant topographer. They traveled by stage to the Kansas frontier. Here they were joined on June 20, by Capt. Morris with a detachment of 30 soldiers. They followed the old Santa Fe trail along the Arkansas River, finding Bent's fort in ruins. They passed south to Taos, where they secured the services of a noted guide, Antoine Leroux, who led them into the valley of the Arkansas, thence by Poncha and Cochetopa they passed into the valley of the Gunnison, which they reached in the autumn. They made their way north into the Crested Butte region and returned going down the Gunnison and making wide detour to the south to cross the Lake Fork; thence on down the Uncompahgre and Colorado and finally to the Sevier River in Utah.

The difficulties of getting their wagons over and through this rough country where no wagons had been before can well be visualized by any one who has walked or ridden over it.

On Oct. 25, 1853, Capt. Gunnison, with four companions and an escort of seven soldiers, had left the main camp on the Sevier River to explore the lake of the same name. They were set upon and murdered by Indians. Only four escaped to tell the tale. Thus ended in disaster an expedition which had not the intrepid young Gunnison been killed, would have made the route he traversed the main line of a transcontinental railroad, as indeed it should have been.

A similar unhappy ending of which I shall speak later was the means of diverting the line of travel from this route and made the less suitable and more expensive routes the chosen ones.

Before taking up some of the incidents I wish to relate of the Pathfinder pre-eminent, John C. Fremont, I wish to pause and pay tribute to a scientist, an organizer, writer and explorer, and to many of the men under him, each of whom was scarcely less in zeal, energy, heroism and

accomplishment than their chief. I speak of F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist. The work done by Hayden and his men in scientific accuracy in the fields of geology, topography, botany, ecology, zoology and the plain and fancy story telling of a mighty unmapped territory is one, in my estimation, unequalled in the annals of history. It has been but little appreciated because it is buried in official reports. Nevertheless, those stories are told in a simple and gripping style that might well be envied by a Dickens, a Washington Irving, a DeFoe or an H. G. Wells.

Just one summer excursion, because it touched our locality, will suffice to illustrate my point.

Headquarters of the Hayden Survey in 1873-74 were in Denver. The survey was divided into seven divisions of eight men each. The party of which I shall speak was in charge of Henry Garnet. He served as topographer and with him were A. C. Peal, M.D., geologist; Fred D. Owen, assistant topographer; Frank Kellog and Arch R. Bullock, general assistants; two packers and a cook.

Through Taylor Park

This party left Denver July 21, 1874, traveled with their pack train by the way of Fairplay, Mosquito Pass, Tennessee Pass, up Lake Creek, a tributary of the Arkansas, crossed Lake Pass into Taylor Park, up Trail Creek into Spring Creek, up what was later to be known as Deadman Gulch, into Cement Creek down the stream to East River, thence to the Junction of Taylor and on down the Gunnison River.

I quote from Dr. Peal: "This valley is the site of a new town called Gunnison City. There were half dozen log cabins, most of them in an unfinished state and without inhabitants. The only persons we found living in the valley were the two men who have charge of the cattle for the Indians of Los Pinos agency."

One of these men was the uncle of our own Sam Hartman. The other perhaps was his father. The site of the camp was Dos Rios ranch, owned by Frank Grubb.

The party under Garnett returned to Denver via Cochetopa Pass, San Luis Valley, Poncha Pass and Canon City, reaching Denver Nov. 10. In three months and nineteen days they had crossed the Continental Divide four times; broken trail through bogs and swamps with their horses and packs all but submerged in quagmires; had cut their way thru standing forests and fire-killed down timber; shunted their horses down steep rocky slopes upon which they could not hold their footing; forded rushing mountain streams; occupied 86 of the highest mountain peaks as triangulation stations; mapped the topography, drainage and geology of 5,300 square miles; secured minute data on botany, entomology; took time out to examine and make notes on Mesa Verde and cliff dwellings so that, as they said a "minute and circumspect" report could be made.

All this was done in the time stated. They were beyond the reach of any base of supplies in a country infested with hostile Indians, or at least with murdering bands whose only ambition was to rob, torture, murder and scalp. Furthermore, it was done not only with dispatch, but with such a degree of accuracy and completeness that the scientists and specialists who have come since with what are supposed to be improved instruments and more highly developed knowledge have changed the maps, the elevations of mountain peaks or courses of streams very little, if any. Photography was in its infancy, but the photographs taken at that time are still the clearest and most highly prized of any pictures ever taken of the cliff dwellings.

My time does not permit me to tell you of the personal traits and peculiarities of one of the most picturesque versatile, in some ways the most impractical personages of American history, John C. Fremont, the Western Pathfinder supreme. His early life, education, entry into

the army, romance and marriage with Jessie Benton, daughter of Thomas Hart Benton, U. S. Senator from Missouri, his several expeditions of explorations, his daily astronomical observations, his accurate maps of a theretofore unmapped territory, his leadership in the conquest of California, his investment of \$3000 in California land upon which later gold was discovered that made him a multi-millionaire; how he became a general and department commander in the Civil War, a United States senator, the loss of his wealth in repaying investors in a fraudulent railroad promotion to which he allowed his name to be attached, and many other interesting incidents that made history, must be passed over without comment.

I simply wish to portray some of hardships and privations undergone and feats of endurance performed. There were hundreds of incidents that would make our modern Western motion pictures pale into the common place. I can speak of only two. On Fremont's second expedition to the Pacific coast when, after a visit to Oregon, he turned south and expected to make his way to California, but found himself and men east of the Sierra Nevada range in late January, 1844. His only hope was in crossing a high range and an unexplored pass then covered with from five to thirty feet of snow. After days of Herculean effort in shoveling snow with wooden shovels made on the spot, and beating it down with wooden mauls, they at least gained the top.

For days they had been laboring with dried peas and mule meat as their only food. Hand sleds and snow shoes of willows and bark were made and their baggage pulled by hand. The exhausted horses each night were taken back down the mountain to a wind-swept ridge where they could secure some bunch grass.

On February 13 Fremont writes:

"The meat train did not arrive this evening, and I gave Godey leave to kill our little dog (Talmath) which he prepared in Indian fashion, scorching off the hair, washing the skin with soap and snow, and then cutting it into pieces which were laid on the snow. Shortly afterward the sleigh arrived with a supply of horse meat; and we had an extra-ordinary dinner - pea soup, mule and dog."

As they made their way slowly up the slopes, they fired hollow cedar trees which would burn out during the day and made sleeping quarters for at least a part of the party. This was a welcome shelter in below zero weather.

In another place he states: "I have already said our provisions were very low; we had neither tallow nor grease of any kind remaining, and the want of salt became one of our greatest privations. The poor dog which had been found in Bear river and which had been a "compagon de voyage" ever since, had now become fat and the mess to which it belonged requested permission to kill it. Leave was granted. Spread out on the snow the meat looked very good, and it made a strengthening meal for the greater part of the camp."

It took from Feb. 1 to Feb. 20, inc., to make this ascent of a few miles. It was 17 days later or March 8, before they were over the snow, down the steepes and across the streams to a hospitable climate and a chance for food for man and beast. Besides the horses and mules killed for food, several had been lost. One man had been separated from the others for several days and sustained only by eating frogs and ants which he found on the lower slopes. Another man had become partially demented and insisted on swimming in the icy water of the streams as though the water was summer warm.

This was one of many such experiences and one through which the whole party came alive. The most interesting thing about this was the minute manner in which the latitude and

longitude were taken, the elevation recorded, the geological formation and tree species described - a truly great contribution to science and the knowledge of the day.

Fremont's writings of his first and second expeditions across the continent, his decisive leadership in wresting California from the Spanish during the Mexican War had made him a popular hero. However, he became involved in a controversy with his ranking officer and was court marshalled, convicted and resigned from the army. He immediately organized an expedition to explore a southern route for a railroad thru the Rockies, determined to cross in the winter. With 33 picked men and 65 horses and pack mules he plunged into the mountains by way of the Huerfano Valley, Nov. 26, 1843. His idea being to follow the 37th parallel of latitude, which would give him the crossing in the Sierras he wanted between Walker Pass and Lake Mono. He nor any other white man knew that the Grand Canon of the Colorado cut its unbridgable gap across that territory.

The party had a bitter experience, many sustaining frozen fingers and ears, crossing the Sangre de Cristo range. They reached the Rio Grande River near Alamosa after 15 days, on Dec. 11.

Kit Carson, to whom must go a very large part of the credit for Fremont's success on former expeditions, could not be secured for this one. A noted hunter and trapper by the name of "Old Bill" Williams was secured. He was credited with knowing more of the Rocky Mountains than any man excepting only Jim Bridger. Williams was recommended by Antoine Leroux, a noted guide, and the man who acted as chief guide for Capt. Gunnison a few years later.

As the party slowly proceeded up the Rio Grande, Williams insisted that they should go by Wagon Wheel Gap and what he called Carnero pass. Fremont insisted they should go by Cochetopa pass. After a great deal of argument and consultation, Fremont's advisors voted to take Williams' advice. Had Fremont had his way a successful crossing would undoubtedly have been made and a satisfactory route for a railroad been established through the valley of the Gunnison.

With the decision made the party pushed on, meeting with all the obstacles and ill luck that rough terrain, below zero temperatures, deep snow, raging blizzards, lack of forage and game inflict. The 130 bu. of shelled corn with which they left Pueblo became exhausted. No grass could be secured from beneath the five to thirty feet of snow. The horses and mules became crazed and ate the leather from the saddles, the raw hide ropes, and blankets when they could get to them. They became so weak they would fall in the snow and men with frozen, lacerated and bleeding fingers would unpack, unsaddle, help the poor animals to stand, re-saddle, repack and urge them on. Trails had to be made for them with wooden shovels and beaten down with mauls, the men bringing the packs up by hand.

Fremont Reaches Stony Pass on Mineral-Hinsdale County Line

On Dec. 22, they reached the top, now known as Stony Pass in the heart of the San Juan mountains, well above timber line, 12,000 feet above sea level. The trail looked as if a defeated army had passed, dead mules, abandoned packs, saddles, and camp equipment strewn the way. They crossed the divide into the first timber on the western slope. A blizzard of great intensity kept them in camp two days. The camp consisted of deep holes melted in the snow by huge fires which they built. They began to suffer from hunger and snow blindness, subsisting chiefly on frozen carcasses of the mules with a little macaroni and sugar.

Complete disaster confronted them.

Fremont sent a party of four, including Williams for relief. They were to go to the nearest settlement in New Mexico and return in 16 days to a point agreed upon down the Rio Grande, where the rest of the party were to meet them.

The trip back was a nightmare of horror. Soon they were boiling raw-hide ropes to make a guey soup, finally eating their rawhide shoe strings. After a number of days they found the relief party, which had become lost, one of their number having perished, they subsisting in part on his flesh. Men wandered off, and never were seen again. Men fell in the trail. Their comrades, too weak to help them, piled up some wood, started a fire and left them.

Finally Fremont pushed on with three men, reached a settlement, badly frozen, and dispatched relief to the remaining of the party. Sixty-five horses and mules as well as the camp equipment and costly instruments were lost. Ten men perished. As soon as the survivors were rested, the party was reorganized. Then most of the original party with some additions, pushed on by a more southern route and reached California in time to get in on the gold rush of 1849.

By such sacrifice was the west won.

As American citizens we are interested in the historic achievements of the past. As Rotarians new frontiers confront us. With world economy exploded, Europe engaged in gigantic mortal combat, social utilities being hamstrung, priceless spiritual values being throttled, we can hope to penetrate those frontiers only by invoking the Rotarian principle of "Service before self," and we can hope to conquer the wilderness of seeming chaos only by believing in the Fatherhood of God, and by demonstrating the brotherhood of man.

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**A Picture of Early Days in Grand Junction;
First Newspaper, Early Banks and Business Deals**
(By J. E. Phillips)

403 So. Garfield Ave.,
Alhambra, California.
Nov. 3, 1935.

News-Champion-

Edwin Price, the pioneer editor and postmaster of Grand Junction, died in Arizona, Friday, October 31, and was buried Sunday, November 3. Besides his wife, he leaves one daughter in Grand Junction, Mrs. Meserve; a daughter in Lake Forest, Illinois and a son in Eureka, California. Also six grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Mr. Price, with Darwin P. Kingsley, started the Grand Junction News, I think about 1882 - the first paper west of Gunnison - about the same time that Abe Roberts issued his first paper in Montrose. Mr. Price was a good citizen and conducted a well edited paper. He served as postmaster for a number of years, after selling his newspaper.

The Grand Junction townsite was located by Ex-Governor George A. Crawford of Kansas, who was the father of Fort Scott, Kansas. He came to Gunnison in 1881, and that fall pioneered his way down over the proposed D. & R. G. railroad route, stopping at the junction of the North Fork and the Gunnison to locate the townsite of Delta. He then proceeded on to the junction of the Gunnison and Grand rivers. He looked out over that beautiful virgin vista and said: "What a beautiful grand junction." That gave rise to the name of the present metropolis of the western slope - Grand Junction.

I think it was in 1884 that the Republican party was holding its state convention in Denver. A. M. Stevenson, Gen. William A. Hammill and Irving Howbert had been appointed a committee to make up a state ticket slate, a list of hand-picked candidates as it were. They had selected a congressman, a governor, a lieutenant governor and a secretary of state, when Stevey looked up and said they had no candidate from the western slope. He looked over at the writer, who happened to be present, and asked me who there was over there who would make a suitable candidate for state auditor. I told him of a young man of ability who had recently located in Grand Junction to edit a newspaper. The only thing against him was that he had just come to the country; he was not very well known over the state, but would be a credit to the ticket. Stevey replied that the less he was known, the better he would run, so down went Darwin P. Kingsley's name on the list. That afternoon the state ticket was nominated and was elected at the fall election. Mr. Kingsley always said that he made his first campaign speech in Crested Butte and that I introduced him to the audience, and he always gave me credit for starting him on the road to a successful career.

The state auditor in Colorado is, or was at that time, the state insurance commissioner. The former auditor had been derelict about collecting insurance licenses, allowing companies to operate without paying, and having things their own way. When Kingsley got in office, he made them all toe the mark - all companies had to pay up or take down their sign and move out.

John A. McCall, then president of the New York Life, admired the businesslike way in which Mr. Kingsley conducted his office, so when his two-year term was out, Mr. Kingsley had a job with the New York Life, and was sent to the Boston office to learn the business. His promotion moved along rapidly, and it was not long before he was assigned a place in the home office in New York. He was a young widower, his wife having died, and in due time he married

a daughter of Mr. McCall. That, however, had nothing to do with his advancement, which was always won on ability. He was made a vice-president for a number of years, and at the death of Mr. McCall, he was elected president of the company, a position he held with credit until his death, three or four years ago.

Mr. Price ran the Grand Junction News a number of years after Mr. Kingsley left. When he was appointed postmaster, he sold the paper, giving all his time to the duties in the postoffice. Mr. Price went with the New York Life Insurance in the Chicago office, as Mr. Kingsley, always loyal to his old partner, procured him a place that he held for a long time.

I think it was about 1902. I was in company with Ex-Governor O. H. Shoup in Colorado Springs, when on reading the morning paper I saw that the First National Bank at Grand Junction had failed. I said to Mr. Shoup that it was a good opening to start a bank. That evening we took a train for that city, arriving next morning. We called on Orson Adams of the Mesa County Bank, and told him we were going to start a bank. He replied that we need not start one, but buy him out. We told him "no," that we would sooner have him for a competitor, as there would always be two banks there. We met Mr. Bunting, the newspaper man, and told him we were starting a new bank with \$50,000 capital; that we had applied for a charter. When we left him, Mr. Shoup wanted to know why I made that statement, which was not true. I told him it was a little premature, that when we arrived home we would file an application with the comptroller for a charter, and that the paper would get the news before the public, which would head off other prospective bankers. We carried out the plan. I was president for two years, W. J. Moyer, vice-president; V. Z. Reid, O. H. Shoup, U. G. Ramey, Max Buchman and W. R. Freeman, directors of the Grand Valley National Bank.

When Governor Crawford started the town of Grand Junction, he came to Gunnison and wanted me to go down and start a paper. As I was doing well in Irwin, I had no notion of going 150 miles from a railroad to a town, which at that time, had only a few log houses, chinked with mud, as this was long before the railroad, and right after the removal of the Utes. It was after the arrival of the railroad that the governor got Messrs. Price and Kingsley to start their newspaper.

After the railroad was built, I went down on a visit and was cordially greeted by the governor, who gave me a team of horses and buggy with a driver to ride all over the valley. I wrote an article that appeared in the Denver Republican, descriptive of the beautiful valley, the fertile soil, etc. I was there two days, and the evening I left, the governor came to the hotel to say good bye, and in a very gracious manner handed me a document. When I opened it, I found it was a deed to a lot, consideration \$50. Of course, it was way out, as he had lots pretty well out in the desert. I paid taxes for four or five years on that lot, then sold it for \$300 without ever seeing it.

When Governor Crawford passed away in the nineties, his estate owned a remnant of the Grand Junction Development Co. It had to be sold in order to settle the estate. I induced J. R. McKimmie, R. P. Davey and V. Z. Reed to join me and we purchased it. It consisted of the Brunswick Hotel and several hundred outlying town lots. We forced sales by marking down prices, and soon sold them off.

About 1887 there was a great live stock boom in the country. Many Englishmen and eastern people were coming into Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, buying up herds and ranges. Some times they would not only buy them once, but twice over. So, the story goes, when an agent would tally a bunch of cattle driven before him, the owner would drive them off a mile or two, then back to be tallied again, before turning the animals loose on the range. S. S. Metzler, the founder of Crested Butte, and myself did not want to see all of the good things pass us by, so

we decided to invest in the cattle business. Dr. M. E. Williams had a ranch at the mouth of the Salt Wash canon, 25 miles southwest of Grand Junction. We made arrangements with him to put cattle on the open range, up the Salt Wash creek. We purchased a fine lot of yearling heifers at the Pueblo stock yards, and it did seem that we bought at the top market price. However, the cattle boom seemed to bust from that time, for as long as we owned cattle, the lower the price would go. We were in the cattle business four or five years when we sold out to Frank Brink. Our herd increased so that what we lost in the drop of the price we made up in numbers by the aid of some good bulls and the branding iron.

Yours truly,
J. E. PHILLIPS.

Grand Junction Town Site Laid Out In 1881

Other Early-Day Incidents Told by J. E. Phillips

I saw in December 15 issue of the News-Champion a story about the death of Wm. McGinley, who along with J. Clayton Nichols and Milt Russell laid out the town of Grand Junction.

Hon. George A. Crawford, ex-governor of Kansas, located the town site of Grand Junction. He arrived in Gunnison in May 1881 and there proceeded to outfit with a team of horses and buckboard, loaded with bedding and food, for the then long journey into the region that had just been surrendered by the Ute Indians. He engaged Roe Allison to go with him. The railroad was approaching Gunnison, and expecting to build on West. But at that time there was not even a good wagon road, and but few, if any, stopping places over either Blue or Black Mesa or the 50 miles of desert this side of Junction.

The town site of Montrose had already been laid out by Wm. A. Ackley and Joe Selig. Governor Crawford stopped at the Junction of the Gunnison and the Uncompahgre and located and named the town of Delta. The Uncompahgre in spring floods spread all over the bottom land there, and the name was selected because of its similarity to the delta of the Nile to the Greek letter, D. Clayton Nichols arriving with Wm. McGinley and Milt Russell were left to survey and plan the town site, locate the streets and prepare the plan for filing.

Governor Crawford and Roe Allison drove on to the future site of a town, their main objective. When they approached the Junction of the Gunnison river and the Grand river, the men stopped, and standing on the bluffs overlooking the present town viewing with amazement the extent of the beautiful valley on a bright, clear day, Gov. Crawford, with an uplifted arm, pointed with his finger and exclaimed: "What a grand junction!" This exclamation gave rise to name of the town. The governor, with Mr. Allison, then proceeded to cross the river and filed location notice, claiming a section of land for the town site of Grand Junction. Clayton Nichols and his party arrived and soon the town site was surveyed, corners located and everything put in order. The governor stayed for two or three months until they could build some cabins for shelter out of river drift wood logs. There was no sawmill in the country at that time.

It was in August, I believe, when Governor Crawford and Mr. Allison returned to Gunnison. He went up to Irwin to see if I would not go down and start a paper for him. He offered me all kinds of flattering inducements, but at that time Irwin had a population of from 3000 to 5000 people, with six or eight mines producing ore, and a boom on - a boom that threatened to out-rival Leadville. I was considering at the time of turning the ELK MOUNTAIN PILOT into a daily. Then, why should I pioneer over 100 miles ahead of the building of the railroad? I was doing well there in Irwin, a town that no one could tell when its growth would stop, but would keep on growing as long as the mines continued to develop and grow. The railroad was building. It had reached Gunnison, but who knew if the funds would hold out to go further. Or it might build on to Montrose and then turn up to Ouray, which was at that time rapidly developing into a prosperous mining town. It was true that survey parties were strung all along from Gunnison to Salt Lake City, and they would eventually build but if funds were stopped, then Grand Junction might not get the road for two or three years. So, why should I give up a sure thing to take a chance of these obstacles bobbing up? In that event, those who settled in Grand Junction ahead of the railroad would have a weary wait for business.

Governor Crawford finally secured two capable young men in Edwin Price and D. P. Kingsley, who started the Grand Junction News in 1882. Things worked fast in those days. It

was at the session of the legislature in the winter of 1882 that Hon. J. W. Bucklin, member from Gunnison, got the bill passed creating Montrose, Delta and Mesa counties, the latter county taking in Grand Valley and Grand Junction.

Gov. Crawford went East for the winter to his Kansas home and incorporated the Grand Junction Development Company, transferring his rights to the town of Grand Junction to the corporation. All of the parties here mentioned received stock for their services. He returned in the spring of 1882 to make his permanent home there, and the rest of the party also remained, all but Roe Allison who was deputy sheriff under Sheriff Jack Bowman at Gunnison. After quitting the sheriff's office, he went to Grand Junction to reside.

In the spring or summer of 1882, with the return of the governor from a lot-selling campaign in the East, the coming of Price and Kingsley with a paper, the railroad approaching, settlers beginning to arrive, Grand Junction began to take a growth that has ever kept it to the front as the leading town of the Western Slope.

I think it was the fall of 1884 when I attended the Republican State Convention in Denver. A. M. Stevenson, Gen. Wm. A. Hammill, ex-governor Jud Brush and Irving Howbert had been appointed a committee to select a ticket for the convention to vote on, as was the custom of those days. They had decided on all candidates down to state auditor, when Stevenson said they had named no one from the Western Slope and it was the intention to give that locality recognition. I was present in the committee room when he looked over and asked me whom I knew on the western slope that would be suitable. I told him there was a young man in Grand Junction that would make a capable candidate. There was only one thing against him; he was a new man in the country and not widely known among the people. They spoke up and said that would not make any difference; the less he was known, the better he would run. Down went Darwin P. Kingsley's name on the list for state auditor. He was nominated that afternoon, and I do not believe he was at the convention. At that time, a nomination on the Republican state ticket was equivalent to an election.

The state auditor in those days was also the insurance commissioner in Colorado, whose duty was to see that the companies paid their license to do business. Former auditors had been careless in collecting these fees, but when Mr. Kingsley took the office he made them all pay up. John A. McCall, the president of the New York life, admired his business-like way so much that as soon as Mr. Kingsley's two years in office were up, he employed him and sent him to the Boston office to learn the insurance business. In due time he was transferred to the New York home office and rapidly advanced to the position of vice-president. In the course of time, along in the nineties, Mr. McCall passed away and Darwin P. Kingsley was elected president of the company, filling that position for many years, until his death. As president, he received a salary of better than \$50,000 a year.

On several occasions, Kingsley told me that I was entitled to the credit of pointing the way for his success and that the first political speech he ever made was in his election campaign at Crested Butte, and that I introduced him to the audience.

My first visit to Grand Junction was in 1883, just when a good sized boom was getting under way, the railroad having arrived. The governor cordially greeted me, and placed a buggy, two horses and a driver at my disposal, with instructions to ride all over the valley to see everything. I did not go down for any specific purpose, but the governor, in a way, placed me under some obligation and I told him I would write a story of my visit for one of the Denver papers. He said if I would, he would buy 1000 copies of the paper in which the article appeared.

It was either the Republican or Tribune, daily papers, in which the article was later published, taking over three columns and telling all about the fertile valley, its soils, etc.

The night I started home the governor came to the hotel to say good bye, and handed me a document that I could read on my way home. It was a deed to a lot, somewhere between Grand Junction and Palisades. Consideration was \$50. I paid taxes of two or three dollars a year for over ten years, and then, in time of a little boom, sold it for \$300.

Governor Crawford lived to see his town of Grand Junction grow to a prosperous city, supported by farmers and live-stock people. He passed away in the middle nineties; about 1896 I think. He should have been a rich man at the time of his death, but like most of us mortals, he brought nothing into the world and took nothing out. About all his posterity inherited was his good name.

One day, in 1890, I met Roe Allison coming out of a lawyer's office in Denver. He had a bundle of papers and said he was trying to sell the assets of the Grand Junction Development Co., so that he could settle Gov. Crawford's estate. I told him a lawyer's office might be a good place to go for advice, but a poor place to raise money for an investment - that I might help him out. The estate owned the Brunswick hotel, two or three pieces of real estate that might sell, and a thousand or more outlying lots of little value and unsalable. Total value of all was about \$60,000, and there were debts against the estate amounting to over \$56,000, owed principally in Williamsport, Pa., and Cleveland, Ohio. I interested J. R. McKinnie, Vernon Z. Reed and R. P. Davey, all of Colorado Springs, in a plan to buy the estate, and the four of us paid the money and took title. The first thing I did was to sell the Brunswick hotel to V. Z. Reed for \$30,000, which reduced our investment. I then had blanks printed and put in the hands of a real estate agent to sell all lots on time payment. Even if he could only get \$15 down with monthly payments, we advised him to sell and get them off tax expense. The result was, we got them all sold with a good profit for the syndicate. The hotel has long since been torn down and a business block built on the site. That, I imagine, still belongs to the Reed Estate. Reed died years ago. The Crawford estate was settled with nothing worth while for the heirs.

Gov. Geo. A. Crawford was born in Lock Haven, Pa., across the river from Williamsport, Pa. Physically, he was a small, frail man, but a man of brains and ability. During Civil War period he was in Washington and knew all of the important men of the day. After the war, always of the pioneer's spirit, he went to Kansas, and was the founder of Fort Scott, now one of the prosperous cities of that state. He was elected lieutenant-governor of Kansas in the Seventies, and during his term in that office, the governor of the state died, automatically making him the chief executive to fill out the unexpired term.

Clayton Nichols went to the Phillipine Islands in the Spanish American war in 1898. After the war he became engaged in mining and other enterprises with A. Burlingame Johnson, and never returned to this country. He died over there about two years ago. Mr. Johnson died in Pasadena, Calif., four years ago.

Monroe Allison was a brother-in-law of Doc. C. W. Shores, Gunnison sheriff for many years. Mr. Allison moved to Klamath Falls, Oregon, where he died 20 years ago. Jack Bowman kept the road house at Hat Creek, between Cheyenne and the Black Hills, in 1876. He came to Taylor Park in 1879 and was elected sheriff in 1880. The stopping place, four miles beyond Dorchester and the upper end of Taylor park; at foot of the four mile climb to the top of Taylor pass on the Aspen road was named after him. Only one two-story dilapidated shack yet remains on the site of Bowman.

J. E. PHILLIPS

Anniversary Recalls History Of Local Banks

(By Rial R. Lake)

Observance during May of the 60th anniversary of the First National Bank of Gunnison, and the 44th year that Samuel P. Spencer has been president of that institution, recalls to the minds of many citizens, early-day history of the banking business in Gunnison.

The first bank established here was the Bank of Gunnison, started in the spring of 1880, when Sam G. Gill brot in a safe full of money by wagon. An interesting story is told about shipping the safe from Del Norte, the closest railroad point.

Gill consigned the safe full of money to Alonzo Hartman at Gunnison. He came along with it, however, but as sort of an innocent bystander.

When the safe reached Del Norte, he attempted to get passage on the same wagon that was bringing the safe to Gunnison, but the driver refused. Gill told him he would help him with the horses and in getting the meals, so the driver let him come along. When they reached Gunnison, the driver inquired for Sam G. Gill, and was somewhat surprised when he turned out to be the man who had come from Del Norte with him as helper. There was no express fee on the cash inside the safe.

Sen. H. A. W. Tabor, famous as millionaire owner of the Matchless mine in Leadville, was president of the Bank of Gunnison, altho always a silent partner. E. P. Jacobson was vice-president, with J. H. Fesler, assistant cashier, and Fred Adams, book-keeper. Mr. Gill was in complete charge. Tabor only visited Gunnison on a few occasions.

Chas. G. Bennett, now vice-president of the Citizens State Bank of Ouray, also worked in the Bank of Gunnison, and has given the News-Champion some valuable information about history of banks here.

About September 1, of 1881, Lewis Cheney and Mark Coppinger opened the Miners' Exchange Bank on west side of Main street, about where Miller Dry Goods store now stands. Cheney was first president, with Coppinger cashier.

On May 2, 1882, the Miners' Exchange was reorganized as the First National Bank, with Cheney continuing as president, Coppinger as cashier; Franklin C. Johnson became vice-president and Chas. E. McConnell was assistant cashier. Other members of the directors then were M. Rush Warner, E. P. Shove and David Wood.

A year later these officers changed and Coppinger was named president, with Cheney vice-president and E. P. Shove cashier.

The next major change in banking institutions of Gunnison came on July 9, 1883, when the Bank of Gunnison became the Iron Mountain Bank, and Gill was named president in place of Tabor.

Then, on December 20, 1884, the First National and the Iron Mountain were consolidated into the First National, with Gill as president and Shove as cashier.

It was not until May of 1898 that Mr. Spencer became associated with banking in Gunnison. He had come to Gunnison county from his Cambridge, Maryland, home in 1880, going immediately to Irwin, where he engaged in mining and real estate business for the four years he lived there. He also served as town clerk, town treasurer, and mayor of Irwin.

Moving to Crested Butte in early eighties, Mr. Spencer operated a transfer and freighting business for some time, and then was appointed postmaster there by President Cleveland.

In 1889, he was elected county clerk and recorder and resigned as postmaster to assume his new duties in Gunnison. After serving four terms as clerk and recorder, he refused to run for a fifth term.

In May 1898 Spencer purchased the First National Bank from Mr. Gill and has since been the guiding head. In the state election of 1905 Mr. Spencer was prominently mentioned as candidate for governor and received many votes in the democratic nominating state convention in Denver for the honor.

Though well past the three-quarter century mark in years, Mr. Spencer comes down to the bank every day, altho his son, Clinton F. Spencer, has been handling detail work of the institution for the past few years.

The First National Bank of Gunnison has down thru the years builded a fine reputation as being one of the soundest and strongest financial institutions of Colorado.

Reprinted from News-Champion of June 25, 1942.

D. J. McCanne Writes Historical Series for News-Champion About Early Days in Gunnison Vicinity

A series of historical articles dealing with Gunnison in the early 80's has been arranged by the News-Champion through the courtesy of D. J. McCanne, prominent citizen, who came in 1880 and for a decade or more was manager of the light and water plant then owned by the B. W. Lewis interests. Mr. McCanne is now living in Denver at 212 So. Sherman St. and tho in advanced years, has vivid recollection of happenings in the days when Gunnison was the "Future Great."

[The next two articles are from the series published in 1939.]

Start of Gunnison Gas and Water Works (Continued from issue of May 5, 1939)

After B. W. Lewis had resigned from the vice-presidency of Jay Gould's Wabash combination of railroads, he resumed his interest in the iron business, and, with his usual high speed energy, he interested Mr. Schoonmaker and other eastern capitalists, and rebuilt the Lewis iron works at Grand Tower, Illinois, which he had operated years before, but had become obsolete. Mr. Schoonmaker of Pittsburgh, was manufacturing coke and had furnished the new Grand Tower iron works with coke shipped down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, on barges, loading them back with pig iron. This association of congenial captains of industry led to some such talk as follows, we imagine:

"Ben, I've been greatly interested lately in what I am reading about the future prospects of Duluth, Minn. The development of immense beds of cheaply mined iron ore that can be transported to our coal and coke by barge at low cost; and Scandinavia wheat farmers who will soon be demanding water transportation thru the Great Lakes and down the St. Lawrence for export, is surely going to make Duluth a great inland port of entry. Let's run out next summer and look over Duluth."

"Yes, Colonel, I have been quite interested, too, in Duluth's prospects, but from what J. H. McCoy writes me about the gold and silver mining prospects of the great Gunnison country of Colorado, I think we ought to take a look over that country. McCoy writes me that our old Missouri friend, George Jackson, who made such a rich gold discovery in Russell Gulch, has made a prospecting trip thru the Gunnison country, and he thinks there is the place for quick fortune."

"You may be right, Ben. I have been reading of some of E. A. Buck's projected telegraph lines thru the mining regions of the Gunnison country, and he certainly must have great faith in its development. I understand the D. & R. G. railroad Company promises to have its rails laid into Gunnison by August, 1881. The trip to Gunnison looks easier to make. If your men out there continue to report favorably, I'll be ready to go with you as soon as a Pullman can take us thru to Gunnison."

So, in the fall of 1881, B. W. Lewis and J. M. Schoonmaker looked over the great Gunnison country. They became so interested in its prospects that they made several investments, and were kept so busy following them up that they forgot all about inspecting Duluth. J. H. McCoy lost no time in getting them to buy several mining claims and starting the construction of a concentrator plant at Elko, under his management.

Sam Gill, Mark Coppinger, Johnson and others, had secured a preliminary franchise for a water and gas works system for the town of Gunnison, and induced Messrs. Lewis and Schoonmaker to take over the franchise, with the understanding that they would cooperate with them in getting it in acceptable shape.

Mr. Lewis proceeded immediately to have an expert water works franchise attorney in St. Louis prepare a proper franchise contract, and had it duly passed in the form of a city ordinance at Gunnison.

I had succeeded J. M. Norton as manager of the Lewis iron works, at Grand Tower, Illinois, where I employed about 125 negroes in running the business, and had been so successful in my management that on the 20th of December, 1881, Mr. Lewis offered me the management of the Gunnison Gas and Water Co. I accepted the offer on condition that I be given about three months to study up water and gas plant management, then applied myself in St. Louis to qualify for the job. In the meantime I was getting out plans for the works I was to build.

I reached Gunnison on March 21, 1882, and organized a rush campaign, having learned that was what pleased Mr. Lewis. I had most of the work done under job contracts, but I employed about 100 men digging pipe trenches, laying pipe, and other such work as could be best accomplished by day's labor.

Wins \$100 Suit of Clothes

I commenced laying pipe on April 4th. On June 27th, we had the water works in operation, and on August 29th, we had the gas works in operation. Considering the fact that all materials had to be shipped from the east and over the Rocky Mountains, that was another record-breaking piece of construction. I told Col. Schoonmaker that I would have both works in operation by October. He replied: "Impossible, Mack, but if you do, I'll make you a present of a \$100 suit of clothes." I won the price, but I bought a \$50 suit and a \$50 overcoat instead.

I asked Mr. Lewis to come out and witness the water works test. Our ordinance required us to throw four fire streams thru 1" nozzles to a height of 75 feet. We exceeded this goal by at least 50 per cent.

Mr. Lewis brought out with him his railroad superintendent, Col. McKissock, a fine old gentleman, who enjoyed a joke, even when it was on him. He had been giped for under-guessing distances out here in the clear atmosphere of the mountain region, and, so, when Mr. Lewis asked him how high he thot we were throwing the streams of water, he replied: "It looks to me like about 150 feet, but I should judge, by your Colorado measurements, it is about a quarter of a mile."

I cannot refrain from telling another joke that Mr. Lewis sometimes told on the Colonel. He had been so courteous to the ladies of a St. Louis Sunday school, in furnishing them a special excursion train, that they presented him with a copy of the Holy Bible. The trainmen had carelessly got the engine off the switch rails and were delaying the excursion's scheduled time for starting back home. The Colonel walked up to where they were trying to get the engine back on the rails, his gift-Bible under his arm, but with an expression on his face that betokened a tirade of words that would not look good in print. However, he merely said:

"If I didn't have this Bible under my arm, you would get the d__dest cussin' you ever got in your lives."

I had made a good start on the accomplishment of the big job Mr. Lewis had sent me out to do in Gunnison, but I soon found much more that I was to do. The branch line of the D. & R.

G. railroad that ran north of Gunnison to Crested Butte, divided the town, and there was rivalry between East and West Gunnison.

How La Veta Hotel Was Started

Captain Loudon Mullin had acquired the land located on the west side and had been investing all the money he could get from the sale of lots in the building of a brick school house, the Mullin hotel, and other buildings, in order to attract investors to promote the growth of his west-side. He had been able to keep up a fairly successful rivalry, but now he was determined to put West Gunnison so far ahead that everything would come his way by building on his Boulevard the finest hotel in the state. He had one of the leading architects of Denver make plans and specifications for a four-story hotel that would cover almost a quarter of a block. He had the excavation for the basement about completed, but was running short of money. He saw in our company's progress what the Lewis' financial organization would mean to the success of his ambitions for West Gunnison, so he called on me to find out if I would help him build the hotel. He proposed to deed, free of encumbrance, \$250,000 worth of his town lots, at his selling price, if Mr. Lewis' company would build the hotel.

I was getting myself pretty well sold in the future value of Gunnison, so I outlined the proposition and submitted a plat of Gunnison, showing the location of the lots he proposed to deed, to Mr. Lewis. He immediately authorized me to accept Captain Mullin's proposition, incorporated the Lewis Hotel & Improvement Co., and made me manager, with instructions to complete the building.

The first move I made was to buy all the brick the three kilns had burned, and contracted with Fred Zugelder and Brother to make enough brick to complete the building, including the stone work. We let the contracts for the woodwork, roofing and inside finish to Parks & Co. We had the building enclosed before freezing weather in the fall of 1882, and had it completed by May 16, 1883. Its cost was over \$159,000, besides about \$30,000 for furniture.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion issue of May 12, 1939

D. J. McCanne Tells How He Came To Build The Gunnison Town Ditch

The theory that prosperity can be created by lavish spending did not originate with the New Deal. Those who can remember the early days of Gunnison's history will recall many advocates of that theory; how we tried out some of the spending theories that we were led to believe would hasten the growth and prosperity of our city, destined, it was alleged, to become the Pittsburg of the West.

E. A. Buck was among the first big spenders to try out this theory by building a system of telegraph lines connecting Gunnison with several of the most promising mining camps, building a number of good houses to promote the growth of the Buck Addition, and establishing his News-Democrat in Gunnison to boost his enterprise.

Sam Gill and Mark Coppinger interested B. W. Lewis to spend about \$150,000 in building Gas and Water Works. Then Captain Mullin induced Mr. Lewis to spend another \$150,000 building La Veta hotel, years in advance of the real needs of the town.

The Tomichi Valley Smelter was the next big spending scheme which A. J. Bean, the Gunnison Chamber of Commerce and others induced Mr. Lewis of St. Louis and J. M. Schoonmaker of Pittsburg to finance and build. This smelter was to be an assured success, after trying out the Moffatt smelter and the Lawrence smelter.

During the testing out of all these big spending projects, B. W. Lewis was spending large sums of money developing coal and iron lands and promoting the organization of a million dollar steel works.

By this time we were so sure we had struck the right lead in our spending program, and that our long sought goal was just around the corner, that we asked the town of Gunnison to join us in our assured recovery project by contracting for twenty-five additional fire hydrants, calling for \$3700 instead of the former \$1200 annual rental. During the years Gunnison was trying out these various spending programs the town council was composed of such leading business men as George Moses, E. W. Burton, A. B. Mathews, E. P. Shove, C. W. Shores, John A. Steele, W.S. Ditto, Sam Gill and Frank Adams. They were men who seriously considered the best interests of the town.

A tree-planting campaign was one of the early projects, which required for its success a permanent supply of water. The nearest source of suitable water supply was to extend an irrigation ditch owned by Lon Hartman, which took its supply from the Gunnison river about eight miles from the discharge into the ditch system of the town. This ditch irrigated several hay farms on its way down the valley, and, to insure constant water supply required the services of a care tender, and was costing the town about \$800 per year. After reading Sylvester Richardson's historical story of the varied and conflicting interests and aspirations of the pioneers who finally decided to give up enough of their time from their exciting search for a quick fortune, and settle down to the building of a city, at the junction of the Gunnison and Tomichi rivers, we can reasonably imagine a town meeting called together to discuss this water supply question.

We'll suppose it took place in the spring of 1880 in the office of President Richardson (who erected the first log cabin residence on the town-site). After stating the object of the meeting, Pres. Richardson described what a beautiful sight had been made of Colorado Springs, with streams of crystal water running down both sides of the streets, lined with trees. He said: "I am sure all of you who have seen what these streams of mountain water and the trees they nurture have done for Colorado Springs, will agree with me, that here in our more beautiful

valley we cannot put to better use \$800 per year than in so using the water to make Gunnison a more beautiful city."

Mrs. Captain Jack said, "Mr. President, I have been prospecting in these mountains for the past ten years, and I tell these people it is all right to have these beautiful streets and beautiful homes, after we have made our fortunes by digging out of these mountains the gold and silver which has been stored there for us, and I think it is our duty as pioneers to first give our time and our money to opening up these deposits - these treasures which have lured us to this wonderful country."

Then Jack Phillips spoke: Mr. President, I agree with Mrs. Captain Jack. I too have spent several years prospecting in these hills and gulches and I believe \$800 a year spent in grubstaking experienced prospectors would soon make us all rich. Then we can have beautiful streets and beautiful homes in our city."

Captain Mullin then took the floor - "Mr. President, you don't need to be reminded how the lure for quick wealth has from time to time, so disrupted our Gunnison colony that we have often almost despaired of ever realizing our hopes of building the beautiful city we vision in our day-dreams. I appeal to all home-loving people to think first of your city. Spend your money for something sure - something you can see grow from day to day. I am for a permanent water supply, running down beautiful tree-lined streets, even if we have to pay \$800 per year for it."

Thus the town meeting discussed the matter pro and con, but the result was a contract with Lon Hartman to furnish the town with a supply of water for its ditches for \$800 a year.

Thus we kept on spending until the county debt had reached nearly \$500,000 and the city debt nearly \$50,000. The Rollins Investment Co. bought up our warrants at constantly decreasing values. Charley Biebel was chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, and he was being severely criticised for extravagance in spending. The town council was being criticised, mostly for spending too much for fire hydrant rentals. Public protests piled up until finally a committee of safety - somewhat on the order of a vigilance committee - was appointed by a mass town meeting to make a careful investigation and see what could be done to stop the spending policy. I wish I had access to the minutes of that mass meeting. I would like to be able to recall the personnel of that safety committee. My recollection is that Charles Shackleford, an attorney, and a brother of the late Judge Sprigg Shackleford, was made chairman of the committee of safety, and that it was composed of twenty leading citizens.

The few old-timers who were in Gunnison during those days of reformation will recall what exciting times we were having. We were all sure that somebody needed to be exposed. Who were the guilty parties? I do not recall now what attorney was appointed to run down the county criminals. I know City Attorney Hogg was after my scalp at every meeting of the town council, protesting against the payment of what he said were exorbitant hydrant rentals. I quote from the news report of one of the meetings of the town council of those days: "The most remarkable feature of recent Council meetings has been the vigorous kick of the City Attorney against the bills of The Gas & Water Co. and the cool indifference of the council to his pleadings." In the report of a later council meeting I note that Attorney Hogg reported he had carefully examined the contract the town had with the Gas & Water Co. and found it to be a legal and binding contract. However, I felt the effect of public criticism and advised our company to propose a compromise to annul the charge of \$3700 and to continue to furnish the fire pressure on the 37 fire hydrants for the original price of \$1200 annually.

The "shake down" of the county spending policy resulted in a decision of the supreme court cancelling \$305,000 county warrants as being illegal. The official statement of Gunnison

county's finances for July 1, 1886, showed an indebtedness of only \$21,241; \$169,700 of funding bonds were omitted because of questioned legality.

By this time we were all becoming economy conscious. We were all looking for a chance to save instead of spending our money. Mr. Lewis had asked me to run some preliminary levels to see if it would be possible to develop a large water power from the Gunnison river. My preliminary surveys showed that we might bring the water directly across the valley along the foot of Smelter Hill and by dropping it to the level of Tomichi creek we might develop more than 500 HP. This showed how easily we might save that \$800 annually by putting all the water required into the town ditches with less than two miles of new ditch.

W. S. Ditto was chairman of the ditch and water committee at that time, so I said to him one day: "Mr. Ditto, if I could show you how the town could build its own ditch for a little more than you are paying out annually for rental of ditch water would you recommend to the town council such an investment?" Mr. Ditto replied: "I certainly would." "Well, take a little buggy ride with me this afternoon," I said.

I took Mr. Ditto to the present location of the Town Ditch and showed him where we could divert the water from the river into a natural overflow channel requiring only a shallow cut and headgate to control the water. "Here is where we will tap the river," I said. Ditto shook his head and said: "That looks like a fine place to tap the stream but you can't make water run up hill and our town ditches are certainly much higher than this point." I replied: "Well, it may look impossible to you but we will now drive very nearly along the line I propose to run your ditch water." When we reached the place where I had previously determined we could cross under the Crested Butte branch of the railroad, I had him get out of the buggy and stand with me on the track. I told him: "Here is where your ditch will pass under this track and we will put its water into the present Hartman ditch about 500 feet below the Dunham & Shackelford brick yard."

Mr. Ditto took several sights in both directions thru an imaginary level telescope, shook his head and said: "You might do it McCanne, but I'll have to see the water flowing thru it before I'll believe it's possible."

I said, "Charlie Shackelford's safety committee has been after Charley Biebel's scalp and City Attorney Hogg has been after mine for months. Now if I can get Charley Biebel to join me in building this ditch for the town, don't you think we can get all our sins forgiven?"

Ditto replied, "I certainly think this ditch not only would wash away all your sins, but would be a lasting memorial - the justification of both of you sinners!" Such a statement coming from a pillar of the Methodist church made me feel more comfortable and I lost no time in letting Charley Biebel share its blessings with me.

Within a few days I met Charley and said: "Charley, you and I have been condemned by this community as ring leaders in the spending orgy that they think about to ruin our county and city financially. I have discovered a way we can not only vindicate our honor but build a monument that will perpetuate our memory."

"For God's sake, let's get after it quick. What is it? Let's start something before Charley Shackelford's 'safety committee' lynches me," was Biebel's reaction.

I then took Biebel over the line of the proposed Town Ditch and while he was very doubtful of my ability to make Gunnison river water run up hill, he expressed his willingness to put up the material and labor at its cost against my engineering ability and we would share the profits or losses.

I estimated we could safely contract to build the ditch for \$1000 cash and so reported to Mr. Ditto. We both had confidence in Mr. Ditto and agreed that if he could induce the town council to contract with me to pay me \$1000 and would issue warrants to the amount required to net that sum in cash, he would hold the warrants until the ditch was completed and accepted by the town.

If the editor and readers of the News-Champion are interested enough to verify this story so far, and want to see how it ended they will find that our agreement with Mr. Ditto was outlined in an ordinance passed by the town council May 22, 1889, signed by A. B. Mathews, Mayor, and Joseph Heiner, Clerk and Recorder. Mr. Ditto was the chief doubter but he was authorized to hold the warrants until the ditch was tested and found satisfactory.

I made a final survey and staked out the headgate and the line of the ditch exactly as I had shown Mr. Ditto, and Charley Biebel put his teams to work immediately. We had the ditch completed and the water running thru it within thirty days. It was built with a fall of five feet per mile. Its headgate and alignment were duly recorded, and a claim legally filed for a permanent water right for the "Gunnison Town Ditch."

We had many doubting visitors every day during the construction who, like Ditto, insisted that the point where we were crossing under the Crested Butte railroad must be at least ten feet higher than our headgate. In fact this point was about ten feet lower.

I trust that ditch has carried enough water, practically free of cost, during the past forty-nine years to wash away the sins of its builders.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of July 27, 1939

Another Chapter of Early-Day Gunnison Industries and Men

(By J. D. McCanne.)

During all the nearly fifty years of my experiences in civil engineering and construction work, I have been fortunate in having the support of loyal, sympathetic helpers.

My first experience with a large body of men was in 1880, when, at the age of thirty, I succeeded J. M. Norton as manager of the Lewis Iron Works at Grand Tower, Illinois. There we employed about 125 negroes and only a few white men, as gang bosses. Mr. Norton was one of the old-time negro drivers who used about the same harsh methods employed by Mississippi steamboat mates, in which profanity was considered the dynamic force. The only experience I had had in managing negroes had been in directing small gangs in handling railroad ties during my four years of merchandising at Jacksonville, Missouri, just before I started under B. W. Lewis in the building of the St. Louis & Council Bluffs branch of the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern railroad.

Humane Treatment vs. Abuse In Handling Workmen

I confess that I felt somewhat doubtful about my theory that mild, humane treatment would work better than Norton's harsh methods. I was an easy, mild-mannered boy, compared with Mr. Norton. Fortunately, the negroes had had a few months' experience working with me, while I operated the hoisting machinery that pulled the ore and coke cars up an incline from the barges into the stock house. Some times they would carelessly allow an ore car to get away from them and drop overboard into the river. Instead of swearing at them, I would have a diver hitch my cable onto the car under 15 feet of water and slowly pull it up to the deck of the barge for them, without making any fuss about it.

Another big help in establishing loyalty toward me was old Barney Gilligan, the faithful night watchman, who took charge of the barges at night, and made hourly rounds of the whole plant. Barney was a staunch friend of the young engineer and almost worshipped his wife and three-year-old boy, and when he took charge as manager, I have no doubts but what old Barney extolled his virtues with all the blarney his Irish loyalty could command. Anyway, the young engineer-manager and his little family, in the big company house, were almost idolized.

Old Barney was so conscientiously loyal that he was terribly humiliated in allowing a barge to get away. It happened this way: We often had two or three barges towed in and tied up to our wharf-boat. As one barge was emptied, it would be dropped down and lashed to the barge we were unloading. On this occasion a strong wind from the west, and an opposing eddy current of the river during the night had so worn the cable that it parted and the escaping barge floated down the river. We knew it would be useless to try to capture it with row boats, so we telegraphed to the manager of the Big Muddy Coal Co., about a mile up the river, to send their steamboat - the MAB - to capture the barge. The MAB had to race several miles down the river to overtake it, but she brought the fugitive barge back, much to old Barney's relief. The MAB's whistle spelled her name, in long and short blasts, the Morse code for M-A-B, and all the men who worked around Grand Tower knew that much Morse code, and her crew was rousinglly cheered as she landed our barge that had started home empty.

I had the loyal support of every man in the entire works from the start. They would even overwork to please me. I found that setting a goal for the day's work and giving praise for its accomplishment produced far better results than Mr. Norton ever got.

I now recall an incident that illustrates the remorse of John Tittsworth for not heeding my advice of using kindness instead of abuse in handling his horse. John had the contract for handling cinder-slag that was drawn off at intervals from the furnace. The slag was allowed to cool enough to make it easily broken into pieces sizable for handling; then John would cart it to the slag dump on the river bank. This slag bank would gradually extend out into the river until where the water would be deep and the current swift. Some times he would abuse his horse for not backing the cart just to suit his dumping operation. I cautioned him to handle the horse kindly and the animal would soon learn just what was wanted of him. One night John got mad and jerked his horse back too far, and the cart, horse and load went over backwards into the river. We helped him to recover the harness and cart, but he wept bitterly over the loss of his horse and said: "If I had only had sense enough to mind what you told me, old Dick would not have been drowned."

When I was called upon to shut down the Iron Works at Grand Tower and get ready to go to Gunnison, I was sorry for that bunch of negroes, for they loved me, and I had become attached to them.

When I started construction of the water works in Gunnison, I worked about one hundred men, and a greater contrast could scarcely be imagined, as compared with my devoted negroes. Instead of a company of humble servants, such as I had at Grand Tower Iron Works, here I had a company of young Americans, the cream of pioneering American families - the young men who dared to leave sheltered home surroundings and try their luck in the wild and wooly west - men who faced their employer as his equal; some of them college graduates, competent to qualify as professors in various lines of education. They were, as a class, gentlemen, not afraid to face any situation that might confront them. They were courteous and respectful, but resourceful and brave fellows. They came out west, expecting to dig not ditches, but gold.

Gunnison streets were mostly of cemented gravel, and the newcomers complained about the hard digging; however, some of the men had worked in hard rock and said: "You tenderfeet will be lucky if you get into as easy digging as this when you get to the hills prospecting."

We had some men who had learned to use blasting powder, and it was a new and interesting experience to me to see how they could break up a solid boulder with a single shot, by covering the powder charge with a clay-pack on the top of the boulder. Such a result would not be predicted by the most profound physics professor, if he had never seen it done. Yes, we had eye-opening experiences with that crew of western pioneer boys. By watching these men work, I was able to select from the company a few who became expert helpers and skilled mechanics in my permanent operating force. Some of these men, like Geo. Phillips, Sam Duckett and Dick Bryan, stayed with me for several years. I thot a lot of those men.

Some of them were new to the west, and being out from under home influence of their boyhood, were bent on getting all there was in life's wide open freedom, of its fortunes and its pleasures, boys who had been restive under the restraint of religious homes and Sunday school training, but now free to choose their own course. There were those who had been the "Peck's Bad Boys" at home, but were now learning from boys who had become emissaries of evil, to try the lure of the bright lights of the saloon and seductive strains of the dance hall.

The casual observer would naturally think that these men would care little or nothing about the influence of a young manager of the company who was giving them temporary employment, but I will record a few facts that show how far-reaching such an influence can be seen as the years go by:

The Evils of Booze Brought Home

During my early boyhood we did not even know what a saloon was, until Bill Evans came to Jacksonville, Missouri, won the love of one of the daughters of a Christian home, married her, and then started the first saloon we had ever seen. Before that time we had often seen men who would get drunk, but they would take their whiskey home in gallon jugs and would seldom create any public disturbance. We would pass around by way of entertainment some of their funny experiences. One old fellow, Uncle Charley, would start home riding his faithful old mare, with a jug in each end of a sack carried before him. If he got too drunk and fell off, the mare would browse around and wait for him to sober up enough to remount. When asked by his neighbors why he never hurt himself in falling, he would reply:

"That's simply because I fall with judgment."

One day Uncle Charley was sleeping off his drunk in a fence corner; when he began to sober up enough to open one eye, he spied a buzzard sitting on the fence close to him. Uncle Charley had sense enough to recall how buzzards are supposed to predict approaching dissolution, so winking the other eye, he said to the bird: "Most too soon, sir." The buzzard took the hint and winged its way to hunt a victim that was ready for his banquet.

But now to go back to how we can never know how far-reaching good influence can affect other lives. I have mentioned the first saloon in Jacksonville, started by Bill Evans. Among his victims was Bill Brady, one of those old men who always got drunk, but was never disturbing to anybody. After the saloon started, Bill Brown had gotten into a row with Brady and stabbed him in the lungs. Brady was able to get as far as our farm, thru which he often passed in getting home. Brother John and I found him moaning in the fence corner and summoned help for him. When we were shown the bloody gash in his chest, we thought he would surely die, but in this case, he recovered.

McCanne Saw Body of Penney Who Was Shot In a Saloon Brawl

We saw the dead body of John Penney, who was shot by Bill Brown soon after that. Nearly every week there would be a shooting fracas at Bill Evans' saloon, until people became so aroused that a lodge of Good Templars was organized and nearly all the young people within horse-and-buggy reach of the village became members. We got all of Evans' family to join except him, and he saw that there was so much good in our fight against him that he closed the saloon and followed me to Gunnison, where I put him in charge of that bunch of one hundred young men, with the understanding that he was to tell them how to avoid the dangers of the bright lights of saloon and dance hall. Evans became one of the strongest advocates of sobriety and good citizenship, - and he knew how to counteract the lure of the saloon.

George Phillips, after a week's coaching by Joe Simmonds, the man I brought from St. Louis to install the gas plant, became the most efficient gas works foreman I ever had. He not only learned to make gas, but soon learned to cement cracks in the red hot retorts, keeping the gas plant in fine working condition. He took an interest in all of my experiments in testing the various coals. Prof. Richardson had been developing the Richardson coal mine, and because his coal coked beautifully in laboratory tests, he had been claiming it was fine coking coal. It did coke, but did not weld into solid blocks, which is necessary to make it support the burden of ore in a smelting furnace. It also produced a gas carrying an excess of sulphur. Had the Mt. Carbon Coal and Coke Co. made a thoro test of that coal before building its big coking plant, it would have avoided its failures.

One of the great disappointments of the big steel works started in Gunnison was due to finding the coking quality of the coal on the west side of the mountain at Mt. Carbon to be very different from that on the Crested Butte side.

But to return to our gas man, Geo. Phillips. We soon saw in him just the man we needed and gave him assurance of a permanent job. He was not long in having his sweetheart come to Gunnison, and they were married by our young preacher, Rev. J. T. Sherrard, in our home, with my wife, Annie, Miss Alice Biggs and others as witnesses.

After George had trained his assistant, Sam Duckett, and made him quite efficient in managing the gas works, George bought the Krepps planing mill. After operating this mill for a few years, he moved to Telluride, and the last word I had from him, he was mayor of that city, besides running a plumbing business there.

Sidelights on Early-Day Engineers Of Gunnison's Water Works

My first engineer at the water works was a big, rather pompous, cocksure labor-union agitator named Morse. Had he confined his wisdom entirely to his own job, his stay in Gunnison might have lasted longer; but he soon found out that the men of this new western section were mostly of the kind that did their own thinking, so he decided to go back to St. Louis, Missouri.

Just at the right time Jim Foster, who had been engineer for the big Bassick mine at Silver Cliff, Colo., came to Gunnison, and after a conference with him, I was glad to accept Morse's resignation and put Foster in his place.

James Foster was a good man and a much more satisfactory engineer for the water works position than was Morse. Not long after he took charge of the plant we had a heavy water pressure ram (caused by shutting hydrants too quickly during fire-hose practice) that burst the diaphragm between the two sections in the water end of one of our big pumps, and it looked like we were in for serious delay as well as purchase of a new water-end for the pump. After getting into the pump, we decided we could make repairs ourselves. Foster had me get for him a piece of 1x4 wrought iron 10" long which he bolted over the crack, and the pump worked as well as it ever did up to the time I gave up my management in 1902 - more than 16 years.

Foster stayed with me until 1886, when, at his request, Charles Meyer, who was engineer for the new smelter, exchanged places with him and (with the exception of about a year) Charley Meyer was my water works engineer as long as I stayed with the company. Charley was offered, what he thought was a better job than working for a salary, and asked me to get another man in his place, so on November 1, 1900, I put F. E. Thompson in charge as chief engineer of the water works, with W. G. McCanne and Charles Walker as his assistants. Charley Meyer went to Lake City to install an electric plant there. Mr. Thompson was a good engineer, but was offered a better salary elsewhere and only remained with me about a year.

An engineer by the name of Fallack, who claimed to be a good electrical engineer and qualified to handle the water works also, was put in as chief engineer, with the same assistants as Mr. Thompson had. Fallack may have been all he claimed as an electrician, but was deficient in good common sense, as the following blunder will show:

In the early summer of 1902, I was called to Gunnison by a telegram from Mr. Lewis, telling me to come at once - emergency; serious trouble with water works plant. I boarded the first train out and reached Gunnison about 11:00 o'clock a. m. and went immediately to the plant.

It seems water pressure ram had forced the "Y" connection from the two pumps to the 12 water main up about an inch, thereby putting a strain on the flange joints connecting the pumps. Fallack had jumped to the conclusion that the foundations of the pumps were settling, and had

advised Mr. Lewis that he must tear them out and build new foundations. They had both pumps moved off their foundations and had Charley Biebel's four-horse team hauling material for new foundations; the whole town was out of water, with no assurance as to when a supply would be available. It was an awful situation.

Fallack had several men digging out the foundations and had just started to quarry out the stone sections with drills and sledges. They were just about to quit for dinner; I took one look at the situation, saw at once that the floor level and top of the foundations were not changed, and decided that the trouble was that the discharge pipe connection had been forced up. I jumped into the pit they had dug and found that the joint to the main was forced up about an inch. I at once stopped all the wrecking operations, ordered some clamp rods from Herman Holloway's blacksmith shop with which to securely tie the "Y" pump connection down to the 12-inch main. I then had the men put the pumps back on their foundations and start getting up steam. Before morning we had the reservoir tank full and water service restored.

Mr. Fallack had no grounds for an excuse for his blunder and was glad to be relieved of his trouble.

Charley Meyer and Family Fast Friends of McCanne Family

I was fortunate to again secure Charley Meyer to resume his place during the rest of my administration. Charley would have located that trouble immediately and would have likely made the same repairs without a break in the water service.

When Charley Meyer first came to accept a place with me as chief engineer of the water works in 1885, he had a lovely young wife, a sister of Pierce Ferguson. She was about the same age as my wife, Annie. They had a little daughter, Mabel, about the same age as my daughter, Arloa. Mabel and Arloa became fast friends and playmates, and were together almost daily during their early childhood; they attended school and Sunday school together, and I think they were baptized and admitted to the Christian church in Gunnison about the same time.

Mabel lost her mother soon after the family came to us, but her grandmother, Mrs. Pierce Ferguson, mothered the little girl and kept house for Charley for several years. Mabel was nearly grown when he married Mrs. Ida Lang, daughter of Mrs. Dan Unruh of Gunnison.

Charley always appreciated our love for Mabel, and our relations have since been as though we belonged to the same family.

Humphrey Lewis gave Arloa a donkey colt that she named Topsy. Charley helped me to rig up a nice cart and harness, and many were the delightful rides that Arloa and Mabel had with Topsy and the cart. We still treasure two photos of Topsy, one taken with our boy, Gerald, and the other with Arloa in the cart.

I cannot overstate my appreciation of the almost brotherly feeling I cherish for Charles Meyer - his loyalty to me was almost brotherly. I had absolute confidence in his fidelity and trustworthiness. We knew each other so thoroly that there was nothing to distrust or doubt. After I moved my family to Denver and limited my personal supervision of the water works to one or two trips a month, I felt perfectly sure that Charley would give the plant and the Gunnison service his very best care and attention.

Charley visited me after we moved back to Denver from El Paso, after a separation of nearly 20 years. He was then in such good health that I had hopes of enjoying many more visits with him, but was shocked on hearing of his death while visiting his daughter, Mrs. Mabel Clark, in Berkeley, California. I immediately wrote to Mrs. Clark, asking her for full particulars

regarding her father's last days. I am glad he had the opportunity to be with his daughter and grandson, John, and that he could see them so well situated.

I bespeak for John a heritage as rich in Christian character as was shown in the life of his grandfather, Charles H. Meyer.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Beginning May 12, 1938

Musical Events of Early Days in Gunnison

* *

"Queen Esther" and "Dream of Fairy Land,"

Presented Half a Century Ago.

Also Story of First Electric Lights West of Range,

Reviewed by D. J. McCanne

The first really pretentious musical achievement of the early days of Gunnison was the rendition of the cantata, Queen Esther, in the new opera house on the Boulevard, about February, 1884. (This opera house was later converted by Charley Meyers into a rooming house and is not the Grand Hotel.)

A. T. Blatchly, a druggist, and a leader in the Presbyterian Church, was the chief promoter in organizing a choral union, composed of the musical members of several of Gunnison's churches, and this Choral Union under the direction of Mr. Blatchly, after a few meetings together in the Presbyterian church, decided to work up and present the cantata, and to divide the net proceeds among the participating churches.

After several weeks of singing together as a chorus and getting acquainted with each other, Mr. Blatchly selected from the choirs of the several churches, the soloists who were to represent the principal characters. Mr. Hunkens (bass) as King Xerxes; Mrs. M. D. Matteson (soprano) as Queen Esther; Gene Shove (baritone) as Mordecai; D. J. McCanne (tenor) as Haman; Miss Loder (alto) as Zeresh, Haman's wife.

The following review of the second night's rendition is copied from the News-Democrat, and gives a fairly good idea of how the cantata was appreciated by the public.

ANOTHER SUCCESS

Queen Esther's Second Appearance Even More Successful Than First Those Who Took First Honors

"It must have been gratifying to the members of the Choral Union who have taken part in the presentation of Queen Esther, last night when the curtain rose to a large audience assembled to hear the second presentation of the cantata. The majority of those who had witnessed the first performance returned to the second and many of them brought with them friends. Promptly at eight o'clock the orchestra began playing and the full chorus rendered the welcome to Haman's presence. The voices were better and the stage acting better than on the previous night. Mr. D.J. McCanne as Haman acquitted himself with honors in his part and was frequently applauded by the audience. There was also a marked improvement in Mr. Shove's difficult solos. His voice was better and his acting a great improvement. The part of Mordecai which he took, is one of the most difficult and the manner in which he acquitted himself last evening was surely a great credit to him.

"It was plain to be seen that the audience appreciated the fine stage arrangements and it frequently gave evidence of this in rounds of applause. In the banquet scene when the chorus of girls, wreathed from head to foot in flowers and the little boys in their neat costumes joined in the march about the throne on which sat the king and queen surrounded by the guards and maids of honor, the stage setting was simply grand and called forth rounds of applause.

"Mrs. Matteson won new honors last night. Her voice was much stronger than on the previous evening, and her acting natural and impressive. In the difficult solos she has to render, she sustained the character of the queen to the delight of everyone.

"Miss Loder was evidently the favorite and was frequently interrupted by the plaudits of the spectators. In answer to the repeated encores at the close of the mournful scene of 'The Galling Defeat', the curtain arose the second time for the tableau at the close.

"The Choral Union will never want for an audience in any public entertainment they may present in the future."

This appreciative report of the second night's performance is not to be construed as a criticism of the first performance, but I can confidently confirm the judgment of the reporter in calling it a marked improvement, for I know from personal experience that we all felt more the spirit of the real characters. We forgot ourselves and the story almost played itself. I recall how anxious Mr. Matteson was about his wife succumbing to the emotion of the play. He said, "Be careful about allowing her to feel too deeply her tragic part. She is just a bundle of nerves and I am afraid she might faint." She made the audience weep in sympathy as she pleaded for her people.

Miss Loder's mournful condolence of Haman made the tragedy very real to me. I cannot refrain from quoting the remark made to me by a Jew traveling salesman who had witnessed the performance, when I was introduced to him the following day. He said, "So you are Haman I saw last night in the comforting arms of Zeresh. I would be willing to be condemned to hang on the high gallows if I could be comforted by that lovely Miss Yoder."

Another feature of the story that impressed me thru all these intervening years is the memory of that majestic quotation which Mr. Hazen as high priest, made from Isaiah 26:3. It was: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee because he trusteth in Thee." That promise was spoken almost as if it came from the clouds, so dignified, so reverent and authoritative, that it has often been a comfort in time of trouble. I have sometimes wondered if that utterance of Mr. Hazen's, as Queen Esther was risking her life for the safety of her people, has impressed others who heard it that night as it impressed me thru more than half a century since.

A DREAM OF FAIRY LAND was the next big musical event for Gunnison. There were so many of the pioneer families represented by the thirty girls who participated in this cantata, that I am asking Mr. Lake to reproduce the whole program including a group picture taken of the girls by Frank Dean, showing the names which are numbered to make them easily identified in the picture. [The picture is not included here, but the names are as follows: Good Fairies - Sula Peck, Mazy Miller, Mary Presler, Mabel Myers, Agnes Hall, Pansy Olney, Mabel Meyer, Mabel Rainbow. Evil Fairies - Maggie Gibbs, Ethel Ferguson, Rena Trevarthen, Ruth Allen, Aurora Olney, Agnes Rainbow, Nellie Falvin, Lennis Smith, Mamie Tapscott. Sprites - Jessie Latimer, Hattie Peck, Ethel Parks, Hazel Hartman, Genevieve Purrier, Mary Dean, Minnie Thomas, Carra Shackelford. Orphans - Gertie Piper, Arloa McCanne.]

This program announcement, followed by a copy of the review of the performance taken from the Gunnison Review Press, tells the whole story as well as I could tell it and would doubtless be more interesting to the girls, most of whom are now grandmothers, than any description I could write from memory.

The program in brief was as follows:

"The Beautiful Shining Way"
DAZZLING DISPLAY
of
Gorgeous Glitter and Gold
A DREAM OF FAIRY LAND
By
CHRISTIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL
Under Direction of D. J. McCanne
AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Gunnison, Colo.
Wednesday Evening, June 24, 1891
The evening's entertainment will conclude with
The VERY LUDICROUS FARCE
"AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID"

"Every child in the world has heard of fairies and the beautiful world they live in, and loving papas and mammas have had their ingenuity taxed to the utmost trying to satisfy inquisitive darlings with descriptions of its glories.

"A Dream of Fairy Land" is a charming cantata, representing two little orphans who start out in search of fairy land, growing tired they fall asleep in the woods and dream. What follows for nearly an hour and a half, is the vision of what they saw in fairy land.

"The music is very attractive and no labor and expense has been spared to make this one of the most enjoyable entertainments the people of Gunnison have ever witnessed. Mr. Emerson's orchestra with Miss Gibbs, pianist, will support the music thruout. Electric lights will be displayed for the first time in this city, in this modern vision of fairy land, the newest and most attractive pyrotechnic tableaux."

In the next issue the Review Press said:

"By far the best entertainment presented in Gunnison for many a day was the beautiful cantata, 'A Dream of Fairy Land' by the Christian Sunday school under the direction of D. J. McCanne, at the academy of music on Wednesday evening. The children had been in constant practice for over a month and their performance demonstrated that Gunnison has as much talent in its children as can be found among the children of any city.

"Long before the time for the curtain to rise, citizens and parents began to arrive at the hall in large numbers and besides every seat being occupied before the performance commenced, the aisles and every remaining available place was occupied by people standing. The curtain rose promptly at 8:15 with the opening chorus. The picture presented was lovely. Just behind the foot-light were the sprites dressed in short red costumes. Behind them, the Good Fairies in white and in the rear were the Evil Fairies dressed in black. After the chorus when the sprites marched off the stage, a tremendous burst of applause rang out from the appreciative audience. After this the separate songs of the good and evil fairies were splendid. The two orphans, Gertie Piper and Arloa McCanne in their songs and dialogues elicited the applause of their hearers and sympathizers.

"It would be impossible for lack of space to mention every performer separately but we cannot refrain from speaking of a few. Rena Trevarthen captivated the audience in her beautiful waltz song. She has an exceptionally sweet soprano voice; her parents should not fail to give it the proper cultivation. Her every waltz movement was graceful. Agnes Hall is a model speaker,

her delivery being slow and even, and every word uttered could be heard distinctly in the rear of the hall. Mamie Tapscott displayed considerable talent in her short recitation. The songs of Ethel Ferguson, Gertie Piper and Mabel Myers plainly showed that their voices were above the average.

"During the intermission at the close of the cantata, Arloa McCanne appeared before the curtain and made the audience roar with laughter in her 'Jennie' song. Arloa is a favorite of every-one and none other more deserves it than she. While her voice is not the best she has excellent control of it and keeps perfect time in the most difficult songs.

"The songs and choruses were supported thruout with an orchestra composed of Miss Meta Gibbs, piano; J. D. Emerson, first violin; Leon Gavette, second violin; C. E. Adams, bass trombone. The music was good and served as a splendid accompaniment for the songs. In this connection, it may be well to say that too much credit cannot be given to Mr. McCanne and Miss Gibbs for the successful manner in which they have trained the little ones in a musical way, and Gunnison should feel proud in possessing those who take active interest in them.

"The entertainment concluded with the farce, 'Aunt Charlotte's Maid', rendered with the following cast: Mr. Sparkins, I. W. Jennings; Matilda Jones, Miss Mamie Kingsberry; Major Volley, W. H. Corum; Miss Fannie Volley, Miss Cora Dean; Lawyer Pivot, Henry F. Lake, Jr.; Aunt Charlotte, Miss Aggie Gibbs. Each rendered his or her part well."

Electric Lights

As I look back upon our experience I wonder how we could have been so slow to see that electricity would soon displace gas for lighting purposes. The arc light was first installed in St. Louis in front of Tony Faust's beer garden, in the fall of 1878, but its violet rays gave a ghostly moonlight effect that was not much better for illumination than gas light. Arc lights were being improved fast, but little attention was being paid to the progress Mr. Edison was making in developing incandescent lighting. Had we been as alert in reading the signs of the times as we are today we should have seen in Mr. Edison's first display of street lighting in Menlo Park, March 21, 1880, two years before we began to install gas works in Gunnison, that electricity would soon render gas for illumination obsolete. Architects had not commenced providing for electric lighting in their planning of fine buildings. We did not see far enough ahead to wire the big hotel for electric lighting. I brought in an expert wireman, Mahollin, who spent about a month with Mack Lewis as his help in wiring the hotel, in the fall of 1894.

Like many engineers of those days, I was studying electricity, reading of the progress being made in this line, and I secured the castings and necessary wiring materials and with help of my water works engineer, Charley Meyers, I built a dynamo of capacity to furnish ten incandescent lamps of 16 candle power each, belted it to a small steam engine which we reconstructed out of a rotary steam pump, put up the connecting wires about two hundred feet across the lot to light my house with it.

I had announced in our Fairy Land program that electric lights would be displayed for the first time in Gunnison during the play, and this is how I managed the promised display.

I had the stage decorated with paper lilies with a light bulb in their centers. These lamps were wired up to our ten light dynamo which we put in Jake Miller's sausage shop, belted to his water motor. A switch behind the scenes was operated by my wife, Annie. Every time the good fairies occupied the stage, the lights splashed out of the lilies, and as soon as the evil fairies came in, the lights flashed out and a gloom fell on the scene while their evil influence was dominate. This novelty made a big hit and the play had to be repeated the next night, June 25th.

I arranged for a special excursion train to Pitkin, Colorado, and took the troupe and most of the mothers of the girls up there on July 4th. The girls had a jolly excursion marred only by the loss of Rena Trevarthen's hat which blew out of the car window just as we were nearing the station at Pitkin. Rather than run the risk of seeing my star performer jump off the moving train, we got the train to back up and rescued the hat. The troupe was greeted with a hearty welcome and was led to shady picnic ground where they spent a happy day.

They then went to the town hall where they thrilled the Pitkinites with another exhibition of Fairy Land. We were somewhat disappointed in not being able to display our fine tableau with pyrotechnic stage lights we had used in the academy of music in Gunnison, where the free ventilation of the stage cleared out the smoke. The Pitkin stage was not well ventilated, and after the smoke of the first stage fire started us all to coughing, we had to discontinue colored lights.

My troupe of thirty girls were a sleepy bunch of fairies by the time we got back to Gunnison about midnight; but I will venture the assertion that every one of those girls who read of their excursion to Pitkin on that Fourth of July will confirm my statement when I say we had a glorious Fourth that day.

It would give me a lot of pleasure to have a letter from every one of those girls who read or hear of these reminiscences. I am preserving all my memories as related in these letters to the Gunnison News-Champion in a special Scrap Book and the letters of those girls, written on one side of the sheets, so I can paste them in my scrap book, will make mighty interesting reading for me and for all the survivors of that group who call or visit me.

Several of those who live in Denver have called on me and they are about as dear to me as if they were my own daughters. Some of them have joined the angelic choir and some day we'll all join in a choir more lovely than the one in which we tried to portray fairy land.

D. J. McCANNE
212 So. Sherman St.
Denver, Colorado

There Were Telephones In Those Days.

This picture taken in April of 1883 [see News-Champion, issue of May 4, 1944] of Gunnison's Main street, shows the complete telephone system here in working order, only seven years after the first public exhibition of the Bell patents at the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. Evidently the view is from top of the present Gunnison Hardware store. Interesting to observe how the business houses have changed in 60 years. Only Martin Drug Store in the Hartman building erected in 1882 remains along the west side of Main street in these blocks.

"But I don't believe there were any telephones in Gunnison as early as 1882."

This doubt was expressed by a group interested in the life of David Wood, "the great freighter," on reading that his office was connected by phone with the rest of the town.

For any interested, this is the story of the first telephone in Gunnison, only six years after Alexander Bell's invention. The authority is the Gunnison Daily Review of the dates mentioned.

W. B. Spencer was working up his exchange Oct. 17, 1881. "Fifty subscribers and work will begin," he promised. The system would be the Bell American Telephone "with all the latest improvements attached." It was to cost the subscriber \$80 per annum plus an initial fee of \$10.

By Oct. 28, there were enough subscribers. "It will soon be in working order" promised Spencer, Nov. 8.

On Nov. 14, 1881, the telephone poles were arriving, according to the manager.

The public was assured, Nov. 28, that the telephone company was pushing matters as rapidly as possible. Poles were set ready for the wires and instruments as soon as they should arrive. Then for a judicious shot in the arm for those tired of waiting: during the winter Gunnison would be connected with Gothic, Crested Butte, Elkton, Irwin, Tin Cup and Pitkin; and come spring with Schofield, Pittsburgh, Crystal, Snow Mass, Alpine and the lower parts of the county.

Doings up at Lake City were making Gunnison impatient. About the first of December the neighbor city had put on a telephone concert. The Silver World had described it in flamboyant language under the title "Blest be the Tie That Binds." Lake City had listened in to the performances of favorites from "Silverton, the gem of Baker's Park; Ouray, the cliff-surrounded port on the rushing Uncompahgre river; Mineral Point, the highest town on the continent; Animas Forks, the bonanza environed; Rose's Cabin, the custom house for the region over the range; Capital City, the lively mining town."

By Dec. 1881, the material for Gunnison's telephones had arrived. "Manager Spencer expects to have it in working order by New Years." But you learn to discount such statements a little.

On Jan. 13: "The first wire to run from the main office westward for the telephone exchange will be on the top of the poles and will go to the freight office of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. (Theodore Davis, now living in Gunnison, says the central office was where the Miller funeral home is now located.)

"Most of the telephone poles were set on Virginia avenue yesterday and today the holes for the poles are being digged on Tenth street to the Rio Grande road. The thoroughfares having the poles already begin to look metropolitan."

Jan. 24, 1882, Spencer had completed putting up all the telephone instruments yesterday, 50 in number. "We understand from him," says the editor, "that a large number who refused to have anything to do with it at first are now the most anxious to become members of the

exchange. The prospects are that at least 50 more firms will want the advantages of the system early in the spring."

Two days later: "Six wires were run from the central office to the west end of town the night before." Early the next week it would surely be in operation.

Finally Jan. 30, 1882: "The telephone exchange is now in successful running order throughout the city. The following are the signals of the different offices and the names of the firms and various individuals included."

After 62 years, we omit the signals, but here are the names. Suffice it to say that F. D. Steele's hardware was No. 1; Burton, Moses and Bro. Hardware; F. Brocklehurst, meat market; F. C. Blachly, doctor; A. T. Blachly, druggist; F. E. Biebel, barber; J. H. Bowman, sheriff; Bank of Gunnison; M. L. Bloch, dry goods; C. Conrad and Co., liquor dealers; Caddon and Creel, saloon; Clark and Stewart, lumber dealers;

S. M. Davis, liquor dealer; Jas. C. Dillon, varieties; Denver and Rio Grande Railroad; C. Eubanks, livery stable; W. J. Fine, city engineer; Gunnison House; Gunnison Transfer; J. P. Harlow, restaurant; D. G. Hyman and Co., liquor dealers; Heims and Brown, lawyers; F. G. Kubler, mayor; Fred Kreuger, general merchandise; Lauterborn, doctor; Jas. E. McGee, transfer; Mullin House; Miners' Exchange Bank; J. B. Moore, dry goods, Frank McMaster, lawyer; News Democrat; Parsons and Pancake, grain and coal;

D. R. Peck, painter; Parks and Co., planing mill; A. J. Robinson, doctor; Henry Rott, restaurant; Review office; W. Richardson, baker; F. D. Steele and Co., hardware; G. W. Steele, general merchandise; W. B. Spencer, residence; Simmonds and Cobb, lawyers; Schluter and Spengel, grocers; Thomas, McDougal and Thomas, lawyers; E. H. Taylor, contractor; George Walsh, bank saloon; M. R. Warner, Gunnison Implement Co.; Yule and Mullin, livery; M. Yard, dance hall.

Then "to prove conclusively," as the college debater says, our first contention that David Wood had a phone: On Feb. 3, 1882 this notice appears, "David Wood, the great freighter, has ordered a telephone."

In the Mountain States Office where _ . B. Lashbrook has given 30 years of service, is a tiny switchboard about 14 inches high by eight inches wide, with signals for six lines; but it can not be the 50-subscriber exchange just described. Was it used in one of the small places connected with Gunnison? Perhaps some old-timer can tell. C. E. Adams said it connected Gunnison and Irwin.

J. A. Doffelmeyer had charge of the first telephone switchboard, Theodore Davis says, and the girl he later married, Jennie Pomeroy, was the first switch girl.

Mrs. Sam Spencer, then Josephine Axtell, operated the switch in Crested Butte in 1885, and her sister, Mary Lawrence, before her, in 1884.

"If there was something wrong with the line," says Mrs. Spencer, "I put some one in charge of the office, saddled my pony and went forth to locate the difficulty. Once located, it was repaired by some one sent out from town."

The Gunnison telephone system here described lasted from 1882 to about 1885. Then it was discontinued, and Gunnison was without a system for a number of years.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of May 4, 1944

Former Gunnison Resident Watches News-Champion Columns And Comments On Current Events

Our old friend, D. J. McCanne, whose entertaining stories of early-day Gunnison have appeared from time to time in News-Champion, wrote us a chatty letter this week, in which he gave us some interesting information regarding happenings in this section, mentioned in last week's "Twenty Years Ago." As this information will be of interest to old-timers of our region, we are herewith passing it on. Mr. McCanne's letter follows:

Denver, Colo., Jan. 8, 1940

News-Champion:

"The reason I have not been sending you more stories of my experiences is that I have been thinking that letters about pioneers whom I have known might be more interesting than stories about my own experiences. Your last week's issue of News-Champion has given me a chance to try out such a letter.

"I may try to work up a story of my experience in the Colorado penitentiary while supervising installation of its water works. Alfred Packer, of man-eating fame, was then a trusty with Warden Hoyt's children. The children loved him, and Mrs. Hoyt expressed confidence in his affection for them. I recall vividly hearing Judge Gary sentence Packer to the pen.

"I have often thought of writing to Warden Roy Best to secure some facts about the present water-works at the penitentiary, to find out how much of my system is still in service there.

"I am always interested in Agnes' weekly letter, "Twenty Years Ago," published in News-Champion. To an old pioneer, who has been away from Gunnison since 1902, the names of those she mentions from time to time, are about the only ones we recognize among the hundreds of the new generations, as we read your paper every week. Of course, I look for mention of J. J. Shackelford, L. H. Easterly, Jos. Blackstock, John A. Steele, and the few old-timers still living whom I have known since 1882.

"In the last "Twenty Years Ago" letter, dated January 4, Agnes digs up an old newspaper forty years older. That paper must have been printed in 1880, two years before I came to Gunnison, but the names she found in that paper are all familiar to me, and the county officials mentioned in "Twenty Years Ago" were still active, serving in office during my early residence in Gunnison. I am not quite sure that David Smith was still county judge then, nor do I remember meeting him personally, but I recall the late Jos. Heiner married the Judge's daughter.

"I know Billy Fine was county surveyor about that time, for I well remember he deputized me to survey Lee Lehman ranch on Ohio Creek. May Gill, who afterwards became Mrs. Fine, went to school under Miss Alice Biggs. After we located in Gunnison in 1882, Miss Biggs lived with us. May Gill's sister, Lilly, married Sidney Pulsifer, who was an employee of Sam Gill's bank. The Gills had another daughter, Augusta, named for the first Mrs. H.A.W. Tabor. I think she died as a child.

"In the "Twenty Years Ago" mention is made of the railroad wreck of 1899 when the Pullman, "Durango" was shattered, killing several of the sleeping passengers, including Mrs. G. R. Porter. She was the widow of a Mr. Krepps before her marriage to Porter. She was Krepps second wife and not much older than the Krepps boys. She was a beautiful woman, whom everybody loved. Most of her Gunnison friends knew of her lovely character, and were glad to see George Porter, one of Rio Grande railroad's best engineers, fall in love with her after Krepps'

death, thereby relieving her of the responsibility of making her own living by keeping boarders. Friends were terribly shocked by the sudden and tragic [death.]

"The Krepps' home and boarding house was either in the building which later became the home of the Sam Ditto family, or a house close by in that vicinity. The Krepps boarding house, under its beautiful landlady, was, I found, the best place to get good food, and I recommended it while I was working a large force of men installing the Gunnison Gas and Water Works plant. Mr. Krepps owned and operated a small planing mill for a while before his death. George Phillips, who was my gas works foreman, relieved Mrs. Krepps of taking care of it by buying it after Mr. Krepps' death.

"News-Champion's account of the freezing of the water supply pipe of Crested Butte in December interested me, as I made the plans and specifications for that water works year ago. My plans covered a pumping system similar to that we built for Gunnison. The town council advertised for bids on my specifications, but did not award a contract for some reason. Afterwards, Harry Wright, one of Denver & Rio Grande civil engineers, had me help him plan the gravity flow system, which he installed. I planned to provide for putting the intake line of cement pipe underground to protect it from freezing. Wright claimed that velocity of the water flow and prevailing snow-covering would prevent its ever freezing. It is remarkable that the system has operated so long without giving any trouble. I would like to know whether the constant flow of water was shut off, or whether the pipe choked from admission of anchor (mushy) ice, causing it to freeze.

"Our Gunnison intake was made of red spruce lumber, 12x20, and covered four feet underground, yet the first winter, it choked up with anchor ice. Fortunately for us, there was a swale in which there was running water about the middle of that choked conduit, and by tapping that stream into the pipe, we soon cleared it. I immediately provided what I termed a "reverse-current intake" at the river entrance. The screen was placed so that river water flowed over it and entered up-stream against the surface current, thus, as fast as a mass of anchor ice accumulated against the screen, the surface-current of the river washed it away and prevented it from entering the conduit. If Crested Butte's intake is troubled with anchor ice, such a device as I installed will solve their problem. They are welcome to my device, which may be seen in operation at the Gunnison intake, unless it has been changed since I installed it over half a century ago. If it is not convenient for Crested Butte to inspect the intake, I will be glad to make a sketch of it for them.

D. J. McCANNE

235 E. Virginia Ave., Denver, Colo."

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion February 1, 1940

Early Days Attorneys In Gunnison County

Recently News-Champion printed a list of early day lawyers who practiced more or less in the county. It had been prepared with care from the records of the court house, but of necessity was incomplete. And there had been no intention to include names of residents in Montrose, Delta and Grand Junction when those counties were a part of Gunnison. Also attorneys who came later were omitted.

However, it is hard to draw the line, so we reprint the list as a record, adding a dozen names which have been suggested to us. The original list contains 62 names, and that of later residents, eight.

Early Day Attorneys

O.P. Abercrombie
W.D. Beckett
C.W. Blackman
Louis Boisot
J.C. Boles
T.C. Brown
James Bucklin
B.F. Canaday
Sam D. Crump
Cobb & Webster
E.F. Colburn
J.W. Dollison
J.F. Drexilius
Charles Fishback
W.H. Fishback
J.F. Frankey
T.J. Galloway
T. George
F.C. Goudy
Alex Gullett
Aaron Heims
Geo. Hetherington
H.M. Hogg
H.L. Karr
Geo. A. Kellog
John Kincaid
A.F. Lawson
J.M. McDougal
Frank McMaster
T.J. Maloney
B.F. Merriam
W.J. Miller
J.M. Mills
C.H. Morgan

Jas. B. Nash
B.F. Noteman
E.M. Nourse
George Patton
Phil T. Pendleton
J.H. Phillips
S.R. Pratt
Henry R. Rohne
Geo. C. Rhode
Ricketts & Barnes
C.W. Rood
Dexter T. Sapp
Sprigg Shackelford
Charles Shackelford
John T. Shumate
Geo. Simmons
D.W. Solliday
A.M. Stevenson
Clifford H. Stone
S.W. Taylor
Theo. H. Thomas
Thornton H. Thomas
S.M. Tucker
L.F. Twitchell
W.S. Uhren
J.J. Upperou
B.H. Wegener

Later Day Attorneys

Richard E. Conour
E.L. Dutcher
Thomas P. Hogan
Robt. G. Porter
Myron W. Power
George A. Shipley
Matt J. Kochevar
Chas. Frank Stewart

Practicing attorneys in Gunnison at the present date are E.M. Nourse, who has been in Gunnison over 40 years, Ed L. Dutcher, partner of Mr. Nourse for the past five years, Robert Porter, and Chas. Frank Stewart.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion - April 16, 1936

Phillips Adds Number of Names To List of Early Day Attorneys In the Gunnison Country

Puente, California

News-Champion:

In your issue of April 16, you gave a list of all of the attorneys who practiced law in Gunnison. There are about seven or eight that you missed, and if you desire, I will herewith supply the names.

They were Judge Maynard F. Stiles, Judge A. J. Miller, Samuel Baker, George Hawley, Col. John D. Elliott, Fred Kellogg, Mr. Dunn of the firm of Dunn & Mahoney, and D. William Douthet.

Mr. Stiles, just out of Harvard college in 1878, stopped in Denver to visit his uncle, B. B. Stiles, who had been mayor of that city, then with law books and other effects, he hurried over to Irwin in the spring of 1880. He was not long in that camp before his ability was recognized and he was elevated to the bench; that is he was appointed police judge and forever afterwards the title of "judge" was applied to his name. Judge Stiles did not serve very long, as he felt he would rather be on the outside looking in, than on the inside looking out.

He was a good lawyer and a good sportsman, and was liked by everyone. In the fall he would take his gun and dog and go into the mountains, always killing enough deer and elk to furnish the whole town with jerked venison for the winter. When Jake Pressler was superintendent of the Forest Queen mine, he had a crew of 60 or 80 men, most all of them Germans. When off shift for an evening, some of them would gather in a saloon and order beer, not by the glass, but by the gallon, and all would sit around, sing their national songs. In the long winter evenings with snow forty feet deep, this was the only way they had to amuse themselves. Judge Stiles was a good singer with a powerful voice. The men would get him to join, and would sing a German song, after which they would have the Judge sing one of our patriotic songs. They all drank beer, but not a drop could they induce the Judge to take. He would enjoy the fun and sociability, but I never knew him to touch a drop of beer or liquor.

During his six or seven years' residence in Irwin, he met Miss Ellen Field, the daughter of B. F. Field, a representative of John V. Farwell of Chicago. After the marriage, the Judge and his bride, Miss Ellen, departed for Charleston, West Virginia, where he was engaged in securing titles to large tracts of coal lands for V. A. Wolder. Having been successful and accumulating a fairly good-sized fortune, the Stiles went to Los Angeles about 25 years ago, hoping to enjoy life in California. Some 15 years ago, Judge Stiles was driving in his car from San Francisco with a party of friends, when they encountered another car in a head-on collision. The accident was fatal to the Judge, who died within a few hours, and the shock was so great to his wife that ten days thereafter, Mrs. Stiles passed away. Their lives had been one of happiness and devotion to each other.

Judge A. J. Miller was a Kansas lawyer, who was in Gunnison a number of years. In some way he owed me a bill, as I was not as good a collector as he was at dining himself. At one time he invited me to his office and in his boastful way, he said: "Do you know I have the biggest law practice of any lawyer here? Why, I am making as much as a thousand dollars a week - but it is all on the books." It is still on the books as far as I know, up to this day. Another time he called me in and wanted to make me a present. He had a deed made out for a lot in Petersburg, consideration \$50. I took the deed over to Joe Cuenin at the Tabor Hotel and asked him to give me \$2.00 for it, which he refused to do.

There was a townsite boom up Spring creek, where the Doctor mine was located. Two townsites had been platted, one called Moscow, and the other named Petersburg. Lots were sold all over the country for as high as \$50 and \$100. The boom busted and the suckers still own their lots.

Sam Baker was a well known attorney in Gunnison for a few years then moved to Montrose. I saw him in Reno, Nevada, about 35 years ago.

George W. Hawley was a lawyer in Gunnison, coming from Chicago during the boom days, but went back, I think, three or four years later.

Fred Kellogg came from New York City, but returned in a few years. James H. Dunn came from Missouri, and was one of the firm of Dunn & Maloney. He went to St. Paul, Minnesota, a few years later, where he gained some prominence in his profession.

Col. John D. Elliott was a southern lawyer, who had edited a daily paper in Austin, Texas, for a number of years, and, who hearing of the great Gunnison mining boom, sold his paper and came to Irwin to practice law and operate mines. He had employed a prospector by the name of Arizona Bill, who wore his hair long, and was said to be a government scout. The Colonel hung out his sign and spent much of his time at my office.

Main street for a mile up and down the gulch was a seething mass of people, hurrying and moving about. It was claimed there was as many as 5000 people in the town. In front of the theatres, bands were playing, and altogether, it was a lively scene on an evening. The Colonel asked me one day what they all did in there they were making so much noise playing lively tunes. I told him it was where gentlemen were entertained by women of the show, and the men were expected to buy drinks for the ladies. The Colonel said he would like to go in some time and see the show. I told him I would take him in any time. The next evening I was passing, when the door-keeper called to me and said there was an old gentleman there looking for me; that he had gone in and I would find him in a certain box. I went in, and there he was with a lady on his lap. He was telling how well he knew her as a school girl in Denver. Another lady, standing with a waiter and Arizona Bill were also there. The girl said it was about time to set 'em up, and off she went with the waiter, returning with a bottle of champagne. After drinking, I did not think the Colonel knew what he was up against, so I soon got him out. Being a prominent man about town, they allowed him to go without settling his bill and sent a man to collect the next day. The bill was for seven bottles of champagne at \$5.00 a bottle, or \$35, as he had ordered six bottles before I got there. How he roared and declared he never would pay the bill, thinking it was \$1.00 a bottle. He never did pay it in full. They compromised on some amount.

D. Wm. Douthet came from San Francisco. He had made and lost a fortune in the Comstock boom, and was hoping to win it back by opening a law office in Irwin. He would walk up and down and say: "I have been from the bottom to the top and I am at the bottom again."

Willis Sweet, who brought in a newspaper to Gothic in 1880, was a lawyer, having been admitted to the bar, but he did not attempt to practice law, as the paper, called "The Gothic Miner," kept him busy. He left the country in 1881, and went to Moscow, Idaho, where he became a successful attorney. He was elected to congress from Idaho, I think, for several terms, and was afterwards appointed by President McKinley as governor general of Porto Rico, where he died about 35 years ago.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

GUNNISON IN THE LURID 80's
AN ARTICLE PREPARED BY DR. LOIS BORLAND

As a contribution to history of the Gunnison region, Dr. Lois Borland of our city, after looking over an exhibit of early day printing which was made in office of the Gunnison Review-Press, recently sent the following article to L. R. Hafen, director of the State Historical Society in Denver. Some of the type used in the printing mentioned is still in its cases in office of News-Champion Press, successor to an even 50 of early day papers of the county.

* *

Issues from a printing office - daily paper and job work - makes a pretty good composite of what's doing.

Recognizing this, George A. Root, son of Frank A. Root, former editor of the Gunnison Review, Gunnison Daily Review, Gunnison Daily Review Press, 1880-1885, sent some time ago, a packet of pamphlets, hand bills, programs and letter-heads which had issued from the Review office in the early 80's.

These will be catalogued by Western State's librarian; and, it is hoped, can be placed, together with considerable other historical material, in one of the small rooms adjoining the reading room of the library, where lighting, tables, and chairs will make it convenient for those who wish to consult them. If the college for any reason, at any time should not be able to house such materials, they will go to the State Historical Library in Denver.

Amusements

Most frequent of the announcements of amusement houses is "Dillons," who bill their opening June 11, 1881. Their programs were varied: boxing (Pete Brown, champ lightweight of Colorado vs. Tom Ryan of St. Louis), H. M. S. Pinafore, masquerade balls. Dillon and Cassiday were proprietors.

The Atlantic Garden, with drinks and free lunch at midnight, were on the ground by 1881, also, and announce a "grand reopening," March 11, 1883.

Kisse's Saloon promises prizes every half hour. A great ball is advertised for Christmas Eve, 1881.

More lurid still, are the Red Light Dance Hall in West Gunnison, 1882, also with free midnight lunch; and Fat Jack's opening Sept. 28, 1881, and guaranteeing "sacred music to dance by on Sunday evenings." Power's dance hall was also in operation in West Gunnison, by Sept. 11, 1881.

Contrasting with these, of course, are the church and school entertainments - mush and milk suppers and oyster suppers. One finds that the Methodist Church choir concerts could ask 50 cents admission, 75 cents for reserved seats. One given Feb. 25, 1881 announces a mixed quartet composed of Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Semple and Mssrs. Bartlett and Richardson. Instrumental music by the Zugelder brothers was a feature.

Important Social Affairs

Swank social affairs are indicated by invitations and programs included in Root's packet. He has taken the trouble to date carefully everything that does not bear the date in print. In lovely white and gold is the invitation to the First Annual Fireman's Ball given by the West Gunnison Hook and Ladder company at "The New Hall on Boulevard," Feb. 16, 1882.

The committee on arrangements: George Yule, Wm. Zaun, Fred Kreuger; on invitations, W. G. Taylor, Wm. Bauer, W. J. Mullin, Fred Kreuger, Fred Lindsay; floor managers, Ed Hoel, Wm. Strunk, Wm. Bauer, W. L. Bradburn; reception, O. R. Fluke, C. W. Shores, E. H. Taylor.

There is the important-looking invitation to the "first grand ball" of the Elk Mountain Turnverein.

In old English on heavy paper is the invitation to the reception for Alonzo Hartman and his bride, Thursday, Feb. 23, 1882, at the Mullin house: reception 9-10; supper 10-11; dancing 11-2. It was a big occasion with committees on attendance, reception, invitations, music, distribution of tickets. Persons attending were to call the committee for distribution of tickets stating the place and time for carriages to call.

Most valuable of all is the dance program for the opening banquet and ball of La Veta Hotel, Thursday evening, May 22, 1884. Grand march, lancers, quadrille basket, schottische, waltz quadrille, galop, newport, polka and waltz make up the dance program. Lancers, appearing six times, seems to be the favorite.

Floor managers for this historic occasion were E. P. Shove, W. J. Fine, D. C. Scribner, M. S. Waller, J. C. Duval, W. H. Wadsworth, F. B. Woodhouse, J. S. Lawrence, G. W. Temple, and B. J. Snyder.

Several early La Veta menus on gold bevel-edge paper make a rationer's mouth water, with seven or eight choices of meat, and many desserts. A notice at the bottom states that the head waiter is provided with wine lists.

Letter Heads

Letter heads are carefully preserved. Some might interest a present-day Gunnison resident: James A. Bucklin, attorney at law, '82; the Mullin House, "only first class hotel in the Gunnison country" (1880 or 1881); Root and Olney of the Review Press, also real estate and mining brokers; C. W. Shores, hardware; The First National Bank blank checks; The Lewis Hotel (La Veta); Holt and Axtell, Crested Butte (the latter Mrs. Spencer's father); Henry Purrier, hay, grain and coal.

The "Gunnison Advertiser," December, 1882, gives what might be supposed a fair picture of the business set up on that date.

Political News

Political news (mostly Republican, from the Review office) appears in hand bills, violent attacks on the opposing candidates, election returns.

George H. Holt was chairman of the Republican central committee in 1881. Ira Brown was made chairman of the fall meeting. A. M. Stevenson of Pitkin, Alexander Gullett, Dr. N. Jennings and Sylvester Richardson, J. W. Bowman of Crested Butte, Joseph Collier of Tin Cup, Matt Arch, George Paton of West Gunnison, and Dr. J. W. Rockefeller were, among others, prominent.

The Garfield and Arthur Club held its inaugural meeting August 14, 1880. A letter from Theodore Thomas of the firm of Thomas and Thomas urges all Republicans to be present.

There are bills voicing warm opposition to the "Mongrel Trinity," A. J. Bean, Phil Peters, and C. W. Burris who had "formed a coalition with the D. & R. G. railroad," sold out to the railroad, in other words.

Circularizing for the election of Columbus W. Burris for District Judge, the writer announces that 36 of the 50 members of the Gunnison County bar are for Burris. A good

number of lawyers, it seems for the fall of 1881, but the names are attached: S. M. Tucker, S. H. Baker, O. P. Abercrombie, G. A. Hawley, George Paton, J. F. Frankey, Theodore H. Thomas, Thornton H. Thomas, Geo. A. Kellogg, J. M. McDougal, A. J. Miller, H. M. Hogg, Jas. W. Bucklin, W. H. Fishback, B. P. Noteman, James McF. Dunn, D. W. Solliday, J. M. Mills, Louis Boisot, W. P. Lamb, Seth H. Wood, W. S. Uhren, Ira Brown, Fred H. Kellogg, J. M. McCutcheon, A. M. Stevenson, A. J. Babcock, Geo. Barnes, Alex Gullett, Geo. Earle, Jr., Ed. F. Colborn, J. F. Drexilius, F. C. Johnson, Jos. Lippman, J. M. Ricketts, J. H. Phillips.

"A Romance in Seven Chapters," 1883 is a furious attack on Chas. Beibel, county commissioner, by the opposition.

Pamphlets

There are several pamphlets in the collection. Neat and sane is one called "Gunnison City, the Future Metropolis of the Western Slope" put out by M. G. Mallowney, city editor of the Gunnison Daily News-Democrat, August 1, 1882.

After careful consideration, and rejection of higher figures, Mallowney gives the population of Gunnison as 5,500. There were 175-200 business places, two banks, one morning daily, the News-Democrat, and one evening daily, the Review-Press. There were 70 telephones, gas and water works costing a quarter of a million partially complete, a street car company organized.

Business lots were selling from \$1000 to \$5000; residence lots for \$100 to \$500.

Mallowney gives what seems a well-considered account of each of the surrounding mining districts in 1882.

Earlier and more flamboyant is a 29-page pamphlet printed at the News-Democrat office Sept. 13, 1881, for distribution at the ninth annual fair in Denver. It deals with agriculture and mining in the Gunnison country.

There is, also, "Western Colorado" issued by the Western Slope Congress, dated 1893, and compiled by A. B. Johnson, on Review-Press 1882-1886, later consul to China. Pages 31-41 only, are devoted to Gunnison County.

Gunnison Public Schools course of study, of 1883-1884, gives the Board of Education as follows: A. O. Milner, president; E. W. Burton, secretary; A. T. Blachly, treasurer. The staff consisted of W. M. Andrus, superintendent; Laura C. Loder, assistant in grammar and high school; Miss A. D. Sharpe, principal of Colorado School, with Jessie V. Southee and Mrs. R. B. Tooley, assistants; Alice Biggs, principal of Ohio School with Rebecca Hoel and Relda Freeman assistants. Subjects and texts for the various grades are given with great brevity. In high school there were both Latin and English courses offered. Latin for 40 weeks each year was included in the former. Rhetoric for 22 weeks and English literature 18 weeks appear in both courses. Physiology, botany, chemistry, and geology comprised the sciences; in mathematics were arithmetic, algebra and geometry.

Salaries of teachers in primary and grammar grades were \$65 per month for three months (on trial), and thereafter \$70: in the high school \$70 for the trial period and \$76.50 thereafter. Corporal punishment could be inflicted only after consultation with principal or superintendent. A report of the superintendent of the gas and water company, D. J. McCanne, in 1884, reports property valued at \$45,640 for purposes of taxation. La Veta Hotel is mentioned as their best customer, using 10,000 gallons of water daily at a rate of \$30 per month. Water wagon rates are listed at \$10 per month. Likewise La Veta was the best gas consumer, using 60 to 80 M feet per month, and paying \$2.50 per month. The year of bright anticipations has ended "gloomy

disappointment" for the company owned by B. W. Lewis and D. B. Steigers of St. Louis, and J. M. Schoonmaker of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Few small towns have the dramatic history Gunnison has, and few towns have a local press which deals with its history so understandingly and so generously as to space.

It is hoped that a valuable collection of documents may be assembled at Western State.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of August 12, 1943

Romantic History of Gunnison County
As Told By Pearle R. Casey In 1938 Colorado Who's Who
by Pearle R. Casey

Gunnison, the pioneer county of the Western Slope, included that section known to traders and hunters as the Gunnison County as early as 1870. Captain John Gunnison, sent out by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, in 1853, surveyed a route through the Gunnison valley for a proposed railroad into the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake. He and the members of his expedition penetrated as far as Sevier River where they were ambushed by Indians and the captain was killed.

Distinction of being oldest settler belongs to Alonzo Hartman who settled in 1874, at a time when there were no other white men for 50 miles. Shortly after Sidney Jocknick and James P. Kelley joined him and the three lived together in a cabin about three miles below the site of the present town of Gunnison. Mr. Hartman's homestead, still called "Dos Rios" (two rivers), was one of the first secured in the region. Several other ranchmen came in a very short time, among whom were C. L. Stone, locating on the Powderhorn, T. W. Gray, Frank and George Lightley, on Ohio Creek, and John Parlin on the Tomichi.

The region was scarcely known until the discovery of gold in Washington Gulch, in 1861, also in Union and Taylor Parks, attracted the attention of the outside world. The discovery of silver ore in the Elk Mountains, 1872, was the inspiration for the Parsons expedition from Denver to the Gunnison Country, of which expedition Sylvester Richardson was a member. Encouraged by the success and reports of this venture, a company organized the Gunnison Colony in 1874, and started from Denver on April 10th. They reached their destination on May 21st, stopping at the Parlin ranch from which point the members of the party made further explorations. Of the original company, only five returned the next year to settle permanently, but new settlers, about thirty in all, joined the colony. During the spring of 1875, a number of ranchmen came among whom were August Mergelman, John Cox and the Doyle family.

The first postoffice to serve the Gunnison people was at White Earth, authorized in 1876. The settlers received mail about once a week via Saguache, thru the White Earth office; later White Earth was moved about three miles from its first location and was called Powderhorn. Application for a postoffice for the Gunnison section was made, and in the spring of 1876, such an agency was established with Alonzo Hartman as postmaster.

Gunnison County was organized in 1877, by act of the State Legislature, and approved by Governor Routt. A town organization quickly followed but there was little feeling of permanence on the part of the residents. The first building was erected by Sylvester Richardson.

In the fall of 1878, the discoveries made at the head of Quartz Creek established the settlement known as Quartzville, and instituted the great silver rush of 1879. Thousands rushed into the region and began prospecting on a scale never before attempted. With this sudden affluence at its doors, the town of Gunnison took on a different aspect; the company was speedily organized, the town laid out with the wide streets and avenues which have always been its most attractive feature; water for irrigation was assured, and by July 1st it was a thriving community.

About the same time, two other towns, Virginia City and Hillerton were established about thirty miles northeast of Gunnison. Virginia City sponsored by A. J. Sparks, was later called Tincup. The census of 1880 shows that it possessed a population of fourteen hundred persons.

Tincup also leads directly into the Tungsten Belt which was an active mining center for many years. The Gold Cup Mine, said to be the finest mineral lode discovered in the region was located in 1877; three years later this mine was sold for \$300,000.00. Hillerton, a rival of Tincup, was two miles distance, with a population of two thousand inhabitants in 1880; here was printed the first newspaper in the county, called the Occident, established by Henry C. Olney in 1879.

The winter of 1879-80, marked by great severity of weather, saw the beginning of school history in Gunnison County. Two schools were taught, one in District No. 1, and the other in District No. 2. The former was taught by Ida M. Gould during a period of three months, in a room of the Richardson drug store.

About this time, dissension in the affairs of Gunnison arose, and part of the members withdrew, arranging with the Denver and South Park Railway Company (then proceeding toward the valley), to pool about one thousand acres of land for town and railroad purposes. By March, two hundred acres were laid out in what was known as West Gunnison. This, of course, created two towns where only one could exist, but the town of West Gunnison, having secured all the railroad advantages as well as the important stage and telegraph facilities soon developed into a flourishing community in which many large and substantial buildings were erected.

The two rival railroad companies were now engaged in the struggle to be first to arrive in the Gunnison valley; the Denver & Rio Grande was hurrying its construction work over Marshall Pass; the Denver and South Park Company started to tunnel through the divide at the 1,700 foot elevation of Alpine Pass, through rock which crumbled and fell with great danger to workmen and construction. It became necessary to timber the bore for almost its entire length with California redwood; of course the cost of such construction was terrific and is recorded as the most expensive railroad construction ever attempted in the railroad history of Colorado, the cost being estimated at \$50,000 per mile.

Against grave odds in securing labor, the two companies continued their campaign and on August 8, 1881, the first passenger train arrived at Gunnison over the tracks of the victorious Denver & Rio Grande. The Denver and South Park did not get its first train into the valley until September of the following year. Meanwhile the Denver & Rio Grande built a branch line from Gunnison to Crested Butte, and later extended activities to Irwin, Lake City and the granite quarries at Aberdeen, seven miles south of Gunnison, where granite for the new State Capitol Building in Denver was being taken out. Late in 1882, the South Park branch of the U. P. had finished its projected branch on from Gunnison to Ruby Camp and as far as the South Park coal banks at Mr. Carbon. This mining area was the site of the first coal found in the county, and the location of the famous "Richardson mine" from which three hundred tons of coal were hauled overland to the Lake City smelter in the year 1877. After a thirty-year struggle between the rival railroads, the South Park line finally left the field to its competitor, for it could not match rates with its higher cost of maintenance and dangers from snowslides.

By the close of the year 1882, the two sections of the town of Gunnison had become united; it now boasted two railroads, four hotels, gas works, two daily papers and a street railway.

In 1880, the Colorado Coal and Iron Company was organized by Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, in charge of building the Denver and Rio Grande extensions. After the railroad line was extended from Gunnison to Crested Butte in 1882, the C. F. & I. possessed its own coal mine, which enterprise began the period of more than fifty years of successful coal mining and shipping for

the town of Crested Butte. The name of the company was later changed to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

Four miles north of Crested Butte was the famous Anthracite mine where two hundred men were employed annually to realize the output of sixty thousand tons of coal; this was the only anthracite mine west of Pennsylvania.

July 1880, saw the establishing of J. L. Sanderson's stage line to Gunnison; this consisted of a double daily line of fine, four-horse stage coaches running from South Arkansas, (now Salida), to Gunnison and Pitkin. The run was made in seven hours, including a twenty-minute stop for lunch at Crookville, named for C. E. Crooks, father of the late Henry Crooks, of our city. It was Sanderson's stage that conveyed Gen. U. S. Grant, his son Fred, and Governor Routt to Gunnison during the summer of 1880.

That year was a memorable one for Gunnison; the court house was erected; the Bank of Gunnison was organized with the Hon. H. A. W. Tabor, then vice-president of the First National Bank of Denver, as head of the board of directors; this bank was located on the present site of the Odd Fellows Building. Another early bank, the First National of Gunnison, was established in 1882, the first National Bank to be chartered in Colorado west of the divide were flourishing; still others are in existence today, with, of course, changes in name and ownership.

The name of E. A. Buck began to figure in county history about this time. Mr. Buck was a New York editor and financier, who invested more than \$150,000 in various valley enterprises. To his credit is the linking of the surrounding camps with about two hundred and fifty miles of private telegraph lines; he owned and published the Gunnison News Democrat; and donated the first church bell to the new town, which is still used by the Community Church of Gunnison.

The first telephone line was established in Gunnison in 1881, by the Colorado Telephone Company, only five years after Alexander Bell had patented his new invention. The next year the line was extended to Crested Butte and over Gothic Pass. At that time there was no other telephone connection over the divide.

The first printing press to be brought into the young city of Gunnison was the one owned by two men, Frank Root of Kansas and A. B. Johnson, on which the first town paper, the Gunnison News, was printed in April 1880. The Gunnison Review, rival sheet, came out a few weeks after - May 15, 1880 - and the first copy was auctioned off for \$100, which sum was donated to the Methodist church, the first society to erect a building in the town. Between 1879 and 1900 fifty newspapers were started in Gunnison County. Some lasted but a few weeks; others enjoyed prosperity as long as the mines.

Eastern capitalists were looking toward the Gunnison valley with increasing interest and 1882 brought fresh impetus to the inrush of investors. Benjamin W. Lewis was one of the foremost: he owned extensive interests in several large industrial centers of the East and came to Gunnison with the idea of making it a "second Pittsburg." He and the associates which he brought with him, bought four hundred acres of iron fields and fifteen hundred acres of coal fields in the county.

One of the first projects in which these Easterners interested themselves was the erection of the Gunnison Gas & Water Company plant, at a cost of \$200,000. Another memorable undertaking was the erection of the La Veta Hotel, which is known far and wide. The building also represented an investment of over \$200,000 and was directly supervised and planned by the Lewis Hotel and Improvement Company of which B. W. Lewis was president. This old hostelry still stands as a reminder of the glory of the mining days, and with the exception of a few years of inactivity, has been in operation almost continuously since its erection.

The first smelter for Gunnison County was built by R. E. Moffit, in 1882. A second and a third smelter were also built a short time later but none of them proved to be the successful ventures which their promoters had hoped.

The various settlements in the valley grew into towns; some have flourished and grown still larger; others became deserted with the decrease in silver values.

Parlin, so named for John Parlin who settled in the section on the Tomichi in 1877, is the center of a rich farming community. Pitkin, first called Quartzville, had its beginnings with the first carbonate mines discovered here in 1878; the town was named for Governor F. W. Pitkin and in 1881, had a population of about fifteen hundred. Pitkin was the shipping point for minerals in the Quartz Creek country. The Fish Hatchery located just below the town-site contains the largest rainbow trout nursery ponds of America. Millions of trout are hatched here each year and fish from the ponds are sent to all parts of the world.

Ohio City, a few miles below Pitkin, was begun by Nicholas Meyers in 1880; here is located the famous "Gold Creek" group of mines, which includes The Carter, Raymond, Gold Links and others.

White Pine, also settled in 1881, was the site of the first iron mine in the county; it was situated about ten miles north of Sargents and there, in "free silver days," three thousand people made up a lively community. It is deserted today as are the nearby settlements of North Star and Tomichi, but which were both active rivals of White Pine.

At Moscow, incorporated in 1881, was located the famous "Doctor Mine," (lead and silver), discovered in 1880. Mrs. Sprigg Shackleford, a prominent resident of Gunnison County for many years, together with her colored servant had come from Kentucky to take up residence in the little mining town. They were the only women in camp, and their house was the only one which was shingled and had a board floor. The lumber used in this dwelling had been hauled by way of Jack's Cabin at a freight rate of ten cents per pound.

Doyleville, nineteen miles east of Gunnison, is located in a fine ranching and cattle country; it was named for the Doyles who settled here in 1875. It is the railroad station for Waunita Hot Springs, about eight miles northeast, which is a well-known health and tourist resort. These hot springs were first discovered in 1876 by Dr. Nathaniel Jennings, a Gunnison physician, who named them "Tomichi Hot Springs." The name was later changed to Waunita Hot Radium Springs, after the Indian girl whose home was near here, long before the coming of white men. Under the management of Dr. C. G. Davis of Chicago, the place was improved, many buildings were added and much publicity has been given the place because of its beneficial waters and beauty of its situation.

Crested Butte, second city in population in the county, was established by Howard F. Smith, in 1879, when he brought in the first saw mill ever operated in the Elk Mountain country. A smelter was also erected and the town was incorporated in 1881. With its abundant mineral resources close at hand, the town grew rapidly and for over fifty years has been a shipping point for the output of the coal mines in the vicinity. A total of 5,726 carloads of coal was estimated for the year 1929.

Gothic, situated on the East River, ten miles north of Crested Butte, was started with the building of the first house in 1879, growing in typical boom fashion after the discovery of the Sylvanite and other rich mines in the vicinity. Here, from 1881 to 1885, five thousand miners searched for the precious metals; the Sylvanite, (lead and silver), sold in 1881 for \$110,000 cash. The town buildings were of a temporary sort, for the miners were too busy to build anything

more than rough cabins and store buildings. It is said that the largest building in town was about fifty feet by one hundred twenty-five feet and was built of "Chicago pine."

Today, Gothic is the site of the Biological Station, owned by Dr. John Johnson of Pennsylvania, who conducts each summer a six weeks school for field work in botany, zoology and related sciences. Some of the old buildings were used at first for classes and dormitories but now there are several new buildings owned by the school.

Marble, located in the extreme northwest part of the county, completely justifies its name, since marble is the most common article in the vicinity. Here is located the Colorado Yule Company, which operates the vast marble deposits to which the town owes its existence. The marble is the finest to be found in the United States, and has been used in the construction of such buildings as the famous Lincoln Memorial, at Washington, D.C., Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery, the United States Customs Buildings in Denver, the Colorado National Bank Building, Denver, and many others located in various cities of the nation.

Irwin was another early town which enjoyed a spectacular rise, boasting a population of three thousand people in 1880; there were a number of buildings erected, including a church, about the year 1883, the town also boasted iron street markers and water hydrants, some of which may still be found upon the old town site. The water to supply these hydrants was brought down to Irwin from Lake Brennand, some distance above the town, by means of a short tunnel.

Ruby Camp, to the west, and White Cloud to the south were originally separate and flourishing settlements; later they were included in Irwin.

Baldwin, twenty miles north of Gunnison, up through the Ohio Creek ranching country, is a still-active coal producing area, which was opened up in 1879. Castleton, another bustling town in 1880, is now deserted.

To the west, Iola, Cebolla and Sapinero are noted fishing and resort locations. In the 80's and 90's, Iola was the shipping point for the famous copper and gold mines, located at Spencer and Vulcan.

Jack's Cabin, sixteen miles north of Gunnison, never boasted a settlement, but until recent years a cabin still stood there, the original home of Jack Howe in the 80's, and a favorite stopping place for freighters between Gunnison and Irwin.

Almont, eleven miles from Gunnison, located on the Crested Butte branch of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad is also a noted resort; in early days it was a shipping point for the mines of Taylor River and Forest Hill Districts.

Somerset, known as "the model town," is an important coal mining center on the western border of the county, with station and shipping point on the North Fork of the D. & R. G. from Delta. The mines and town are owned by the Utah Fuel Company; the aspect of the little community is most attractive and well kept, possessing all modern conveniences.

By 1885, the mining camps were quieting down, and many were being abandoned; the initial rush had been too sudden, money had been spent too recklessly with mining itself on too insecure a foundation to insure a future. The county began to look out for other resources with which to build for security and realized that in its cattle and ranching industries, there were more profitable sources of income than from the mines in their then precarious condition. In October, 1885, the first county fair was held in Gunnison where 61 exhibitors displayed over three hundred exhibits and demonstrated the excellence and variety of products raised in the county.

In 1889, the granite quarries at Aberdeen, seven miles south of Gunnison were opened and during the next two years, four hundred thousand tons of fine granite were taken out for the building of the State Capitol Building in Denver.

Most authorities agree that Gunnison County's real mining boom came in the middle 90's with the discovery of gold in the southern part of the county; new towns sprang up almost overnight, among these Vulcan, Spencer and Dubois being the most prosperous, but most of the major silver workings of the county were now closed due to the silver slump of 1893.

In the summer of 1897, Gunnison was host to the 12th district Normal Institute and it was decided to put on a fish fry for the entertainment of the visitors. Held at picturesque Alpine Pass, the occasion was a great success, and the forerunner of the world famous Free Fish Fry, held each summer at Almont at which thousands of people are served with the celebrated Gunnison trout.

In April, 1901, the Colorado General Assembly passed a bill establishing the State Normal School at Gunnison, although lack of suitable accommodations prevented actual beginning of the school until September, 1911. In April, 1912, the college was admitted to full membership in the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, as an "institution primarily for the training of teachers." In 1920, the course was extended to four years, and the trustees empowered the College to grant the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1921, on its tenth anniversary, the College was admitted to Class A standing of the American Association of Teachers Colleges; the following December, the Trustees recommended extending the curricula that the institution might be able to offer the Masters of Arts Degree, and life certificate. With these added resources, the legislature passed an act designating the school as the Western State College of Colorado. Nineteen-twenty-nine saw the college admitted to full membership in the College and University Class of the North Central Association.

From one building, twelve teachers, and a campus of forty-three acres, the College has grown to a campus of ninety acres, on which are located twelve buildings with a faculty of forty-four professors. Four buildings have been erected during the past year. The College has more than two thousand graduates engaged in every type of professional and vocational work in every state of the Union and in many foreign countries.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of July 20, 1939

Gunnison - Then and Now - As Described By Veteran Newspaper Man of '80's

One of those chatty letters written by J. E. Phillips, former Elk Mountain Pilot editor, that brings to mind the "Good Old Days" of Gunnison and its early-day history, was received a few days ago by News-Champion. We herewith pass it on for others to enjoy.

County Treasurer Decamps With All the Funds

"In 1882, just sixty years ago, Gunnison county was treated to a shock and the greatest surprise of its life. It was at a time when things were lively, with dance halls, theatres, gambling, and gilded saloons. Night life was gay. Citizens did not get up early in the morning for the reason they did not go to bed until late - very late - at night. When they did get up and opened the morning paper, there they saw printed the sensation that confronted them; County Treasurer Joe Cotter had absconded, taking all of the county funds. Gunnison was broke! He did not leave a thin dime! There was not enough money left to buy breakfast for the janitor.

What could we do with 25,000 people crowded into the county, roaming up and down the valleys, climbing over the mountains, looking for something they could not find - a fortune. With no roads, no money with which to build any, the county was flat broke. That really was the entering wedge to building up of the half-million dollar debt afterward saddled onto Gunnison county. How much money Cotter took no one knew, but they did know that he took all he could get. Where he had gone, nobody knew, and to this day no one ever did find out where he went - he may be going yet, for all we know. I suppose they tried to find him, but never did.

Joe Cotter was elected on the Republican ticket in the fall of 1881. He was the most popular man in the county. He was a great back-slapper, could talk louder, laugh harder, and everyone knew him as a genial, trustworthy citizen - the last man that we thought would do such a thing.

The county soon got over the shock and could issue script authorized by the commissioners, which banks would cash. In the election of 1881, Democrats elected James B. Grant governor, and he appointed T. J. Maloney to fill out the unexpired term of county treasurer. Maloney ran for election on the Democratic ticket in the fall of 1883. Tom did not steal anything so far as anyone knows, but I will tell you what he did do. After serving, I think, for two terms, he found out the legislature was going to reclassify the county out of lower bracket into a higher rating, which would cut off his commission on collections, requiring him to take a salary much less than what he was making. Desiring to join Marion Waller in the Kansas City real estate boom, he made out destraint papers and sent deputies all over the county to force collection, so that he could get in more commissions before resigning to leave Gunnison. A lot of people had not paid up and were delinquent. This made the public mad to think Maloney would do it.

In all sparsely settled counties in Colorado, where taxes were light, the treasurer was allowed a certain percentage of all collections for his services, but when a county grew and got above a certain amount, then the law provided that the treasurer get a fixed salary. In a county the size of Gunnison I think his pay would have been about \$2,000 a year, whereas, when Gunnison suddenly grew into wealth by reason of the 1880 boom, it was possible for the treasurer to make ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year for a few years before they would get around to the change. That is what happened during Maloney's regime.

First settlers in Gunnison county in 1876 were cattle and ranch people, who were satisfied with cow trails. These in time developed into roads, such as they were. There was very little taxable property, in fact, almost none, in the county until 1880.

Maloney Enters Real Estate Business In Kansas City

About 1886 a great real estate boom spread over the country. It first started at Findley, Ohio, where natural gas had been discovered; then it struck Indianapolis, later Kansas City, Wichita, Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles and San Diego. Tom Maloney went to Kansas City, and with Marion S. Waller, had one of the biggest offices in the business. They traded in millions of dollars worth of business. Everybody made paper profits for a time. George Haverkamp who had a cigar store in Crested Butte, sold out and went to Kansas City. I think he told me that he started with about \$2,500 and pyramided that up to over \$25,000. When the boom broke, Haverkamp got out with what he put in and his experience.

Law Firm of Dunn & Maloney Opens Offices In Irwin

I started to Irwin in March, 1880; got as far as King's ranch. When I got back to Gunnison, I was a hero, and everybody wanted information about the country up there. Walking along the street in Gunnison on my return, a great big fat man stopped in front of me and commenced to ask questions. Alongside of him was a thin, sickly looking chap. The two proved to be Dunn and Maloney, the first time I had met them. They wanted to know if lawyers could do any good up there. I told them I thot they could. On my advice the firm "Dunn & Maloney, Lawyers," hung out its shingle as the first law firm of the camp.

I think it was in 1881 that John Maloney, a brother of Tom, had a dispute over a mining claim. There were two sides to the controversy. John Maloney and his partners were in possession, occupying a cabin on the claims. The other side in the dispute went to Gunnison and got the sheriff to send a posse to Irwin to give them possession. One morning, about daylight, Roe Allison, with a posse, arrived and charged up the hill, shooting as they went. The other side returned the firing, making it sound like a battle. Fortunately, no one was hurt except John, who received a flesh wound in the arm that soon healed. The affair made a sensation and the Pilot published it just as it happened, not taking sides. When the paper came out, Tom Maloney rushed up and forbade me to even send the paper back to his mother in Missouri, whom he had subscribed for. He was much excited and boisterous, and I told him I would obey his desires. About two weeks later, on opening an envelope, out dropped a dollar bill and a letter from Mrs. Maloney, ordering me to send her the paper. On meeting Tom later, I told him; he laughed and said it was all right - let it go.

Governor Grant's appointment of Tom Maloney as treasurer of Gunnison county was a disaster to the Republican party in that section. It always afterwards was called a Republican county, but for years the Democrats held all of the offices.

I had a birthday this month. I am not going to tell you how old I am, but I recall but four or five men who went to Gunnison as early as I did, in 1880. Joe Blackstock, Lewis H. Easterly, Samuel P. Spencer, John E. Packard and M. J. Gray, who are the only ones living. There may be others, but I cannot recall them at this time.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion During 1942

Lifting The Veil On Secret History Of The Eighties On Western Slope

* *

Early Day Editor Writes

Alhambra, Calif., Apr. 10, 1941

To THE NEWS-CHAMPION, Gunnison
And ELK MOUNTAIN PILOT, Crested Butte

In your "Twenty-Year-Ago" column of issue of March 20, you mentioned the death of Josephine Wise. That interested me, as I had often wondered what had become of her. Her maiden name was Crawford, and she with her parents, located in Gothic in 1880. When a small child, Josie met with an accident which rendered her totally deaf, and as is usual in such cases, her speech was completely impaired, so that she could neither hear nor talk. For some years she taught at the Deaf and Blind School in Colorado Springs. Her father kept a store in Gothic and was postmaster there sometime during the eighties.

Josie Crawford learned to set type on the Gothic paper, and about 1884, when it folded up, she came over to Crested Butte and worked on the Elk Mountain Pilot. Her parents were fine old people and Josie was popular with all who knew her. She had so many friends that would come to bother her that she printed a card and hung it over the case. It read, "This is my busy day, I cannot talk." Old Frank Baxter stepped in for a friendly chat. He saw that card and started out, saying, "B__G__ I knew she could not talk but did not know that she ever got so busy that she could not listen to me talk."

At one time in the eighties train time leaving was about 5:30 a.m. to make connection at Gunnison going east. Guests at the Elk Mountain House had to be called about 4:30. Josie stayed one night at the hotel as she was going out on the morning train. Mr. McClusky was puzzled to know how he would get her up, since she could not hear a call. He finally told her to leave her door unlocked that he might come in and shake her. When the train came he opened the door, rushed in and said "boo."

Her first husband was Daniel Steinmeir of Fruita, to whom she was married in 1886. He died two years later. He had to be buried in the east, so Josie started with the corpse. Leaving Denver, in the morning there happened to be another coffin and half a dozen trains pulling out the same time. Josie was watching how they were handling her husband's coffin, when she saw the porters putting the other coffin in the express car of the train she was going on, and her husband's coffin in another express car, she became frantic, waving her arms, rushing up and down the platform. Being deaf and unable to talk she could not make them understand and had the whole Union depot force wanting to know what it was all about. The trains had started, but were all stopped, and the greatest commotion prevailed. It finally dawned on someone that they had loaded the coffins on the wrong cars and they had to make the change, for Josie did not intend to land at the old home town in Nebraska, and find she had the wrong corpse, and her dear husband's body gone to another destination. In 1894, Josie was married to John C. Wise, who some years later died in Vulcan.

Also in the March 20th issue you speak of "exciting events of early days brot immediately to our minds by the wrecking of the old jail building." About the citizens starting for Grand Junction to bring home Sheriff Bowman's body. I will tell you why Sheriff Bowman happened to be down there. The Barlow and Sanderson Stage Co. had a very good agent at Ouray, who had sold tickets, attended to the express, handled thousands of dollars and had the

confidence of the people of Ouray as well as the Stage Co. All of a sudden he quit his job and apparently left the country. In a few days thereafter the stage was robbed, passengers and express held up.

It was outside of Ouray county and the Ute Indian reservation that had opened for settlement in what is now Montrose county but at that time under jurisdiction of Gunnison county as Montrose county had not been formed.

Sheriff Bowman as was his duty took two deputies, Pat Daly and Roe Allison, and started to catch the holdup man. They arrived at Whitewater, 12 miles east of Grand Junction, where they inquired of a ranchman if they could locate any timber land for a saw mill. This conversation was outside the cabin and Bowman and Allison and Daly had gotten out of the buckboard. Just then the cabin door opened and a man appeared with a gun in the act of shooting. The sheriff posse was too much for him, someone fired and killed him.

On examination, it was found he was the stage bandit and the nice young man of the Ouray stage station. He had stayed all night with the ranchman making his way into Utah. In looking up his record from his personal effects, they found that he had been a stage bandit in California on the style of Black Bard, who had robbed so many stages on the coast. I do not remember his name, but no doubt, he wanted to go straight for a while but the temptation was too great and he had taken up his old occupation.

It was the sensation of the day. Sheriff left money with the rancher to bury the victim and with his deputies started home.

Grading Railroad to Grand Junction

Grand Junction was not much of a town at that time. A few log cabins, chinked with mud and a dirt roof, with Governor Crawford holding the fort, expecting better conditions when the railroad arrived.

The grading cars were strung all along from the Black Canon to Grand Junction. Being in Gunnison county, when the candidates started out that fall, they had to drive from Gunnison to Grand Junction to reach these thousands of graders strung along over a hundred miles. Not five per cent of these graders were legal voters, as they had been shipped in to work on the railroad and were not long enough in the county to gain citizenship. But that made no difference, they voted just the same. A. M. Stevenson, Frank Goudy, Capt. A. J. Bean, Doc Shores and others had the time of their lives riding buckboards all the way to Grand Junction, speaking in the evening and at noon time, handing out tickets, whiskey and cigars.

That was the fall of 1881. Doc Shores was elected sheriff and Jack Bowman was defeated. Captain Bean, democrat, was elected county clerk and Jake Hinkle defeated. For county treasurer Joseph Cotter was elected on the republican ticket against Jim Kelley. Judge David Smith was elected county judge. A. M. Stevenson had a tie vote for the state senate with J. K. Robinson, Supt. of the Coal Co. at Crested Butte. James Bucklin was elected to the lower house of the legislature. It was his bill that took most all of the Ute Indian reservations out of Gunnison county and made the counties of Montrose, Delta, Mesa, and Rio Blanco.

The Legislature being Republican seated A. M. Stevenson in the senate, leaving J. K. Robinson out. It was claimed that if Robinson had gotten a fair deal he was elected, but as the Legislature was Republican what are you going to do about it?

At this election, Charley Biebel was elected County Commissioner over John Parlin, the republican candidate in Gunnison county. When political machinery got well greased and in good running order we woke up one morning in the fall of 1882 and found that Joe Cotter had

skipped out with every dollar the county had and has not been seen or heard of from that day to the present time, nearly sixty years ago.

State Democrats having elected J. B. Grant governor in the fall of 1881, he had the appointing power, and named T. J. Maloney of Gunnison, a democrat, to be state treasurer. Tom Maloney ran on the county ticket in 1883 and was elected.

In those hectic days a treasurer was the highest paying office around, and it was said that the treasurer of Gunnison county was good for fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a year. They were paid percentage on tax collections.

That bill was all right in sparsely settled counties, but when growth came suddenly as it did in Gunnison after 1880 it was unreasonable, and increased population placed Gunnison in another classification. Tom Maloney was aware that the county would be placed in another class where his fees would be reduced, and in the summer of 1884, got out a lot of distraint papers against delinquent taxpayers. Tom soon found that was not a popular move, but he collected all that he could, then resigned and departed for Kansas City to join Marion Waller in the real estate boom of that city. He did nothing that was dishonest, only took drastic measures to collect all he could that he might take out his percentage.

That Kansas City boom was one where you could make a fortune over night. George Havercamp sold his cigar store in Crested Butte and tried his luck. He arrived there with \$2,500 and in a week's time had run it up to \$25,000. He tried to double that amount just as the boom busted and got out with his original capital, \$2,500.

Also in the same article about the old jail you mention the lynching that took place, brot about by an Italian killing a railroad contractor. The firm of Carico and Fay had the grading contract thru the Black Canon. They had a number of sub-contractors. One of them was a Mr. Hoblitzell from Pennsylvania. The story goes that an Italian laborer appeared at Hoblitzell's business tent and said he was sick, wanted his time that he might go into town for treatment. Mr. Hoblitzell, not able to understand what he was saying told him to go back to work. The Italian did not understand English, went to his quarters and returned with a gun and shot Hoblitzell. That made great excitement. The Italian was arrested, brot to Gunnison and instead of putting him in jail he was put into the courtroom under a guard. That night all of the strawbosses and contractors appeared at the court house and took the prisoner with a rope around his neck and dragged him across lawn lots to the Red Lion corral owned by Allison and Kelmel, and hanged him by throwing the rope over a sign board. While the prisoner deserved punishment for deliberately killing Hoblitzell, yet it was a crude way to give him punishment.

Mrs. Hoblitzell, a very beautiful young lady, had the sympathy of the public in her bereavement. She took the remains back to Williamsport, Pa. She then returned to Denver to live. In due time she was again married to J. R. DeReamer, the chief engineer on construction of the road. Mr. DeReamer was in charge of the Rio Grande affairs when the fight was on with the Santa Fe over the Royal Gorge.

After his marriage and the Rio Grande was finished they settled in a house in Denver, where they raised a family of daughters who were socially prominent in that city. DeReamer owned an opera house in Pueblo.

This lynching occurred in the fall of 1881, 60 years ago. The reason I know that it was in the fall is that there was snow on the ground. We went to the court house lawn the next morning and saw where the body had been dragged along like you would pull a log thru the snow.

I do not know or remember whether it was before or after election. Anyway Bowman did not get re-elected. There was much excitement at the time against the sheriff for allowing the

prisoner to be guarded by only one man in the court house when he should have been locked up in jail.

Doc Shores was elected sheriff that fall and four successive times, serving eight years, becoming a nationally known peace officer.

On one occasion many years ago we had labor trouble at Crested Butte. One morning about five, I was getting up and I heard a regular fusilade, sounding like a big battle. I went to the telegraph office. When I asked what was the matter the operator said Sheriff Shores had arrived on a special train with a load of deputies and gone up and taken possession of the coal mine. I wrote a wire and sent to the Denver papers telling them to send special writers; that I had to live there after the trouble was over and could not afford to report the really spectacular news. The reporters came on the next train and were there for a week.

About 10 o'clock the first day I ventured up to the mine and a sentry standing guard stopped me. Doc Shores was back in the head house and when he saw me he called me in. He said I was the only citizen that had the nerve to come up to him. He wanted to know what the sentiment was about town. He had talked to nobody and had not killed anybody.

Yours truly,
J. E. PHILLIPS,
25 North First St.
Alhambra, California

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of April 17, 1941

Pioneer Book by Ingham Tells Early History of Gunnison

"Digging Gold Among the Rockies" by G. Thomas Ingham, published in 1880, is a new acquisition at the Community Library under the supervision of A.A.U.W. and the Community Ladies' Aid. The book is the gift of Mrs. Lena S. Mason of Salida at the request of her husband, Dayton C. Mason, now deceased.

It ranges over a good deal of mining territory, but the interest for us centers in the chapters dealing with Gunnison City, Pitkin, South Arkansas (now Salida), and Ruby Camp.

To one already reasonably familiar with the history, it is the fact that writing and events are contemporary that gives something of a thrill. For instance, an account at about the time it took place of a trip on the Barlow and Sanderson Stage from Gunnison to South Arkansas: "The ascent up the Rockies becomes very steep and the road becomes a narrow winding dug road along the side of a precipice, at places hundreds of feet from the bottom of the region below. It requires some nerve to ride behind a span of six when at some sharp turn the leaders dash around out of sight and the stage, perhaps, takes a sudden tilt toward the brink. However, the drivers keep a steady hand and understand well their business and accidents are rare."

He mentions, on the road to Salida, stops at Parlin's ranch, Wilson's ranch, Poncha Springs, and finally the "new town of South Arkansas laid out and built within two months previous to our arrival."

He describes Gunnison county as the largest in the United States comprising 10,000 square miles of territory. Rent for a good store building in Gunnison City in 1880 was \$125 per month, and lots were selling from \$400 to \$1000. "The city has a population of 900 and is growing rapidly."

He comments on Gunnison and West Gunnison. He says, "At present the old town is ahead and much the larger and better business town of the two and after a struggle has succeeded in getting the new court house. A few years will probably see both towns connected and built up as one town."

He gives the population of Ruby Camp in 1880 as 1200. The first winter, that of 1879-80 was a severe one in Ruby Camp, when nearly 50 feet of snow fell in one season: "It was at times so deep that it entirely covered the log cabins and the method of getting out and in the houses was up and down a stairway shoveled in the snow from a hole in front of the door. A story is related of a party who went there very early in the spring and after traveling on snow shoes the proper distance and supposing they must be near the place, but observing no houses, suddenly came upon a man standing by a hole in the snow, where smoke was rising from a chimney. They inquired of the stranger the way to Ruby Camp. The answer was 'Right here. You are in it.' The party, amazed, inquired where the post office was. 'Right over in the next hole,' and sure enough, right over in the next hole in the snow, completely covered, was the post office."

There is considerable space devoted to Pitkin, in whose mines the author was interested. He arrived in Pitkin May, 1879. "Town lots on Main street," he says, "are selling at from \$400 to \$800. One old man who came to Pitkin without any means save his team and less than \$100 in cash, purchased nine or ten lots, paying from five to ten dollars per lot and held them until this spring when he disposed of them readily at prices ranging from \$300 to \$750, thereby clearing about \$5000. By June 5 there were 1050 people within the city limits and undoubtedly as many more were camping and prospecting within a few miles around the city. There were 186 dwellings, four hotels, eight restaurants, 12 saloons, 50 stores, business houses, and bakeries, 80

vacant and unfinished buildings, three meat markets, several real estate offices, one bank, and one jail."

Those were the days of high prices based on scarcity. Hay was selling at \$100 a ton; flour, eight cents per pound; eggs, 40 cents per dozen; lumber, \$40 per thousand. Everything had to be freighted from Alamosa or some point equally as far away.

Pitkin had a daily mail from Alpine and the East, carried on horseback, the time being 24 hours from Denver. There was also a daily stage carrying mail and passengers to and from Gunnison City, the time being about five or six hours. The author speaks casually of mining towns in the vicinity of Pitkin: Tin Cup, Silver Cup, Gold Cup, Virginia City, and Hillerton - names now almost forgotten.

His spelling is Tumichi River and Choketope Pass. The best known mines in the Pitkin district were Fairview, the Silver Islet, The Silver Age, Silver King, Chloride King, Forest Queen, Terrible, Red Jacket, Silver Link, Magnolia, Mocking-Bird.

In a chapter on personalities (most of them, however, from the Comstock Lode) is an account of H. A. W. Tabor, interesting as being by a mining man and a contemporary. "Tabor is the richest man in the state," says Ingham. "He has made 10 million in three years; his income is \$5,000 a day. It is said that he recently bought the whole of South Chicago, paying a round million for it." Ingham estimates Tabor as a "rare good fellow."

-Lois Borland

Reprinted from News-Champion of Spring, 1942.

Three First Sheriffs of Gunnison County
C. W. Shores (Doc) 1884-92; Geo. Yule 1880-81; J. H. Bowman, 1882-83

* *

By Margaret Freeman

Gunnison was a rip-roaring western town six decades ago when Gunnison county extended to the Utah state line, and it took men of steel to maintain law and order in the spirited town and far-flung county. That's what makes the story of Gunnison county's first three sheriffs, men who handled the job with vim and vigor, as interesting as any tale of western adventure.

George Yule, J. H. Bowman and C. W. Shores served in law-defending capacities from 1880 until 1892 - the first men to undertake the job in this county.

Joseph Blackstock, Gunnison old-timer, tells of the experiences of the three sheriffs, recalling the episodes of their administration.

The only legal hanging which ever took place here occurred during the term of George Yule, who was elected in the fall of 1879 and who took office in 1880, serving until 1882. Sentenced to be hanged was a negro who had shot another negro - and in those days the sheriff did the hanging - so Yule took care of the job.

Another exciting incident which occurred during the Yule administration put Yule in the role of the hunter and near-killer. A group of the sheriff's men were chasing supposed bandits through the willows by the river, and in the excitement, Yule shot a man through the right breast. Although the injury was serious, the wounded man recovered without lasting consequences.

Yule came with his family from Iowa to Colorado about the middle of the nineteenth century, moving to Gunnison in 1870, where he became interested in ranching and mining. Soon after the completion of his term of office here he moved to Garfield county, where he was a prominent rancher and was elected to the state legislature. He married after he left Gunnison.

Yule was succeeded by J. H. Bowman, whose term lasted until 1884. Blackstock tells an interesting story of the time a slip in Bowman's memory caused quite a furor in Gunnison and the county. A trip to the western border of the county - now the state line beyond Grand Junction - ended with rumors of Bowman's killing a man and being killed himself. In fact, Gunnisonites believed their sheriff dead and prepared his coffin for him - only to meet him returning, alive as could be. The trip was made in pursuit of cattle thieves, and Bowman arranged for Roe Allison to assist in the chase, but completely forgot to deputize him. In a gun battle near Whitewater, which ensued, Allison shot an outlaw. The justice of the shooting was undenied, but since Allison was not a legal deputy Bowman said, when he got back to Gunnison, that he had killed the man, giving rise to much debate about the incident in subsequent years when old timers got together to discuss "the early days," and could not agree on who did the shooting. The truly funny part of the incident occurred when Gunnisonites prepared for Bowman's funeral and then discovered him very much alive. At the time, Blackstock says, there was no communication from the Western Slope to Gunnison except through Pueblo, and the story reached here that pursuit of the thieves had proved fatal to the sheriff.

Truly an officer and peacemaker was Cyrus W. Shores, whose exploits should be incorporated in a book and then dramatized for the movies, familiarly known as "Doc," who was elected sheriff in 1883 and served from 1884 until 1892. After his Gunnison duties were completed he served as head of the secret service on the Rio Grande railroad - was an officer all of his life.

There were no shootings during Shore's term of office, as Blackstock recalls the story, but one of the most horrible sensations in Colorado's criminal history took place then, and became connected with Gunnison county history. Alfred Packer, man-eating prospector, who was condemned to death in a Lake City trial, gained a new trial and a change of venue to Gunnison county, where he was convicted and sentenced to a lifetime of hard labor at the state penitentiary.

Yule Creek, where the great marble deposits are located between Crested Butte and the town of Marble, was named after Geo. Yule, and we suppose the town of Bowman, slight remains of which are still visible four miles above Dorchester in Taylor Park, was named after Sheriff Bowman. This was a supply station when the people and freight bound for Aspen had to come via the C & S railroad to St. Elmo, thence over Tin Cup pass across the 50 miles of park, over Taylor pass and down Castle creek, to the then booming silver camp. That was before the Rio Grande could get its standard gauge line built over Tennessee pass to Glenwood and up the Roaring fork of the Grand river.

So far as anyone recalls, Sheriff Shores never had any geographical features named in his honor.

Thus began the reign of law and order in Gunnison county, which, even over half a century ago, was still rated as a fairly law abiding place.

The picture [in the newspaper article] is from a rare historical photograph, loaned to the News-Champion by Joe Cuenin of Salida.

In discussing the three peace officers of the eighties, Mr. Cuenin writes under date of August 10, 1942:

"I know very little of the history of George Yule, except that he was associated with Wes Mullen in the livery stable in West Gunnison. The barn was one of the few stone buildings in 1880.

"Jack Bowman was sheriff during Packer's reign, and the Jackson trouble in 1881. He went to make arrest of the Indian who killed Young Jackson, and everyone that he had been murdered by Indians. The soldiers used to meet every night for some time at the old Mullen House, and they would march around the billiard tables in their drilling. I used to watch them. Col. or Major Stone would drill them. He ran a store across the street from the hotel. E. P. Shove was his book-keeper and clerk during 1880-81. Theo. Davis can give you some of his history, as he was employed by Jackson's uncle as a freighter. The freighters were more or less worked up in fear of their lives. It was only a short time after the Meeker massacre, and the Indians had not yet settled down. Davis, Joe Blackstock and Col. Easterly can possibly give you some dope on this. Easterly used to be among those who trained in the old Mullin House. I don't remember Blackstock, but he was undoubtedly there among the soldiers.

"Doc' Shores I knew in '80-91. The first time I ever saw him was in the lower part of town. A cow-puncher got on a bender and started to shoot up upper town, rode down to West Gunnison and started to do the same thing. Shores enlisted the services of Prof. Schavers (a barber) to help him. The cowpuncher rode down the street, shooting at first one side then the other, and then stopped at a saloon. I think the fellow's name was Jones, who ran the saloon. This was just east of the hotel, between Richardson's drug store and Forepaugh's meat market. In the meantime Shores told Schavers to hide behind his shop at the back corner and when the fellow came back, to yell 'halt!' then dodge back and that he would be on the other side along the building - grocery store (run by Shores). The fellow came back and Schavers did as told. The

fellow stopped to take a crack at him, and Shores slipped up on the opposite side and told him to throw up his hands or he would blow him into _____.

"This started a boom for Shores as Sheriff against Bowman, which included a lot of hard work on the part of Mrs. Shores.

Sincerely yours,
JOE."

Reprinted from News-Champion of September 3, 1942.

**When Snowshoeing Was All the Rage In Gunnison
Fifty-Five Years Ago, As Told By J. E. Phillips**

* *

By J. E. Phillips -

Alhambra, Calif., March 12, 1940.

News-Champion:

I see that skiing and snow-shoeing are all the rage in Gunnison. The fever seems to have broken out in all the fashionable winter resorts besides Gunnison. In Sun Valley, Idaho, and Arrowhead Springs, are centers of the sport, but in Palm Springs they have cut it out for lack of snow.

Skiing is not a new outdoor sport for Gunnison. Over fifty years ago, every man, woman and child had to learn to ski or snow-shoe, as we then called it, in Crested Butte and vicinity. We had to learn if we wanted to go anywhere. All outlying districts were inhabited in those days. Irwin, Gothic, Crystal City, Pittsburgh, and all over the Elk Mountain region. If residents wanted to come to the big town, Crested Butte, they had to come on skis or snowshoes, and it was not an uncommon sight to see fifty or more pair of skis in front of M. J. Gray's store while miners and their wives were inside buying goods.

Interest in that mode of travel attracted much attention. About 1886 we had a ski club that attracted much attention all over the country. We gave exhibitions on the steep hillside run just south of town. We gave the fastest runners first, second and third prizes of real worth, usually gold stick pins made to order. Had folks from Gunnison and other towns, such as Montrose, Delta, Grand Junction, Salida and Denver come to the ski exhibitions at the Buttes. There were also snowshoe contests and exhibitions near Gunnison on north slopes, but spring snow at the county seat was uncertain.

The club was made up of all expert skiers. From Irwin I remember Percy Ramsden and Frank Middleton. From Pittsburgh the Alexander brothers and Sant Robinson. From Gothic, G. H. Judd, Chas. Fare; from Crystal, Fred Johnson, Tom Boughton, Frank Williams, and Andy Anderson; from Crested Butte, Robert Sterling, Charley Burr, Ed Warren, Dr. Rockefeller; and Gunnison furnished Capt. E. W. Burton, his son Claude, Mose Bloch, Sam G. Gill, and others. These are only a few names that I recall, and there were many others.

I had a group photograph of the club that I have had in my effects, and that I would send it to you. However, when I came to look for it to send to you for publication, I could not find it. I suppose your new ski club will adjourn during July and August anyway, and if the snow is late next season, you may not start up before September or October. See this picture on page one of the News-Champion.

I was pleased to meet your fellow-citizen, Frank Stewart, the other day. Our winter tourist season could not close if Frank Stewart did not arrive. I have known Mr. Stewart away over fifty years, over half of a century. (Doesn't that sound big?) He has mined in one place up Cement creek, at the base of Italian mountain for over 52 years.

He tells me he has run over 8,000 feet in tunnels and drifts. In a straight line, that would be over one and a half miles. That has all been done by hand drilling and he does not work on Sunday, holidays, or during the winter months. In winter he comes down here and hobnobs with his stockholders to tell them that the great Leadville-Aspen lime belt is still there.

He tells me all about the blue lime, the Monsonite, the trackites, and all the other sites, which are the natural breeding ground for mineral deposits. He says he has at last gotten onto the tail end of a deposit that he expects to commence shipping ore from about July. Who knows,

but he may open up a glory hole big enough to put Al Smith's Empire State building into. If he does, he will be the richest man in the world. He will outshine Stratton and Tom Walsh. Nevada had its Mackey, Flood and O'Brien; the Homestake had Senator Hearst; Leadville had its Tabor; Cripple Creek, its Stratton; and it is about time that we had another distinguished millionaire mining man.

When I first saw Frank Stewart, he was building the road from Aspen up Maroon creek to connect with the Copper creek road into Crested Butte via Gothic. That was, I think, about 1883, 57 years ago. When the road was finished, a mail route was established and C. C. Pollard and Frank Chapin put on a passenger and mail stage. In the winter it was bob sleds. They would leave Crested Butte at 8:00 a. m., and if the snow slides did not turn them over they would arrive in Aspen about 4:00 p.m. One slide killed Al Stanfer, a prominent citizen of Crested Butte. Ore was shipped out and merchandise shipped in. Competition was furnished by Hallett's 300 jack train over Pearl Pass.

There was good trout fishing up Maroon creek in those days. Was talking with Geo. Thatcher at Reno years ago, and he told me he liked to fish up that creek and nearly all the trout had S branded on them for Frank Stewart. George Thatcher is son of Capt. George Washington Thatcher, one of the best known mining men on the Leadville-Aspen lime belt. Today George Thatcher, Jr., is the best lawyer in Reno. He was born in Leadville, and went to Aspen with his father and mother when he was six years old. It is men like Frank Stewart and George Thatcher that Colorado should feel proud to know.

When W. S. Stratton made a trip to Europe once, he took with him Robert Schwartz, an humble shoe maker in Colorado Springs, as companion and interpreter. When Frank Stewart gets into the millionaire class and makes a visit to Europe, he is going to take me along to keep off the geneology friends who will, for a big fee, want to connect him up with the royal house of Stewart in England.

I forget to mention our most spectacular millionaire, Tom Walsh, of the Camp Bird Mine of Ouray. He entertained royalty and knew how. He built a palace in Washington and enjoyed high life with all of the dignitaries from abroad as long as he lived. Now the only one to live in the palace is Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean. I remember her as a little girl in Ouray many years ago, when she went about with her father.

A mine owner in Arizona has just bot the Carrissa mine in Lander county, Wyoming. From the sand dunes of Arizona to the snow peaks of Wyoming is quite a change. I sold Mr. Davis the Alvarado mine in Arizona from which he is taking a fortune. He surely is grateful to me for bringing his attention to this mine, from which millions were taken in the '90's by Peter Kimberly and Charley Arons of New Castle, Pennsylvania. Colin Timons, well-known in Gunnison, was the consulting engineer and would go from Aspen to the Congress mine to report on it. Mr. Davis, who owns the Alvarado, is also from Pennsylvania, Uniontown, and his mine will be just as valuable as the Congress when he gets deep enough. If his Wyoming mine turns out as good as the Alvarado, he will be a millionaire many times over and be placed in the galaxy of those mentioned above.

If it had not been for me, he would never have gotten the Arizona property, as I had an option on it and could have sold it to others, but turned it over to Mr. Davis, who appreciated the favor greatly.

Enclosed is a clipping from North Hollywood paper:

"Nat P. Wilson, 79-year-old pioneer Colorado and Mexico mining executive who developed the fabulously rich Moon Anchor gold mine in Cripple Creek, Colorado, 47 years ago, died of a heart attack yesterday at his home, 10332 Woodbridge St., No. Hollywood.

"A native of Newton, N. C., Wilson came to the gold mines of Colorado in 1876 at the age of 15, and went to the rich Cripple Creek fields in 1893 where he developed with other mining men, the Moon Anchor mine.

"Subsequent to that he mined in Parral, Chihuahua, Mexico, where he remained for 16 years.

"He came to Los Angeles 22 years ago.

"Wilson leaves his widow, Mrs. Harriet Wilson, a daughter, Mrs. Joseph Calder, and two sons, Walter and Howard."

Nat Wilson lived in Crested Butte in 1884, and was a prospecting partner of Captain Geo. A. Jackson, who lived in Crested Butte with his family. It was Capt. Johnson who first discovered gold in Idaho Springs in 1859 that made the gold boom in Gilpin and Clear Creek counties. He stands in history of Colorado the same as Jas. W. Marshall, who first discovered gold in California.

J. E. PHILLIPS
25 N. First St., Alhambra, Calif.

How County Of Hinsdale Got Name During Early 70's

The following record of facts concerning early events in Hinsdale county was prepared by A. C. Stiefel, assistant engineer of the Colorado Water Conservation Board, and sent to Judge Geo. W. Bruce of Montrose. Hinsdale county settlement, induced by sensational discoveries of the Golden Fleece and other mines of the San Juan, was really the first recorded on this side of the main range. In these days of reviving interest in things historical we are sure News-Champion readers will appreciate it.

By A. C. Stiefel

Hinsdale County, Colorado, was organized in 1874 from parts of Conejos, Costilla and Lake Counties. Hinsdale County was named for George A. Hinsdale, a distinguished lawyer who resided in Pueblo prior to his death on January 16, 1874.

George A. Hinsdale was a member of the 5th and 6th Territorial Legislature from Costilla County (1865-1867). During the 6th Territorial legislature, he was also Lieutenant Governor of the Territory of Colorado. He was a member of the 7th and 8th Territorial Legislatures from Pueblo, El Paso, Huerfano and Fremont Counties (1867-1870). Ref. Frank Hall's History of Colorado, Vol. II, p. 543.

According to the Journal of the Council of the Territory of Colorado for the year 1874, the Council amended CB-52 on January 30, 1874 by striking the name "San Juan" and inserting "Hinsdale." This CB-52 was a bill for an Act to establish the counties of Rio Grande, Hinsdale and La Plata. It was passed and signed by Governor S. H. Elbert on February 10, 1874. San Juan County was organized from a part of La Plata County in 1876.

The eastern boundary of Hinsdale County was changed in 1893 when Mineral County was organized during boom days of Creede and segregated all that portion east of the Continental Divide which here makes a huge loop toward the San Juan mountains.

In Hall's History of Colorado, Vol. III, p. 453 we find, "June 1, 1868, appeared the first issue of the Pueblo 'Chieftain' (containing a notice of the death of the famous scout, Kit Carson), printed by Dr. M. Bashoar and Samuel McBride, edited by George A. Hinsdale and Wilbur F. Stone, two of the most distinguished writers in the Territory, who soon made their impression upon the public mind here and elsewhere."

The Rocky Mountain News of January 17, 1874, contained an obituary which sums up the life of George A. Hinsdale.

Rocky Mountain News, January 17, 1874. "George A. Hinsdale"

The death of Hon. George A. Hinsdale of Pueblo, is an event that will be regretted by the entire territory. For many years he has been recognized as a representative citizen of Southern Colorado, and his influence felt and acknowledged in its political, professional and social circles. He was a native of Vermont, having been born in 1829. His parents removed to Michigan; and he obtained his education at the University of that state. He subsequently resided in Kentucky where he married; finally emigrating to Colorado. In 1865 he was elected to the council from Costilla county; and in 1867 was reelected from Pueblo County, at which time he had the well remembered contest with B. B. Fields. In 1870 he was again chosen to the council and made its presiding officer. In 1865 he was elected Lieutenant Governor on the state ticket, which gave him his title of Governor Hinsdale, by which he was generally known. He was a strong partisan;

but the honesty of his convictions were always recognized by his opponents, whose respect he always enjoyed. His public record is untainted by any job, or betrayal of the public trust. His social instincts were strong, and his personal relations with his friends and neighbors always pleasant and cordial. He was a genial man, and one with whom time could always be agreeably and profitably passed. By his death his party will lose an able leader; the territory a true and upright citizen, and his friends one whom they will always cherish in memory. To his high worth and personal excellence, The News bears willing and cheerful testimony.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of June 10, 1943

Famous Song May Have Been Written On The Lake Fork

* *

Origin of "Home On the Range" Traces To Gunnison Country

(By Alva A. Swain)

Readers of this column will remember that about six months ago we published what was supposed to be authentic history of the song, "Home On the Range." We thot, the story said, that the song was written at Creede when Spar City and Creede were in their booms. Now comes a letter from J. H. Freeman of 232 East 8th St., Long Beach, Calif., in which he says that on the evening of Oct. 2nd, 1877, a man by name of Hank Krill wrote the song, using a soap box in a dirt-floor cabin at Sherman, Colorado, and that Krill gave the copy to him. Mr. Freeman says that the original copy has been in his possession ever since. He says that his brother was in the grocery store at the time. They never knew whether Krill made up the song or wrote it from memory, having learned it from some other source. But that it could not have been written at Creede or Spar City, for neither of the towns were in existence until fifteen years after the song was written.

Mr. Freeman describes the scene of the writing of the song as a place where "boisterous frontiersmen were jostling and loudly arguing politics." He starts his letter with the statement: "Excuse my throwing a monkey wrench into a good story," then he tells of the incident. He says Sherman, Colorado, was about 19 miles up the Lake Fork of the Gunnison river, at confluence of Cottonwood and Cataract creeks. He still has the original and is willing to turn it over to the Colorado Historical Society. "It is somewhat faded but is readable," so he says.

His brother's name is A. D. Freeman. He is 92 years old and is living at 1820 Vine Street, Alhambra, California. Mr. Freeman formerly lived in Salida.

Since publishing the original article, we have had several letters about the authorship of the poem. Any other information would be welcome.

Ed. Note -- Webb Whinnery, long time resident of the Lake Fork and familiar with its early history, states that the data is correct about the town of Sherman, which was a considerable mining community in 1877 and a stopping place on Otto Mears' trail to Silverton. Mrs. Carolyn Wright, correspondent of the News-Champion at Lake City, has discussed the matter with several old timers of that region and they seem to think it might be correct, although no one is still living there who came as early as 1877.

Strange and curious is it not that this famous song, which carries a touch of the melodies of Methodist camp meeting days of 50 to 75 years ago in its haunting rhythm, should have been the product of pioneer mining days on the Lake Fork of the Gunnison.

Reprinted from News-Champion of August 13, 1942.

A Visit To the Los Pinos Indian Agency in 1874

* *

Extract from the Diary of W. H. Jackson, 96 Years Old,
with an Introduction and Notes by the Original Diarist.

An article of much interest to old-timers and many present residents of Gunnison country appears in the November edition of The Colorado Magazine. The article is re-printed here by permission of the State Historical Society. Cuts used are also by courtesy of the Society and notes accompanying the story are those of the editor of the Colorado Magazine.

* *

We are exceptionally fortunate in having "the pioneer photographer of the Rockies" introduce and edit a portion of his own diary, written sixty-four years ago. Mr. Jackson, after service in the Civil War, came to the West in 1866, driving an ox team across the Plains. He continued to the Pacific Coast and, on returning next year, drove a band of horses from California to the Missouri river. His interesting subsequent career we shall not attempt to outline here. For several years past, as Secretary of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, he has been making paintings of travel, stations, and life on the old Trail, based on his original sketches made seventy years ago. He now lives in New York, but visits Colorado and other sections of the West each year. In his ninety-sixth year, with brilliant mind and agile step, he is taken for a man of seventy. A remarkable character, a wonderful person. - Colorado Magazine Editor.

Introduction . . .

The Hayden Survey (U. S. Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, F. V. Hayden in Charge) operated systematically over Colorado during the years 1873-76 inclusive. For field work it was organized in three or more divisions with geologists, topographers and other assistants to the number of six or eight in each party, and assigned certain sections of the country, usually about six or eight thousand square miles, for the season's work. There was also a photographic division - a free lance outfit for working with, or independently of, all others.

I joined the Survey in 1870 and, during the first three years of my occupation with it as photographer, in northern territory that included the Yellowstone and Wind River regions, I was part of the main body of the expedition under the personal direction of Dr. Hayden; but, when the Survey was transferred to Colorado, I was assigned a separate party, made up like the others, of two packers, and a cook. Previously I had had a regularly appointed assistant, but, under the new set-up, one of the packers, or one of the two or three naturalists usually attached to it, acted in the capacity as occasion required.

It may be necessary to mention here, in view of what photography is today, that this rather extensive outfit for picture making was due to employment of the "wet-plate" collodion process. Heavy boxes of glass plates, chemicals and solutions with accompanying apparatus, and a hooded box or small tent as a "dark room" to work in, made up a considerable part of our pack train loads. For every negative that was made a glass plate was prepared, sensitized in a bath of silver nitrate, exposed in the camera, and, while still wet, developed on the spot. Enlarging on bromide papers was still far in the future, and all printing was by contact, so different sizes of plates and cameras were required, ranging, in my experience at various times, from 5x8 to 20x24 inches.

The photographic Division of 1873 included, in addition to its regular staff, Lieut. W. L. Carpenter (on leave of absence), entomologist; J. M. Coulter, botanist; and a young son of Senator Cole of California, as ornithologist. Leaving Denver early in the season, the party first proceeded to Estes Park, then along the Front Range of the Rockies to South Park and over on to

the Arkansas. The Sawatch Range was crossed at Lake Creek pass, and presumably now Slumgullion pass, and the country between the Gunnison and the Grand (Colorado) explored; finishing my season's work with photographing the Mountain of the Holy Cross for the first time.

In 1874 Ernest Ingersoll, naturalist and correspondent for the New York Tribune, and two young boys from New York, Anthony and Smart, were added to my party. The season's route, as laid down, included the Middle Park region, the Arkansas Valley to Poncha Pass, and thru San Luis Valley to the San Juan region beyond the headwaters of the Rio Grande. It was on this part of the trip, after leaving the Arkansas, that I learned of the great gathering of the Utes about to take place, at the Los Pinos Agency for the distribution of annuity goods, and as it would be a fine opportunity for Indian photographs, I decided to detour around that way.

The following extract from my diary is the story of what happened:

Sunday, August 16, 1874.

After dinner, Steve, Bob and myself saddled up and rode in (to Saguache, Colorado). Found my lost voucher book in the mail, that had been forwarded, as I requested, from Fairplay. Make our purchases of sugar, bacon, &c. Saw our man of the mule trade, offered him \$15 and he took it, riding into Camp with us and taking our mule back. Saw the whole town, congregated in this store. The town itself consists of about 20 buildings. More than half are Mexican adobies and a portion of the new ones of very presentable log and frame buildings. Travel into the San Juan country, and business with Los Pinos, has given the place a start and may make a permanent place. There are a good many Mexicans among the population and all the adobie buildings look very much Mexicano. At present all complain of stagnation by the fact that there is no money in the place and all business has to be carried on by exchange. Bishop Randall from Denver was in the place for the purpose of holding service. Business was carried on during Sunday the same as usual.

Monday, 17th. Took up our line of travel for the Agency, getting off by 8 o'clock. Passed a number of ranches in the valley, some Mexican and some American, but all looking alike and all having Mexican Senoritas about them. Tried to get some new potatoes but no one had any dug, and could not wait. A short distance up we struck up the left and passed for 5 or 6 miles over the basaltic mesas and tables and intervening valleys, down to the Saguache again. On this detour, we passed quite a number of Utes moving from their agency down to Saguache. Our mules were unused to the scene and stampeded all over the side hills, and my own little Dolly was somewhat frightened at the enormous packs surmounted by papooses, and the poles dragging behind. In the little valley tributary to the Saguache, when we struck that stream, were six or eight lodges of Indians with some 200 or 300 ponies, making a very picturesque scene. Soon after getting down into the valley again, with its interesting palisades of basalt, a thunderstorm came up, accompanied by hail and wind, that was very severe while it lasted, fairly flooding the whole surface of the country and making torrents in every gully. It was cold, raw and disagreeable. It was fairly over when we crossed the Saguache for the last time, 18 miles from Saguache, leaving it on our left, and then struck up a small branch three or four miles and camped in a canon-like valley, walled by these perpendicular palisades of trachyte. Rained just as we got in, and rained some afterwards but not to amount to anything.

Tuesday, 18th. Did not get under way for some little time and made a late start, 9:15. Pursued our way up Creek a little ways and then stopped to cinch up. While waiting, a man from

the Agency came along, and, from him, learned that it was not much more than 20 miles to Agency and that there were a lot of letters there for us. At this point, or a little below, the trachytes seem to pass into very slightly metamorphosed sandstone or almost pure sandstone, that weathers into curious shapes. Striking out ahead of the train with Ingersoll, we followed the little creek up, crossing occasionally, passing through a canon-like gorge, with a very prominent bluff on our right. As we neared the pass, we rose rapidly through quaking aspen and pine timber, to the divide and passed over a smooth, regular slope. Going down the western slope, we noticed, on a tree, a rude carving, evidently made by Indian hands, and made a drawing of it. Followed down a small stream, opening up gradually into an open valley-like country for some ten miles, and then swung around to the left, leaving a road which went on over to the Gunnison, and soon reached Cochetopa Creek. In the broad valley-like bottom or meadows at the confluence of the Cochetopa with Los Pinos creeks was the encampment of the Utes, some seventy lodges in all, scattered all over the plains, for at least a square mile. In a little while, we got a glimpse of the Agency buildings four or five miles away and hastened on, stopping at the last crossing of the creek to wash and brush up. Riding into the Agency, we found it to consist of about a dozen buildings, with one exception (the Agent's), built of logs, plastered with mud and whitewashed: arranged in a square, with a building, intended as a schoolhouse, occupying the center. The Agent's, a later and better structure than the others, occupied the northern end. Upon inquiry, found the Agent at the workshop and put our question for letters. Went in with him to his house and on the way introduced ourselves and our mission. Was very glad to see us, but I thought seemed more anxious for pictures of themselves and the Agency than the Indians, although wished very much indeed to get Indians in connection with the Agency. Spent some little time talking about various matters and then went out to hunt up a camping place against the time the outfit came in. All the letters we received were in one package and had been forwarded from La Loma. Marshall's outfit is camped just above the Agency. Went up there to see if Gilpin (*Bernard Gilpin, nephew of William Gilpin, first Territorial Governor of Colorado*) was in, but he would not be back until evening. Decided to camp three-quarters of a mile back of the Agency, on a small stream coming out from the hills. Remained up there to read my letters while Ingersoll went down to intercept and bring up the outfit, which he saw approaching. As it was nearly sunset, we had no more time than necessary to get dinner or supper and make camp in a presentable shape. Gilpin came by and stopped a few moments just as we were eating.

Wednesday, 19th. After getting things in order, went down to the Agency to make arrangements for the views (photographing). Agent took us over to see Ouray, head chief and Interpreter. Was living in a small adobie house on one corner of the square. Found him at home, alone, reclining on a rude couch covered with blankets. Room was very simply, even rudely, furnished, couches or lounges of rough boards forming the beds, a few chairs and a stool; his beaded dress and a few prints from illustrated papers decorated the walls. Gilpin was with us. Had quite a long talk. Became interested in his stock of Navajo Blankets which he had just brought from the Navajos. Bought a couple, not the ones I wished to have got, but nice ones for all that. Paid \$20 for a large blanket and \$2 for one for the saddle. Decided not to do anything in the forenoon as no one was ready. Went back to camp for lunch and walked back afterwards. Commenced operations on the agent's family, extemporizing a gallery on the porch. Ouray and his squaw came in next and I got negatives of them. A storm then came up and I could do no more, giving up eventually and going back to camp.

Mr. Ingersoll, in his book **Knocking Round the Rockies** (Harper & Brothers, 1883), mentions this incident at some length, having taken part in the first interviews with Agent Bond and Ouray about our purpose to make photographs. To this, as Ingersoll relates, Ouray "acquiesced heartily, promising to sit himself, and have his brother-in-law (I believe it was) also sit, with all their best regimentals on. That afternoon, therefore, there was a large gathering on the veranda of the house of the Agent, the Rev. Mr. Bond, a Unitarian clergyman from Boston.

"Ouray ordinarily wore a civilized dress of black broadcloth, and even boots, though he had never cut off his long hair, which he still bound up in two queues, Indian fashion. But now he came out in buckskin costume of native cut, full and flowing, with long fringes trailing from his arms and shoulders, skirts, and leggings, until they dragged upon the ground. These garments were beaded in the most profuse and expensive manner; and as he gravely strode through the circle of spectators and seated himself in a dignified and proud way, his medals flashing, he looked every inch a monarch.

"His wife (Chipeta) was that day about the most prepossessing Indian woman I ever saw, and Ouray was immensely proud of her. She evidently had prepared with great care for this event, yet at the last was very timid about taking her place before the camera; but the encouragement of her husband and assistance of Mrs. Bond, soon overcame her scruples, and she sat down as full of dimpling smiles as the veriest bride. The doeskin of which her dress was made was almost as white as cotton, and nearly as soft as silk. From every edge and seam hung thick white fringes, twelve or fifteen inches long, while a pretty trimming of bead work and porcupine-quill embroidery set off a costume which cost Ouray not less than \$125.

"The third negative made was that of the brother-in-law, and chief medicine-man of the tribe, whose dress was more resplendent than even his royal brother's, being almost wholly covered with intricate patterns of bead work. He was a tall, straight, broad-shouldered fellow and had not an unpleasant face, but it was thoroughly painted in vermilion and yellow - a bit of savage full-dress which Ouray and his wife, with liberal taste, had discarded. The most notable thing about this great sorcerer, however, was the evidence of prowess in war. The fringe on his coat, from shoulder to elbow, consisted wholly of locks of human hair - the black, straight hair of Arapahoe and Cheyenne scalps that had fallen to his valorous share in battle. The heart he wore upon his sleeve was a dauntless one.

"We made good pictures of all three of these, singly and in groups, and had much fun out of it; but the consequences were dire."

Thursday, 20th. By the time I had sent down to Agency for my traps and had put everything in the good order that I wanted for a day of photographing in their village, it was 10 o'clock and by the time that Charlie (the cook) and I had reached them it was near noon. The agent and his family had gone down in their carriage and we found them there. Commenced operations by having a sort of talk among the principal men, and soon learned that they had imbibed some sort of prejudice against our photographing and many of them declared openly that they were **no wano**. Shavano, Guerro and one or two others declared openly that they would have nothing to do with them. Stopped in front of Peah's tent and unloaded pack. Got him good natured, Ingersoll buying a Navajo blanket from him, and Anthony one from another one for \$12 and \$13 respectively. Commenced operations then and made negatives of half a dozen groups when, storms coming up, we had to suspend operations. Took refuge in Peah's tent, and had a long talk with him, in his broken English and Spanish, mixed with Indian. He had his squaw and three papooses, an old man who declared himself "heap lazy," and a young buck. Talk was random and amounted to nothing. After an hour, the rain ceased a little, though the clouds hung low and dark, and we packed up in the interval and started for home. Just as I was getting on my mule, she started and jumped away so fast I could not get into the saddle and had to let her go. Gave us nearly a half-hour's chase before securing her again. Got back in camp in time to just avoid heavy rains which came pouring down, close upon our heels.

Friday, 21st. Were on hand early at the Agency and set up tent in the stocks for ox shoeing. It was ration day and the Indians were to draw beef, sugar, &c. All the village would come up and we expected great times, and much rich material. As they were slow in coming up and would not be on hand before 11 o'clock or noon, commenced operations on some tepees near-by, securing half a dozen negatives. Some ponies came under my instrument and got good pictures; then, by a little sharp practice, we got capital negative of Peah's papoose. Tried to get the squaw too, but failed, as Peah came and took her away. Tried then to get a group from the Agency porch, but Peah and some half dozen others came up, protesting vehemently, taking hold of the camera and preventing me from either focusing or making an exposure. Peah kept on exclaiming that the Indians **no sabe** picture, making all Indians **heap sick**, tapping his head at the time. Would listen to no explanation whatever, but reiterated his assertion, that it make Indian heap sick, all die, pony die, papoose die. His idea seemed to be that no harm would result from making a picture of one Indian, or two or three men together, but I must not attempt their village, their squaws or papooses. Defeated in that quarter - for they were persistent and stood all around, watching closely - we went over to the cook house, taking the camera inside the door and intending to get groups outside. Just as I was ready to expose, an Indian rode up on horseback and tried to spur his horse into the doorway, and, failing in that, wheeled himself across it and throwing his blanket over his arm, placed it so that he completely covered the doorway. There was no fooling about him either, and he was well backed up by half a dozen others who seemed to wait upon his movements. Gave it up then, for the usual afternoon storm was coming up and the sky was overcast with dark clouds. For the rest of the afternoon, watched the Indians drawing their rations, and a lively bustling scene it was; squaws, nearly all with papooses, settled about in a semi-circle and taking their turn drawing sugar, &c. The beef is drawn, by apportioning one steer to every six lodges for ten days. The Indians are drawn up in a line, the cattle turned loose, from a corral and then they chase them down with pistol and rifle, as in a buffalo hunt. The scene was very picturesque and somewhat exciting. Indians were scattered all over the valley, groups of eight or ten after each beef and popping away until brought down. Some were too tame to run much and were easily dispatched. Others, more wild, gave them a lively chase, and scattered away a mile or two from the post. The sight was a fine one could it only be caught in the camera, but 'twas no use, it was beyond us.

What a great opportunity it would have been
for a movie camera of today.

In the evening, just as we had finished our meal, one of the Chiefs, called Billy, came in and we had a long talk with him. Said he came up to see how many there were of us. Wanted to know how long we were going to stay, when we were going, and what we were doing. They don't recognize the boundary line as laid down on the maps, but claim all the Western Slope for their reservation, including all of Middle Park and all this portion of country up to the Saguache range; and complained very much indeed of the encroachments of the white men, the miners, and the toll road particularly. Found fault also with the hunters, who came in and took away their game.

Nearly nine o'clock, as we were preparing to turn in, we were surprised by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Bond, agents. They leave for Saguache in the morning and, thinking they would not see us again, made this call; remained only a few minutes.

Saturday, 22d. Spent the whole afternoon in making camp groups in every possible phase. A little after noon, had another call from Billy. Shot at target with our rifle for quite a while and then went away to the camp or village with Bob, Steve, and the two **Kinches**.

Nickname for the two boys, Anthony and Smart,
imposed by the packers.

Remained in camp and varnished all negatives, tightened up negative boxes and set about strengthening up old negative baths. Had a call from Gilpin during afternoon. Boys did not return until late. By some fooling operation, Bob's horse had fallen with him and hurt his (Bob's) shoulder a good deal.

Sunday, 23d. Remained in camp all day, writing and filtering solutions alternately. Everything very quiet. Finished letters in the evening.

Monday, 24th. All hands up very early, but did not succeed in making a very early start. Bought a Navajo blanket from Harris, just as we left, for \$4. Left Ingersoll behind to bring to us any mail that might arrive, being due this evening.

For additional data on Mr. Jackson's work, see his article "Photographing the Colorado Rockies Fifty Years Ago," in the **Colorado Magazine**, III, 11-22, and Jackson and Driggs, **The Pioneer Photographer** (World Book Company, 1929). Both have illustrations of his photographic works. - Colorado Magazine Editor.

Early Days In The Gunnison Valley

* *

By Alonzo Hartman

The Ute Indians had their first reservation near Denver but as the country around there settled up, it became necessary to move them somewhere else where they would have more hunting grounds and be further away from ever-reaching civilization, so the Gunnison country was chosen as the site of the new agency, since it was a wild, unsettled region at that time - no roads or bases of supplies to attract prospectors or settlers. So, in 1868, the new Indian agency was established near Cochetopa, with Adams as agent.

The Indian Agency was, of course, the base of supplies for the Indians, for Uncle Sam having set out to civilize these wild children of nature, he had to supply them with the accoutrements thereof; accordingly, the Indian agent became store-keeper, advisor and councilor to his wards, but woe to him if the Indians didn't like him. This happened to another agent of whom I shall tell later. However, Mr. Adams was a fine man for his job, and his wife was a highly educated and cultured lady.

I had known many of the Indians and government men in Denver, and had helped with cattle on the reservation there, so shortly after they moved, I gained permission to go with Otto Mears to the reservation. Mr. Mears had the contract to freight in supplies for the agency, so he took me along to help him.

The agency was located where the old McDonough ranch on the Cochetopa now stands. There were several cabins for the Adams family and a number of army officers who had come along, as well as others who worked around the agency. There were corrals for cattle, as the Indians, numbering three or four thousand, used 40 or 50 head of beef animals about every ten days. The men around the agency knew little or nothing about cattle, and Mears had the contract to supply the beef, so he was glad to have me help him with this job.

Ouray was chief of the Utes then, and his wife was Chipeta. I was welcomed by him and many of the Indians whom I had known before.

Utes Not as Warlike as Other Tribes

The Utes were a mountain tribe, and not as warlike or savage as the plains Indians, altho before the coming of the white man, they were able to keep their enemies out of their mountain domains, but I never heard of their causing the white man trouble, unless there was just cause. Ouray talked good English if he knew he was speaking to one whom he could trust, but he conversed with most white men in Spanish. However, Ouray and I became fast friends and I often talked with him in English. Most of the other Indians understood little or no English, nor did they seem interested in acquiring any of the language. The government desired to educate them and provided a teacher, but did not have much success rounding up a class of pupils.

One winter Mrs. Adams kept a bright little Indian boy named Antelope, in her home and taught him, and dressed him like a white boy. He learned fast, but in the spring he became homesick for his own people, so he had to be sent back to them.

Country Abounded In Game

The country around the agency and down thru the valley was teeming with all kinds of game - deer, elk, bear, mountain lion, wild cat, lynx, while streams abounded in beaver, mink

and other animals. The Indians spent most of the summer and fall hunting game and preparing the meat for winter. They were careful to kill only that which they needed for meat and hides.

The agency supplied them with rifles and ammunition, so they did not have to depend on bow and arrow. However, the papooses were taught to use bow and arrow, and it was marvelous the skill they acquired. They were also furnished with heavy canvas the right size for tepee-making, altho tepees made from elk hide were very popular. They were likewise furnished with blankets, and usually wore them around their shoulders or hung them from their arms. The Indian woman were furnished cloth for garments, and until they had mastered the art of needlework, dresses were usually made by the simple method of cutting a hole thru which to insert the head, and fashioning a belt for the middle. They were very clever, however, in bead work and covered leather moccasins and jackets with intricate and beautiful designs. They were very particular about their beads, scorning glass ones, and would use only certain kinds manufactured especially for this work. The government sent a consignment of ready-made suits for the Indians, but the bucks usually wore only the coats and vests and ripped up the pants to fashion leggings from them. Chipeta, in later years, presented me with a full suit made of buckskin and beadwork, but it was unfortunately stolen.

The squaws carried their papooses on their backs or slung on two poles behind a pony, and true to tradition, did most of the hardest work when moving camps, jerking meat and tanning hides. The bucks concerned themselves largely with hunting.

Of their marriage and burial customs we knew little at the agency, as they were very secretive in these tribal rites. I do remember their having a sort of ceremonial dance, but do not recall any drums or other instruments. They sang as they danced, a monotonous "Ki-Yi-Yi-Yi" sort of tune.

Their manner of eating varied little with that of their wild state. They ate principally roast beef or game, bread and coffee. They liked sugar in coffee. Their bread they made by mixing flour into a stiff dough and baking it by standing it upright near a fire. It would become a nice brown and quite tasty. The Indians did not care for vegetables or fruits, except some wild varieties, or some which New Mexican Indians would bring at times on visits. The government had Mears bring in several tons of potatoes, but he had to destroy most of them, as the Indians didn't care for spuds.

When the agency was moved from Denver, the government had purchased a hundred of the best cattle obtainable - mostly milk cows - and had them driven to the agency, but the Indians did not care enough about the cows to milk them, so the animals were driven to where Gunnison is now located, and let run on open range. When I came to the agency some years later, the herd had grown to several hundred and were as wild as deer. Since Adams knew nothing about cattle, he had left them there. He said he could see that I was experienced in handling cattle, and asked me to go down the valley and care for the animals. I suggested they be killed for agency consumption and promised to see what I could do with them.

I found that some of the cows were still so gentle that one could ride up close to them. The steers were fine, large fellows, but so wild that it took a pretty swift horse to keep up with them, but I had been furnished with some fine cow horses and had several men to help, so we succeeded in corralling some of them and driving them back to the agency, but several of the animals took to high timber and we never did catch them. These cattle were, I believe, some of the first in the Gunnison country, at least that survived. Earlier, some men had brot a bunch of long-horns from Texas, but the hard winter proved too much for them and they all perished.

White Men Wasteful With Game

There were a few prospectors around the Gunnison country when the agency was first established on the Cochetopa, but nothing of much value had been found. Yet as time went on, it became increasingly difficult, as prospectors and hunters encroached more upon Indian domain. It maddened the Redskins to see how wasteful the white men were with game. They would kill a whole herd of deer just for the sport, carrying away only one carcass. Indians were afraid that all too soon the abundant game would be gone, and to their simple, child-like minds, this meant starvation for them and their people. They knew nothing about, and were not interested in mining, so the agency foresaw trouble. Being unable to keep out settlers and miners, the agents informed Washington and the government asked that a treaty be made with the Indians, which would grant certain rights to miners, and others.

Indian affairs were under control of the war department in Washington at that time. Commissioners were sent from Washington to Fort Garland, which was not far from what is now Alamosa. These commissioners brought their negro servants and were accompanied by a detachment of soldiers from the fort. They were around the agency for some time, trying to come to terms with the Indians.

Chief Ouray was spokesman for the Redskins. He would talk to them only thru an interpreter. Ouray did not like it because there were so many soldiers with the men from Washington, and refused to negotiate at all until the soldiers were sent back to the fort. He said it looked too much as tho the government was forcing the Indians into signing a treaty. Accordingly, the soldiers left and Ouray then told the government representatives that his people did not want to give up their hunting domain to miners; they wanted to keep it for game. He explained that the Indians could not see why there were not enough of them to keep out white intruders indefinitely. It was finally decided that a delegation of Indians be sent to Washington with the returning commissioners, and if, perhaps they could be made to realize just how powerful was the white man's influence, they would more easily be persuaded to come to terms. This sounded fine, but proved not so easy to round up a delegation of Indians. None of them could be persuaded to leave home, and Ouray went to Mr. Adams in despair. Mr. Mears said he thot he could solve the problem, so dug into his pockets and gave Ouray a handful of silver dollars. Now, an Indian would do almost anything for silver money, so a delegation was soon secured after Ouray distributed silver dollars to those of his tribe whom he wished to send on the trip.

I had been promised that I could go along, but Adams asked me to stay and look after things while he was away, so I swallowed my disappointment and remained behind. The trip seemed to have been a great success, for the treaty was signed when the delegation returned, and the braves had had a fine experience. They were shown all over Washington, New York and Philadelphia, and were given a great welcome everywhere they appeared.

Minister from Boston Succeeds Adams as Indian Agent

About this time Mr. Adams' term with the agency had expired and it was necessary for him to leave. He received an appointment to represent the United States in Brazil. We all hated to see the Adams family leave, as they were fine people.

When Indian affairs were under the war department at Washington, there was constant trouble over the country, as the agents had once been army officers and did not seem to get along with the Redskins. Finally, it was decided to turn the Indian department over to the churches to handle, so the next agent sent out was a minister from Boston. Adams was already gone and the

new man months late in arriving; the Indians had had no supplies issued them, and when he arrived, he was very ignorant about his job. He thought it wasteful to give out so many supplies whenever Indians asked for them, with the result the Redskins were getting angry and were ready to mob him, having taken a keen dislike to him. Finally, the poor old man broke down and cried. He asked me what to do, and I advised him to read his government instruction papers. They advised him to feed the Indians all the supplies they wanted, and after he did this, there was no further trouble at the agency. The minister had never ridden horseback and it was necessary for him to ride out with Kelly and me to count cattle we had brought from Gunnison. He was so sore next day he could hardly get around.

C. P. Foster had come from Boston with him. He was a good business man and helped the agent very much. Not long afterwards they received orders to move the agency to Uncompahgre. The minister finally gave up his job, I think, and went back home. C. P. Foster was later a settler on the Powderhorn, county commissioner, and then merchant of Lake City region.

Mears moved all of the reservation supplies to the new agency. Of course, there were no roads, and he made many of them himself as he drove along. I moved about 800 head of their cattle down.

When the agency moved from Cochetopa, I was given the cabins and corrals, since it would not have paid to have moved them. Jim Kelly and I freighted in some supplies and set up a little store in the cabins. We brought some cattle from San Luis valley and grazed them there. We had to get our supplies from Pueblo and Colorado Springs, and it was a hard, tedious journey over almost impassable roads or trails and about impossible in winter. However, our store more than paid us, for people were beginning to arrive in the country in large numbers, especially since a big gold discovery at Lake City.

Finding of Gold In Lake City

Hotchkiss, for whom the town of Hotchkiss was named, with his partner, had been prospecting for some time in the hills around where the town of Lake City now stands. One day they came upon another prospector digging a hole. They camped together for a few days, and when the prospector, who had no rifle, ran out of meat, he consented to trade his claim to the two men for a rifle. The trade was made and Hotchkiss and his partner soon uncovered a rich vein of ore that ran more than \$500 a ton. This discovery, of course, caused a rush to that part of the country, with the consequence that roads were opened and a boom town sprang up.

The ore was shipped to Denver in freight wagons, and guards were sent along to protect the shipments. This was the first real worth-while mine opened in that country. Later, Irwin, Crested Butte and other sections had their mining booms.

Jim and I moved our store to cabins near Gunnison, where Dos Rios ranch is now located. Here we were in the center of activities.

At first the mail went to Lake City by horseback; then, after the road was built for freighting and passengers were more numerous, a stage coach came thru Cebolla to Lake City. This became inconvenient so a post office was established in Cebolla. It was called "White Earth." We had our mail come to White Earth. Jim or I carried the mail once a week, but as Gunnison grew, we made trips twice a week.

About that time Mr. Adams came back from Brazil and was appointed postmaster inspector for the state. He appointed me postmaster at Gunnison; the office was in one of our cabins. It consisted of a box on the wall, and folks came from all around to get their mail and

trade at our little store. Later, as the town of Gunnison took shape, we moved the postoffice up there. I was postmaster nine years and nine months.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion February 29, 1940

Inside Stuff About Pioneer Life in Gothic and Irwin
J. E. Phillips Writes of Intimate Happenings When Mining Camps
Were Going Strong in Gunnison Headwaters on East River

J. E. Phillips of Alhambra, California, turns back another page in Colorado's history and tells of historical happenings of the days when he called Gunnison county home and edited the Elk Mountain Pilot. His letter of recent date follows:

Alhambra, California.
January 16, 1936.

News-Champion:

Mrs. Thatcher died in Pueblo last week, 80 years of age. She was the widow of Mahlon D. Thatcher, one of the Thatcher Brothers, who owned the First National Bank of Pueblo, and also had other banking interests all over Colorado.

The father of Mrs. Thatcher was a well known resident of Gunnison county many years ago. He was J. O. Jordan, who enjoyed spending his summers in Gothic, where he had mining interests. Mr. Jordan was from Vermont. He brought his family to Pueblo about 1870, and his daughter, then about 15, later, when she grew to a mature age, was married to Mr. Thatcher. From 1880 to 1890 Mr. Jordan was a familiar figure in and about Crested Butte and Gothic.

Uncle Charley Howe and Mother Howe kept the hotel in Gothic. They were typical New Englanders from Vermont, and the hotel in Gothic was a haven of rest and comfort to many a weary traveler. The rooms were clean and the beds comfortable; the table was plentifully loaded with the best to be had in the market, and if a speck of dirt was found in the office or on the porch, Uncle Charley was right there with a broom. Old miners, young men from the east, there to seek their fortune, were made to feel at home, and Mother Howe was always ready to see that they were comfortable. There was where J. O. Jordan enjoyed the blessings of life and talk about old Vermont. You could always get a New England dinner, New England talk, and really feel as though you were back in the old home. Any one who has travelled thru the White Mountains in New Hampshire and Vermont would say that the Gothic hotel was a reproduction of the summer inn or hotel that you find around the "Notch" in that country.

I first knew Mr. Jordan about 1879 in Rosita and Silver Cliff, Custer county. He would come up there to spend the summer with Uncle Jimmy Melvin at the Rosita hotel. There was quite a colony in that town preparing to migrate to National City, a suburb of San Diego, California. Mr. Jordan knew all of them, and got the habit of spending his winters in San Diego and the summers in Gothic. When the old-timers in Gothic would see J. O. Jordan and R. Meredith Jones, arriving from San Diego, they well knew that "springtime in the Rockies" had arrived, and they would get out their prospecting outfits and begin hunting for a grubstake.

Those were the good old times, long past gone, but never to be forgotten by the few remaining this side of the Pearly Gates.

S. A. Reed's Death

S. A. Reed died in New York a short time ago at the age of 81. To the average citizen of Gunnison county that news has no interest, but the time was when Mr. Reed was well known all over that county.

The firm of Rose, Reed & Williamson established an ore sampling plant in Irwin in 1880. The firm was Willet Rose, S. A. Reed and W. M. Williamson, all of New York. In those days every mining camp had a sampling plant, which was a market for odd or small lots of ore. Any

miner who had from a sack of ore to any quantity in tons could take it to the sampler, have it assayed, and the sampling owner would buy it from him, giving him a few dollars with which he could go back and work his claims, get out more ore, and gradually get his mine developed.

The Day of Independent Smelters

The smelters were independent operators at that time, and would often be short of a dry ore, or long on a sulphide ore, hence when these samplers all over the mining region would accumulate a carload of a certain class of ore, he would notify the smelter that was in need of that particular class of ore would bid a little premium above the market quotation in order to get it. When the Guggenheims organized the American Smelting and Refining Co., consolidating all smelters under one head, that killed off the public sampling business, hence they all went out of business. It was a good thing, as it gave the small producer a market for his ore in small lots, as he could not get a carload ready to ship.

Messrs. Rose, Reed and Williamson were important citizens to the welfare of Irwin. Mr. Rose was a member of the Denver club, and he suggested that Irwin should have a club. A few of us formed a club, and after the organization was made, we invited others whom we desired as members, to join. I think the membership was over a hundred at one time. After it was properly organized under a charter from the state, with Willet Rose as president, and the writer here, secretary, we rented a room, and then had to have it furnished. I was sent to Denver to buy the furniture. Among other things I bought a full set of glassware, decanters, drinking glasses, etc. I had the dealer have "I. C." frosted on each glass, standing for Irwin Club. On one glass the artist made a picture of a fat hog with its tail curling up over its back, and the inscription in frosted letters. "Don't drown the hog." Whenever it became necessary to use the glasses in the club the glass with the hog was always assigned to me and was known to be my glass.

Irwin Club Entertained Grant and Roosevelt

The club proved to be a useful asset to the town, as the members could entertain their friends and visitors, either on business or socially, as distinguished men were arriving frequently during the first two or three summers. For instance, we entertained Teddy Roosevelt, who was swinging around the circle before lighting on a cattle ranch in South Dakota. At that time he was not distinguished, but just a young man out of Harvard college, with no thought that in the future he would be president of the United States.

We had General Grant and all of the prominent statesmen of Colorado at one time or another, and many others from all parts of the country. As there was no lobby outside of a saloon in the town the club was just the place where members could meet friends and discuss business or social affairs, thereby filling a long-felt want.

The club got along fine until the ladies of the town spread the gossip that their husbands spent their evenings there, drinking and playing poker. As a matter of fact, no liquor was kept and there never had been a game of poker in the club. An occasional game of whist (the popular game of the day) was the only card playing.

Social Event Backfired

We decided to have one evening a week open for lady visitors - hold a reception, as it were - so that they might snoop around. That worked all right, and finally developed to our having a ball; inviting everybody, securing a caterer to serve refreshments. It worked out fine and was a great success. After a while we decided to have another ball. The evening arrived and

the elite assembled. They were parading around, getting ready to form for the grand march, when all of a sudden the men began to reach down, the ladies excused themselves and retired to the private room. The ballroom was deserted, ladies and gentlemen standing around, scratching for dear life.

What was the matter?

Soon, couple by couple began to depart. The club members were mortified and embarrassed. Later on it developed that someone had gotten in thru a window in the afternoon and sprinkled cowitch on the floor. You can buy that at any drug store and it has the same effect as cayenne or red pepper, only more so. Anyway, it broke up the ball.

Irwin Club Disbands

About 1883 there was no ore going out, and but few miners employed. It began to dawn on the citizens what we were all there for. One by one, and in groups, people were leaving the camp, until it began to look like Irwin was fast drifting into a ghost town. There were but five members of the club left in the camp, Sam Metzler, V. A. Wilder, myself and two others, whom I do not recall. We met one evening, locked the door to exclude visitors, and went into a huddle to devise ways and means to pay our bills, as dues had stopped coming in and we owed rent, janitor, lights and fuel bills, which were accumulating - a burden on the remaining members. We decided we would hold an auction. Mr. Wilder was auctioneer and I was clerk. We would sell everything to ourselves who would get the benefit of the bargains. I was instructed to collect the money for the sale, pay off all bills, and if there was any money left over, I was to give an oyster supper to the surviving members. I think there was about nine dollars left over, but in the 52 years since that time, I have never been able to get two members of that club together to dispense with the hospitality of an oyster supper. Thus ended the Irwin club.

Yours,

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Looking Backward Over 58 Years of Gunnison County History

* * * * *

Stories of Early Days In and Around Irwin

J. E. Phillips, veteran editor of Elk Mountain Pilot, who now is living in retirement in Alhambra, Calif., recalls experiences in Gunnison county of 58 years ago.

Alhambra, Calif.,

May 12, 1942.

Fifty-eight years ago this day I moved the Elk Mountain Pilot from Irwin, Colorado, to Crested Butte. Strange to say, I am here to tell it to the public.

Charley Julian loaded the newspaper plant onto two bobsleds and hauled it into Crested Butte on sled runners, as there was still enough snow on the ground at that date. I suppose this season of the year has changed since then and the town is free from snow before the first of May. I put up a two-story building on a lot that I bought in the middle of the block adjoining Bob Short's saloon on one side, and Charley Kramer's haberdashery on the other. My office was upstairs, and the ground floor was rented for a store. Why did I leave Irwin? I just had to, or be stranded in a ghost town.

When I left there was Wallace & Fraser's grocery store; Sam Metzler, the Bank of Irwin; R. R. Kelley's mining hotel; Ed Crooke, a saloon; and Mrs. George A. Russ, a booster for the camp. So you see the size of the town was dwindling down to a whisper.

The Forest Queen and Bullion King mines were working, and Mrs. Chestnut still ran a boarding house at the Ruby chief mine. All of these people arranged during that year to move to Crested Butte, leaving no one in Irwin. While there was a newspaper in the town called "The Gazette," owned by John Wallace Ohl, G. W. Temple, and a Mr. Showalter, there was nothing else for me to do but squeeze in and share the business with them. Crested Butte was a good business town. There were two coal mines, employing over 300 men, and there was a good trade coming from Poverty Gulch, Pittsburgh, Gothic, and Crystal river regions.

Wallace & Fraser bought out Cullom & Co., and moved from Irwin; Sam Metzler purchased J. B. Thompson's bank. Jos. Block had moved his meat market and formed a partnership with Reese Carlisle.

The Gazette folded up in the fall of the year, leaving me with the newspaper field, which I occupied for nine years - until 1893 - when I sold out and went to Cripple Creek. I published the Pilot in Irwin for three years and eleven months.

Crested Butte was a small settlement in 1880. No hotel, only one store and one saloon. Mrs. John Songer kept a boarding house, serving meals to travelers, and it became a popular place to stop at. A Mr. Burno had a saloon. Holt I. Axtell arrived from Chicago with a big stock of goods and opened a lumber yard. In 1882 they built the Elk Mountain Hotel, and for a number of years enjoyed quite a tourist share every summer. Wallace & Fraser sold out a couple of years later to M. J. Gray, who did a big business for several years. Aspen had been discovered and much of his trade came from that section, all of which helped Crested Butte to grow. The county built a road over Pearl pass, and a road was also built over Maroon pass, and a mail stage put on and freight teams were soon busy.

Glick Bros. did a big mercantile business in Crested Butte. Next door to the bank, Billy Knight had a drug store, and next to his place Anderson Bros. conducted a barber shop, while John Engstrom ran a shoe store; Geo. Havercamp, a cigar store, and across the street, Dr. Phelps

also had a drug store. Block & Carlisle were proprietors of a meat market, but Block sold out to Capt. John Tetard, who had been the town marshal, and the firm then became Tetard & Carlisle. Still another meat market was owned by James Livesy.

Other places of business in Crested Butte at that period were those of John and Hugh Bruce, general store and bakery; Karl Schaefer, restaurant; Adam Miller, furniture store. Judge Thomas Hookey dealt out justice in a little court room in morning, while in afternoons the court would be found in Shorts' saloon, enjoying a long toddy. James Phelan conducted a hotel next to Holt & Axtell's store. We had two good livery stables; Dan Miner did a transfer business, while Charley Julian drove the bus to the depot and had a freight line to Irwin. John McClosky ran a blacksmith shop. Dr. J. W. Rockefeller looked after the health of the Elk Mountain metropolis.

In 1878 there was a small valley, or wide gulch, heavily timbered, with a little stream trickling down - not a trail or even evidence that a white man had traversed the region, at that time the home of wild animals hunted by the Ute Indians; over 150 miles from a town, excepting Gunnison, which at that time was only a hamlet, with one store and a cluster of half a dozen houses.

In the summer of '79, some venturesome prospectors penetrated the heavily timbered gulch, where afterwards Irwin was located. By golly! they struck it in rich ruby silver ore, and the place was named Ruby Gulch on account of the ore found - rich as a thousand dollars to be found. Other prospectors came, and other rich veins were located. Prospectors loaded a few jacks with the rich ore and sent it to Denver via Alamosa, the nearest railroad point at that time. In Denver it was examined and assayed. It was looked upon as a phenomenal rich strike. Specimens from the men's ore sacks were scattered from San Francisco to New York, some even sent to London and Paris.

Winter arrived, and while the men knew it was a snowy region, they did not realize that it would become so severe that one could not get up there in wintertime except with great difficulty. Great publicity was given the mineral discovery and people from all over the country were preparing to go there as soon as spring arrived. During the month of May and June of 1880, there were on the road freight and machinery valued at from \$50,000 to \$100,000; people from all walks of life were planning to start in some kind of business at the new camp. They had no evidence of a shaft over 50 feet deep.

The first issues of my paper were printed in a log cabin. One can imagine the confusion with all the activity going on. Plenty of mechanics, good wages, money plentiful, and by the time everything was in readiness, snows of another winter were ready to come. There were two variety theatres and 23 drinking saloons in camp.

During the first season before we got a telegraph line in, we had no way of telling who were coming on the daily stages until they arrived. Oft times vaudeville stars would arrive unannounced, scheduled to appear at the theatres. Fred Roberts, stage manager, would rush up to the printing office and yell: "Stop the press! Stop the press!! Two more new stars have come to town."

A townsite was platted, then it was discovered we were over the line and extending into the Ute Indian reservation, therefore, we could not give good title to town lots. General McKenzie of the U. S. Army, was on hand to see that there was no trouble between the whites and the reds. That fall, Senator Teller got a bill thru congress, declaring the reservation open for settlement, and removing the Utes to a reservation at Uinah, Utah. The reservation thrown open took in all the country where Grand Junction, Montrose and Delta are today located.

What brought about the building of the town; expending so large an investment without first investigating? Why, it was the mines, of course. That there were mines here there is no doubt. Shipments of ore prove that there are about five different mines in the district that have made shipments of real ore that in most districts would be called high grade, but cost of mining, coupled with the small size of the veins at that time, would not make it pay. The veins, while rich, were small, freight rates high; smelter charges high, and hand-sorting of ore made it expensive. By lower rates now, and improved methods of mining operations, it might be the means of making these properties pay. However, the former owners, disgusted and forced to quit, are now all gone, with no one to take their place. Most of these early-day mines have been sold to the county for delinquent taxes. I see the great Sylvanite mine has been sold for taxes. It cost a Chicago syndicate a lot of money, but the members are now dead and the present generation is not mining-minded.

Yours,

J. E. PHILLIPS

Reprinted from News-Champion of May 28, 1942.

Vivid Story of Early Days in Irwin
Told by J. E. Phillips, Former Resident This Locality
Veteran Journalist, Now Residing in California,
Describes Ore Discoveries, the Rush of Miners,
Visits of Famous Americans, How Coal Lands were Developed, Etc.

Alhambra, Calif.,
Jan. 28, 1935.

News-Champion:-

During the five years, from 1880 to 1885, it is claimed that there were over 5,000 people living in Ruby and Irwin. On Main street, up and down the gulch, we had one and two-story business houses with stocks of goods; hotels, saloons and gambling halls, theatres, all kinds of shops, a bank and every kind of business that makes up a complete town. It was a seething mass of humanity, with now and then a shooting affair; troubles that kept the two marshals, John McCormick and Tex Carson, busy. This was all brot about by the discovery of rich silver in about half a dozen mines. While the hills were all located for mining claims, there were only about five or six that produced any ore. Many of these claim-locators proceeded to patent their claims, making good business for the Elk Mountain Pilot, which published the patent notices.

The mines that reached production were the Forest Queen, the Venango, Bullion King, Ruby Chief, Howard Extension and Lead Chief. It is estimated that these six mines produced about two million dollars in silver during the eighties, after which they were nearly all shut down and abandoned.

Where did all this rich ore come from? Not from the skies; then it must have come from below. There is not a shaft in the whole district over 300 feet deep. With present day modern machinery, that depth is not considered much below grass roots. Then you would eventually think there is more ore where this came from, if some future generation decided to go deeper. The season is short and climate bad, but not any worse than camps in the San Juan country.

There is romance about the discovery of any mine. A man named Fisher, driving a team up there in 1879, got stuck in the mud. He asked a man named Mace to help him with the team. So grateful was Fisher that he told Mace he would locate him in on any mining location. In a few days Fisher located two claims, one, the Forest Queen, he gave to Mace, and kept the other, the Ruby King. The Forest Queen proved to be valuable and Mace sold out for \$50,000, hit the trail for Missouri and never came back. Fisher got but little out of the Ruby King, which was bought by Col. W. T. Holt and Ira Brown. It is claimed the Forest Queen produced over a million dollars.

The Venango was located by Edward Copley, a brother of Mrs. Thaw of Pittsburgh, mother of the famous Harry K. Thaw. Mr. Copley had J. L. Seldomridge and the De-LaVances as partners. They shipped some high grade ore and were offered \$150,000 for the mine. It was afterwards sold for taxes and abandoned. There is a vein of fine iron, silver, carbonate ore in that mine.

The Ruby Chief and Howard Extension were located by Charley Deffenbaugh and Frank Richey, who were grubstaked and sent there from Leadville by Howard Smith. In 1881 they were taking out ruby and brittle silver, and when General Grant visited the district that year he was taken to see the mine, as being the show place of the section. The General and his party carried away several hundred dollars in specimens.

The Bullion King was located by George and Bill Yule and Jim Preston. George Yule was the first sheriff of Gunnison county. They sold the mine to eastern Pennsylvania capitalists and Col. E. A. Buck of New York. Price was \$40,000. What ore they took out was high grade ruby and brittle silver. They never got down over 200 feet in depth.

In the winter of 1888, while working in high grade ore, a snowslide came down, wrecking all buildings and killing some of the people. Among the dead was Mrs. Ropell, wife of the superintendent. After that disaster, the mine never started up again, although it was claimed the men were in high grade ore at the bottom of the shaft when the snowslide happened.

A. T. Gilkerson, a Missouri farmer, loaded his family into a covered wagon and drove out to the Rocky Mountains. He camped on the shore of Lake Brennan, as the grass was good for the horses. When he was ready to move on, he found one of his horses dead. Being delayed several days before he could secure another horse, his ten-year-old son, hammering around on rocks, brought in a piece that proved to be galena, full of silver. That was the cause of locating the Lead Chief mine, which Mr. Gilkerson later sold for \$60,000, took his money and went to Fort Collins, where he bought a farm and raised his family to be useful citizens of that locality. The Gurley Bros., real estate firm of Denver, sold the mine for him to E. P. Jacobson, who re-sold it for \$125,000 to Henry and William Amy of New York. Mr. Jacobson built the Jacobson Block on the corner of 16th and Arapahoe streets, opposite the post office in Denver.

The last time I was in Irwin, some ten years ago, the only thing I saw to remind me that anybody had ever lived there were Sam Metzler's water plugs up and down the gulch, as he had built a water works for the town in the days of its prosperity.

A million years from now, when archeologists come around, they will say that at one time this was a tropical climate, and they will probably locate the Garden of Eden on the shores of Lake Brennan. When they see that water pipe line, they will say that when Solomon got all of his gold and silver out of those mines to build his temple, that he piped the water down to the valley of the Lebanon, where he had located all of his old, worn-out miners, who lived the balance of their lives on the Townsend old age pension.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

In this 19th Annual Pioneer Edition of the News-Champion many have asked us to include one of the stories about Irwin and its glamorous early days that the late J. E. Phillips, veteran newspaper man of the Elk Mountains, used to write about. Phillips founded the Elk Mountain Pilot (still being printed from the News-Champion press and published at Crested Butte) in June of 1880. During his late years, while living in California, he wrote many chapters about the days when Irwin was known from coast to coast as a boom mining town. The fact that Abner Hahn is now engaging in reviving the old Forest Queen mine is of special interest at this time.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of March 7, 1935

When Irwin Was Mining Center Of The Elk Mountains In Early Eighties

* *

Vivid Tale Of General Grant's Visit To The Gunnison Region In 1880

Told By J. E. Phillips

You published recently the death of R. E. L. (Lee) Townsend. That brings back to my memory events that occurred a long, long time ago.

Captain S. L. Townsend, with his wife and son, Robert E. Lee Townsend, arrived in Irwin from Victoria, Texas, with the first quartz mill ever to have been brought into the Gunnison country, in the summer of 1880. Lee Townsend, at that time, was a boy about 15 years of age.

The only way to reach Irwin or the Ruby silver camp, at that time was up Ohio creek, past the Teachout ranch, then to Walmsley ranch, where Carbon creek comes into the Ohio, a place afterward called Castleton; thence up to King's ranch, at the head of Ohio creek. This was only five miles from Irwin, over the low pass, and for several months was the stopping place of all travelers.

King's ranch was owned by W. H. King, Dave Drake and George Markley, who afterward lived in Montrose. They set a table at all hours of day and night, with not near enough rooms to take care of the traveling public. Many travelers carried their own blankets and were prepared to "bed down" at any place. There was a big corral for horses, barns and other out-buildings, so for several months in the spring of 1880, the King, Drake & Markley ranch was a very busy place. Remnants and foundations of these old buildings can still be seen around the location, if one makes a trip up the old road from Baldwin.

From about February 1st to June 1st in 1880, there were thousands of people gathered in Gunnison waiting for snow to go so that they could get to Irwin, Ruby camp, and to Gothic, where sensationally famed mines were located.

About a half-mile above King's ranch, there was an open space where snow disappeared rapidly, but from there on came a steep trail, ascending on an angle of seemingly 45 degrees, where the snow hung on. It was most difficult to get all the way to Irwin as late as June. At the foot of this trail, in the open space mentioned above, four horse freight teams would arrive and unload. There was nothing else to do. Dave Wood, Joe Able, Jim McGee, and other outfits, and dozens of freight teams on the road from Alamosa - the forwarding point - where McIntyre and Bean had an agency to receive and forward all freight shipments. There were many thousands of dollars worth of merchandise dumped out at this point, at the foot of the long hill, only four miles from Irwin. No less than six big mercantile stores had their stocks of goods piled up there, waiting for the snow to go, so that they might reach this new camp of wonderful expectations. It finally was called Skinnerville, as Jim Skinner had a big stock there; also Brown & Kirkpatrick, John Packard, Bartlett & Co., Harding Bros., Wallace & Fraser, and others.

One day a caravan of four-horse teams arrived at Skinnerville, loaded with all kinds of mill machinery. We soon learned that it was for a smelter at Irwin, to be known as the Good Enough Mining and Milling Co., with Captain S. L. Townsend, president. He, with his wife and son, Lee, also three or four others, all officers of the company - vice-president, secretary, and treasurer - were en route to the diggings. Everything was dumped out and temporary camp established. Captain Townsend located his mill site at the lower end of Irwin and Ruby City, but had to wait until the snow left and a sawmill could come to saw lumber for any and all buildings.

First Mineral Discovery Made in 1879

You must remember that the first mineral discovery was made in this new district in the summer of 1879. In that season there were only about a dozen dirt-roof cabins built where Irwin was to be located, while there were about six mines that had rich grade silver ore. Also, there were hundreds of locations made, and the excitement was great - no one was familiar with climatic conditions, had never lived there before, but it was soon found out that prospecting could be done during about five months in the year, as snow came early and stayed late. Very little real mining was done in 1879, and I doubt there was a shaft 40 feet deep in the whole district. Yet there was a smelter to be built. When and if it were put to a test, hardly twenty tons of ore would be ready for it.

Who in the world had ordered a smelter, when it was not yet known how much ore would be ready for treatment?

It was soon found out that Commodore William H. Webb, a millionaire shipbuilder of New York, was putting up the money. He knew nothing about the business, but was no doubt talked into it by Captain Townsend and his friends.

When snow was gone, and Eckerly's sawmill turned out some lumber they started building the smelter. They first built a large dining room and kitchen and bunk house to take care of the workers. During the summer, Marshall Webb came out from New York and seemingly took charge. The original crowd with Capt. Townsend disappeared from the job. Whether they were bought out, or just what happened, I never knew. Afterward, Capt. Townsend went over west of Irwin and made some coal locations, near what was known as the Muncey coal lands. John E. Packard, merchant of Irwin, backed him in this enterprise by supplying him with goods for all his needs, but this venture did not prove a success. After giving his attention to these coal locations for two or three years, Townsend left, and I never knew what became of him. I became well acquainted with him while he lived in Irwin. He was a native of New Jersey, where he followed a sea-faring life in the coast trade. On a voyage to the southern coast of Texas, along the Gulf of Mexico, he liked the country and settled there during the fifties. Being there when the Civil War broke out, Townsend joined the Southern Confederacy, and hence named his son after General Robert E. Lee.

Mr. Packard is one of the very few men whom I knew, of that period of 61 years ago, who is still living. He is a widower and lives in Los Angeles, being about 86 years old. He has two married daughters and manages to get around to see them once a year. In thinking over who was living around there at that time, I do not remember anyone but Mr. Packard, M. J. Gray (who lives here and is now about 92, in good health, having wonderful care given him by his wife). In Gunnison county, I can recall only S. P. Spencer, your banker; Joe Block of Denver, then a ten-year-old lad, who came to Irwin with his father who had a butcher shop. Then I recall the Jarvis boys, Royal and Fred, but who else, I've forgotten.

Marshall Webb was the son of Commodore Webb. He would go home to New York in fall, and in the spring, two weeks before starting back, he would ship out by freight a barrel of whiskey. There is no denying the fact that Marshall Webb drank a lot of whiskey. He was a young man, about 40, and very attentive to business.

After about three years, that smelter was finished - with no ore to run it. They did manage to scrape together enough to make a test run, producing a silver brick about the size of an ordinary clay brick, but one of the workmen stole it. They suspected who the thief was, and when he was accused, he confessed and took them to where he had hid it under a bridge. The smelter stood idle for years, no doubt being dismantled gradually until I do not think that today

there is anything left to mark the place where it stood. Marshall Webb, a good fellow, returned to his home, disgusted with the whole country.

In the spring of 1881, they went through the same performance of dumping goods at the foot of the hill, through unloading and later getting them after snow was gone. There were no less than six general merchandise stores, with stocks valued at from ten to fifteen thousand dollars each. Mr. Packard secured about a dozen burros and, you might say, ran a pack train from King's ranch to his store. Lee Townsend, as a lad, I think, worked at that job. Shipments would be loaded in early morning, about five o'clock, each burro would carry about 200 pounds. Getting up in early morning, the men would drive back and the burros would feed on grass all the afternoon. The Elk Mountain Pilot called it "Packard's Jerusalem Express."

General Grant Visits Irwin Summer of '80

It was in Marshall Webb's dining hall that we entertained Ex-President U. S. Grant. In the summer of 1880, General Grant arrived at San Francisco from his famous trip around the world that he wrote a book about, and on his way across the continent, he stopped off in Denver to see his old friend, Governor John L. Routt, who had been his quartermaster in the army at Vicksburg. When Grant became president, he appointed Mr. Routt territorial governor of Colorado, and when Colorado became a state in 1876, Routt ran on the Republican ticket and was elected.

Grant, according to records compiled at the Colorado State Historical Society, visited Denver four times. First visit was on July 21, 1868, when he arrived by stage coach over the old Smoky Hill route, stopping at the terminal located at what is now Colfax Ave. and Broadway, Denver. He was General Grant then. Generals Sheridan, Sherman and Dent were with him. All stopped at the Planters House.

On his second trip to Colorado, Grant was accompanied by his wife and daughter, Nellie. They arrived in Denver on April 26, 1873.

The next day (Sunday), which incidentally happened to be Grant's birthday, he and his family attended services at the old Lawrence Street Methodist-Episcopal church in company with Governor John Evans and family. Rev. R. T. Vincent preached.

In October of 1875, Grant came to Colorado for the third time, making trips to Georgetown, Pueblo and Colorado Springs.

Grant Loved the Mountains

Grant loved the Colorado mountains and the visit here that he enjoyed the most was in 1880, shortly after his famous around-the-world tour. He wrote to his friend, John L. Routt, then governor of Colorado, saying:

"I want to get away among your mountains when we reach Denver and I want you to get a team and light rig and you and I, with a good driver, who knows the country, will go off by ourselves. You know what I want. Fix it up." Routt "fixed it up."

Wanting to do something out of the ordinary to entertain the General, Governor Routt hatched up a scheme to take Grant and party over to the famous Gunnison country, which meant a 150 mile ride from the railroad. At that time the Gunnison country was the attraction all over the nation, the same as the Klondyke in 1898.

Gov. Routt planned to take the General and his party over the South Park railroad to Webster - the end of the track in South Park. There he had arranged to have a stout spring wagon with two good horses, and a driver. In the party was the General, his son, Fred, Major

Smith and Gov. Routt. Leaving Webster, they passed thru Buena Vista, up Chalk creek pass to St. Elmo, thence to Tin Cup, then down Taylor river, via Union park and Lottis creek to Jack's Cabin, where they stayed all night. Next morning the party passed thru Crested Butte, at that time a very small cluster of houses. In fact, Mrs. John Songer's boarding house and Burns' saloon were about all of Crested Butte, as the big coal mine had not yet been opened.

In Irwin we were all agog about how we were going to entertain the distinguished guests, who were expected to arrive about 11:00 a. m. It was planned that every fellow who had a horse would form in line and ride a half-mile down the road to meet the party. We had no band, but did have a kettle and bass drum, which we loaded onto a spring wagon, pulled by two little mules. As editor of the Elk Mountain Pilot and town publicity man, I was invited to ride in the cavalcade, but told them I had no horse. I was told, "Oh, we will get you a horse," and in a short time up came a horse and saddle to my office, so I went along.

Down the road we spied the visitors coming, and Charley Shackleford, our spokesman, holding the reins of his fiery steed with one hand and waving his sombrero with the other, said: "Welcome to Our City." He then wheeled into line and we started, leading the procession. Next came our drum corps, then the distinguished guests. As the route was up a steep grade, the little old mules wheezed a bit in pulling the wagon and the drummers went boom-d-boom, and rat-at-tating on their drums. As I looked at General Grant, I could not help visioning his thoughts at that time. Just imagine, he had visited all of the crowned heads of the world, listened to classical music, and now, to think here he was riding behind two noisy drums going up a gulch of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado.

We drove up thru the town to the Ruby Chief mine, where we had some fine specimens of ore laid out for the distinguished guest. On our way back, one of the party got into the wagon while Fred Grant rode his horse alongside of me. Passing thru the settled part of Irwin, I was talking to Grant - telling of our wonderful district - when suddenly a fellow jumped out of a saloon, threw his arms around my horse's neck and demanded that I get off at once. Somewhat frightened and embarrassed, I dismounted. It seems that a cowboy had ridden into the stable and left his horse, and when the committee wanted a horse for me, they spied this one, took him, and brought him for me to ride.

I did not know whose horse I was riding, and it simply meant that I had to walk down to Marshall Webb's banquet hall, where he had provided a fine dinner. We had a glorious time, about fifty or sixty of us at the banquet. Marshall Webb's chef got up a swell meal, and Webb's whiskey barrel in evidence helped out a lot.

We had two towns at that time, Irwin and Ruby; there were two mayors: Ed Trevor was mayor of Irwin, and C. Christopher was mayor of Ruby. Christopher was originally from Leadville, laying out the town-site he named Ruby City, platting the ground and selling town lots. He was more suave than Mayor Trevor, could get around and introduce folks handsomely, which made Trevor jealous, and he refused to go to the banquet. Next morning I was walking down the street with Governor Routt on my right, when a man opened a nearby cabin door and pointed a gun. The governor says: "Look at the man; he's going to shoot," and jumped to the other side of me. I looked, recognized the man as Trevor, and hollered to him. He put his gun down and came over and I introduced the mayor of Irwin to the Governor.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 17, 1941

Easterly Recalls Grant's Visit

In connection with Mr. Phillips' story, News-Champion recalls a story once told to us by Lewis H. Easterly of Gunnison, who was in the crowd the day General Grant passed thru Ohio creek on his trip related above.

Said Mr. Easterly: "The last time I saw General Grant was in July of 1880, when he was driving a mule team down Ohio creek toward Gunnison. It was a warm day in mid-summer and the General was making a tour of mining camps of Gunnison county, having shortly before returned from his trip around the world. I had often seen Grant during Civil War times. After spending two days at Irwin, mingling with miners and getting the real, old-fashioned flavor of the boom towns, the party drove to Castleton, staying all night at Jim Mays' place. The General fished in Ohio creek during the morning, and coming down the valley, he stopped for a drink of buttermilk at the Ed Teachout ranch, now the McKee place.

"I was walking up the road with Charley Collins, when I saw the mule team approaching and was pretty sure it was General Grant and party. I saluted, as became an ex-soldier, and Grant stopped and returned the salute and inquired if that was Gunnison where a cloud of dust hung over the lower valley, about seven miles down. Moving freight teams in and out of our valley did make a heavy pall of dust over the entire lower part of the surrounding country. There were no trees or grass growing there then.

"It is said that Grant stopped in Gunnison, staying at the Mullin House in west town and made several trips into surrounding territory. One of these was to Steuben Creek which he labelled S. O. B. Creek because of the bad roads. The name still sticks."

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 17, 1941

Lake City In Boom Days Of Late Seventies
Complete History of That Era in Files of Silver World

* *

(By Henry F. Lake, Jr.)

The early history of Lake City, first substantial town west of the continental Divide in Colorado, has always held a fascination for the writer perhaps because in the school year of 1897-1898, he was principal of schools at that still lively mining camp and grew to know the town, its surroundings and its people. Families of these citizens of 45 years ago still remain in this typical western town, which even then fondly hoped to again regain its title as "The Metropolis of the San Juan."

It happens also that Mrs. Lake, daughter of Mr. and Mr. J. M. Allen, pioneer people of the state, was born in Lake City and always associated a sentimental interest to the locality. Recently Mrs. Lake concluded to obtain proof of her birth and age, a job that many Colorado people are attempting these days, since there is a lot of agitation about its desirability. But almost everybody who lived in Hinsdale county 50 or 60 years ago, seemed gone to the Great Beyond or were lost in the shuffle of time. Only two men, D. C. Baker, now of Compton, California, and Sherman Williams, who died in March of this year at Lake City, could be located.

But happily being newspaper folks, we bethot ourselves of files of the Lake City Silver World, a paper, the first west of the range, started on June 19, 1875. Were there any such files? Was all that early history irretrievably lost to time's remorseless vacuity - just grass cut by the sythe, dried and scattered to the wind.

Happy to relate, these early-day files of the Silver World exist, from the first issue thru four years of vicissitude and are kept under lock and key in rooms of the State Historical Society at Denver. In a recent trip to Denver we looked up Miss Rex, librarian in the Capitol Annex west, which houses the state historical Society, and were afforded a look at this priceless history of our section of the western slope, from the time Alfred Packer, the cannibal, slaughtered his victims, but two miles south of the townsite of Lake City, thru exciting days of 1874, when Enos Hotchkiss discovered the great Golden Fleece lode, into boom days of the late seventies, when the "Ute & Ule," Ocean Wave, and a dozen other bonanzas were located; on up to days when Lake City yielded its honors as Western Slope Metropolis to "Gunnison the Great." That also had its boom and depression, along with Silverton, Ouray and Telluride, as mining centers.

In the file of 1878, we found the historical announcement of a four-line item about the birth of a daughter in the Allen family, and took photostat copies as proof of age and nationality, for filing in the county judge's office, where the data will be available should Mrs. Lake ever want to make a trip abroad and need an official visa. Proof of the writer's birthday was made from the old family Bible brought from Michigan and kept (religiously, of course,) among Lake genealogical records.

However, in this file of the Lake City Silver World, January issue, edited by Olney & Peyton, were two columns of an historical sketch of the discovery and growth of Hinsdale county which covered several years up to that date. It was of such interest that News-Champion reproduces it for such as have a yen to read about those old records. We hope it proves as fascinating to you as to the writer to review these files, the only record of days when Lake City was the loadstone that drew thousands over the Continental Divide into San Juan's great unknown.

Historical Review of Lake City, Colorado

Lake City Silver World, Jan. 4, 1878.

THE SOUTHWESTERN METROPOLIS

Its Wonderful Growth - Future - Progress of a Year - Business - Prospects

It had been our intention to devote this number of the Silver World almost entirely to a review of the year; to have given statistics as to amount of business done, freight received, -- and many other items of interest and information in addition to those we present but the accumulation of business, private duties and inability to obtain some of the data required, have somewhat curtailed the extent of the work. What we have gathered together is in itself a flattering showing and is sufficient to establish the truth of the assertion that

THE GROWTH OF LAKE CITY

during the year 1877 was more rapid, healthier, greater and more substantial than that of any other western town wherever you may find it, and has settled beyond a peradventure the question of its future, and established it as the metropolis, not only of the San Juan, but of the Southwest.

In this connection a brief glance at some of the most important events connected with the history of the town may not be inappropriate.

As is well known by nearly everybody who resides, or who has resided here, the discovery by Enos T. Hotchkiss of the mine (later the Golden Fleece), which bears his name led to the location of the town. The mine was discovered in August, 1874, by Mr. H., who was at that time engaged in building the Saguache and San Juan toll road thru this valley to the Animas river.

TOWN OF SILVERTON

The first cabins were erected by Mr. E. T. Hotchkiss during that month. The Bartholfs, B. A. Sherman, the Lee Bros., Finley Sparling, Brockett and others followed and the foundation of the town was laid. The town company then organized was officered as follows: President, Henry Finley; Secretary, F. Newton Bogue; Treasurer, W. T. Ring. Those, with Otto Mears, Isaac Gotthelff, E. T. Hotchkiss and H. M. Woods, constituted the first board of trustees. The townsite was entered in the U. S. Land Office at Del Norte in October, 1875.

When the spring of 1875 opened, the town comprised 13 log cabins.

At the spring election, April 3, 1875 Henry Finley, J. H. Haines, D. M. Watson, C. P. Foster and Isaac Waldron were elected trustees of the town; Frank Curtis, clerk; Oscar Downtain, constable, and J. W. Cline, street supervisor.

The first wedding was that of D. T. Hughes and Kitty Eastman, May 14, 1875.

The first sawmill was erected in May 1875, by Finley & Church.

The Presbyterian Society was organized June 18, 1875, by Rev. Alex M. Darley, being the first religious organization.

The first issue of the SILVER WORLD was June 19, 1875.

The first child born in the town was on July 8, 1875, to the wife of S. W. Hoyt; the event was duly celebrated and was chronicled by the SILVER WORLD as a "red letter day."

The first coach of Barlow & Sanderson's stage line arrived from Saguache July 11, 1875.

Barlow & Sanderson's coaches began making regular tri-weekly trips between this place and Saguache, carrying the mail.

The Lake City and Antelope park toll road was completed November 2, 1875. The meeting at which the company was organized, was held at Del Norte, June 23, 1875. The board

of directors chosen at this meeting were: J. H. Shaw, Alva Adams, Herman Schiffer, Henry Finley, E. J. Shaw and Chas. Newman; Alva Adams, president; Chas. Newman, secretary; E. J. Shaw, treasurer. Contract for building the road was let July 19th.

November 1, 1875, the town contained sixty-seven finished buildings and about 400 inhabitants.

The town made rapid strides in growth and development during 1876.

Among the principal events were the completion July 4th of Crooke's concentration works, and in December of Van Gisson's lixiviation works, the sale of the Ute & Ule mine for the sum of \$135,000, and the sale of eleven-twelfths of the Ocean Wave mine. These four events attracted additional attention to this point and led to considerable immigration during the year; and, no doubt, to these events is also largely due the great and unparalleled growth of the present year (1876).

On the 1st of November, 1876, the population of the town was estimated at from 800 to 1,000, and contained

Two assayers.

Two banks.

Three bakeries.

Three barber shops.

Two billiard halls.

Five blacksmith shops.

Three boot and shoe stores.

Two brick yards.

Two breweries.

Two cigar factories.

One clothing house.

Five corrals and feed stables.

Two drug stores.

One furniture house.

Fourteen stores dealing in general merchandise.

Four hardware stores.

Four hotels.

Two jewelry establishments.

Four Chinese laundries.

Fifteen lawyers.

Four meat markets.

One newspaper, The Silver World.

Three newsdealers.

Three painters.

One planing mill.

Six restaurants (two open all night).

Seven saloons.

Four sawmills.

One shingle mill.

Nine surveyors.

By the first of February, 1877, building was recommenced and by March 1st a large number of business houses and residences were in process of construction.

Property advanced rapidly in value; lots, which on the first of December or January could not find purchasers at \$250 or \$300, on the 1st of March readily commanded \$500 and \$600; residence-lots and lots in less prominent business locations rose in value in the same proportion. Buildings went up like magic, and rose on every hand. So great was the demand for lumber that the mills could not supply the demand, and the planing mill, altho running night and day a large portion of the time, could not turn out dressed lumber as fast as it was required, while dry, or seasoned lumber could scarcely be had at all.

Active building continued until after midsummer, and up to late fall was continued in but slightly diminished numbers. From actual count the number of buildings erected during the year 1877, was 136, costing \$212,680. Many of those were costly structures and nearly all were far more substantial in their character than are generally erected in a new town. Elsewhere we publish a list of the new buildings, by whom erected, cost, etc., with description of some of the most costly ones.

POPULATION

The increase in population during the year was not only rapid, but substantial, and the class of newcomers far superior to those who usually rush into a frontier town, and especially a mining camp. The immigration began with the opening of the year 1877, the coaches first coming in loaded, compelling the line to put on daily service as early as April 10th. The real rush came later when teams began pouring in loaded with human freight. During April, May and June, the roads leading into the town were perfectly lined with newcomers, pedestrians with packs on their backs, or on burros and jacks, men on horseback and in wagons - a constant stream of humanity pouring into San Juan through this, the metropolis.

Of course, the largest share of these newcomers were disappointed. They came with no adequate idea of the country, totally ignorant of the character of the mines or of mining, in fact, comparatively few were practical men, and the largest proportion were either adventurers or men who were masters of no trade, perhaps ready to do anything, but unable to, or not knowing how or in what channel to direct their energies. The exodus of this class often was about as rapid and great as was their incoming.

Meanwhile business men, mechanics, men of capital or worth, came in great numbers and stayed, and today Lake City can boast of the best class of citizens to be found in any town east or west. The legitimate population is fully 2,000; many good judges place it at 2,500. The number of buildings in town is over 500.

Among other items in that issue of the Silver World we note the following:

Mesdames Latimer & Allen have the only exclusive stock of ladies fancy and furnishing goods. They keep a full line of millinery and manufacture to order.

John Latimer keeps produce, fruits, candy and nuts.

J. M. Allen has the only merchant tailoring establishment.

Avery & Rice keep the largest stock of standard books and miscellany, school books, stationery, etc.

Names of seven physicians, six assayers, sixteen lawyers, three insurance agencies, five dealers in produce and grain, two U. S. deputy mineral surveyors are given.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of April 29, 1943

How B. W. Lewis Built Famed La Veta Hotel At Gunnison. His Plans For Another Pittsburgh

* *

J. E. Phillips Relates Picturesque Story of Early Days When St. Louis Capitalists Undertook
Great Things for the "Future Great"; Otto Mears Fearful Capitol
Would Be Moved to Our City; Development of Granite Quarries

Alhambra, California,

Sept. 15, 1935.

Gunnison county has deposits of iron ore yet to be developed. Right after the railroad reached Gunnison in the spring of 1882, Benjamin W. Lewis of St. Louis, Missouri, arrived. He came to the country to look into some prospects or claims he had acquired, situated on Galena Mountain, at the head of what was then Rock creek. Mr. Lewis was an important citizen of St. Louis in a financial and business way. He had built the North Missouri railroad from St. Louis to Omaha. It was afterwards a part of the Wabash system and Mr. Lewis became a vice-president of that system.

Mr. Lewis was well posted on the iron and coal industry of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and while he saw evidences of great coal deposits within Gunnison county, he wondered if there might not be found iron beds. If so, he had visions of a wonderful coal, iron and steel industry for the Gunnison country - what a grand thing it would be to have two Pittsburghs of the west, and we might outstrive Pueblo.

He became very much attached to the country and soon secured iron lands at White Pine and near Cebolla Hot Springs. Gunnison at that time was in its zenith. People were flocking in, gold and silver mines were prosperous, railroads were building, and while Mr. Lewis was planning big iron furnaces and smelters, he conceived the idea a fine hotel was needed to take care of the traveling public. He prevailed upon his associates in St. Louis to join him in building a hotel, and then and there the La Veta Hotel was erected at a cost of over \$250,000 - the finest and largest hotel in the state, with perhaps one or two exceptions.

At that time there were two towns, the city of Gunnison proper, and West Gunnison. The latter was incorporated by Loudon Mullin, backed by the Colorado & Southern railroad, which had built into the country. There was much rivalry between the two towns. When it came to the selection of a site for the La Veta hotel, the influence of West Gunnison, Mr. Mullin and the South Park railroad had much to do with locating it where it was built as a compromise between the two towns. It was a little out of the way for the people of the town of Gunnison, but what of it. The hotel was being built for the future growth, and at that ambitious period it was expected that all the area between Gunnison city and the hotel would be built up solidly in business blocks; then the hotel would be right in the center of trade. And why not? With pig iron furnaces, smelters and other industries belching great gobs of black smoke from tall chimneys, why, there was even talk of moving the state capital to Gunnison.

Otto Mears hurried over to Denver and called the capital board together and told them that if they did not hurry up and start the capitol building, that Gunnison would soon out-vote them and take the capitol over there.

They met Henry C. Brown, who told them he would give them the site for the capitol on his ranch (at the corner of Colfax and Broadway) if they would build it there, and he would erect the Brown hotel at the corner of Seventeenth and Broadway, which would out-rival the La Veta hotel if they would see to it that Gunnison did not get the capital.

Otto Mears hustled around, bought a load of lumber and laid the foundation, then got architects to work on the plans. What kind of material would they use? Would they send to Italy or Indiana for stone and marble? No, of course not, for some fool of a prospector had located a granite quarry in Gunnison county that tested out the greatest tensile strength of any in any country, and also the finest marble, equal or better than any Italian marble ever found, had been found in Gunnison county. So after all, if Gunnison could not get the capital, Gunnison county could furnish the material to build it. Now, when any citizen of Gunnison enters the state capitol, he takes off his hat and salutes the massive granite blocks as a part of his home county.

La Veta hotel was built and was the pride of all the country. Tourists and fishermen came and would make a long visit, as the climate was right, and with hotel accommodations so fine, it was a restful place for a vacation.

In the meantime, Mr. Lewis was planning his pig iron furnaces. Having built a smelter, he started out to finance the iron and steel plant.

About 1890 some Denver capitalists thought they were entitled to a Pittsburgh of the west and organized the Denver Steel Company. It was a skeleton of a company, with no assets, designed to acquire coal and iron lands so as to establish a steel manufacturing industry. They employed a Mr. Taft, mining engineer, to find iron lands, and I was engaged to follow up and to secure what Mr. Taft found, by option or purchase. Mr. Taft was not successful. There were no iron lands to be found - Mr. Lewis owned all the iron lands in Gunnison county; he would not sell to have the ore hauled out of the county. He was loyal to Gunnison county and was determined to have blast furnaces located there if possible.

I suggested to the Denver people to come over on a visit. They came. John W. Nesbith of the Colorado Iron Works, H. M. Porter and R. W. Woodbury were in the party. I had a team at the La Veta hotel to take us to the Cebolla hot springs upon their arrival on the train. I wanted Mr. Lewis to meet them as distinguished citizens of the state, but he would not do so. I drove with them to the springs where we spent a day inspecting Mr. Lewis' iron lands. On their return to Gunnison they departed for Denver without meeting Mr. Lewis.

The Denver Steel Co. went out of business because there was no iron ore to be had to ship to Denver.

In 1893 Mr. Lewis came very near financing an iron plant for Gunnison. The failure of the Baring Bros. banking house in London put a stop to financing of a plant, as it was English capital that was going into the deal. That was one great industry that Gunnison failed to get, which was a great disappointment to Mr. Lewis. It was this bank failure that precipitated the world-wide panic of 1893.

In the late nineties Mr. Lewis moved to Denver to live, and a few years later passed away. He always cherished the hope that the steel plant would be built, but the great La Veta hotel still stands, a memorial to his ability to accomplish things. It has always been a valuable asset to Gunnison, as no other town of its size can boast of a hotel of such magnitude.

After Mr. Lewis' death, the heirs of the estate, believing it wise to realize something on these iron lands, entered into negotiations with the C. F. & I. to sell the White Pine holdings. The C. F. & I. Company sent a crew of men to work and open the iron beds at White Pine, and the D. & R. G. railroad started building a branch road from Sargents to White Pine, in order to be ready to haul ore. One day word was brought out that there was no iron ore there in any quantity; that it was only a thin shell covering the mountain rock, hence, there was no ore, and the railroad stopped building - another industry blasted.

However, the La Veta is still there in all its grandeur, a charming place for tourists passing that way. They should change the name from La Veta to the Lewis Hotel in memory of him who was its builder.

Yours,

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Grand Ball Opening La Veta Was Western Slope Event

* *

By J. E. Phillips -

Alhambra, Calif.,
Sept. 10, 1938

News-Champion,
Gunnison, Colorado.

I have before me an invitation and program of the Masonic Ball given at La Veta Hotel, at the opening of that lodge in Gunnison on Thursday evening, May 22nd, 1884. That is a long time ago, 54 years - over half a century.

The invitation reads: "The banquet is at 8:30 p.m. Tickets, \$5.00 for lady and gentleman. Additional lady, \$1.25. Promenade concert, 10:30. Dancing, 11:00 p. m."

Reading over the list of committees we see names still familiar to anyone living in Gunnison at that time, but few of them are there today.

The executive committee was composed of E. W. Burton, Wirt Jennings, N. Weinberger, A. J. Bean, J. H. Fesler and O. P. Abercrombie.

On the invitation committee were J. H. Robinson, Crested Butte; C. E. McConnell, Montrose; J. B. Solomon, Grand Junction; F. W. Jameman, Pitkin; A. F. Pettingell, Tin Cup; D. S. Hoffman, Lake City; C. W. Shores, L. Lundaner, A. E. Bartlett, G. W. Hamlin, J. J. Donnelly, John Kinkaid, W. H. Lawall; S. F. Oliver; G. B. Spratt, H. M. Hogg.

Carriage committee had: A. J. Spengel, C. T. Sills, T. J. Maloney, S. F. Oliver.

Composing the reception committee were Alex. Gullet, J. J. Thomas, Theo. H. Thomas, Ira Brown, N. F. Hazen, M. Coppinger, J. T. Parlin, Herman Bragg, F. A. Root, A. M. Stevenson, John Sweeney, Louis Grassmuck, H. C. Olney.

Floor committee: E. P. Shove, W. J. Fine, D. E. Scribner, M. S. Walker, J. C. Duvall, W. H. , G. W. Woodhouse, J. S. Lawrence, G. W. Temple, B. J. Snyder.

In the list of all these names of prominent citizens of Gunnison fifty-four years ago, I do not know of but one who is living today, and that is E. P. Shove of Colorado Springs. (Ed. Note - Of the above list John A. Steele informs us that J. S. Lawrence, altho over 80 and a bachelor, is enjoying a pleasant period of life in the old family home at Seneca Falls, N. Y. He still reads the News-Champion. Also Billy Fine is living at 843 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, California. With Mr. Fine are his wife, formerly Miss May Gill and her sister, Mrs. Lily Pulsifer, both Gunnison school girls of that early period.)

People who came into the Gunnison county in the first year of its boom, commencing in 1880, all expected to engage in mining. While they may have had other lines of business, they were all there for the purpose of getting rich in the mines. The term "grubstake", was much in use. That meant that someone would give a prospector supplies and whenever he located any claims, would have a half-interest in the claims.

Among those I remember who grubstaked a prospector was Joe Selig, who came from Baltimore, Maryland. He became an enterprising citizen of Irwin, well liked and popular. In any mining camp, next to the saloon, the hardware business is the most profitable. Mr. Selig was engaged in real estate at the same time, but grubstaked a prospector named Mike Crowley. In the back of his office were two sleeping rooms, one for himself and one for the prospector. During the long winter nights there was nothing to do for amusement, so Joe Selig and A. E. Bartlett, another merchant, would often go to a pool hall and play billiards. One night, Mr. Crowley, coming home from a trip and not wanting to wait until Mr. Selig finished his game

of billiards, secured the keys of the office from Mr. Selig in order to get into the bedroom. About midnight, the billiard game over, the men started down the street for home. Mr. Selig saw a light in his place, looked in the window and there saw Crowley and all his friends having a wild party, drinking and eating.

Wm. A. Eckerly had the first sawmill in the district, and I bought the first bill of lumber to build the first house. When the Rio Grande railroad extended its lines west from Gunnison, Joe Selig joined Mr. Eckerly and went to the Uncompahgre valley, and there started the town of Montrose, which is today one of the most progressive cities of the western slope. Mr. Selig had the honor of selecting the name Montrose for that town, and was the first county clerk of that county, which was cut off from Gunnison county by the legislature in session in 1882.

There quite a number of Gunnison people went when the town was laid out. I recall Phil Peters, Jim Kyle, Dave Markley, who with Drake and King, kept a hotel at the head of Ohio creek en route to Irwin.

Mr. Selig left Irwin in the fall of 1883 for Montrose. While in Irwin, he was interested in a townsite near the Doctor mine on Spring creek. Had the district been a success, a town would have flourished, but the mining boom played out, hence, the town was a failure.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of Sept. 29, 1938

Superintendent McCanne Tells How La Veta Was Built

(By D. J. McCanne)

(D. J. McCanne is a prominent early citizen of Gunnison, coming in March, 1882. For a decade or more he was manager of the light and water plant then owned by B. W. Lewis. He was also manager of the Lewis Hotel and Improvement Company, and supervised the building of La Veta. He is the author of "Memoirs of a Civil Engineer," which has won wide recognition. A portion of this book has to do with his activities here. Mr. McCanne is now living at 143 South Logan street, Denver, Colo.)

Since announcement of the sale of La Veta Hotel, Gunnison, at public auction, Sept. 21, 1943, my old friend, Henry Lake, Jr., editor of News-Champion, wrote me a letter in which he expressed the hope that the property might be purchased by some party with vision and capital who would yet make it a nationally-known resort.

Editor Lake said: It occurs to me that there is just one person in the world who can write the detailed history of La Veta Hotel. We all made a stab at it last week, but the result was not so good. I imagine you know the inception, construction, cost and heyday of the famous hostelry, and if you can do it, I am sure all the readers of the News-Champion will be pleased.

Having read the story written by Mrs. Pearle Casey in the Colorado Magazine, I see the importance of getting some parts of the history more accurate than the sources to which she has access; and having been in close touch as general manager of the company that built it, I think I can give you the facts.

I can give you Captain Loudon Mullin's part in the enterprise only as he reported its progress to me up to the date of my arrival in Gunnison, March 21, 1882. From that time down to the end of my administration of the hotel company's affairs, I have a pretty accurate knowledge of the whole story.

Planned By Captain Mullin In Spirit of Rivalry

The conception of "the finest hotel in the state of Colorado," originated in the mind of Captain Mullin, inspired in a spirit of rivalry. I cannot tell the story now better than to quote part of the chapter on La Veta Hotel as written in my book "Memoirs of a Civil Engineer," by David J. McCanne: The Town of Gunnison, Colorado, at the time we were building these works had a population of about 5,000, about half of which lived in tents and cheap shacks. The Rio Grande Railway Company had built a narrow gauge road through the Grand Canon and over Marshall Pass, down through Gunnison and was pushing construction on through Black Canon and toward Salt Lake City, Utah. The branch passing through Gunnison to Crested Butte divided the town of Gunnison into two sections. Captain Mullin owned land on the west side of the tracks and had been for many months promoting the growth of the west side of the town by putting all the money he could raise by the sale of lots into buildings to attract business to his side. He had been able to keep up a stiff rivalry by building a good brick school building and a large frame hotel, but now was determined to put his west side so far ahead that everything would have to come his way.

He engaged one of the leading architects of Denver to make plans and specifications for a fine four-story hotel to be erected on his "West Gunnison Boulevard." He expended about all the money he had available in excavating the basement, covering more than a quarter of a block, when he called me in to see if I could help him finance his adventure to completion. He

proposed to deed, free of incumbrance, 250 thousand dollars' worth of his West Gunnison lots, at current prices, to a hotel company that would complete the hotel and operate it.

For several years I had been associated with B. W. Lewis of St. Louis, Mo., in railway engineering and in rebuilding and operating the Lewis Iron Works at Grand Tower, Ill. I came to Gunnison in the spring of 1882 as builder and operator of the Gunnison Gas and Water Works, of which company Lewis was president. I was getting pretty well sold on the future of Gunnison myself, and so I put Captain Mullin's proposition up to Lewis. He immediately organized the Lewis Hotel and Improvement Company and made me manager of it with instructions to complete the hotel. I employed Richard Lucy of Denver as superintendent of construction to carry out the work in accordance with the plans and specifications of Captain Mullin's architect. Superintendent Lucy had supervised the construction of some of the big buildings of Denver, including the Colorado National Bank building, so I had confidence in his ability and integrity. Captain Mullin had completed the excavation and the stone work of the foundation when we took charge of the construction in the summer of 1882.

Lewis Hotel And Improvement Co. Takes Charge In Summer Of 1882: McCanne Manager

The first thing we did was to contract for the purchase of two brick kilns, one from Frank Smith and the other from Dunham and Shackelford and with Zugelder Brothers to furnish the material required and to do all the brick work to complete the building. I have a panoramic album of Gunnison views made for me by Frank Dean, photographer of early Gunnison days, which shows several views of the hotel construction, one at the starting of the brick work in August, 1882, another a group of plasterers taken on the second-floor porch March, 1883 and one of the completed building, entitled "Gunnison's Pride," in the fall of 1883.

The contractor for the woodwork was J. R. Parks and Will Endner. They had some fine men whose names should be remembered as artisans in the project, including Louis Fontaine, planing mill expert and V. G. Brewer, an expert in woodwork finishing, who built the fine black walnut stairway and the black walnut office and bar fixtures.

The Gunnison Foundry, of which Mr. Hammond was president, was contractor for the iron work, including the supporting columns, the wide iron front porch steps and other castings. Martin Currigan, a well-known politician and plastering contractor, did the plastering. My picture of the plasterers shows about 20 in his group. Their job was completed soon after March, 1883. We found excellent beds of sand on some overflow land about a mile north of the hotel, and we had the required amount of sand hauled and dumped in the basement during the winter months of 1882-83.

The steam heating plant was installed by Davis and Creswell of Denver. I had the pipe work done mostly by my Gunnison Gas and Water Company mechanics during the winter of 1882-83. Besides the miles of pipe, I had them put in apparatus to distribute hot and cold water and illuminating gas in every room of the hotel.

I installed a complete fire protection system with a stand-pipe at each corner of the building and enough fire hose with nozzles attached ready for instant use, to reach and put out a fire in any part of the building. With this fire protection the hotel has stood safely, without fire insurance, during the 62 years of its life. We did not foresee that electric lights would soon make gas light obsolete, but as soon as electricity began to take the place of gas, I had my mechanics wire the building for electric lights in every room. This was done in 1887. The painting was

done under contract by D. R. Peck Company, Gunnison. Mr. Peck and his sons, Edgar, Charles and Frank were local leaders in painting and decorating work in Gunnison for two decades.

Building Completed By May 10, 1883

Thus we had the building completed, except a few inside furnishings, fixtures, et cetera, by May 10, 1883. The carpets were all made up to fit the several rooms in St. Louis. The marble mantels and washstands were also made to fit the several rooms. The cost of the building was \$152,000 plus about \$30,000 for furniture.

Name Changed From Lewis Hotel To La Veta

When we were ready to open the hotel Mr. Lewis wrote to me that he did not want it operated under his name and advised me to give it another name. We had already marked rugs, draperies, lobby chairs, silverware, etc., with the monogram "L. H.," so I had to select a name to fit the monogram. I had never heard the name La Veta until it became familiar as the name of a pass through which the Rio Grande Railway went from Walsenburg to Alamosa. "La Veta," 'a vein,' "Yes, that is what our hotel will be, carrying life to the great Gunnison country." I suggested La Veta as a fitting name and Mr. Lewis approved of it.

Mr. N. J. Bliss had been manager of a hotel in Hannibal, Mo., and was recommended as a suitable man who could bring out with him an experienced crew. We engaged him and advertised the "Opening of the La Veta Hotel, Gunnison's Pride, the Palatial Resort of the Rocky Mountain Region, on April 15, 1884." Mr. Bliss brought with him about 25 experienced hotel help, some of whom had been with him for 17 years. Among them was a crew of Negro waiters including a quartette of singers who entertained guests and visitors in the hotel parlors.

The Gunnison papers were lavish in their reports of the magnificent opening and enthusiasm was expressed by many guests from all over Colorado, but the citizens of Gunnison and the surrounding country were not quite satisfied with the public response to the first opening, so they organized the entire Western Slope in putting on a Masonic Ball, which was elaborately planned with committees representing the various sections of the state and carried out as a formal opening of the La Veta Hotel on May 22, 1884.

Entire Western Slope Puts On Masonic Ball

The News-Champion of Sept. 29, 1938, carries a report of this Grand Ball by J. E. Phillips of Alhambra, Calif., showing a picture of the hotel and giving a complete list of the committees. He says that of all the persons so listed only one was still living, E. P. Shove, of Colorado Springs. Mr. Shove has since passed away. That list of names is too long to be repeated here, but for those interested in the prominent citizens of over half a century ago, Mr. Phillips' story of the Grand Opening of the La Veta Hotel would be interesting reading.

Notwithstanding the recommendations which induced us to employ N. J. Bliss as first manager of La Veta, we made a mistake, which, if it had not been rectified as soon as discovered, might have caused a scandal to the injury of La Veta's good name. I have always been glad that Editor Maloney of the Gunnison News-Democrat, upon learning of Bliss's immoralities, instead of making of it a salacious story in his paper, brought the facts quickly to me. Upon my confronting him with the disclosure, Bliss resigned immediately and took the first train back to Hannibal. Joseph Cuenin, who was then running the Tabor Hotel in Gunnison, took charge of La Veta the next morning. La Veta Hotel prospered under Mr. Cuenin's management, but much to the regret of everybody, a few months later he was suddenly stricken with a fatal

illness and died in a few days. R. Olney, from the Oasis Hotel of Greeley, Colo., was the next manager. He was installed upon the death of Mr. Cuenin in the summer of 1884 and continued to August 6, 1886.

B. W. Lewis Assumes General Management

B. W. Lewis and family arrived from St. Louis, Mo., May 27, 1886 and assumed general management of the hotel and other properties of which he was principal owner, occupying rooms in the hotel. Upon the resignation of Mr. Olney, Aug. 16, 1886, Allen T. McCanne, my brother, was manager until July 16, 1888. The hotel was run continuously during the McCanne's management and thereafter to the end of the Lewis ownership.

After B. W. Lewis assumed the general management he made an agreement with David Moffat, president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, to make the La Veta one of its dining stations. A loop of the Rio Grande track was built alongside of the hotel. The ticket office of the railway was installed in the first floor corner above the basement office of the Gas and Water Company. The storeroom next north of the ticket office was made the waiting room and the express office. A baggage room was built on the south side of the track. Thus fitted up, La Veta Station became the center of the passenger and express business of the Rio Grande in Gunnison. It became very popular with its fine rainbow trout dinners. This arrangement was continued until 1930 when a change in the railroad time tables made it no longer possible.

Following the A. T. McCanne administration, Will Summers was made manager by Mr. Lewis and continued to about 1898 when Robert B. Lewis, son of B. W. Lewis, was operating manager until 1909. It was during the management of the hotel by his son, Oct. 23, 1903, that B. W. Lewis was stricken and died of a heart attack while sitting on the front porch of his La Veta Hotel home. The son immediately took over all his father's interests in Gunnison, including the management of the hotel.

The Joseph Howlands Take Over

In 1909 the Lewis Hotel and Improvement company sold La Veta to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howland who carried on most successfully until 1925. Mrs. Pearle Casey's story has several interesting incidents of the Howland administration.

This is about as far as my connection with the management and operation of the La Veta Hotel gives me accurate data. I am asking Henry Lake Jr. to bring the story down to date, as the Gunnison papers will have to be relied upon for such data.

McCanne Urges La Veta Be Made National Sportsman's Lodge

In our maturer years our judgments are based upon clearer and more accurate thinking, instead of jumping at conclusions as we are prone to do in the enthusiasm of youth. As I read over what I have written here about the motive in Captain Mullin's mind in the inception of the big hotel, that it originated in a spirit of rivalry - of beating the East Side rather than cooperating for the best interests of the whole community - perhaps I leave upon the reader's mind the impression that I did not consider his motive the best, and yet I joined him in promoting his rivalry by recommending his proposition to Mr. Lewis.

If I had a similar proposition to pass upon now I would take into consideration more seriously the fact that the East Side already had the Main street built up with substantial business houses; that the court house and the banks were located there along with homes of the business men and officers, while we were staking our chances of success upon a West Side mostly of

vacant lots and hope that the prestige of building a fine hotel would bring it to us. It rather puzzles me now to think how we, including B. W. Lewis, could have allowed ourselves to be so blind to the big odds we had to compete against.

The only way I can explain it now is that our own interests were on the West Side; the Gunnison Gas and Water Works of which I was manager, my home, and the homes of my mechanics were on the West Side; Mr. Lewis' big steel plant was to be located on the West Side; Captain Mullin had donated a block for the water works and another block for the gas works, so why not cooperate with him in making the West Side as important as possible to the future of Gunnison if it was to be "the Pittsburg of the West?" And I am quite sure the La Veta did go a long way in making Gunnison what it is today. So, maybe we were not so blind after all. We think it is not too much, on the part of an old Gunnisonite, to suggest that the whole town and surrounding country cooperate with the present owner in finding the right parties to make La Veta a National Sportsman's Lodge and so continue its service to the Gunnison community.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of February 17, 1944

Seeking History of Ghost Towns

Glenwood Springs Pilot -

In the early days of Colorado mining development hopes ran high for the district north of Grand Lake. The camp of Teller in the southeast corner of North Park was a booming place at one time, with a large population, a newspaper and various business houses. Further south in Middle Park were the camps of Wolverine, Lulu City and others.

The late James H. Crawford had knowledge of these camps in their heyday, when hopes ran high. A relative, Capt. W. H. Yankee, was an operator there. It is the recollection of the writer that Capt. Yankee founded the town of Lulu City. The late Samuel Weed of Elk River was a resident of Teller in its boom days and had mining claims there for many years after the camp fell into decay. He had great faith that the old town would stage a comeback.

The site of Lulu City, established in 1879, is now in the Rocky Mountain national park and officials have been trying to gather information in regard to this old ghost town and Superintendent David H. Canfield has located several pioneer miners who were there at the time of its establishment. A news bulletin issued by the park services says that present indications point toward a complete history of the almost forgotten settlement on which at least six different historical versions will be forthcoming.

One pioneer, Judge J. N. Pettengill of Hot Sulphur Springs, writes that he visited Lulu City on numerous occasions from 1880 to 1884. During that time it was thriving. It included a hotel, stores, postoffice and a few saloons. There was a large amount of low grade ore in the vicinity, providing an uncertain livelihood.

Several mines with deep shafts and long tunnels are scattered on mountain sides near the ghost town. A number of these claims were worked for sometime after Lulu City was abandoned, with some still in operation during the '90's.

Approximately four miles southwest of Lulu City are the ruins of a little-known settlement now referred to as Dutch Town, covering a smaller area. Only five or six log cabin walls are visible, with much of the wood mouldered into the ground. It is believed gold lured miners far up the eastern slopes of the Never Summer range to establish the settlement of which so far there is no historical record. It is believed to have come into existence about the same time as Lulu City. It may be the site of Wolverine.

Numerous trees, girdled by axes years ago for firewood, are still standing indicating the miners had planned to stay for some time seeking mineral. However, it is not known how long they lingered or if they ever found sufficient yellow metal to pay for their groceries.

Hitchens' Camp near Dutch Town was established in the '90's and continues in good condition. Its cabins are habitable and a building still covers the old mining shaft.

WEALTH OF GRANITE AT ABERDEEN TO BE USED FOR MEMORIAL

Speaking of scarcity of building material in Gunnison county, reminds one that mountains of the famous gray granite, perfect in quality - the material from which Colorado's capitol at Denver was built - is available for the labor it would take to get it out. The quarry is from seven and a half to nine miles from Gunnison (depending on the route taken) on South Beaver Creek.

The Gunnison County Pioneer Society, Leon Dutemeyer president, is securing an immense slab of Aberdeen granite for the monument to be erected this summer to commemorate the passage of Captain John W. Gunnison thru here in 1853, delegated by the United States government to seek a route for a transcontinental railroad.

It takes Wallace Moore to tell the story of Aberdeen, for he was one of the two men now living in Gunnison who were in Aberdeen through the life of the quarry, 1889-1892.

The location of the Beaver granite was made by F. G. Zugelder in March, 1888, the first sample being carried out on snowshoes and sent to Denver for a test. The location was made on April 16, 1889, by F. G. Zugelder, L. F. Zugelder, W. R. Walter and T. U. Walter. An undivided half interest was deeded to William F. Gaddis and David D. Seerie, Denver contractors, August 26, 1889, and the first development was done in 1889 by Stewart and Mitchell.

Opening of the quarry was for the purpose of furnishing stone for the Colorado State Capitol building, Denver, construction of which had been ordered by the general assembly with the provision that all materials be native to Colorado.

Nearly three years were required to get the stone - from August 1, 1889 to June 15, 1892. Every stone was quarried by dimension and as they were loaded on freight cars, each bore markings of the size and initial number for its respective place in the beautiful building which stands on the 10-acre plot off the corner of Colfax Ave. and Broadway in Denver.

The corner stone was laid July 4, 1890. E. E. Myers was the architect and Job A. Cooper was governor. The building was ready in 1894, but some details were not completed until 1900.

The granite was loaded at Aberdeen on narrow gauge cars. There was no transfer at Salida, a third rail running into Denver at that time. There it was unloaded on wagons and hauled by horses to the cutting sheds to be delivered in finished form at the building site.

The Quarrymen's National Union, Branch 46, was organized at Aberdeen, April 4, 1891, less than a year after the National Union (Aug. 11, 1890) and the secretary's and treasurer's books are carefully preserved by Wallace Moore, chosen as secretary at the final meeting just before the quarry closed down, April 1, 1892.

One strike is noted, and the agreement with Geddes and Seerie, contractors, preserved: "Nine hours shall constitute a day . . . and we shall receive therefor, the same pay that had previously been paid for 10 hours' work." There was a promise to make no demand that would increase the cost of quarrying stone for the capitol building . . . Overtime to be paid at the same rate per hour as received per hour by the day.

The agreement was signed by Peter C. Olsen, secretary, and Alex McDonald, president, and by Geddes and Seerie, contractors.

Moore is to place the books in the keeping of the State Historical Society. Before they are buried in the archives, one last repetition of the names of the men who served through the life of the quarry follows:

Alex McDonald, Axel Carlson, P. C. Olsen, Wallace Moore, William Thompson, August Beyer, Robert Selby, Henry Jensen, Andrew George Stone, Peter Peterson, Charles Edberg.

Basitie Battistie, Charles Chalman, Tobia Janello, G. Bossego, P. L. Matteson, J. P. Gunstrom, Wissitie Wessintin, Lorenzo Heronsedi, Peter Helm, Osmond Stone, John McGuire, Peter Zari, Jacob Stone, Jessy Donovan, Gus Johnson, A. Bossego,

Vallee Wellee, August Formandes, Anton Calonge, John Byer, Charles Romano, Charles McCormick, Magnus Anderson, Albert Anderson, S. F. Zugelder, Colin Moore, Jack Kelley, Alex Johnson, John Nelson, John Whelan, Henry Sampson, Frank Kalb, Charley Snyder, Thomas B. Van Cleave, William F. Conley, Mell Wright, David Henderson, Gross Antonio, George Amprimo, N. P. Longoal, Carl D. Frommer, George T. Boutin, Rocco Condry, and T. Emanuel.

Of these only two still live in Gunnison: Wallace Moore and Colin Moore.

Miller and Wylie, livery stable owners at Gunnison, had the mail contract, carrying it every day except Sunday. They kept two fine teams, well cared for, and the high quality harness was decorated with rings and tassels. They used a new two-inch Bain wagon, and carried passengers and freight as well as the mail. Either Sid Jones or Ed Wylie drove the stage.

The route was over the Richardson cutoff, and the distance was about nine and one-half miles. There was a postmaster, the commissary clerk and company time-keeper, John Edwards.

Aberdeen has for many years been a favorite picnic ground and terminal for a horseback ride; now the massive hills of gleaming granite building material remain in almost complete solitude.

* * * * *

Wallace Moore, who tells the story of Aberdeen in this issue, is one of the first Gunnison families. His father, Wm. B. Moore, came here in 1879. Clarence, the eldest brother, joined his father in 1880, and the rest of the family in 1881.

The Moore ranch was sold to Charles Mergelman, and from him it went to Sam Little, the present owner.

There were five Moore boys: Clarence, now dead; Wallace, Colin, Otis, and Sim, all of Gunnison. Wallace, eldest of the four living boys, worked during the entire period when stone to face Colorado's magnificent executive offices was being quarried. He is now a retired rancher.

Colin Moore, second in age of the living Moore boys, now with his son Merle operating a plumbing establishment, worked part of the time at Aberdeen, which adjoined his father's home. Otis Moore, the third son, who altho a boy, assisted in the quarry, lives on his fine ranch five miles north of the city, on Ohio Creek. Sim Moore, the youngest, has his home in Grand Junction, but is in Gunnison at present.

Five sisters completed the family of ten children: Cora, who died on the plains as the family moved here; Dora (Mrs. Wm. Buckley), now dead; Bertha (Mrs. William Cairns), 251 Coatsville Ave., Salt Lake City; Mrs. Mayme Cairns, 432 Logan Ave., Salt Lake City; and Rosie (Mrs. Ralph Gallant), who is dead.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 18, 1946

AKRON MINE AT WHITEPINE SHOWS STEADILY INCREASING OUTPUT

A steadily increasing output from the Akron mines at Whitepine, 40 miles east of Gunnison has been developed for the past year, with prospects of similar progress for at least another year, says L. B. Stitzer, superintendent at Whitepine for the Callahan Zinc-Lead Company.

The payrolls show an average of about 33 men, sometimes a few more and again a few less.

The company's first plans after deciding definitely to go ahead with the Akron mine were to repair and rebuild the old ghost town of Whitepine, making comfortable quarters for some 80 people.

Meanwhile the mine was being re-timbered, cleaned out, machinery installed, and development work done to find new ore bodies. Stitzer reports that large new ore bodies have been encountered, which make the prediction of at least another year of steady progress quite safe.

Callahan Zinc-Lead Company which is pushing operations at Whitepine is one of few companies, says Mr. Stitzer, that is fortunate in securing all three of the government premiums - the A, B, and C. This makes it possible to handle low-grade ores that otherwise would have to remain in the mine until such time as a mill could be erected. However, most of the ore is of good grade and is known as shipping ore.

The mining of the Akron group of claims is but one of several mining groups operated in Colorado, Oregon, Nevada, New Mexico, and Arizona by the Callahan Zinc-Lead Company.

Zinc, lead and copper are the main metals wanted, although a fair value of silver is present in all the ores from the Akron mine. The percentage of zinc is found to be about equal in value to all other metals, says the superintendent.

Mr. Stitzer brings to the management a background of experience and information. Though born in Buena Vista, he was taken to Whitepine by his parents when he was but four years of age and has spent one-fourth of his life there.

The Akron mines include the old North Star, discovered in 1879 by the late Henry F. Lake, and the old May-Mazepa adjoining the Star where quantities of ore are back-logged. The carbonate ores from which silver was so largely extracted have changed to sulphides with zinc predominating.

The men who mine non-ferrous metals foresee a bright future, according to industrial authorities. All along the line the demand for lead after the war is expected to be greater than ever before. Biggest user, perhaps 28 per cent of the total, is storage batteries. Lead oxides long have proved economical materials to make possible the reversible action (charging and discharging) required in batteries.

The big war-time demand for these portable powerhouses pushed the consumption of lead for this purpose to a record last year and a huge backlog demand is developing in the automobile field.

Second in the list of lead consumers (about 20 per cent) is paint. Paint sales have increased sharply during the war, despite the absence of new housing.

Third largest user is as a covering for cables, taking about 13 per cent of production. Corrosion resistance is its prime value.

Pipes and soldering are expected to furnish big post-war outlets. Another major role is as a pepper-upper for gasoline. Tetra-ethyl lead is added to the petroleum product. The tremendous demand for aviation gas containing tetra-ethyl has stepped up the demand for lead.

Although the United States is the largest producer of lead, we have to supplement our supply by imports from Mexico and Peru. Consumption of lead this year will total 1,115,000 tons. Of this 440,000 tons will be provided by domestic mines; 275,000 by scrap and 370,000 by imports.

In a recent issue of the Wall Street Journal, the president of the St. Joseph Lead Company predicted, April 21, at a stockholders meeting that "all the lead, copper and zinc that can be produced will be needed in the post-war period." He said, "Provided nature is allowed to take its own course, prices of the non-ferrous metal group as measured by the dollar of this future day are bound to reach the highest levels known." He calls attention, however, to the fact that there is a ceiling price, but none on costs. Thus earnings may trend downward.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of May 4, 1944

Revises Old Mining Area. Renewed interest is added to the above map of original patented mining claims belonging to Akron properties, now being extensively operated by the Callahan Zinc-Lead Co. at Whitepine in eastern Gunnison county. These properties, which figured so large in early day history of mining on west slope of the Rockies, are really not in Whitepine proper, but a mile east at North Star, almost on top of the continental divide.

The town of North Star was platted by the late Henry F. Lake, during the heyday of gold and silver mining of the Eighties, and early Nineties. Whitepine itself had a population of above 1500, while across the gulch grew this smaller town of North Star, duly incorporated, with stores, and saloons and all the parts of a mining camp, but on a smaller scale. At this time also, the older camp of Tomichi, four miles up Tomichi Creek from Whitepine, had a sizeable population, with its stores and business houses, even a bank.

Activities at North Star were centered around the North Star mine, operated by Mr. Lake, until he sold his holding in 1890. Its location can be seen almost in center of the larger group of mining claims. It was first of the patented properties on Lake Hill, and its boundaries were never disputed. However, long and bitter mining litigation centered in district court at Gunnison over the Little May and Mazeppa claims shown at the extreme lower left, and the Eureka-Nest Egg group at upper left of the map. Old timers will recall such names as the Morning Star, Victor, Denver City, David H. and a score of other claims shown on the map. Each had its spectacular discovery when the owners thought they would make a million, and its period of production and decline.

It was about 1910 that E. R. Harper of Akron, Ohio, an intimate friend of the famous politician Mark Hanna, came to Colorado and went to mining at Whitepine with backing of Hanna and other noted Ohio statesmen. The Akron tunnel was projected to unwater the hill, and most of the claims were purchased and consolidated. The tunnel did the job, but Harper was not so much a miner as a politician. He became chairman of the Gunnison county republican central committee, became lieutenant governor and was on the road to being boss of the state, just as his prototype, Mark Hanna, for a time during the McKinley dispensation, ran first Ohio then the USA. However, sudden death took Harper from Colorado adventures, but the Akron Mining Co., which his genius projected, still remains and is having a new lead of life as outlined in adjoining column in an article by Dr. Lois Borland.

The Famous Augusta Mine, Its History and Development as Related by J. E. Phillips
Early Day Large Producer Was Much in Limelight in Eighties;
Managed and Financed by M. V. B. Gilbert of Greeley, Colo.;
Associates Were Group of New York Financiers

403 So. Garfield Ave.,
Alhambra, Calif.

In writing about the mining opportunities in Gunnison county, I do not want to overlook the Poverty Gulch locality. The Augusta mine was very much in the limelight in the eighties. It is located right on the divide going from Poverty Gulch over to the eastern part of Muddy creek. A more inaccessible place could not be picked out to find a mine. The only way to get to it was to either travel on foot or horseback, and it is a stiff pull to get a horse up there. All supplies were packed in on burros, and likewise all ore had to be sacked and packed out. The owners built an overhead cable tramway for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile one summer, and before the following spring snowslides completely wrecked it beyond repair.

The Augusta company was ably managed and financed. M. V. B. Gillett of Greeley, Colo., who had operated in Nevada in the Comstock days, was part owner and manager. His associates were O. A. Gager, a Mr. O'Rourke, and others, all chinaware importers on Barclay Street, New York. Erbine Grossbeck was superintendent, and in the fall they would "lay in" all necessary supplies for a crew of ten or fifteen men, who remained all winter, from November until May, without coming out. Once a week some brave member of the crew would slide down to Pittsburgh on snowshoes, at the risk of his life, to get the mail.

Mr. Gager was a typical down-east, blue-nose Yankee, and in his youth had been a sailor on a wind-jammer out of his home-town of Bath, Maine, and on his annual visit out to see the mine every summer, I always enjoyed listening to him talk, and to watch him make a New England rum punch, which became famous. It seems he had made a lot of money at one time in Austin, Nevada, which was a famous rich ruby-silver district in the seventies, and the ruby-silver ore of the Augusta mine attracted his attention. While he was an importer on Barclay street of the English china manufacturers, yet his prominence in the mining world was such that when the Emma mine scandal was being investigated, he was appointed a commissioner by our government to go to London to adjust the matter. It seems that in the seventies some parties sold the Emma mine of Utah in London. Our minister to the Court of St. James at the time was General Schenek, and he had given his endorsement to the promoters. The mine was a failure and the Englishmen claimed it was misrepresented. It proved to be an international scandal that got our minister in bad. Mr. Gager was sent over and returned with flying colors, having settled the matter satisfactorily to all parties. When I was married in 1887, Mr. Gager sent me a full set of Haviland china dishes as a wedding present.

Col. Stanford, a brother of Senator Stanford of California, secured an option on the Augusta mine I think about 1886. He was a big operator, and sailed to London, where he had a clientele. While his option called for \$300,000, when he had arrived in London, he had raised the price to \$3,000,000, so the story goes, as I remember. The London people sent out an Englishman to make a report. One day in the middle of winter, when snow was deepest, W. N. Moering, one of the best known English engineers, arrived in Crested Butte. It was worth a man's life to get up to the Augusta at that time, but he hired two good showshoers, and equipping himself with snowshoes, he started out. He was gone three or four days, and it is a wonder he

ever got back alive. He brot with him "Metaliferous Murphy," more for company and as a jester. He left Murphy at the hotel in Crested Butte while gone. Murphy was a witty Irishman, full of jokes, who entertained the hotel guests of an evening. He had been an assayer in Salt Lake, and the boys used to hand him a piece of rock; he would inspect it, and whether it showed any metal or was just plain country rock, he would render his opinion: "Well, it is highly metaliferous, and where did you get it?" So he became known to all the mining fraternity as "Metaliferous" Murphy.

Mr. Moering afterwards became one of the biggest mine operators in Australia and other parts of the world, with offices in London. It was with him that Herbert Hoover, ex-president, was associated in his foreign mining operations. It is his name that is known as the Moering, McNeil and Bedford Cypher code, in use all over the world. I understand that after he made his report on the Augusta mine, he said he might pass on the purchase of the mine at \$300,000, but could not recommend it at \$3,000,000.

I think it was the summer of 1887 that M. V. B. Gillett went to the mine and caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. He was too sick to travel alone, so it developed on me to take him to Greeley, his home. I secured the drawing room on the train from Gunnison, and when we arrived in Greeley the next day, his wife and brother-in-law, Governor Jud Brush, were at the train to meet us. I returned home, and in three days thereafter Mr. Gillett was dead. It proved a wise move, taking him home in a Pullman than to have waited to take him out boxed in the baggage car. Frank Ross of Greeley, who was interested in the mine, took charge for a few years, but I do not think there has been much work done for over forty years, after the drop in the price of silver. I think a Cincinnati man from Cripple Creek, by the name of Arsens, worked there, probably one season, in the nineties.

If a person or a syndicate with sufficient money, was willing to take the risk of driving a tunnel about 3,000 feet long, it would cut under the Augusta mine at a depth of at least 2,000 feet. It would require an investment of \$10,000. Long before the objective point was reached, other veins no doubt would be encountered, as for instance, the Excelsior mine vein, once owned by Yank Baxter. Leasers used to work there every summer and take out ore by the car lot. It all had to be hand sorted, sacked and packed out on burros. I do not remember what it would run, but it was regarded high grade from the fact that the freight and smelting charges were high at the time, and they could not afford to ship wall rock. The ore was worth possibly around \$100 a ton, but when the price of silver dropped in 1893, all work on these mines was abandoned. If the Augusta was worth \$300,000, fifty years ago, with the present advancing price of silver it should be worth something now. If the metal was ever there to warrant that price, it is still in the mine. The \$10,000 tunnel might disclose a mine worth several millions.

The portal of this tunnel would be below the track of snowslides, and could be reached by motor trucks over a good road.

A few hundred feet north of the Augusta, on the Muddy side, was a mine called the Richmond that was somewhat prominent fifty years ago. It was owned by Dennis Ryan, who had made a fortune out of the Horn silver mine in Utah. Ryan was a big operator in those days. Aside from mining, he built the Ryan hotel in St. Paul, Minnesota. His brother, John Ryan, worked the Richmond, and I believe he is still living in Utah. Harry Lee, one time state mine commissioner for Colorado, was superintendent. This proposed tunnel would likewise develop that mine at a great depth.

The town of Pittsburgh, mentioned above, was where Sant Robinson had an assay shop, post office, grocery store and a townsite. Had the mine succeeded, it would have been the logical place for a town, six miles north of Crested Butte. But I suppose it is all deserted now.

Yours,

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of June 6, 1935

Marble Shut Down Is Tragedy Says Early Day Editor

* *

By J. E. Phillips

I hear that the marble quarry is going to shut down, which will mean the practical abandonment of that industry for Gunnison county.

It is too bad! No other or better quality of marble is produced in any country. We used to say it was as good or better than the Carrara marble of Italy, which is considered the best marble for sculpture work. The Gunnison marble is a purer white than any other product in this country and has more tensile strength.

The Proctor Marble Co. in Vermont has always had the lead on the industry and is regarded as such a tight and powerful trust or monopoly that it is hard for a new plant to break into the business.

For any Class A offices or hotel building costing millions of dollars or more it takes about a hundred thousand dollars in marble, or in other words, about ten per cent. Most of the dark or variegated marble comes from Tennessee.

I do not remember who were the original locators of the claims on White House and Treasury Mountains in northern Gunnison county. It was located in the early eighties, nearly sixty years ago. A Dr. Kline of Philadelphia bought it from the original locators thru Wm. L. R. Ligier, who specialized in marble industry.

About 50 years ago Col. C. F. Meek a superintendent of the Burlington railroad between Denver and Billings, Montana, became interested in the purchase; he secured money in Buffalo and New York to build the finishing plant at Marble, in Gunnison county. It was said to be a very up-to-date plant costing over a million dollars. The company filled orders for some big buildings as far east as Cleveland, Ohio, but for the last ten years there have not been so many big buildings erected.

It is a very snowy region where the quarries are located - high up in the mountains - at an altitude close to 12,000 feet above sea level, but the company overcame that obstacle by doing the quarrying in the summer. It will work a hardship on the once prosperous little town of Marble, and most of its people will no doubt be compelled to move elsewhere. It was the leading industry of that town and section of the country. If they could only induce Proctor people to buy it and keep the plant going on part time, it would be better than shutting down and dismantling the plant.

I note that the Smith Anthracite coal mine is going to be opened up. It ought never to have been shut down. In the eighties, over fifty years ago, that mine employed over two hundred men and made daily shipments of from ten to twenty cars of coal. Its quality equals that of the best Lehigh valley anthracite, having a carbon content of about 80 per cent. When properly screened and sized, it is a competition in markets for the best Pennsylvania anthracite.

By reason of the high freight rate, Smith Anthracite product had a limited territory for a market, while it should have gone as far east as Missouri river points, such as Kansas City, Council Bluffs, and Omaha. It had to yield that market as far as Topeka, Wichita, Lincoln, Nebraska, and intermediate points. It did not take much coal to supply that territory. Even California got its anthracite from the Smith mine.

I used to argue and plead with the railroad traffic department to give Crested Butte coals a rate that would enable them to compete with the Pennsylvania coal into the Missouri river points. My contention was that they could haul the coal at a cost price, not expecting to make a profit on the freight haul of coal. By so doing, they would increase production to double its present capacity, employing 200 more miners, and increasing the Crested Butte population by at least 1,000. What profit they would lose on the coal haul they would more than make up by return freight, express and passenger service. The railroad vision, however, was not broad enough to see it that way.

Every railroad in the United States is controlled by New York. The public owns the roads, their stocks and bonds, but New York controls head every railroad. It is true they have railroad presidents, vice-presidents and other executive officers in Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and other points, but they are only hired hands (the same as conductors, brakemen, engineers, firemen, and other employees) to do the bickering for the big banking houses of New York. It is up to those local officers to get the earnings as profits into New York to meet the bond interest and stock dividends.

If these remittances begin to drop off, the local officer gets a letter or is called on the carpet to explain what is the matter, and cannot afford to speculate on hauling coal with a profit.

Since that period the bus, trucks, automobiles and airplanes have come into use, which puts a different phase on the situation.

Conn-Alfred DeRopp died at Coronado in San Diego recently. He lived in Gunnison in 1888 and built the smelter for B. W. Lewis, south of La Veta hotel. He belonged to the nobility in Russia and was a real count, owning an estate near Riga. He graduated from Friberg, Germany, as a mining engineer about 1882 coming to America at once and was employed in the Pueblo smelter until he came to Gunnison in 1886. He afterwards owned the Selby smelter in San Francisco and sold it to the Guggenheims to go into the American Smelting and Refining Merger, where he made a fortune. He afterward developed the Trone borax works. I never heard of him returning to Russia, once he got into this land, home of the free.

Do not forget our annual Gunnison county picnic at Bixby Park in Long Beach, on Sunday, November 9th. Every mother's son and daughter who lived in Gunnison county should be at the picnic. There is a great surprise in store for all of you. Don't forget; come from San Diego and all along the coast. Let Henry F. Lake, Jr., charter a plane and send out some of the pioneers. There are not many of the vintage of 1880 left, so send them out.

From
J. E. PHILLIPS,
Alhambra, California.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of October 30, 1941

Marble Will Live Again Says C. C. McWilliams

* *

(By C. C. McWilliams.)

For native residents of Marble, Colorado, who believe in the ultimate return of prosperity to this little mining town, gateway to the spectacular Elk Mountains, history offers encouragement. Ravished by floods and fires, and disheartened by closed quarries, Marble has, thru its sixty or more years of existence, housed populations varying from 1,500 to 50 and back to several hundred again. The story of its ups and downs is colored with dramatic incidents and characters common to early-day mining camps.

It was mining that drew the first adventurers into the Crystal River valley in the late '70's. Scofield, an already thriving mining camp in 1879, was the starting point for further mining explorations of W. D. Parry, W. F. Mason, William Wood, and others who may be said to have been the first pioneers of Marble.

While Marble's sister town of Crystal, some five or six miles above, had a population of 500 as early as 1880, Marble, itself, knew a more gradual growth, and it was not until 1910-1913 that it reached the peak of 1,500. Crystal had a newspaper, The Crystal River Current, as early as 1880. Ambrose Williams, present-day Marbleite, was employed on the paper for a time. It was not until 1908 that Marble boasted two newspapers, a town band, and other evidences of a larger community.

Mines, such as the Black Queen, Lead King, Catalpa, Black Eagle, Inez, Harrison Farley, Sheep Mountain Tunnel, and many others, were producing fortunes in gold, silver, lead, etc., before close of the '80's. Black Queen, consisting of 22 claims, and now owned by Mrs. M. D. Vincent, had a prominent silver ore display at the 1893 World's Fair. The Lead King produced until 1913. Operations of a minor nature have been carried on intermittingly after collapse of the silver market in 1893, and of the early-day mines, Black Eagle is again producing. Also the Gold Pan, operated by W. C. Parry, is at the present time getting out some gold, silver and zinc for shipment to Salt Lake smelters.

Hoffman Brothers built and operated a smelter in Marble in 1890, which ran for a year and a half. Coke was hauled by mule team from Crested Butte, thru Crystal Canon, for use at the smelter. Spasmodic supplies of ore resulted in "freezing up" of the machinery, and brought about its closing. Ore from the most consistent producer, the Lead King, was hauled by mule team to Carbondale for shipment for many years before the railroad into Marble was constructed.

The year 1890 was an auspicious period for Marble, for in addition to the fine, new smelter, the first marble quarries were opened by Kelley Brothers. Marble was wagon-hauled to Carbondale and the railroad. A block from this quarry also went to the 1893 World's Fair. (When the exhibits were returned, Gunnison county received a block of granite instead of the marble. The granite slab is still to be seen on the east lawn of court house.)

J. C. Osgood opened another quarry in the nineties. (Practically all of the town of Redstone is now owned by his widow, who is mistress of the famous million-dollar Osgood mansion at Redstone, built and furnished in 1900.)

The quarry, opened in the nineties by A. J. Mitchell and Billy Fine, is the quarry that eventually became the present large Yule Colorado quarry. When Mitchell and Fine sold out to Col. C. F. Meek, (who will be remembered as the man who declared he would live to see "grass grow in the streets of Lake City"), the Yule Marble Company was promoted. Col. Meek, thru

18,000 stockholders, invested over six million dollars in the plant. He installed machinery, electric power lines, and built the railroad in 1908, up from the C. F. & I. branch at Redstone.

In 1912 Col. Meek, who was about sixty years of age, was killed when he jumped from a runaway trolley on the quarry line. At time of his death, the mill was employing 700 men and the quarry, 250.

From the time of Meek's death, the marble business steadily declined and later the Yule Company went into receivership. J. F. Manning was receiver and in charge of production during the time that marble was taken out for the Lincoln Memorial. Following this short-lived activity, the quarry lay idle for several years, (World War period), and was eventually divided by the county into three parts and auctioned off at sheriff's sale at front doors of the court house in Gunnison. Interest of the three buyers were pooled for operation for a short time by a Mr. Chase, and in 1924 the Tennessee Marble Company took possession. When the mill burned down in 1926, the Tennessee concern closed, and the next year sold the property to Jacob F. Smith, who owns another quarry in that locality. He sold the Yule property in 1928 to Vermont Marble Company, which operated the partially rebuilt mill and quarry for the next eleven years.

The block of pure white marble for a monument to the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Park, Washington, D. C., was taken from the Yule Company quarries at Marble. In the rough, it weighted 55 tons when quarried. It was shipped to Vermont to be cut, finished and carved. Many people, especially easterners, believe that this monument was produced from Vermont marble quarries, but in fact, it was taken from the famous Yule quarries, right here in Gunnison county. This is the only quarry in the United States from which large quantities of pure white marble can be produced and especially in large blocks. Many nationally-known buildings and monuments thruout the country have been constructed of pure white marble from this Yule Company quarry. It is indeed a shame that thru mismanagement, this famous marble quarry must be shut down and abandoned and its machinery sold for junk.

Other companies - among them the Colorado Marble Co., and Colorado White Marble Co. - have invested in that area, and may resume operations, now that Yule Colorado has ceased activity.

When the Vermont Company announced closing the quarry for November 15th, it brought discouragement to the pioneering citizens of the town of Marble. But further catastrophe descended, and before the scheduled date for abandonment of the mill and quarry, nature took a hand in desolution of the town. On Friday afternoon, August 8th, a cloudburst up Carbon creek, above Marble, flooded the Yule Colorado headgates, and practically the entire business and residential districts of the town were caught in the ensuing inundation. Buildings were torn asunder; houses were swept from their foundations and carried, in some cases, several blocks away; trees and rocks covered main streets to a depth of several feet.

And now, with quarry workmen and families leaving the desolated town, Marble residents who remain behind do not look upon their town as a "ghost town." They have seen floods strike before; they have seen fires - fires so common during first quarry shut-down that few bothered to go to them-; and they have seen mill and quarry close, only to revive again.

Already, there is authoritative talk of establishment of an ore mill at Marble. Mining men of prominence, arriving in the very aftermath of the flood, have investigated mineral possibilities of the area. There is no doubt that Marble, now depleted of workmen, will eventually be inhabited again with miners of a different breed and training - sons and grandsons of early-day pioneers - men whose heritage lies in the rich mineral resources of the Elk Mountains.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of November 13, 1941

Early Day Mining Men of Gunnison Region, Successful in California

By J. E. Phillips

* *

25 No. First St., Alhambra, Calif.

To The News-Champion,
Gunnison, Colo.

The mining boom in the Gunnison country in 1880, brought to that region many men of education and business ability, aggressive enough to tackle anything. After a few years the mines not making good, these people scattered to other parts where some of them made good in a business and financial way. I have at times made mention of this fact whenever I have heard of the success of my old friends of that early period.

It is of Fred L. Wright that I wish to relate something of his success. He was one of the pioneer prospectors in Elko, at the head of Rock creek, now known as Crystal river. He was well known to all of the sturdy pioneers of that locality in 1880, or earlier, and had one of the finest cabins in the district. At that time it was not encouraging to go ahead until railroads could be built, so he assisted in building of the Denver & Rio Grande over Marshall Pass and later helped to build a branch road to Lake City.

Mr. Wright first came to Colorado from Illinois with his parents in 1873, and settled on a ranch near Greenwood in Fremont county. A little mining boom was started about that time (1873) in Rosita, and the legislature cut off that part of Fremont county and made Custer county. The Pocahontas, the Chiefton, Leviathan and Bassick all flourished for a while. In 1879 a mining excitement broke out in Silver Cliff, seventy miles from Rosita. It is there and at Rosita that I first crossed the trail of Mr. Wright. Then in 1880 we find him in the Gunnison country. In 1893 I went to Cripple Creek; there we find Mr Wright in the thick of the mining excitement. The Wright and Marshall lease in the Geneva mine was well known to all Cripple Creek. They took out \$129,000 in 120 days, which was a record to be proud of. Leaving there he retired to his old home for a short time, but always restless to be in the mining field.

About 1912 he went to Los Angeles, and not wanting to live in the city, went to Hollywood, a struggling sub-division in the barley fields and orange groves. There he built a home and it was not long before the "movie" business came in and bought all around him, so that he is next door to the Columbia Broadcasting Station, and otherwise surrounded by the moving picture industry.

About that time Pat O'Neill, a cattleman from South Dakota, sold his ranches and cattle. Coming to Los Angeles, he joined E. L. Doheny in the oil business. He associated Mr. Wright with him in mining business and traveled all over the mining region looking for a mine. Not being successful in finding what he wanted, in time he retired from that alliance.

About eight years ago, George Holmes, a persistent prospector, one hot day was coming down a gulch on the north of Soldad Mountain near Mojave, 100 miles from Los Angeles. He picked up float that looked good. He had it assayed and it "ran out of sight," as the saying goes. He went back and traced it until he found the vein. With his father and one or two others, Mr. Holmes commenced to dig, and the ore paid right from the start. Local investors and engineers were not interested - too near Los Angeles to be of any good. After shipping a few thousand tons, one morning, we were startled by reading in the morning papers the sensational story that the South African Exploration Co. of London, had bought Holmes' Gold Queen mine for \$3,250,000. Then it was that prospectors, investors, promoters and about everyone else got busy. To think a mine rich enough to command that price was found within two hours' ride of Los

Angeles, and South African capital came in and grabbed it off. Mr. Wright, once of Gunnison and Cripple Creek, with a partner, Mr. Otto, was soon in the field. They went on Little Butte Mountain, three miles south of the Gold Queen, and located the Cactus mine. With Wright's and Otto's mine, others interested in Section 17, amounting to 480 acres, was purchased by Harvey S. Mudd, George B. Kimball and others. I believe over \$300,000 was paid, and it is now the Cactus Mining Co. It is equipped with buildings, machinery, a mill of 125-ton capacity, the finest that money can buy. Very little is known about the active operation, as they do not give out information, but it is generally known that what goes on around any mine is common knowledge to the public. Therefore, what I may say is all hearsay, known to the public. However, I have heard it stated that the property is the richest mine in the state, open to a depth of 700-800 feet, with a wide vein of very high grade ore. Roy W. Moore, one of Mr. Mudd's engineers, recommended its purchase.

In 1880, there was excitement and publicity over the rich ruby-silver ore found in Irwin, Gunnison county, Colorado. At that time Leadville was in its zenith, and the mine operators of Leadville got J. B. Grant and Seeley Mudd to go over there to get the low-down information. It was at that time that I first met Mr. Mudd, and have since known him intimately for many years. On the return of Messrs. Grant and Mudd, Mr. Grant, in an interview, stated that the veins were only knife-blade seams. That report brought forth a bloodless battle in the press between Hon. Dick Irwin and Dick Allen in the "Leadville Reveille." The storm soon blew over, however. That fall J. B. Grant was elected the first Democratic governor of Colorado. Mr. Mudd grew in popularity as an engineer of the state for the next two decades, and we all knew that the mines in Irwin, whether played out or not, did shut down. Whether that episode had anything to do with electing Grant the Democratic governor and Mr. Mudd's future success, we do not know. Mr. Mudd was often called upon to decide engineering problems. He was called upon to decide the feasibility of driving the Roosevelt tunnel under Cripple Creek. About 35 years ago he retired and went to Los Angeles. Too young to sit down and do nothing, he looked for mining investments. He became interested in the Queen Esther mine on the north side of Soldad Mountain, near Mojave, right where Geo. Holmes discovered his Gold Queen. Mr. Mudd worked the Queen Esther with success for a few years, thinking he had the property worked out, and for twenty years little had been done on that mountain until Mr. Holmes made his discovery.

Mr. Mudd then turned his attention to copper mines of Arizona, and with Philip Wiseman opened the Ray Copper mine, that was sold at a good price. About 1913 United Eastern, in Oatman, Arizona, was bought by Mr. Mudd and his associates, proving to be a very profitable mine. With his interest in the Texas Gulf Sulphur Co., and other investments, he amassed a large fortune.

His two sons were Seeley G., Jr., and Harvey S. The former graduated as a physician, while the latter graduated at Stanford, finishing off at Columbia College as a mining engineer, expecting to follow that profession. I think it was about 1912, while I was doing a little work on a property north of Barstow, Harvey came out in his professional capacity being his first assignment to do field work. He was young in experience, but wise enough to turn it down for his client. I was just at that time quitting the job. His father passing away several years ago, leaving him a large fortune, it seemed advisable to withdraw as an active engineer and surround himself with good mining investments. He took over the ancient copper mines on the Island of Cypress in the Mediterranean Sea, said to be the first place where copper was ever discovered and used as metal in the days of King Solomon.

Mr. Mudd's office has always been the haven where promoters and old prospectors can bring their wares for inspection, and if worthy of investigation, an engineer will go to see them. They have more reports and data on mining property, from Dan to Beersheba, in that office, than in any other place. They are patient and try to make no mistakes. They have taken up a few things that may prove a failure, but they now have one in the Cactus mine that will make up for many, many failures.

Harvey Mudd gives much of his time to civic and other philanthropic work, and is much interested in keeping high class musical features up to a standard worthy of the best patrons of the art. This is all very commendable of any one with leisure and means. Would that others could feel interested the same way.

You ask, how old is Mr. Wright? It is no secret, but a fact, that he is half way between 80 and 90 years. He is tall, very erect, and does not look to be four score and five, yet he can climb steep hills, go further, and walk faster than the average man of 40. He and his partner will have the proud distinction of selling the richest gold mine in California, and Harvey Mudd and associates are proud of the fact that they are the buyers.

I write about these two gentlemen, Seeley Mudd and Fred Wright, to the News-Champion merely to show that both of them came from Colorado and at one time operated and were well known to the mining fraternity in Gunnison county over fifty years ago - half a century. That sounds big!

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of June 8, 1939

**Romantic History of Washington Gulch
in Crested Butte Mining District as Told by T. J. Phillips**

* *

J. E. Phillips Reviews Discoveries Made in 1861
And Fitful Enterprises Carried on Since That Date.
Tells of Capt. Jackson, Willis McGlothlen, McKay Bros.,
M. J. Gray and Fred L. Wright - Now Living in California

Another of those entertaining historical sketches of the early days in Gunnison county's mining sections has been received from the pen of J. E. Phillips, veteran editor of the Elk Mountain Pilot, now retired and residing in California. Mr. Phillips' story follows:

Alhambra, California,
403 So. Garfield Ave., July 1, '35.

To the News-Champion,
Gunnison, Colorado:

The first mining in Colorado, in fact, the first mining west of the Continental Divide in the then Colorado territory, was in 1861, in Washington Gulch, six miles north of Crested Butte.

Gold was first discovered in 1853 by Captain George A. Jackson on Chicago creek, near Idaho Springs. That started the mining excitement. A group of pioneers started from there to go farther into the wilds of the unexplored country and reached the Arkansas river at a place they named Malta, which is near where Leadville, now stands. In 1861, a part of this venturesome group started out to make further exploration. After crossing ranges they came to what they named Washington Gulch, at the base of Mt. Washington.

They found placer gold and spent the summer there. All mining in those days was placering; no one thought of looking for gold quartz mining. They would not have known what to do with it, as there were no quartz mills. These men, it is claimed, did very well. Legend has it that they took a lot of gold out of the creek of Washington Gulch. They were not molested by the Indians, but stayed too long to safely return to Malta, not knowing about weather conditions. The men started late in the fall and the deep snow was such a hardship that some of them perished on the way, while but a few of the party reached Malta to tell of their sufferings. That they found gold there is no doubt, but there is no record as to how much, and no one from the group ever returned to this camp.

Captain Jackson, who discovered gold in 1855, with his wife and two daughters, Mina and Louise, lived in Crested Butte in the eighties. Louise married Samuel Groendyke, who kept a cigar store in that city. They had a son, whom I am told, grew up and reached some prominence in the engineering department of the Oregon Short Line railroad in Idaho. Capt. Jackson later moved to Ouray, where his daughter, Mina, married Mark Atkins, whom I knew in Silver Cliff as the partner of Dick Southgate, running the Powell Hotel in 1879. Atkins, I think was a relative of John R. McLean, owner of the Cincinnati Enquirer. As a coincidence, Edward Beal McLean, the son of John R. McLean, married Evelyn Walsh, daughter of Tom Walsh, who made his fortune out of the Camp Bird mine near Ouray, the hometown of Mark Atkins.

We have no record or knowledge of any mining being done from 1861 to 1872, a period of eleven years, in any part of the country west of the Continental Divide, as it was then looked upon as being owned by the Indians.

In 1872 Willis McGlothen, his father and a party arrived at the head of Crystal river (then known as Rock creek). They made a number of locations on Galena Mountain and called their camp Elko. They worked assessments on quartz claims and found much galena ore rich in silver. They would go out in the fall with their pack train of jacks, returning the following spring. The Whopper, Galena King and Rob Roy claims attained some prominence, but with no smelter, nor good transportation facilities, and the short season, nothing much has ever been accomplished toward making them producing mines.

Mining started in the San Juan and Lake City in the early seventies, and placer mining interest kept up at Malta, on the Continental Divide, at the head of the Arkansas river, about where Leadville is now located, but not until 1879, did the big boom set in. The finding of rich carbonate ores at Leadville, made every man a prospector. If he could not go personally, he grubstaked a prospector or joined a syndicate, who sent prospectors.

In 1875, there came from Ohio two brothers, George and Jasper McKay. They prospected up Washington Gulch and located a claim. Being painters by trade, they named their claims the Painter Boy group. The brothers found some rich gold ore, and in the fall they went to Topeka, Kansas, taking with them some rich specimens. They sold their Painter Boy group in Topeka for \$25,000 to Gavitt & Scott, land agents for the Santa Fe railroad. Some of the railroad officials were interested in the sale.

In 1880, M. J. Gray, a business man from Boston, showed up in Topeka. He was seeking health and looking for business. He had known Gavitt & Scott in his old home town in New Hampshire. It was arranged that Mr. Gray was to go out and take charge of the Painter Boy group. In order that he might not be idle while on that job, he bought a big stock of merchandise. It was shipped to Silver creek, the end of the track, where Mears is located, and from there it was to be freighted in the spring of 1881. Mr. Gray went out and located a townsite, had a sawmill built, a large building for a store, boarding and lodging house; and had a post office established. A shaft 100 feet deep was sunk at the mine, then run along the drift on the vein, discovering some rich ore pockets. The last car of ore ever shipped from there brought \$3,000, but they never seemed to reach a continuous ore body, and after spending about \$200,000, work was suspended. While a post office was secured for Elkton, the boom did not last long enough to get a mail route established, so Mr. Gray moved his buildings to Crested Butte and did a large mercantile business there for a number of years.

In those days every man in that country had the title of judge, colonel, politicians or statesmen. Mr. Gray did not aspire to any of these titles - just a plain merchant selling goods for cash or credit - but a group of politicians made him think if he secured the nomination for state treasurer that he would be elected, so the delegates to the county convention to elect delegates for the state convention from Crested Butte, were instructed to support delegates to the state convention for Mr. Gray's nomination. He also had the support of other outlying precincts. Jack Fessler, cashier of the First National Bank in Gunnison, was also a candidate for the same office.

Delegates were split between the two candidates. The four delegates from Irwin, controlled by V. A. Wilder (the Jim Blaine of the Rockies) would not vote with either side, hence there was a deadlock. A night session was held. In those days it was the custom of delegates to go out and liquor up between each vote, but in this case they dared not leave their seats for fear the chair would call for a vote. Captain M. L. DeCoursey of Colorado Springs, at the time a resident of Crested Butte, managed to get a bottle. He, himself, was a teetotaler at the time, yet it was amusing to see him walk down the aisle, pass the bottle along a row of seats, where each man would take a drink and pass it on to the next one. In that way they kept awake until the

dawn of another day came over the horizon, when Archie Stevenson, Frank Goudy, Alexander Gullett, Bob Williams and John Parlin got together and threw out both candidates and united in electing a state delegation to support Theodore Thomas for attorney general.

When it came time to go to the state convention, we all had to go, win or lose, we could not miss that.

Col. George R. Swallow was nominated for state treasurer. Mr. Thomas, for attorney general, while Mr. Gray was offered the nomination for state auditor, but refused it, as the office only paid \$2,500 a year, whereas the state treasurer was paid \$25,000. He said he would rather sell groceries in Crested Butte for cash or credit than work for the state for \$2,500 so after the election Col. Swallow was treasurer, Jack Fassler, Deputy treasurer, and Mr. Gray back in Crested Butte selling groceries.

Gray did a big business for several supplying mines which were working big crews of men. Aspen was a good customer. Si Hallett would load out 200 or 300 jacks every week for Ashcroft and Aspen, freighting up Brush creek over Pearl pass, and all went well. A few small outfits carried charge accounts, but the big bills would be cash. There were small outfits that would come in the spring, get a bill of goods, go up the mountains to their claims and stay until they ate up their grub. When snow began to fly, they would come down and go out to the lowlands in the state for the winter. In the spring the men would return, tell Mr. Gray a story that they would sure strike it this year, and if he would give them a supply of goods, they would be able to pay up all back bills and everything would be lovely. Mr. Gray had to hire a bookkeeper, so why not keep him busy filling in the ledger, then out would go more bills on credit.

H. A. W. Tabor made a million in Leadville by giving two shoemakers \$16 worth of grub, so that Mr. Gray, why should not the wheel of fortune turn in his favor some time?

Aspen secured a railroad, local mines began to slow up and business dropped off. About 1888 Mr Gray began to look into his affairs and found that he had more goods charged on the ledger than he had on his shelves, so he began to look around to sell out. Two young men from Denver, by the names of Briggs and Calvert, came along and bought him out - all except the ledger accounts, which he still owns.

Mr. Gray went to Idaho. In a fertile valley he purchased land and a town; he sold lots and the place grew and prospered. He owned the bank, lands and houses, and was considered a rich man. A few years ago he sold out and came to Los Angeles to live. Now, at 87, he is enjoying good health and the companionship of his good wife. He has never parted with his Crested Butte ledger accounts.

Capt. Jackson was accidentally killed by the discharge of a shotgun some years ago, while on his way to the Mancos country in Dolores county. Always a pioneer, he suspected good chances of finding a mine there, and it is only recently that rich strikes have been made in that district.

Fred L. Wright has just sold his interests in a mine in the Mohave district out here for \$160,000. I knew Mr. Wright in Crested Butte in 1879. He was well known among the pioneer miners of Gunnison county as one of us in the eighties. With a partner named Marshall, he took a fortune out of the Geneva claims on Gold Hill in Cripple Creek in 1895, just forty years ago, and now, at 83, he has made another stake. May his shadow never grow less.

Yours,

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of July 18, 1935

Starting of Early-Day Newspaper In Gunnison Region Brought To Mind by This Interesting Article

Alhambra, California
September 28, 1936.

News-Champion:

In a recent issue you recorded the death of M. M. Jones, in Richmond, Indiana, at the age of 85.

He was one of the most prominent citizens in the eighties, actively engaged in real estate business, identified with George W. Pettitt and the Gurley Bros. of Denver, who had large real estate holdings in Gunnison. Mr. Jones was one of the most beloved Christian men of Gunnison, and I was proud to number him as one of my best friends. Everybody knew M. M. Jones in that period, of a generation that is fast passing away.

The first paper printed in Gunnison was the News, in the month of April, 1880 - or it may have been the month of May. Col. Hall, a very large, portly man, a correspondent for the Cincinnati Inquirer, came to Gunnison from Lake City, and had ordered the printing materials for a paper. It arrived from Chicago the first part of April. The Colonel, while a good writer, knew nothing about the mechanical working of a newspaper office; he had not arranged for any printers. I was there, waiting for the Elk Mountain Pilot material to go to Irwin, and with the aid of Billy McMaster and a printer named Blaine, we set up Col. Hall's office and printed the first issue of the Gunnison News. I remained with him to get out the second week's paper, when he approached me to know if I would not stay, taking an interest in the paper. I told him it was quite impossible; that I had office equipment coming and was under a promise to establish a paper in Irwin.

It was arranged that two good men would come from Denver. They were W. H. Milburn and Fred Dickensheets. They arrived and took charge until the fall, when Dickensheets left to become city editor of the Denver Republican for many years. Mr. Wilburn was foreman in the composing room of the Denver Post.

In the meantime Frank A. Root and A. B. Johnson arrived and opened the office of the Gunnison Review, I think, within a week or two after the News had been started. Mr. Johnson was the editor, while Mr. Root, who was from Topeka, Kansas, being a practical printer and all-round newspaper man, had charge of the publication of the paper - and he knew thoroly how to get out a good paper.

When the first copy of the News was pulled off the Washington hand-press, Billy McMaster took it up to the corner of Tomichi and Main, the center of activity, and offered it at auction to the highest bidder. Frank McMaster and Frank Sutherlan, the most successful real estate men at that time, bid up to \$100 and got the sheet. A week or two later, when the Review came out, the same procedure occurred, they likewise realizing a hundred dollars for their first copy. It seemed to have been a custom established in new western towns, more to give a good-will benefit to any one having the nerve to start a newspaper in a new town.

The News was strictly non-partisan, not favoring either political party. The Review was a pronounced Republican paper, leaving the Democrats without an organ. Frank McMaster was the leading attorney and aggressive Democratic politician. Feeling the need of a paper, he brought one in and called it the Gunnison Democrat. That made three newspapers.

West Gunnison was a rival section of the original town of Gunnison, and also wanted a paper. A paper called the Press, was brought in - I think by a Mr. Showalter and George Temple, from Pennsylvania.

That made four papers for Gunnison, while for the outlying mining camps of the county there were seven, each of which was expecting, and later did have a paper, making in all about eleven publications in the county. There were, of course, a great many more saloons in the county, but it looked as though the newspaper business was trying to outrival that industry, insofar as numbers were concerned.

The Bullion King mine at Irwin, then only a prospect, owned by Sheriff Wm. Yule, George Yule and Jim Preston, had been sold by Col. Boucher to some eastern Pennsylvania people, and Col. Elisha A. Buck, editor of the Spirit of the Times, a high-class sporting paper of New York.

During the summer of 1880, Col. Buck came out to look at the Bullion King, from which they were taking high grade silver ore. He became so infatuated and visioned great possibilities for this vast, newly discovered country that he formed a partnership, the firm name of which was Haverly, Boucher & Buck. Jack Haverly was known the world over as the famous minstrel troupe man, and Col. Boucher was a newspaper writer from the east. The firm started in to buy mines, town lots, townsites, newspapers, ranches, sawmills, and what have you. They bought from Col. Hall the Gunnison News and turned it into a daily. N. P. Babcock, a transient editor, was sent out from New York to edit the paper, and Joe Heiner, son-in-law of County Judge David R. Smith, was business manager. After the fall campaign, the Republicans winning by the election of General Garfield, the Gunnison Democrat was for sale, as Frank McMaster had gone to the Oklahoma country and had no further use for it. Haverly, Boucher & Buck bought the paper, merged it with the News, making it the News-Democrat.

In the spring, the owners of the Press, seeing the folly of running a paper in Gunnison, sold their franchise to the Review, which then became the Review-Press, leaving Gunnison with two hyphenated named newspapers. Mr. Showalter, George Temple and John Wallace Ohl went to Crested Butte and started the Gazette.

In the fall of 1881, the state and county campaign was on, with Babcock on the News-Democrat and A. Burlingame Johnson on the Review-Press, both daily papers. We had a red hot time in the old town. Both being able and vitriolic writers, it was a great attraction for the public to know what was coming out in the next issue. Vile accusations were brought out against the candidates, and the vindictive language each paper used against the other was appalling.

The Ute Indian reservation having been declared open to settlement by an act of congress, the D. & R. G. railroad had two or three thousand men strung along in grading camps all the way from Gunnison to where Grand Junction is now, a distance of about 125 miles. The county and state candidates on both sides felt that they had to go and see the people. So with buckboards they started out. A. M. Stevenson, Frank Goudy, and Alex Gullet on the Republican side; A. J. Bean, Marion Waller and Charley Biebel for the Democrats. As a matter of fact, those workers were not legal voters, as they had not been in the county long enough, but that made no difference. These politicians made the trip and the papers sent along reporters. It was a most wonderful experience - holding meetings in the camps in the evenings and driving in the daytime. The Democratic state ticket won out and elected J. B. Grant as governor. But the Gunnison county ticket was mixed. On the Republican ticket, Jack Bowman was elected sheriff; Joe Cotter, treasurer, while on the Democratic ticket, I think Capt. A. J. Bean was elected clerk and recorder, and Charley Biebel, commissioner.

When J. B. Grant became governor he selected N. P. Babcock as his private secretary, who returned to New York after his job was out with the governor. M. J. Malawney was the editor of the News-Democrat after Babcock retired.

Messrs. Root and Johnson stayed with the Review-Press, I think until the late eighties, when Mr. Root returned to Topeka, and Mr. Johnson went to Grand Junction. In 1896, President McKinley appointed Mr. Johnson consul to Amoy, China. He was in China when the Spanish-American war broke out in 1898, and took advantage of the opportunity to secure some Philippine concessions that made him a fortune. Returning to the United States, he settled in Pasadena, California. His experience in politics soon won him recognition as a leader. He was elected to the state senate twice from his district in California. Mrs. Johnson died here about six years ago, while Mr. Johnson passed away about four years ago. Mrs. Johnson was well known in the early days of Gunnison. Their daughter, the wife of Dr. Bull, lives in Pasadena, while Earle Johnson, their son, born in Gunnison in 1882, is at the head of the Johnson Lumber Co. of Pasadena.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

How Newspapers of The Gunnison Region Were Started

* *

Phillips Writes of Early Day Printers And Editors

When was the first printing press brought into Gunnison County and who owned it?

Answer -

Two men by the name of Frank Root and A. B. Johnson from Kansas owned and operated the first printing press in Gunnison county. The Gunnison News as it was then named, was published in April, 1880. A few weeks later another, the Gunnison Review, was established. Its first copy was issued May 15, 1880, and was auctioned off at \$100 which sum was donated to the Methodist Church, it being the first religious denomination to erect a building here. The following 20 years witnessed the starting of fifty newspapers in Gunnison county. Many of these, however, were only of short duration. There were others that managed to prosper, especially in mining towns while mines thereabout were creating a boom. The News-Champion and Republican and allied paper, The Elk Mountain Pilot, are the only local descendents of those fifty papers.

The above item appeared in your issue of March 16. No one knows any better than Mr. Lake that the item is not correct. Instead of being informative, which the N.-C. endeavors to be, much of the item is misinformative and fails to tell the story correctly.

In writing historical news of your county over fifty years ago, I try to give facts. I believe that I have given the history of the press at some time and for fear it is not understood, I will endeavor to write it again.

Before doing so, I will give you an extract from a letter I received from one of your subscribers who referred to the article I wrote giving the history of Grand Junction. He wrote: "I hope a copy of your letter was sent to the Chamber of Commerce of Grand Junction and to the Historical Society in Denver. So few people realize the significance of such articles. They read them and appreciate, but do not think to preserve them on account of their historic value. First-hand information like you write should be preserved for coming generations. It is from these articles that the historian of fifty years hence will get information when he takes it upon himself to write a new history of that section."

The first printing office brot to Gunnison was by Col. C. F. Hall, a portly man, who was a correspondent for the Cincinnati Inquirer. Early in 1880, he had rented a two-room cabin on the block near the southeast corner of Main and Tomichi. Opposite the cabin was the old Red Lion hotel and Jim Kelley's saloon. Colonel Hall lived in one side of the cabin and expected to put his printing shop in the other side. One day a freighter from Alamosa drove up with a team and unloaded a complete printing outfit, all boxed as shipped from Chicago. Now Col. Hall had a printing office and he was prepared to furnish copy for a newspaper, but he could not set type and had not engaged any printers.

I had arrived in Gunnison about the first of March, 1880, and had to stay there a month before getting on up to Irwin with the Elk Mountain Pilot outfit. The Colonel asked me if I would not help him get his paper out. He did not even have any name for it. We talked it over and I suggested that he call it the Gunnison NEWS. That was okay, so I hunted around and

found Billy McMaster and another printer by the name of Ed Blaine, and we uncrated the material, "laid the cases," set up the Washington hand press and in about ten days we had the first issue out, the date of which I do not remember now, but it must have been in April. You will find the date in the old files at your office. The first copy I pulled off the press, Billy McMaster took to the corner of Tomichi and Main streets where it was auctioned off for \$60 to Frank McMaster and Frank Sutherland, two prosperous real estate men. Col. Hall took the \$60 and did not give it to any church.

I told the colonel he had better arrange to get some one to run his office. He wanted me to stay with him but I told him I had my own outfit coming and it was out of the question. We started to get out the second week's issue of the News when Billy Milburn and Fred Dickensheets came from Denver and took charge of the office for the summer. Bill Milburn was a brother-in-law of Frank Joslin of Joslin Dry Goods store and was foreman of the Denver Post composing room years afterward. Fred Dickensheets returned to Denver and was news editor of the Denver Republican for many years.

Before we got out the second issue, A. B. Johnson, a young college graduate from Iowa, and Frank Root, a newspaper man from Topeka, Kansas, arrived with a printing outfit and started the Gunnison Review. Their office was on Tomichi avenue west of Main street. Their first copy of the first issue was sold for \$100 and donated to the Methodist church. It was dated May 15, 1880.

In the meantime, my printing outfit and my partner, John L. Lacy, having arrived from Chicago and freighted in from Alamosa, we proceeded up to Irwin about the first of May to start the Elk Mountain Pilot. At that time Irwin was just a little cluster of dirt-roofed log cabins, not a board in the place as no saw mill had arrived. We managed to open the office and issue the first paper on June 17, 1880. The first six copies sold at auction for \$156, and the whole edition of 1000 copies were sold for ten cents each, and we could have sold another thousand copies if we had prepared for it. Some job to print a thousand copies on a Washington hand press. Our office had a dirt floor and no windows or doors.

The Cornwall Bros., surveyors, had platted a town site at Irwin and lots sold fast. We bought a lot for our office for \$50. Before Mr. Eckerly could get his saw mill up to furnish lumber to build a house, we sold the lot for \$1000 and bought one for \$250 that suited our purpose. People rushed in there, all clamoring to go mining and start business; and before we realized it, we had 23 saloons, 3 dance halls, 6 general stores, shops of all kinds, and anyone passing thru that abandoned gulch now cannot help but think "what fools these mortals be!!"

Willis Sweet, staked by H. A. W. Tabor, brot a paper into Gothic about this time, which he called the Gothic Miner. One winter was enough for him. He left in 1881, went to Moscow, Idaho. There he opened up a law office and was elected to Congress several times. Afterwards he was appointed American consul to Porto Rico by President Theodore Roosevelt and died there 20 years ago. The Miner was kept alive by Lew Waite, George A. Jones, and Josie Crawford for a few years, then died a natural death.

Frank Sheafor, a good newspaper man from Kansas, brot in the Pitkin News to Pitkin. It was a good paper as long as the town was prosperous enough to support it. A Mr. Graham brot another paper into Pitkin about 1882, but it did not last long. Pitkin, like all other towns, in the county, had a wonderful boom starting in 1880 but gradually settled down and was one of the few towns in the county that has held on with some mining going on all the time.

Tin Cup had a paper in 1880. Halsey Rhodes of Denver was the victim. He stayed but a year or two. When he departed, C. Sum Nichols conducted the Tin Cup paper for a number of years.

In 1883 George S. Irwin from Kansas, started the White Pine Cone. He stayed for about 10 years, when the town dried up and he went to Cripple Creek. When the Spanish War broke out in 1898, Mr. Irwin joined the army. After the war we find him running a paper at Mesa, Arizona, one of the live Mormon towns of that state.

At the head of Crystal River and the base of Sheep Mountain, a little mining camp sprang up that was called Crystal City. While a group of good miners settled there, Al and Fred Johnson were the store keepers. They ran the post office, too, and felt they must have a newspaper. The plant was brot in and Tom O'Brien ran the paper, calling it the Crystal River Current. That was in 1886. When O'Brien departed, Evan Evans ran it until he moved it to Marble, five miles down the river. I think Sylvia Smith had a paper at Marble, which grew to be a good-sized town on account of the marble industry established.

As the Gunnison News was non-partisan in politics and the Review a simon-pure Republican paper, the county election going Republican in the fall of 1880, Frank McMaster wanted a Democratic paper. In 1881 he started the Gunnison Democrat. About that time it got noised around that Gunnison was going to be the Pittsburgh of the West, so out came three young men from Pennsylvania who were familiar with the coal and iron industry that would be started. They were John Wallace Ohl, Geo. W. Temple and Mr. Showalter, who established the Press in Gunnison.

About 1881 Col. Elisha A. Buck, editor of the Spirit of the Times of New York, became interested in the Bullion King mine at Irwin. He came out, bringing with him Jack Haverly of minstrel show fame. They became so infatuated with the prospects of Gunnison county that they started to buy everything that was for sale. They bot mines, ranches, saw mills, town lots, and Col. Hall's News. They sent N. P. Babcock out to run the paper and Frank McMaster was willing to sell them the Democrat. Mr. Babcock changed the name to The News-Democrat, making it a lively daily for a number of years.

As the Pittsburgh of the West was not living up to the predictions, our Pennsylvania friends became impatient and sold the business of the Press to the Review, whom Messrs. Johnson and Root made another hyphenated paper, calling it the Review-Press. Messrs. Ohl, Temple and Showalter took the office material to Crested Butte and started the Crested Butte Gazette.

About 1884, Irwin was getting down to a whisper, and I had to do something. Mr. Lacy, who had come out with me, had sold his interest to me, as one winter's snow in Irwin was enough for him. He went to Pueblo where he started the Vox Populi, an evening paper, and ran it for several years. Crested Butte looked good to me, so in the spring of 1884, I moved the Pilot down there. About a year after that the Gazette folded up. Mr. Ohl became an Episcopal minister, serving a church in Salida for a number of years. Afterwards he went to Texas, and later to a church in New Jersey, where he died a few years ago. Geo. Temple became deputy state auditor of Colorado, and Mr. Showalter returned to Pennsylvania.

In 1880 two young men by the name of George and William Rhode came to Crested Butte to prospect and mine, but they were not prosperous in that line. George was quite a student and had some literary ability. After I established the Pilot on Crested Butte he contributed to the paper and gradually worked into learning the printing trade. In politics he was a Populist. After I sold out to Dr. J. W. Rockefeller and E. W. Gillett in 1893, Mr. Rhode went to Gunnison and

started a paper, calling it the People's Champion. He thot that Gunnison would support a Populist paper. He did not last long, and the Champion sold out to the Gunnison News on January 18, 1901. The two were consolidated as the News-Champion. George Rhode went to Cripple Creek where he took a job in a mine. He fell down the shaft and was killed. Wm. Rhode had a real estate office in Victor, Colorado, and afterward moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he is yet, if still living.

When Johnson and Root departed from Gunnison in the '90's, that left the town without a Republican newspaper, altho E. R. Lore, leasing the News from Henry F. Lake, Sr., had conducted a political sheet for a time. C. T. Sills felt the need of a paper to defend the G. O. P. and started a sheet called the Republican. It was steadily published from January 1901 to January 1932 when it was taken over by Mr. Lake of the News-Champion. He also bot the Elk Mountain Pilot which Carlton Sills, son of C. T. Sills, was also at that time publishing in Crested Butte, altho it was printed in Gunnison.

There was a paper in Gunnison in 1891 by the name of the Tribune, which was a successor of the Review-Press. It was founded by Charlie Adams and W. H. Corum and published by Adams until July 1904, when it sold out to the News-Champion. Anyway, the News-Champion seems to be the final morgue or cemetery or haven for all deceased journals.

The town of Tin Cup, in the late seventies was known as Hillerton, as some miners arrived there and found placer gold in Lottis creek and later in Willow creek and called their camp Hillerton after the name of one of the men, I think. A paper was issued there that summer of 1879 by Henry C. Olney, but only two or three issues were published as the camp did not rise to the dignity of being a town until 1880 when the name was changed to Tin Cup and the location placed some miles further up Willow creek. The placer miners had no scales to weigh up and divide their gold among the partners, so they took a tin cup filled it full of nuggets and gold dust, handed it to one partner, then refilled it until each partner had his share. This gave rise to the name of Tin Cup for the town. The paper at Hillerton, first actually printed sheet in Gunnison county, was called the "Occident."

Henry C. Olney went to Lake City and started the Silver World in the seventies and for years was dean of journalism on the western slope. He came over to Gunnison and ran the Review-Press before selling out to Adams and Corum of the Tribune, and being appointed register of the Gunnison Land Office. He afterward went to Denver and later landed at Sand Point, Idaho, where he died a few years ago.

When Johnson and Root departed from Gunnison in the late nineties, Mr. Root returned to Topeka and Mr. Johnson resided for a while in Grand Junction. He was appointed by President McKinly consul to Amoy, China, and he was in that country when the Spanish war broke out in 1898. He was shrewd enough to take advantage of the opportunity and returned to the United States, made a fortune, bot a fine home and settled in Pasadena, California. He was elected state senator for this state for two terms. Mrs. Johnson, well-known in the early days of Gunnison, died at their Pasadena home about six years ago and Wm. A. Burlingame Johnson died about four years ago. Their son and daughter, Earle Johnson and Mrs. Bull, both born in Gunnison, still reside in Pasadena. Earle is head of the Johnson Lumber Co. and Mrs. Bull, with her husband, Dr. Bull, resides in the old home.

The first paper brot to Montrose was by Abe Roberts who ably conducted it for several years. Now Charlie Adams, who started out in life as a boy in Gunnison in 1880, learning all branches of the business, has a very lively daily paper there, the Montrose Press, and is the dean of journalism on the Western Slope.

Robert Blaine, who had the first paper in Delta, is now living in Pasadena.

Has the reader kept count of how many papers there have been in Gunnison county? I think it adds up to about 14 and not 50 as stated in the item at the head of this article.

-ED. NOTE - The very entertaining and chatty letter above by Mr. Phillips will set many old timers to thinking of the days of fifty and sixty years ago. We shall later reprint it for the PIONEER BOOK, which so many readers of this paper keep up to date.

The estimate of 50 papers at one time or other actually printed in the county was made by Mrs. H. L. Spencer, whose thesis on early day newspapers of the region, was completed for her master's degree at Western State, and is a very painstaking and accurate compilation.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, April 6, 1939

Charley Adams Set Record Straight About Gunnison's Early Day Papers

* *

Editor News-Champion
Gunnison, Colorado.

Dear Editor Lake:

In your issue of April 6, 1939, I read a very interesting story from the pen of John E. Phillips, one of my great friends in the early days, who was the editor of the Elk Mountain Pilot at Crested Butte.

He asked the following question: "When was the first printing press brot into Gunnison county and who owned it?"

Mr. Phillips answered this question by saying: "Two men by the name of Frank Root and A. B. Johnson from Kansas owned and operated the first printing press in Gunnison county. The Gunnison News, as it was then named, was published in April, 1880. A few weeks later another, the Gunnison Review, was established. Its first copy was issued May 15, 1880."

Further along in the article Mr. Phillips says: "Before we got out the second issue of the Gunnison News, A. B. Johnson, a young college graduate from Iowa, and Frank A. Root, a newspaper man from Topeka, Kansas, arrived with a printing outfit and started the Gunnison Review. Their office was on Tomichi avenue west of Main Street."

Again Mr. Phillips says: "There was a paper in Gunnison in 1891 by the name of Tribune, which was a successor of the Review-Press. It was founded by Charlie Adams and W. H. Corum and published by Adams until July 1904, when it was sold out to the News-Champion."

Later Mr. Phillips says: "Henry C. Olney, who had run a paper at Hillerton, which was a new mining camp adjoining Tin Cup, issued a paper there for a short time in 1879. This was actually the first paper printed in Gunnison county and was called the Hillerton Occident. Mr. Olney went to Lake City and started the Silver World in the seventies. He came over to Gunnison and ran the Review-Press before selling out to Adams and Corum of the Tribune."

There are some inaccuracies in Mr. Phillips' historical statements, which, in order to perfect the record, I would like to have the privilege of correcting.

From the files of the Gunnison Daily Review-Press of Monday, January 1, 1883, I find a very informative article on "Gunnison, Early History of the Rise and Growth of the Young City."

This goes into a very exhaustive description of how the town of Gunnison was started, the first buildings and the names of those who had a part in the formative period of the town.

Below is found a significant paragraph in that issue:

"The first newspaper in the city was named the Gunnison News, issued by Col. W. H. F. Hall on Saturday, April 17, 1880. The next one issued was the Gunnison Review by Frank A. Root and Henry C. Olney, which appeared four weeks later on Saturday, May 15, the first being sold at public auction by Prof. Richardson, which brot \$100, the purchaser being Gen. George A. Stone, now largely interested in mining property in the Sheep Mountain district. The next paper issued was the Gunnison Democrat by Frank McMaster and Frank T. Sutherland, which appeared the following August and was merged with the News in June, 1881."

My recollection is that soon thereafter John Wallace Ohl and George W. Temple brot a printing plant into Gunnison and established the Press. They were followed by Col. E. A. Buck,

editor of the Spirit of the Times of New York, who was largely interested in mining activities at Irwin. The latter established the Gunnison Democrat.

The Gunnison Review printing office was located on New York avenue between 10th and 11th streets. While the paper was located there, Henry C. Olney sold his interest to A. B. Johnson. Ohl and Temple sold the Press to the Review, and they were consolidated under the name of Review-Press. They then moved the newspaper to East Gunnison on Tomichi avenue between Wisconsin and Pine Streets near the location of the Ned Williams garage.

Col. Buck purchased the News from McMaster and Sutherland and established the Gunnison News-Democrat.

Both of the consolidated papers were dailies, and they continued as such until about 1866 [sic], when they both were reduced to weeklies. When the Gunnison Daily Review-Press was discontinued as a daily, A. B. Johnson disposed of his interest and was appointed by the president as consul to Amoy, China. The ownership then passed to Frank A. Root and sons, Olbert C. and George A. Root.

After operating the paper for a couple of years, they sold the same to Henry C. Olney, who operated it until January 12, 1891, when the same was purchased by C. E. Adams and W. H. Corum, and the name changed to the Gunnison Tribune.

After operating the paper for a couple of years under that ownership, Adams purchased the interest of Corum and continued the paper until July 1, 1904, when the subscription list and goodwill were sold to the Gunnison News-Champion, and the printing plant divided, part going to Paonia to become the Paonia Newspaper with C. T. Rawalt as editor and publisher, and the other part to Cedaredge to become the Champion edited by Clyde W. Brewer.

When the first papers were started in Gunnison, they were printed on Washington hand presses. When the Review and Press were consolidated and a daily was established, the first cylinder printing press was brot to Gunnison by Root and Johnson. This press is now printing the Paonia Paonian and is giving marvelous service. The last time I saw it - last year - Arthur L. Craig, the editor, had it all painted and polished up. It looked like a new press.

Col. Buck, when he purchased the News and consolidated the Democrat with it, brot out the cylinder press from New York City which printed his Spirit of the Times and installed it to print the News-Democrat as a daily paper. This press is still in operation in the News-Champion office at Gunnison and is doing splendid work, altho it is probably 75 years old.

Mr. Phillips says that Henry C. Olney started the Silver World in Lake City in the early seventies. This again is in error. I have a copy of the first issue of the Lake City Silver World in my possession. It was first issued Saturday, June 10, 1875, with H. M. Woods as editor.

On page 3, I find the following headed "The Silver World":

"Less than two weeks ago the material of this office was just as delivered from the freight wagons. In the short space of eleven days we have laid the type, put together the stands and racks, set up the press and sent forth our first edition. It may be thot that to take a little more time would have made the paper more readable, but we were anxious that it should make its appearance as early as possible in order to keep pace with the energy displayed by other citizens. Our material, with exception of the press, is entirely new and is from the establishment of S. P. Rounds, Chicago, whose promptness and care in filling orders is well known to most publishers thruout the West. Our heading, which shows quite an accurate representation of Lake City as we expect it will be in the course of a few months, is from a design made by C. Stollsteimer of Del Norte. Our office is a log cabin built on a sand bed, which is in places four or five inches deep with fine dust. For the press and stands we had to sink mudstills in order to make a solid

foundation. The roof is of saplings covered with mud and the dirt sifts down upon us in a never ending shower. We lack all the conveniences and many of the things usually considered necessities in a printing office. But still we are happy and present this issue with some satisfaction. Altho it may not be all that could be desired, it is all that could be expected under the circumstances."

These are historical facts, and in order to keep the record straight, I felt that these matters should be called to the attention of Mr. Phillips as well as those who may come on later and desire to pry into ancient history of Gunnison county newspaper making.

I have enjoyed immensely the historical articles written at various times by Friend Phillips. They have brot back many early recollections of my life in Gunnison.

C. E. ADAMS.

Montrose, Colorado, April 24, 1939

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, May 4, 1939

Interesting Story of Elk Mountain Pilot As Told By J. E. Phillips

* *

J. E. Phillips, veteran editor, of the elk Mountain Pilot, who now resides in California, ruffles the pages of memory for interesting data and facts concerning that early-day publication of Crested Butte and the Elk Mountains section, which is still in circulation, although now printed in News-Champion office at Gunnison. Mr. Phillips writes as follows:

Alhambra, Calif.
September 30, 1939.

News-Champion:

I have received a marked copy of the Elk Mountain Pilot, wherein there appears to be a dispute as to the age of that "baby." It is claimed it was sixty years old on Sept. 7, 1939. The first issue of the Elk Mountain Pilot was published on June 17, 1880, therefore, it will not be sixty until June 17, 1940, almost nine months from now. I ought to know, as I was the wet nurse at the paper's birth.

The Pilot was conceived in Rosita, Custer County, Colorado. I was employed on the Silver Cliff Miner in the summer of 1879. That was a rip-snorting boom town at that time with two daily papers. Eight miles from Silver Cliff was Rosita, the first and only town in Custer county, thirty miles from Canon City. It was the county seat, and Charley Baker published a paper there called The Index. He was awarded a contract to get out briefs for a number of suits in the state supreme court that was to convene that winter. He asked me to help him - in fact, he turned over the job to me. There were pamphlets or leaflets, of 20 or 30 pages, and the work had to be done right. We had poor facilities in his office, a little 10x14-bed Gordon press, but I finished up the job.

Mr. Baker wanted to go to his old home at Muscatine, Iowa, on a visit and wanted to know if I would not run his paper while he was gone. It was a dried-up, dead sheet, with little or no news, and local citizens paid no attention to it. In the first issue I got out I had a "dig" for about half of the population in town, and it caused amusement on the street after the paper appeared. One fellow, with the paper in his hand, would rush down the street and say: "Hey, Bill, did you see what the paper said about you?"

"Yes, and I am going to kill that young fellow."

"Oh, come on now, Bill, can't you take a joke? He only told the truth about you, and you know it. Come on, buy the drinks for the boys."

Well, do you know, the whole town was worked up, and I did not know what would happen - whether I would be run out of town or shot if I was to show up. The next week the men were at the office to get a copy of the paper to see what I had to say. The next thing I heard, they had subscription around to buy the paper and have me run it. I told them it would be unfair to the owner to take advantage of him in his absence and that I refused to stay, as I was going to the Gunnison country, where a great mining boom was taking place as soon as Mr. Baker returned home. I told Mr. Baker what the citizens were trying to do. He was tickled to death to think he could sell out. He then asked me if I would join him in starting a newspaper in Irwin, at that time a great boom camp in Gunnison county. I told him I had not enough money to buy an interest in a paper. He replied that that did not make any difference, that he would furnish the money and take my note for my interest.

I at once got a specimen book of a printer's supply house in Chicago and made out a complete list of material for a country newspaper, and requested the shipment to be made to

Alamosa, then the freight-forwarding point for all of Gunnison country. I suggested the paper be given the name of the Elk Mountain Pilot. All the equipment was new except the press, as Mr. Baker had a Washington hand press in storage that he had brought from Palmyra, Missouri, where it was claimed that Mark Twain used to work when he started to learn the printing trade in that village, near Hannibal, his old home. Mr. Baker had used the press when he had a newspaper at Monument, a little town between Colorado Springs and Palmer Lake.

In February of 1880, I went from Rosita to Gunnison. That was as far as one could get in traveling toward Irwin because of deep snow. Charley Stevens and I drove from Rosita to Gunnison, via Poncha Springs, San Luis valley, Saguache and Cochetopa the only route into the country at that time. Stevens had been over there the year before and was ready to take up with anything that showed good business promise. People were arriving in large caravans of covered wagons. Hundreds were living along the river and new arrivals came daily. There was not a meat market in Gunnison at the time. Stevens bought a half-dozen fine steers from Lon Hartman, the herd running about where the La Veta hotel now stands. The second day he was there, I rode out with him to catch a steer, which he butchered. There was a horse corral on the northeast corner of Main and Tomichi streets, and on that location he opened his market. When it became known that a meat market was established, people came from everywhere from the hills to the river and there was a line of over fifty in number waiting their turn to buy beefsteak. Stevens was sold out by ten o'clock the first day, and the next day he killed two steers.

All I could do was to wait for my printing office material to arrive, and for the snow to disappear so that I could get to Irwin.

Col. Hall had come over from Lake City and had a printing office shipped in, with which to start a newspaper, but with no one to get the paper out. I found Billy McMaster and a printer named Blaine, and we got out the first issue of the Gunnison News - the first paper ever published in Gunnison city. There had been no name selected for the sheet, so I named it The Gunnison News. We got out the second week's issue; then I wanted to go to Irwin, but Col. Hall wanted me to stay with him. I told him I had paper equipment coming, intending to go to Irwin, and I could not stay with him. Two young men from Denver, Billy Milburn and Fred Dickensheets, came over and ran the News that summer of 1880, or until Col. E. A. Buck and Jack Haverly, of minstrel fame, arrived from New York on a shopping tour - to buy everything in sight, newspapers, town lots, sawmills, mines, ranches, etc.

Billy Milburn returned to Denver and was with the Denver Post for many years. Fred Dickensheets was night editor of the Denver Republican for forty years.

The Thompson Brothers drove in from Rosita about the time I was ready to go to Irwin. They had sold the Forest Queen mine, and, of course, had money. They bought the finest team that money could buy, and their wagon was loaded with supplies. I joined them and we left Gunnison the first part of April, going as far as King's ranch, which was as far as we could get with a team, and Irwin was five miles further on. We stored the goods, sent the horses to pasture and walked over the snow crust to Irwin in the early morning. We all lived in a cabin, where we cooked, ate and slept for about four weeks, before snow melted so that we were able to do anything in camp. F. W. Fuller was with the party. He had sold his Rosita bank, expecting to start one in Irwin. In order to get goods in from King's ranch, we employed men to pack stuff in on their backs - all kinds of supplies at ten cents a pound. These packers would leave about two o'clock a. m., and arrive in Irwin at five or six o'clock, bringing from 100 to 150 pounds and making from \$10 to \$15 a trip. By traveling at that time in the morning, they could walk on the frozen snow crust, which later in the day became soft.

George and Harry Cornwall had platted a townsite, which looked nice on a blue-print. They had reserved two lots to be given away, one for the first paper started, and the other to a church. The lots were selling for \$100 and up. The highest priced lot was sold for \$5,000. People were arriving and business began to buzz. Messrs. McEwaid and Berry came along and offered me \$1,000 for my lot. I sold and bought a lot for \$250 on a back street, suitable for my business. The men who purchased my lot brought in a large stock of goods and opened a store. It was reported that a theatre was to be built on the adjoining lot.

It was discovered that we were seven miles inside of the Ute Indian reservation and had no rights or legal title to town lots, mines, or anything. General McKenzie could have brot his troops in and ordered us out, but he was there to protect the whites from the Indians. Looking back over scenes of that day, I think it would have been a good thing if he had ordered us all out.

Freight was beginning to arrive from Alamosa, and stocks of goods, machinery, printing equipment, and everything else was dumped into the mud, a mile above King's ranch, four miles from Irwin, about the first of May. We were waiting for the snow to go so we could move it in.

Mr. Baker wrote me from Rosita that he had given John L. Lacey an interest in the paper. Mr. Lacey and I were together on the Silver Cliff Miner. He came over and we managed to get the material packed in, rented a cabin that had no doors nor windows and only a dirt roof and a dirt floor. With no sawmill in the county, there was no lumber. When sawmills did get going, we had the first bill of lumber from Echerly's mill to start an office building, but the first three issues of the paper were printed in the log cabin. By June 1, roads were open and the town was wild and woolly.

We had no subscription list, and no idea how many copies of the paper to print for the first edition. We "wet" down 1,000 copies, and anyone who knows anything about the printing business, knows what a job it was to print a thousand copies on a Washington hand press.

Thursday, June 17, 1880, was the date of the first publication. Everybody wanted a copy. Great excitement prevailed. When the first copy of the paper was taken on the street, Jim Tibbetts mounted on top of a whiskey keg and commenced to auction it off. It was bid in by Blakey and Red Rogers, who had a gambling hall, for \$50. The crowd yelled, "Put up another!" Up it went. Leo Harding of the Harding Hardware Co., bid it in for \$40. Another copy was sold for \$25, another for \$15, and still another went for \$10. The first six copies were sold at auction for \$156, and as fast as we could take them from the press, the entire 1000 copies were disposed of at ten cents a copy. The sale stopped only when the supply ended.

Mr. Baker arrived in the summer, wanting to sell out to us; we bought him out, and he left for El Paso, Texas, which at that time was enjoying a boom over the arrival of a railroad. By 1881, Baker had arrived in Los Angeles. He wrote to me that a Col. Otis had consolidated two papers called the Miner and the Times, into one daily paper; that he had a chance to buy an interest, and if I would come and take charge he would do so. At that time Los Angeles seemed a long way off, and a struggling, uncertain village, and I was doing well where I was, and making money, so I declined the offer.

The winter snow at Irwin was enough for Mr. Lacey, so in the spring of 1881, he sold out to me and went to Pueblo, where he published an evening paper called the Vox Populi, for many years.

I published the Pilot in Irwin for four years - when the population was rapidly leaving and the town began going down to a whisper. I had to do something, where to go or what to do was a question. We had good patronage in legal notices. There are hundreds of mining claims patented, which is good business for a newspaper.

Sam Metzler had arrived from Silver Cliff in 1880, and started the Bank of Irwin. Mr. Fuller assisted with opening up the bank.

Crested Butte seemed to be a growing town, centrally located for many surrounding camps, and a big coal mine with a railroad built to it. I decided to move there. There was already a newspaper there, but I had to have a location, so on May 2, 1884, The Pilot was moved the entire distance from Irwin to Crested Butte, eight miles, on bobsleds, knowing there was enough snow to run sleds at that date. Mr. Metzler bought out the Bank of Crested Butte from J.B. Thompson later on, and moved from Irwin. So did some of the merchants. The Gothic paper had suspended, and when the Crested Butte Gazette quit, I had the only newspaper in that end of the county and enjoyed all the legal notice patronage.

I went back to Danville, Illinois the spring of 1888 and was married. We owned and lived in a house on Main street, next door to V. E. Metzler, who succeeded his brother in running the Crested Butte bank.

In 1893 the great mining boom struck Cripple Creek. I went over to look it over and made up my mind to locate there. Accordingly I returned to Crested Butte and sold the Pilot to Dr. J. W. Rockefeller and E. W. Gillette, the latter being the D. & R. G. agent, who had newspaper experience in Nebraska. I believe Sant Robinson and also Sylvia Smith, may have had a hand in the newspaper business of Crested Butte vicinity, all of which I know nothing, as I left there in 1893 and went into mining business which had nothing to do with a newspaper - for over 45 years.

President Roosevelt may change the date of our Thanksgiving Day, but that's no reason for changing the birthday of the Elk Mountain Pilot.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Editorial Note - Mr. Phillips having proven that the birthday of the Elk Mountain Pilot is June 17 instead of September 1, the volume and number will be changed accordingly. Subscribers to the Pilot, and readers of this article in the News-Champion will observe the change. We thank Mr. Phillips for setting us right.

Just who got the matter confused is difficult to say, but the erroneous numbering probably occurred during days when the Pilot passed into hands of the unhappy C.T.R. So far as known, no files of those dark ages exist.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion of November 23, 1939

Sixty Years Of Progress

* * *

Presented Historically By News-Champion Files

"Newspaper Week," as observed generally thru the nation, coincides in 1940 with the Sixtieth Anniversary of establishment of newspaper history on the Western Slope at Gunnison. The News-Champion, combining as it does the original Gunnison News, the Review, the Press, and 50 odd other pioneer papers of this region is now the oldest publication west of the continental divide in Colorado. Lake City Silver World was established in 1875, but has not been printed for several years. The Elk Mountain Pilot, printed at News-Champion office, but still published from Crested Butte, lacks a few weeks in age of the Gunnison papers. Telluride Journal, Aspen Times and Hot Sulphur Springs Times were all three started in 1881.

In view of the importance of the anniversary and the Newspaper Week celebration, a short resume of founding of the News-Champion is appended.

Gunnison News Started April 17, 1880

C. E. Adams, editor of the Montrose Press, and J. E. Phillips, early day editor in Gunnison county now living at Alhambra, Calif. state in an historical article published in the News-Champion on April 6, 1939, that the GUNNISON NEWS was the first paper published in Gunnison, on April 17, 1880.

Mr. Phillips gave a complete history of early-day newspapers in the county. In it he tells about being in Gunnison waiting for newspaper equipment to arrive to set up a newspaper at Irwin. Col. C. F. Hall had newspaper equipment in Gunnison and approached him to help him get it set up and operating. "With the help of Billy McMaster and another printer by the name of Ed Blaine, we uncrated the equipment, set up the Washington hand press and "laid the cases" in a two room cabin on the block near the southeast corner of Main and Tomichi. Col. Hall lived in one room of the cabin, and the printing plant was set up in the other."

Mr. Phillips went on to tell about Billy McMaster selling the first copy of THE GUNNISON NEWS at auction at the corner of Main and Tomichi, for \$60. Frank McMaster and Frank Sutherland, two prosperous real estate men won the bidding. Col. Hall took the \$60 and did not give it to any church, according to Mr. Phillips.

In the files of the Gunnison Daily Review-Press of Monday, January 1, 1883, Mr. Adams found this information in an informative article on "Gunnison, Early History and Rise and Growth of the Young City."

"The first newspaper in the city was named the Gunnison News, issued by Col. W. H. F. Hall on Saturday, April 17, 1880." Undoubtedly the information of these two men is correct and the GUNNISON NEWS was four weeks ahead of the GUNNISON REVIEW in issuing the first paper.

"The early '80's saw several other newspapers started up in Gunnison. The Gunnison Democrat appeared in August of 1880, and was merged with the News in June of 1881. The Press was next, in the same year."

First Copy of Gunnison Review sold for \$100

Altho 'business as usual' went on at the Gunnison News-Champion Wednesday, May 15, 1940, it was on that day 60 years ago that the first copy of THE GUNNISON REVIEW to which the Gunnison News-Champion is successor, was published.

Sixty years is a long time to serve a community, and in the service of those 60 years we of the News-Champion are justifiably proud.

It was on Saturday, May 15, 1880, when Gunnison was a booming mining camp and showed the beginnings of the town it has since become, that Frank A. Root and Henry C. Olney struck off the first copy of THE GUNNISON REVIEW.

The office of the printing plant was at the northwest corner of Tenth and San Juan avenue. The building has long since disappeared, but in order to orient present day readers of the News-Champion with the home of the first newspaper in Gunnison, it was located slightly east of where U. S. Highway 50 crosses the Baldwin tracks just after the highway turns on Tenth street off west Tomichi avenue.

The following account of the selling of the first copy of THE GUNNISON REVIEW is taken word for word from the second issue of that newspaper published on Saturday May 22, 1880:

Selling the First Copy at Auction

Saturday, May 15th, 1880, will long be remembered in the history of West Gunnison. At three p.m. on that day, the first newspaper ever printed in the place was struck off amidst three cheers, when a large crowd assembled at Fred. Krueger's store, corner New York Avenue and Tenth street, and in fifteen minutes thereafter it was disposed of at public auction. Prof. S. Richardson acted as auctioneer, and began the sale as follows:

"Gentle and Fellow Citizens: I am about to sell at auction the first newspaper ever printed in West Gunnison, which I now hold in my hand. It is THE GUNNISON REVIEW. The issue of this paper marks a new era in the history and progress of our town. The press is the "mighty lever that moves the world," and it gives me great pleasure, on this occasion, to offer the paper at auction to such an enlightened and intelligent audience as I see before me. Do I hear any bidders? I will start the paper myself at fifty dollars. Do I hear another bid?

Bids were then as follows:

Fred. Krueger, sixty dollars.

Gen. G. A. Stone, sixty-five dollars.

Capt. L. Mullin "called" and went \$10 better, making seventy-five dollars.

Howard Evans "saw" the Capt. and "raised" him five, making eighty dollars.

Fred. Krueger then bid eighty-five.

Capt. Mullin, ninety, when

Gen. George A. Stone sang out **one hundred dollars.**

Those knowing the history of Gen. Stone during the war, and how successful he was in whipping the rebels, did not care to bid further against him and accordingly the paper was struck off to him for \$100. The money, we are pleased to state, will go to the first church, school, or charitable institution erected in West Gunnison.

On the editorial page of the first copy, and over the signatures of Root & Olney, appeared this statement about THE GUNNISON REVIEW.

TO OUR READERS

The first issue of THE GUNNISON REVIEW is before you. It is the intention of the publishers to make it a live, wide-awake local and reliable newsy journal - a credit to the city, county and state; in fact, such a paper as will be sought after by the miner, farmer, merchant, business man and mechanic. No pains will be spared to gather the latest and most authentic intelligence from every mining camp in this vicinity, while the local news will be as full and

complete as it is possible to make it. One of its features will be a carefully revised and corrected market report, which can be relied on at all times. If you like the paper subscribe for it.

ROOT & OLNEY.

Subscription price was set at \$3 a year, 'invariably in advance'. Under the masthead on page one appeared the line "Devoted to the Mining, Agricultural and Industrial Interests of the Gunnison Country."

One of the most interesting features of the first several issues of THE GUNNISON REVIEW was a series of articles written by Sylvester Richardson, telling the story of "The Gunnison Colony, Its History" and life west of the range. In the articles, which were published in their entirety in March and April of 1935 by the News-Champion as a matter of preserving the record, Mr. Richardson told the history of early exploration and settlement in the Gunnison country during the 1870's, previous to the establishment of the Town of Gunnison in 1880.

50 Newspapers During Early History of County

History of establishment and mergers of newspapers in the county have been written down several times, and anyone interested can look up the data. Suffice it to say that the Gunnison News-Champion is the successor to an even 50 newspapers published in the county since 1880.

The name News-Champion is a combination of the Gunnison News and the People's Champion. They were combined in 1901 when the present editor purchased them both and consolidation was effected in 1904 with the Gunnison Tribune and in 1932 with the Republican.

During the 60 years the News-Champion and its predecessors have served this community, it has recorded a chronological history of the ups and downs, comings and goings, births and deaths, social and special events that have occurred.

Since Henry F. Lake Jr., present editor and manager, took charge in December, 1900, complete files have been kept of each issue. In addition to the files kept at the office and the editor's personal file, both the libraries at Western State College and at Gunnison County High School have complete issues. Files of these pioneer papers and of the Elk Mountain Pilot, also established in 1880, are the only complete, unexpurgated, unabridged history of the Gunnison community in existence. As illustration of their value to our intermountain community is the fact that they are constantly referred to in establishing facts concerning court actions, biographical sketches and other happenings of past years.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, May 16, 1940

Old Press In N-C Office Junked to Shoot Japrats

* *

(by Agnes M. Winters)

When the final shot in this global war is fired, it may have been manufactured with metal from the old press at the News-Champion, which is this week replaced by a No. 1 Miehle, a model of press equipment.

For the old press has been sold for junk toward the war effort, and will still carry on though the thunder of its voice will no longer echo up and down Main street on press day.

It first went into service in Gunnison in 1881, to print the News-Democrat, which in the fall of that year became a daily. It was shipped from the nearest terminal, Alamosa, and from there freighted to Gunnison over the old government road, via Cochetopa pass.

When the press was installed in Gunnison, a Negro was hired to turn a crank that was attached to the drive shaft of the press as a means of power. Later a water motor was attached; the water went in one side of the motor, hit a set of rotary blades and went through the other side into a deep pit outside the printing office.

After electricity was installed, the crank was for some time kept close at hand, in case the power failed. (H. F. Lake Jr. still has the crank.) In any case it was a great improvement over the Washington hand press that had been used to print the earlier papers.

That it was an early product of the famous Campbell Press Manufacturing company is indicated by the number "24" stamped upon it.

It was brought to Gunnison thru the efforts of Col. E. A. Buck, of the firm which operated extensively here as Haverly, Buck and Boucher. Buck's name is associated with many enterprises of the boom days of the early '80s in Gunnison - the present Masonic hall, which was his printing office, the first fire company, the portion of the town called Buck's addition.

Colonel Buck was a wealthy New Yorker, owner of The Spirit of the Times, a turf magazine, widely circulated in barber shops like the Police Gazette. The press was a second-hand machine from the Spirit of the Times office.

He bought out, in the fall of 1880, a three-fourths interest in the Gunnison News, the town's first paper. In June, 1881, he consolidated it with the Democrat as the News-Democrat, which in the fall of 1881 became a daily.

So the old Campbell press was on the job here for 62 years; it survived numerous accidents and recovered from frequent attacks of indigestion caused by would-be printers learning to feed the press.

Now and then it developed temperamental streaks. When the word was flashed over the nation in November, 1918, that Germany had surrendered and peace was to descend on the world, the printer was at that very moment getting off the first run of the weekly edition of the News-Champion. Suddenly a huge wheel on the Campbell flew off with a crash that sounded like a salute of 21 guns. Everyone was too happy to berate the old press. It was soon fixed up, and the paper came off with the big news.

Last winter an accident put the finish to the old-timer since it was no longer possible to get repairs and spare parts due to present restrictions.

Seems almost as if another star had been added to News-Champion service flag.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion of Oct. 14, 1943

**Speaking of Oil! First Drilling West of Rockies
Took Place at the Head of Ohio Creek**

J. E. Phillips Tells of Where He Would Tunnel
to Make a Fortune at Gold and Silver Mining, If He Were Younger.
Some of the Richest Specimens Taken Out of Irwin Mines

215 Commonwealth Ave.,
Alhambra, California.

News-Champion,
Gunnison, Colo.,

I see you are getting the oil fever again in your county. Did you know that the first derrick ever put up for an oil well on the Pacific slope, or west of the Continental Divide, was in Gunnison county, Colorado? Well, it was, and it was a proud distinction in the history of Gunnison.

In 1881 a German count arrived in Irwin with his countess. I do not now recall their names, as it has been 57 years ago - before some of your present-day "old-timers" were born. The countess was a most charming lady, American-born, married to a German nobleman. She was well groomed, vivacious, and the attraction of that booming mining camp, among the younger set.

The count was brought into this country by the influence of Lee Thompson, then manager of the Forest Queen mine. He was there for the purpose of starting an oil well. He brought with him from Bradford, Pennsylvania, B. F. Woodward, said to be one of the best oil geologists of that day. He was there to advise the count of the likelihood of finding oil, and to locate the place to sink a well, all of which he did. Mr. Woodward must have thought it a good prospect for oil, otherwise he would not have advised his client to spend his money in sinking a well. Conditions at that time were the same as today.

The location of that well was about a mile northwest of King's ranch, and a quarter of a mile off the main road leading to Irwin, four miles away. The derrick could be plainly seen from the road by travelers for years afterwards. I do not know whether it is now standing or not.

King's ranch was at the head of Ohio creek, five miles from Irwin, and was the stopping place for the stages and travelers of that day, going to or from Irwin. The hotel was equipped with rooms and a dining-room, and there were corrals outside for horses. The place was owned by Drake, King and Markley. The last time I saw Dave Drake, he was shift boss at the Centennial-Eureka mine in the Tintic district of Utah, 40 years ago. Wm. King died years ago, and Mr. Markley lived in Montrose for many years. This King ranch was a very busy place, and was afterwards owned by the Lintons who came there from Pennsylvania to mine coal.

While they were drilling this oil well I used to ride down with the Count and Countess and Mr. Woodward on horseback. I knew Mr. Woodward very well, and looked on him as being one of the best oil men in the country. Drilling was done with cable tools. How deep they went, or what results they got, I do not now remember.

There were no oil wells in California, Oklahoma or Texas, in fact, aside from a few wells put down by Fred Cassidy, Gus Gunmer and Frank Bengley, in the Florence field, near Canon City, there were no oil wells in the United States outside of Pennsylvania.

To give you the benefit of my observations of years ago, I will tell you of two places where - if I were younger and had the money at my command - I would like to work in northern Gunnison county to find a paying silver mine. First, I would go about half a mile up O-Be-Joyful Gulch, opposite the old Smith coal mine, and start a tunnel to run under Redwell Basin.

On the surface in Redwell basin some very good ore was mined. It was a lead-silver carbonate ore that ran very high. With no means to pump the water, no great depth was ever reached, and a tunnel run from O-Be-Joyful creek, a distance of about 2,000 feet, would cut that ore body, perhaps 800 or 1,000 feet deep. Cost of this would be possibly \$30,000 or \$40,000.

The second place I would work would be to drive a tunnel about 3,000 feet lower in Poverty Gulch, to cut the Augusta vein at a depth of 1,200 to 1,500 feet. Before the tunnel would reach the Augusta mine, it would pass thru Yank Baxter's Excelsior mine, that had the record of producing high grade ore. It would take \$50,000 or \$60,000 to do the job, but if this ore is found, it would be a profitable enterprise. Long before you had spent half of that amount, you would be under the Excelsior vein; so you might not have to put up any more money, as the venture would pay from then on.

An overhead bucket tramway was built to the Augusta mine once, but snows of the first winter after its erection, carried it out.

It has always been generally believed that there is rich ore in that mine, but quite inaccessible to work. Fifty or sixty years ago, running a tunnel by hand-drilling was very slow work, but with modern electric power drills, it is an easy job nowadays, and the capital risk is much less than many projects I have seen in my time.

A short distance from the Augusta mine, on the Muddy creek side, is the old Richmond mine, once owned by Dennis Ryan, who took a fortune out of the Horn silver mine in Utah. He never did much on the Richmond, yet at one time it had a good name.

Some of the richest specimens discovered anywhere were once taken out of Irwin mines, and I have often wondered if there were more ore there, as they are abandoned mines. There was ruby silver, brittle silver, silver glance, and horn silver, that would assay thousands of dollars to the ton.

Yours,
J. E. PHILLIPS.

"Over The Trails Of Yesterday"

Denver and Rio Grande mail line, narrow gauge train No. 7 and 8,
first run from Denver to Grand Junction, 1882. Now No. 315-316.

Last run from Salida to Gunnison, 1940.

Salida Mail -

So fate (later to be called folly) decrees that our little old railroad train, once numbered 7 and 8 and now 315 and 316 (60 years old thereabout) is to be taken from the rails. The train, once a great man's dream that later became a reality, is now and forever after, to be but a memory, or is it?

The narrow ribbon of steel over which it rolled has become in fact a sanctified trail, and should be revered as such. Many curves, cuts, grades and fills are hallowed spots, for it was at these danger points many of those engine pilots died in the line of duty as they safely steered that little train filled with human cargo to its destination. Yes, each of these martyrs in the drama of life felt like the bereaved actor in the play, who said the show must go on, and so in spite of many vicissitudes in the way of snow washouts, wrecks and slides, that train, the trail maker through the gold and silver west, has gone on and on, every day, 365 days in a year, and for 60 long and glorious years.

And so we progressed and prospered as the result of one man's dream. First we laid out the grade and thereon placed a pair of shiny ribbons of steel, and over these guiding rails rolled this first beautiful, newly painted, gold lettered and silver trimmed little train. First this fast express speeding along at 15 miles per hour ran from Denver to Pueblo, then fought its way through the Gorge and reached Salida. Later they blasted the way over the Continental Divide and arrived at Gunnison and in 1882 we find the terminus at Grand Junction.

But in a few years the order is reversed, the standard gauge has reached Grand Junction, then the gauge is widened up the valley to Montrose - by now the little train ceases operating between Denver and Salida and now runs from Salida to Ouray.

Again the gods (or fool men) intervene and the terminus ends at Montrose, and later and for the last time the rumble of wheels beside the banks of the mighty Gunnison river, and the echo of the engine whistles are heard no more as the train rolls between the narrow perpendicular walls of the Black Canon, where we get one final glimpse of the famous Curecanti Needle, as the terminal now will be Gunnison.

And now again it has been decreed that on another day (Nov. 24th) the toll of the bell at the stations, the shrill scream of the whistle and flying sparks from the brakes will never be heard or seen again rolling up and down the valleys of the Tomichi and the Arkansas. Yes, in the parlance of the old sour dough, she like himself, is making her last trip over the Great Divide.

"Yes, isn't she a beauty," says old Tom Ryan, as he patted the shiny cab of Engine No. 12 that pulled this train. "Isn't she a honey," says Ed Malloy, as he oils the piston rods on the new 36. "Isn't she a Lu, Lu," says Stan Alger, as he screws up the old hand power brake on the new rockaway No. 150. "Isn't she a whizzer," says John McIvor, of the streamlined 168, as he polished the glass of the new oil headlight. "Isn't she a pippin," says George Crater, of the 172, as he rubbed his hand gently over the shiny number plate. "Isn't she a high roller and speedy," says Billy Yates of the 17. "Yes, but I'll take mine with a little more power and a little less polish," says Jim Reily of the 234, as he helps the weak-kneed shees (68, 172, 177) up the hill. "And here is the baby that takes you there and brings you back," says John Ruland, as he listens

to the pulsating pump on the new 273. "Isn't she a peach," says Sam Roney as he fondly strokes the 342 on its vibrating chest. "And if its perfection you want, here she am," says George Montgomery as he pulls the throttle of the 422. "Isn't she a Jim Dandy," says Tom Saunders, of the old mud hen No. 452, even if she is a little wide at the waist line. "But here is the humdinger of them all," says Frank Fitzsimmons of the 479, as she plows through the snowbank for the last time pulling this train.

Yes, deride these little pioneer trains by calling them the Galloping Goose and Jack Rabbit special, that once rambled over the turkey trails, but they were the real empire builders and every one of those she engines were beauties (and still are) as they piloted travelers in safety up and down and over those mountain trails, and believe it or not, those pioneers that she carried were the real builders of the Gold and Silver West.

Yes, in a way, I am envious and I'm peeved. Just why should all of the beautiful and wonderful things (both human and material) be called a she. Why in heck, can't some of the wonderful things at least be called a "he." Yes, at the moment I'm sad and lonely, and I will feel dejected as the 316 whistles in for the last time on the night of the 24th. The engine bell will be a faithful and ever-to-be-remembered friend.

Never again (as I reminisce) can I sit beside the railroad track in the blaze of a warm campfire (a signal to the engineer as well), dead tired after a hard day's fishing, hunting or prospecting, and know that in spite of hell and high water, if I will be patient, that little old train will finally stop, pick me up and take me home. Yes, many gloomy days have come amongst us, but the passing of this old faithful will be the saddest of all.

Again fancy takes me back to a day in the winter of 1885 as we headed for Marshall Pass to the west, a trainful of happy, hopeful people, full of initiative and incentive (unafflicted with this prevalent spirit of inertia so evident today). All too soon we began plowing through a blinding snowstorm, getting much more severe as we pass Gray's Siding, and finally, after bucking into snowdrifts and backing out again several times, we came to a sudden stop in the deep snow-filled cut at Pocono.

"All hands out," sang the conductor and soon the stuffed shirts, section men, train crew, miners and prospectors (yes, including the gal Samantha who furnished the inspiration) were shoveling like mad, and within a couple of hours we cleared the track and with a shout of "all aboard" by the conductor, we, with a lot of huffing and puffing by the engine, finally reached Marshall Pass with our little train.

We pulled out of the shed after a short stop, and who would have thought we could get stuck going down hill, but at a point halfway between the Pass and Shawano we felt a shock go through the train, then a sudden stop, as she struck a snow bank that entirely engulfed the engine, so there we were with night already on and it was useless to expect relief from any source.

The wind was blowing a gale and we realized we were right in the middle of a real blizzard, no going ahead and no backing out, and as time wore on we soon consumed the news butcher's wares, "but what were we to do from there?" But now comes a proving angel in the shape of a baggage man, who brings great news, that within his car could be found bacon, eggs, butter, oranges, but alas no bread, for as you know (or should), in the good old days those young and old wives baked their own bread, (now a lost art to the modern, can-opening, cigarette puffing, imitation of woman-hood) but again luck came our way in discovering several 20-pound boxes of crackers. An old prospector had a plentiful supply of tobacco and whiskey, (for emergencies) but of coffee we could not find a smell, so we were forced to slake our thirst with snow water.

Did we grieve? We did not, and were plenty comfortable as we took turns about occupying the bunks in the sleeper. So passed the first day and in came the second, and with it a little new-born baby, nothing to get excited about. But was there a doctor on the train? There was not, but it mattered not a whit, for those old time women were all trained in the art of midwives, and a baby more or less was of no moment.

Yes, those were the happy days. Many married couples could afford a baby, no preparation, no layettes, no mortgaging the future to pay the doctor, nurses and hospital bills.

A sad event occurred on the afternoon of the third day, when old Cy Beeler, an old prospector from Whitepine, just dropped off in a final sleep with a smile on that storm scarred whiskered face, fixed there no doubt by that same old persistent dream that the glory spot of the vein, filled with gold and silver, was but another foot ahead.

Three days have now passed and the tender of the engine has now been emptied of coal and the water drained from the engine itself, but lo and behold on the fourth day came the whistle of the work train with snow plow and old Tige Ridgeway and his crew of shovelers. Everybody, including the train crew, was soon out with a shovel and a few hours later we were rolling down the Pacific side, stopping at Sargents to unload poor old Cy. From there he would be loaded in an ore sled to Whitepine, where the miners, hurriedly blasting out a grave, would in a rough-made box, lay this soldier of chance (the salt of the earth) dreams and all, gently away. Yes, there was a tear dropped from many passenger eyes as we left the station, but truly we were free, free to be born, free to die without the necessity of leaving behind us a nest egg of a thousand dollars to pay the doctor, the lawyer, the undertaker and the monument maker, including cost of perpetual upkeep in a green grave cemetery.

After a short two hours of travel our train arrived at Gunnison, all feeling a little tired but none the worse for wear, and there is this to be said, and many other good things unsaid, about the railroads. They never charged the passengers a dime for the eats and beds, and I doubt if the busses (now to be executioners of this little train) will ever be able to say as much.

So as I look through the dimly lighted windows of that little train for the last time, it will appear as a spectre gliding through the night. The empty seats will seem but crypts, in which have reposed at times the bodies of the great and noble. - THE HERMIT OF ARBOR VILLA.

Reprinted from the Gunnison News-Champion, December 5, 1940.

Something Pulls Them Back

Roy Morton, station accountant for the Santa Fe, with office in Oklahoma City was waiting in Gunnison Wednesday for a ride up to Pitkin, and from Pitkin his objective was the portal of the Alpine tunnel where he planned to use rolls of films to add to his already large collection of South Park R. R. pictures.

For he is the son of James Leonard Morton, next to the last agent for the south Park at Gunnison, and the old stone station in West Town was familiar ground to him, 1898 to 1906, when he attended school here along with Keenan, Blackstock, and others.

And his hobby is collecting pictures, train orders, times tables, and making station plats, connected with the colorful narrow gauge history of Colorado - and more especially of the South Park alias Colorado Central, alias, Denver, Leadville and Gunnison, alias Colorado and Southern.

He has five large scrap books, with his materials pasted in neatly, the fragile specimens covered with cellophane. He has pictures of the Alpine Tunnel, its interior intact, 1805 feet long, at 12,000 feet elevation - all ribbed with California redwood, when California redwood was harder to get than now. When both portals are completely closed, this massive structure with its ribs of redwood will be buried there in the hills.

He has pictures of Colin Moore, engineer for Colorado Central; of "Andy" Nelson in front of his No. 71, which is now parked in Central City as a monument; of Clarence Adams, "Silver Tip", with his engine 61; of Curly Colligan, of the Baldwin Branch with his 58.

He was turning the pages of his scrapbooks in the lobby of the McDonald hotel. A tall gentleman sitting near, quietly listening, eventually joined the group. He proved to be Sam Crawford of San Diego, interested 50 years ago in mining at Iris, and familiar with every detail concerning the South Park. Something had brot him back for a short visit to the place where he and life were young.

Presently Lad George Arend of Franklin, Ohio, joined the group. He was Morton's boon companion in his travels to the narrow gauge country. All year he saves up film for his summer trip, and this summer has taken 40 rolls - all of the quaint narrow gauge "iron horse" and the scenes of its triumphs.

"There's something about this narrow gauge country" that one doesn't shake off or forget, and like the criminal "who returns to the scene of the crime", the old-timer is sure to come back periodically. After all, too, it's wonderful to have a compelling urge to satisfy a lifelong hobby like Morton with his scrapbooks.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of June 27, 1946

Gunnison History and Romance Is Closely Related to Livestock Brands

The history and romance of the cattle industry is the history and romance of Gunnison county, and when one thinks of the cattle industry, one of the first things that comes to mind is the story behind all the old cattle brands used by the settlers and pioneers of the county. With this in mind, a display has been arranged, showing all the old brands, the original holder and the date of record in Gunnison county, and will be in the windows of The Gunnison Bank and Trust company during the week of the Cattlemen's Days celebration.

In 1872 and 1874, certain laws of Colorado Territory had been enacted to regulate the branding of livestock. In 1876 Colorado became a state and during the legislature of 1877, the County of Gunnison was established with boundaries including what we know now as Pitkin, Montrose, Delta and Mesa counties and the north end of Ouray county. During the early days of Gunnison county many brands were recorded by individuals residing in the counties named above, as brands had to be recorded in the county in which the individual lived or in which his stock might stray.

In 1877 the old laws relating to the regulation of branding, herding and care of stock were repealed and new laws to regulate the same were set forth. The new law required that all brands be recorded in the office of the county clerk and recorder of the county in which the owner resided and also in any county into which he thought his stock might stray. This display of brands is taken from the original Gunnison county records where all old brands were recorded until the year 1903, when Colorado set up a State Board of Stock Inspectors composed of five cattlemen, three sheepmen and one horseman, and caused all brands from that time on to be recorded with the state instead of in each county.

This new law also provided that the county clerk and recorder was not to record any brand which had already been recorded in his county and for so doing, the clerk was to be fined not less than \$20 or more than \$100. Effacing, defacing or obliteration of any brand was considered larceny and punishable as such. It also provided that brands could be used on either side of the animal and that any stock over the age of one year found running at large "unbranded" was deemed a "maverick" and was to be taken in charge by the captain or foreman of a legal round-up and sold in a manner to be determined by the county commissioners of the county in which the animal was found.

Much information is lacking in the display, due to the great number of years since the brands were recorded, and it will be appreciated by The Gunnison Bank & Trust company if individuals will stop in and give any information they may have concerning these old brands.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, issue of July 18, 1946

The Diamond Joe Ranch on Crystal Creek

By Wilson Rockwell in Crawford Chronicle

In the mid-eighties John D. Morrissey established the Diamond Joe cattle ranch on Crystal creek. A winter camp was also started in Smith Fork canyon, below Crawford. Altho unable to read or write, the tall muscular newcomer was proficient in two fields - blacksmithing and judging mine locations. When large deposits of lead and silver were discovered at California Gulch in 1877 and 1878, Morrissey came in with the rush. The town of Leadville sprang up, and by the fall of 1879 it had grown into a city of 15,000 inhabitants, most of whom were engaged in mining. Morrissey started a blacksmith shop in the rapidly growing community, and while there he gained a reputation for being adept at recognizing the value of mining land.

In Leadville he became acquainted with J. C. Reynolds, short, full-bearded prospector, whose vocation before he came to Leadville during the excitement, was driving a freight train from Missouri to Colorado. Like many others, Reynolds struck it rich over night. His luck continued, and he became so wealthy that people began calling him "Diamond Joe." His property interests expanded with his wealth, and he purchased some land outside of the state, believing it contained gold ore. Nevertheless, he sent his friend, Morrissey to make a final check on it before mining operations were started. On the return trip Morrissey had progressed only a short way when he met a wagon drawn by an ox team and loaded with men and mining machinery.

"Where are yuh headed for?" he inquired.

"Diamond Joe sent us to start digging on his gold mine near here," one of the miners replied.

"Might as well throw your tools out and start back. The property is worthless." The group looked surprised, but complied with Morrissey's advice, which later proved correct, at someone else's expense.

This episode so won Diamond Joe's confidence and gratitude that he began relying on the blacksmith's judgment in other ventures. Morrissey was instrumental in discovering the rich Crown Prince mine for Diamond Joe at Leadville, in which Morrissey was given an interest. Like so many individuals who suddenly find themselves with more money than they know what to do with, Morrissey became a prolific spender. He spent most of it gambling on horse races and usually lost. Another investment was his Crystal creek cattle ranch, in western Colorado, which he named after his benefactor, Diamond Joe.

The Diamond Joe cow camp on Crystal creek became the traditional meeting place for the sixty or more early-day cowboys of the North Fork. Here about mid-June various groups of riders representing different sections of the North Fork country would assemble. At this time all trails led to the Diamond Joe. Numerous temporary camps sprang up around the cow cabin, the cow-hand delegates of each outfit camping separately. Growing herds of mustangs, cow ponies of the arriving buckaroos, grazed nearby. Countless camp-fires flickered each evening under the bright western stars, throwing fantastic shadows of lean, colorfully dressed cowboys against the log-sides of the lone cow camp. The nickering of restless horses, quiet voices, and loud laughs harmonizing with the plaintive-voiced serenade of coyotes punctuated the stillness of frosty nights. Finally, at the appointed time, when all the cowmen had made their appearance, a captain of the round-up was elected, and the subsequent day camps were broken and the big summer's ride begun. The purpose of the ride was to gather the cattle, brand calves and push the herds up onto their summer ranges. The round-up worked Crystal creek, Saddle Mountain, Mt. Lamborn,

upper Minnesota Creek, Big Muddy, Holly Terror, Leroux, Surface creek at Cedaredge, and around the point of Grand mesa near Grand Junction.

In two or three years after the Diamond Joe came into existence, Morrissey went bankrupt. His Crystal creek ranch was sold for taxes and came into the possession of W. J. Reed, Sam Hartman and Ed Creighton. Altho the Diamond Joe was not as permanent as other North Fork cattle ranches, due to the romantic character of its founder, the unusual brand, and the picturesque rendezvous scenes around the diamond Joe cow camp, it has become the recognized symbol of all the color of the early North Fork cowland.

Historical Notes About Pioneer Ranch Families Of The Gunnison Region

Alhambra, Calif.

News-Champion:

I am much interested in the D. J. McCanne letters. The one he wrote about his walk from Salida to the top of Marshall pass, I read with great pleasure. However, he got mixed on the Ball family and I want to put him right.

There used to be three Balls in Gunnison county. Not the kind you see over the pawnbroker's shop. These Balls were Dick and Charley, ranching near Jack's Cabin, and Joseph Ball with the C. F. & I. Co. Mr. McCanne suggested it was Dick Ball who walked with him, but I am sure it was Joe Ball, a Scotsman with a burr on the end of his tongue. He was from Ayershire, Scotland, a fine man and a great friend of Dr. Rockefeller. He had been state coal mine inspector, living in Gunnison at one time but of late years lived in Canon City, where he died two years ago.

Dick and Charley were among the first settlers on a ranch on Slate river near Jack's Cabin. All of the valleys settled up more or less with ranchers before the mining boom came in 1880. Dick and Charley Ball were Virginians and were descendants from the same Ball family of which General Geo. Washington was a member, one of the old Colonial families of Virginia.

Dick and Charley Ball were, therefore, related to the father of our country, Gen. Geo. Washington.

The first settler in the Slate and East river valley from Taylor river up to Crested Butte was S. C. Fisher at Almont. Then James Watt, Jack Howe, Dick and Charley Ball, and Mr. Overstep. These ranchers took up about all of the river bottom land. Jack Howe was out in the center of the valley on middle East river. He built a corral and cabins to take care of the travelling public and freighters over night, and hence his place became known as Jack's Cabin. Everybody travelling that way knew Jack Howe, who I think, was a county commissioner at one time. Everyone thought he was a bachelor, as there was no woman around. One fine day a lady showed up and announced herself as Mrs. Howe. As she came in the front door, Jack, so it is said, went out the back, and I think has never been heard from. So far as I know, no one has heard from him since, and that was over fifty years ago.

James Watt was a native of Philadelphia, Pa., a Scotsman by descent, and a rugged pioneer. He was related to Judge Watt, one of the ablest judges on the judicial bench of that city in Colonial times, the early part of the last century. Judge Watt was related by marriage to the Finley family and Colonel Henry Miller, the early settlers of Lancaster, Pa. Col. Miller was in command of a regiment of Continental troops under Gen. Geo. Washington and was camped at Valley Forge that memorable winter of cold, suffering and privation. He was the great great grandfather of Annie L. Phillips, my wife, who died March 1st, 1930, while we were living in Puente, Cal. After the end of the Revolutionary war, Col. Henry Miller moved west to Youngstown, Ohio, then a sparsely settled town on the western frontier, where he died.

On the east side of Crested Butte mountain where Brush creek joins East river, Wm. E. Jarvis had a fine stock ranch. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, with two little boys, would drive over to Crested Butte from the ranch once a week to do shopping. It was always a pleasure to meet these people. Mrs. Jarvis was a fine lady, a good mother and was proud of those boys.

All these ranchmen settled and had the pick of the land about 1877 or '79, and have all passed over the Great Divide, but where are the Jarvis boys? Have they made good? I should say they have. The oldest, Royal P. Jarvis, is a prominent mining engineer residing in Mexico.

When things do not go right to suit him in his native land, he does not hesitate to say so thru the columns of the News-Champion. Fred Jarvis has been for many years with the U. S. Postal service and resides in San Diego. Both boys are good loyal American citizens.

The last time I was in that valley fifteen years ago, I noticed a number of new and modern homes, taking the place of the log cabins occupied by the original settlers, indicating that these cattle ranches had developed into prosperous homes, a vast improvement over the pioneer days.

When a great army of people began to arrive in Gunnison county in the spring of 1880, brot here by the mining excitement, they found about all of the ranches in the valleys occupied by the pioneer ranchmen, who had come into the country three or four years before, some as early as 1874. Up and down the Tomichi valley east from Gunnison were the well-known pioneers, Matt Arch, the Crooks family, the Doyles, John Parlin, Charley Beibel. West of Gunnison were Lon Hartman, A. K. and P. T. Stevens, the Mergelmans and others. On west Ohio creek were Ed and Henry Teachout, Capt. Lewis Easterly, the Walmsteys, King, Drake and Markleys. On east Ohio, now Quartz creek and Gold creek, leading up to Pitkin was the Flicks, and others that I do not just now recall. All of these pioneers are gone now.

I can think of only two that are still living and they are Lon Hartman and Capt. Easterly. Most of the ranches have changed hands. But few of the descendants of the old pioneers are there but have gone elsewhere to live.

The ever deep winter snows of the valley, always bringing plenty of moisture, make it one of the ideal summer ranges for livestock. While the cattle range up the gulches and higher reaches in the summer, the ranchmen harvest a fine crop of native hay in the bottom land, with which they feed the cattle in winter. Gunnison has the reputation of shipping the finest steers that go into the Denver and Kansas City markets.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, February 9, 1939

Traveling with Editors Root And Olney Over 63 Years Ago

Pioneer stories are in the air! The following article by Editors Root and Olney, written over 63 years ago, gives a realistic picture of the Powderhorn country in those bygone days - its residents, its products, its aspirations. "We were all young then; there weren't any old folks," says an old-timer with a touch of nostalgia. Most of the names are very familiar to people who have lived in Gunnison long.

Cebolla! A flying trip to the New Camp which will soon take front rank in the state - a valley rich in iron ore, agricultural products and livestock.

On Saturday last in company with Judge G. A. Kellogg, A. J. Spengel, and James P. Clark, we left Gunnison at 7:30 a. m. for a trip to the Cebolla, said to be one of the richest iron regions in the country. There are two roads that lead out of Gunnison for Cebolla - the most traveled is the Scott road down the Gunnison, which leaves the river road at Stevens Ranch, but we chose the route across Tumitchi known as the Richardson road, and found it excellent. For a distance of five miles from the city the road is almost at water level, and smooth enough to run a train of cars. Prof. Richardson built it for a toll road about six years ago at a cost of \$2,000, but sold it out two years ago to Otto Mears at a loss of \$1000.

The road, after crossing the Tumitchi, runs up Monument creek for six miles, thence across the divide two miles to South Beaver Creek. We saw only one ranch on this stream, located last year by W. B. Moore, who has a splendid garden and is raising considerable amount of vegetable and garden truck. We follow up South Beaver for about one mile through a canyon, thence up a gentle slope for three miles to Sugar creek so named for a species of sugar grass which grows in the water. The Scott road joins the Richardson road at a point of rocks 17 miles from this city, at which point a fine view of the continental Divide, the Elk Mountains, Mount Carbon, Uncompahgre Peak and other mountain ranges and spurs is plainly to be seen. These two roads come together at an altitude of about 8,500 feet.

Stone Ranch Is Stopping Place

We reached the Stone Ranch (Powderhorn postoffice) at 1 p.m. where we refreshed the inner man with a splendid dinner. The postoffice is located about a mile from the confluence of the two streams known as the Powderhorn and Cebolla. The ranch is in Saguache county, and 30 steps across the road is the postoffice in Gunnison county. The distance from Gunnison is 26 miles. A. J. Stone is the genial "Nasby," who is assisted by his deputy, R. Y. Gray, who runs a blacksmith shop adjoining the office and is doing a good business.

It is an important point, for it is the first stopping place between Gunnison and Lake City, the latter being 30 miles distant. A daily average of 35 teams pass the place. At the store is kept a general stock of goods, and the proprietors, James Andrews and R. Y. Gray, who bought the store a month ago, seem to be doing an excellent business. Powderhorn is about 15 miles above the mouth of the Cebolla, where it empties into the Gunnison. Near the confluence of the two streams is the new townsite of Ironton, which, with the development of the rich iron mines near by, must, some day, make it an important place.

Origin of Name "Powderhorn"

The origin of the name Powderhorn, as we learn from Prof. Richardson, was given by an old-timer to a ridge which runs down from the divide between the White Earth and Lake Fork

rivers. The ridge resembles a large powderhorn, lying upon the ground, with the large end resting on the White Earth, hence the name "Powderhorn" as applied to the stream running along the base of the ridge on the northwest side. To obtain a good view of the ridge it will be necessary to ascend the divide, ten miles southwest and six miles northeast of Lake City. This wonderful Powderhorn is ten or 11 miles long. Commencing at the divide it gradually enlarges, twists, and seems so much like a cow's horn that it is easily identified and cannot be mistaken.

Stone's ranch has been an important place between Gunnison and Lake City for the past six or seven years. It is a splendid stopping place, and the proprietors are well prepared for the entertainment of man and beast. They set an excellent table, have the very best stabling, and there is an abundance of good range for stock. The altitude is about 8,000 feet. There is plenty of timber for lumber and fuel, and on the ranch last season they cut 18 tons of hay. Vegetables thrive well - potatoes weighing three pounds have been grown in the immediate vicinity. Cabbages, onions, turnips, etc., also grow nicely. Oats grow well, and it is believed wheat, rye, and barley will do well. For everything that can be raised in the vicinity, good market can be found at their doors. Very little prospecting has been done around there though the indications are that mineral exists all around. So far, gold, silver, copper, have been found, though to what extent these metals exist is not known.

Perry Sammon's Ranch

From where we strike the Cebolla at its confluence with the Powderhorn about a mile from the postoffice, it is four miles up the valley to the camp, and there are nine ranches. The first one belongs to Perry Sammons and was taken last summer. Mr. Sammons has about 100 acres of pasture land, and a good log house and some fencing at the canyon make up his improvements.

The McGregor Ranch

The next ranch belongs to Mr. McGregor, who has 160 acres - a hay ranch - all under fence. Mr. McGregor bought the place last spring of Enos T. Hotchkiss. Last year 40 tons of hay were cut, and this year it is estimated that they will be able to cut at least 80 tons.

C. L. and Almond Stone

The next ranch belongs to C. L. and Almond Stone, who have over 200 acres of meadow, pasture and tillable land. They will cut about 40 tons of hay this season. They have 15 head of stock, but their pasture will keep 50 head. Their ten acres of tillable land they have in oats, potatoes, turnips, etc. They have been on the place about six months.

J. R. Smith Silo

J. R. Smith's ranch comes next. He has 80 acres of meadow land, all under fence, and will cut this season from 40 to 50 tons of hay. He has a good comfortable log house and stable, with 250 head of stock, with 40 milch cows.

E. J. Huntsman

Next we come to E. J. Huntsman's place, which contains 160 acres and is a first class ranch. It has a few acres of tillable soil, but most of it is meadow land. Mr. Huntsman has been in the valley six years, and is one of the pioneers. On his place he can cut 70 tons of hay, and he

has kept since he has resided in the valley from 40 to 300 head of cattle. He has a good house, stable, etc., and the entire ranch is under fence.

A. J. Stone Has Finest Ranch

The next ranch belongs to A. J. Stone and contains 160 acres, all under fence. It is no exaggeration to say it is the most centrally located, and by all odds the finest ranch in the valley. It was originally located by James Jones in 1875. Mr. Jones lived on the place about three years when he sold it to John McDonough, who lived on it four years, and finally sold it the first of May to Mr. Stone. It is the oldest ranch in the valley. It has 120 acres of the very best land, 20 acres of pasture, and 20 acres of tillable land. Of hay he can cut at least 80 tons, and of vegetables, he can raise all the hardy varieties. Last year 30,000 pounds of potatoes were raised on four acres, 300 bushels of oats, besides turnips, cabbage and other garden truck. He has a large comfortable house of five rooms, stable, cellar, corral, well, etc.

C. P. Foster Ranch

The next ranch above belongs to C. P. Foster. It contains 80 acres of meadow land, and he can cut about 45 tons of hay. The entire place is under fence, with good house, stable, etc. Mr. Foster has about 150 head of stock.

R. A. Redike

R. A. Redike owns the next ranch which contains 80 acres all under fence. His place is six years old and was purchased by him six years ago. He has six acres of tillable land, all the rest being meadow. Last year he cut 40 tons of hay and raised 40,000 pounds of potatoes, besides other vegetables. His stock consists of a few head of horses.

"Potato Henry"

The next ranch is owned by Henry Rudolph, a German, who has 160 acres of meadow and pasture land. His place is six years old, but he has been there only three years. He has from 15 to 20 head of horses, 18 head of cattle, two hay presses, a good house and other buildings. Last year he raised 110,000 pounds of potatoes of the Early Rose variety on six and one-half acres of ground and sold 75,000 pounds of them, at his door, for three cents a pound, realizing for them \$2,250. Mr. Rudolph is such a success in the raising of potatoes that the boys in the valley have given him the name of "Potato Henry."

The last ranch in the valley is owned by Wm. McBride, and contains 80 acres of meadow and tillable land. Last year Mr. McBride cut 20 tons of hay and raised about 20,000 pounds of potatoes. He has 15 head of cows, a good house, stable, etc.

Good Stock Country

All the ranchers in the valley are well fixed and appear to be contented and happy. They are all furnished with mowing machines, hay rakes, plows, etc. If the valley continues to improve in the next few years as it has in the past, it will be a sort of Colorado paradise. It is one of the best stock regions in the state, and the fact that cattle have been roving over the hills for seven years and picking their living and coming out in the spring in good order for beef is proof that as a stock country it is first class. Everything that is raised in the valley has a good sale at their own door and at a good price. Hay has averaged about \$35 in the stack, potatoes three

cents a pound, butter, 50 cents. All the ranchmen in the valley except Redike and Foster, have families and some of the boys are whispering it around, semi-confidentially, that the latter does not intend to remain long single.

Mountain of Iron

For several miles up the valley, which has an elevation of about 8,200 feet, the finest body of metallic ore in Colorado, if not in the United States, crops out and rises to a height of several hundred feet. It is a veritable iron mountain, and a scientific gentleman has often stated that it contains enough iron to build a line of double track railway around the globe!

Hot Springs

About a mile above the confluence of the Powderhorn and Cebolla is a hot spring said to be one of the best in the state. A year ago last winter a building was erected over the spring by David Wood, but it is said the spring is on the property of A. J. Stone and Henry Conant who have mineral claims a few rods above it, the assessment on which has been worked by them and takes in the spring.

Parties who live in the valley speak highly of the climate there in the winter. The snow usually lasts from November to April 1. On the north side of the hills the snow gets pretty deep, but on the south side the ground is bare nearly all the time.

Ida Gould First Teacher

Centrally located in the valley is a log schoolhouse, and a school has been in operation three months of each year for the last three years. The first two terms were taught by Miss Ida Gould (now Mrs. J. F. Spencer) in 1879-80. The next teacher was Miss Ettie Gould, who taught last summer, and now Miss McGregor is teaching the school, having a daily attendance of 12 scholars.

(ED's NOTE: The Miss McGregor mentioned is now Mrs. Hartman, mother of County Clerk Sam Hartman.)

Testing for Carbonates

While in the valley we paid a visit to the shaft, now being sunk a mile and a half distant up Jones Creek by the Cebolla Carbonate Mining Company. The shaft is now down 61 feet, and in the bottom a two and one-half inch drill has been at work and sunk to a depth of 25 feet, and work will be continued as rapidly as men and money can do it. It is now the intention of the people in the camp to club together, and help put down the company's shaft and test the existence of carbonates which are known to underlie the vast region surrounding. The camp has been thoroughly examined by the best mining experts, all of whom unhesitatingly pronounce the camp one destined to become one of the richest and best in the state.

It is the unanimous belief that immense bodies of rich carbonate underlie the whole country but that shafts must be sunk to great depths. Nearly all have come to the conclusion that it is folly to attempt to sink a thousand shafts in the camp, when it can be developed by sinking one that will test the camp, and if successful draw thousands, yea millions of capital from abroad for investment.

-Daily Review, June 27, 1882

Reprinted from Gunnison News-Champion, Issue of July 19, 1945

**How the Great C. F. & I. Co. Was Formed in Seventies;
Its Beginnings at Crested Butte**

J. E. Phillips Tells of How This Major Iron and Coal Firm of the West Developed Hard and Soft
Coal Properties, Following Coming of the Railroad in 1882

403 So. Garfield Ave.,
Alhambra, Calif.
August 3, 1935.

News-Champion, Gunnison, Colo.

The Colorado Coal and Iron Co. was organized in the seventies - over sixty years ago - by General William J. Palmer and his associates, who were building the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. Headquarters were in Pueblo, where they built furnaces, and the object of the incorporation was to develop the coal and iron industry of the state which would make business for the railroad. Pueblo was admirably situated for this purpose, with the Arkansas river flowing thru it; plenty of water and the railroads radiating from the city north, south, east and west. Hence Pueblo soon became known as the future Pittsburgh of the west.

These empire builders who were constructing the railroads that Colorado might grow in population and wealth, had secured coal lands at Coal creek, near Canon City, near Walsenburg and also Trinidad, and had started production so that the railroads might have freight and the people have coal for heat and industrial purposes. Up to that time about 1874, Colorado had nothing for fuel except wood, unless a small amount of Pennsylvania coal had been brought in, too high priced, except to the very rich.

It was known that there were coal beds in western Colorado, but as they were largely on the Indian reservation, and without a railroad, they were of little value. As to iron ore, it was assumed that there was plenty to be found when the time came. Why not? The mountains of Colorado were rich in mineral, so were expected to have their share of commercial iron ore. When the railroad reached Durango, a coal mine was opened and a smelter built.

When the railroad reached Gunnison, a branch road was quickly built to Crested Butte in 1882, where the C. C. & I. Company had developed a coal mine and were building a string of coke ovens, as it had been discovered that the Crested Butte coal was not only a high-grade steam coal, but a first-class coking coal. Crested Butte became a successful coal shipping town from the start - about 1882 - right up to the present, over 52 years. There have been but few labor troubles and dull periods for coal production in all these years - over half a century. The coke was always in demand for heat units at the smelters, and at one time it was shipped to Selby's smelter in San Francisco. J. K. Robinson was superintendent of the company in Crested Butte, and Joe Cameron was general manager in Pueblo.

Mr. Robinson ran for the state senate on the Democratic ticket, I think it was in 1883, against A. M. Stevenson. There was a contest which finally seated Stevenson at the end of the session.

Four miles north of Crested Butte, anthracite coal was discovered, and a breaker erected. This was known as the Smith mine, and belonged to the railroad crowd, but was worked under a separate company that paid a tonnage royalty. When operating, it employed some 200 men, and had an output of about 60,000 tons annually. It was the only anthracite west of Pennsylvania, and would average in quality as good as the best Lehigh Valley coal, being over 90 per cent carbon.

This coal, for a long time, never found a market east of Denver. Andy Hughes was traffic manager of the railroad, and a very popular old-timer in the state. I had a number of controversies with him about coal rates. My argument was that if he lowered the rate so that the anthracite could go as far as the Missouri river points, cutting Pennsylvania out of this territory, that it would put 200 more miners to work and produce, instead of 60,000 tons, about 120,000 tons; that what he thought he would lose on railroad rates would be more than made up by increased passenger, freight and express business, and would add over a thousand people to the population of Crested Butte. He chuckled one day and said it took three engines to haul two cars over Marshall pass. I told him he was mistaken, that it only required two engines to haul three cars. To show you how well he ran his office, he called to his understudy to bring him a certain freight classification. The boy came in half an hour and reported that he could not find it, whereupon Uncle Andy yelled out: "If you ever do find it, bring it here and nail it to the floor so that we will always know where it is."

The owners of the Smith coal mine were General W. J. Palmer, Dr. W. A. Bell, B. F. Woodward, of the telegraph department, W. S. Jackson, El Paso Bank in Colorado Springs, and possibly a few others, who received a royalty on every ton of coal mined. The Smith company never did own it except on a lease. I think Howard F. Smith was one of the locators, that being how the property got that name. Harry Carter was superintendent for a long time and Nat Wheeler succeeded him.

A coal vein was located a mile or two south of Irwin, on the head waters of Anthracite creek. The Thompson brothers, Lee and Harland, located this land and sold it to the Union Pacific railroad. The Thompsons were part owners of the Forest Queen mine at Irwin. The U. P. railroad sent Robert L. Strahorn out to report on the coal land. He was an early-day newspaper man in Denver, and had formed a connection with Jay Gould in railroad construction in Idaho, Washington and Oregon, and was one of the empire builders of the northwest. He is one of the few of the old guard of fifty years ago who is still going full steam ahead, and is now engaged in opening the Pacific State gold mine at Jackson, near Medford, Oregon.

About the time Mr. Strahorn was in the country, Col. George Crofutt, publicity man for the U. P. railroad, arrived, getting information for a book he was writing, entitled the "Gripsack Guide," to be sold on the trains. He got our picture, riding on snowshoes. The inscription under the picture was as follows: "Two typos with type in their pockets and hand press strapped on their backs, gliding into Irwin to start a newspaper."

Edward S. Brooks was the first man to open this coal mine for the U. P. railroad. Afterwards this road changed intentions about building and sold the land to the C. C. & I. Co., to which a railroad was built and the mine called Floresta. It was opened but did not last long, after the road was abandoned.

I think it was about 1885, when two gentlemen arrived in Crested Butte on the train. They were D. C. Osgood and Julian A. Kebler, who had bought out the C. C. & I. Co. They were from Iowa, where they had managed the White Breast Coal Co., along the line of the Burlington railroad. They were on a tour of inspection to see whether they had purchased a lemon or a prize. Superintendent Robinson showed them the coke ovens, the mine, and everything. In a day or two they took saddle horses and a guide to go over to where Redstone and Marble are now located, where the company owned other land. In two or three days they returned and asked me if I could not think of a new name for Rock creek; that there were so many creeks by that name and it was confusing. I suggested that we call it Crystal river.

That was bully, so from that time on in print, we always called the stream Crystal river. Then, about that time, Al Johnson started a newspaper at Crystal City, calling the sheet the "Crystal River Current," which helped to popularize the name.

Messrs. Osgood and Kebler, with their associates reorganized the company, changing the name from the Colorado Coal and Iron Co., to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., introduced new methods, built the Bessemer steel plant in Pueblo, so that they could turn out steel rails, sheet steel, and other steel products, built fifty more coke ovens in Crested Butte, and otherwise made great improvement at all of their coal mines with a drive to increase production.

J. K. Robinson resigned and went to Carbondale, where he organized his own coal company. John Gibson, a Scotchman, was made superintendent. It was not long before most of the miners were from Ayrshire, Scotland, where Gibson came from. He was an uneducated man, but knew coal mining from boyhood in the Ayrshire mines. One day a man who had just been hired asked Mr. Gibson how long he had to work. Gibson replied "Ye's gotta work from wassal to wassal," meaning from the time the whistle blew in the morning until the whistle blew at night.

These Scotch people were all good citizens, liked their fun, and enjoyed dancing. Jimmy McIlwee was a familiar figure in calling off in the ball room. He afterwards made himself famous by driving the Roosevelt tunnel in Cripple Creek, over 5,000 feet long.

Later on, a colony of Slavonians arrived. They proved to be good miners and loyal citizens. I was postmaster from 1889 to 1893, and right around payday we have taken in as much as \$3,000 on the sale of foreign money orders, going to the Old Country to bring more families and relatives. Most of these first settlers of the Scotch and Slavonians may have passed away since the 45 or 50 years of their arrival, but their descendants, mostly native born, are there, and are some of the best citizens in the county, educating their children, who are taking to ranching and other pursuits. In those days there was no depression, distress or poverty, no one very rich, but all got along and were self reliant. There was no depending on the government to support them. I do not recall ever sending anyone to the county farm in Gunnison. Anyone injured or sick, went to the hospital in Pueblo.

In the late nineties, I think about 1897, I was in Chicago, when all the newspapers carried big headlines about the sale of the C. F. & I. Co. to the Rockefellers. I happened to be in company with John W. Drake, and Paul Morton, vice-president of the Santa Fe railroad, knowing that I came from Colorado, wanted to know if this was another rich plum that had dropped into the laps of the Rockefellers, and why Osgood and Kebler would sell out when they had the only iron and steel west of the Missouri river? I told them that Colorado was rich in coal land, that there were enormous beds of coal yet undeveloped that they would last indefinitely, but so far, there had been no iron mines opened in the state. While Colorado was richly endowed with all kinds of minerals, iron ore as yet had not been discovered or opened. These gentlemen were utterly astonished, as they supposed the Colorado mountains were full of iron ore. I told them that the coal business was a great asset of the C. F. & I. Co.; that there had been a small iron deposit opened at Villa Grove in the San Luis valley, but long since worked out. That another small bed west of Salida was exhausted, and the company was hauling its iron ore over two ranges, from Hanover, near Silver City, New Mexico, about 500 miles; also from Hartville, Wyoming, nearly as far, from the north. From Hanover, the haul was over the Glorietta and Rattoon grades on the Santa Fe railroad, and the ore was low grade, about 56 per cent iron, so that they had to haul nearly two tons of material to get one ton of iron.

There is some iron ore in Gunnison county, but that is another story that I will write about at some other time, so adios.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

Story of Early Day Smelters In Gunnison

* *

By Margaret Freeman

All the hopes and dreams of the early settlers in Gunnison and the later disappointments are reflected in the story of Smelter hill, site of the Moffat smelter, more properly called the Lone Elm mining and smelting company of Gunnison. The Moffat smelter was erected on the site where Western State college now stands.

The problem of the cheapest possible smelting of the ore was one which occupied the minds of the miners in Gunnison soon after 1880; therefore, the rumor that E. R. Moffat, a capitalist who operated a smelter at Joplin, Mo., was contemplating building a smelter in Gunnison caused the young city much joy. On June 17, 1882, a mass meeting was held to boost the new enterprise, and large pledges of money and land was made to Moffat, although he asked for none. The prospectors, miners, real estate agents, everyone who realized what a determining factor such a project would be in the future of the country, thought and talked only of the proposed smelter.

In July, 1882, E. R. Moffat arrived in Gunnison prepared to look for a location for his smelter. After selecting Gunnison, Moffat left for St. Louis. In August a letter came from Moffat notifying the people that he was ready to begin construction of the plant. On Sept. 9, 1882, the machinery arrived, and actual building began on the Moffat smelter.

The plant was completed by the middle of December. The smelter "blew in" the night of Dec. 16, and was kept running for 24 hours. The Dec. 18 issue of the Gunnison News-Review carried an enthusiastic story which states, "In the near future, when our town outgrows its present position and takes its place as second, if not first, in the Centennial state, which it is sure to do, those who witnessed the successful blowing of the Moffat smelter will recall the circumstances with pleasure."

Moffat, however, was not satisfied with the results of his smelting process. He shipped ore to Joplin for experimentation and closed the smelter in the fall of 1883.

Disappointment ran riot in Gunnison. Before long the newspapers were railing against the man who, a year before, had been praised so highly. An article which appeared in print on July 12, 1884, is typical: "Gunnison business men and miners are becoming completely disgusted with the care-nothing, do-nothing policy of the smelter outfit to which land and money was donated nearly three years ago. The smelter should either be built and the treatment of ore begun or the land should be returned to the givers."

On Aug. 9, 1884, the Review-Press reported the meeting of the chamber of commerce to discuss the proposition of establishing a branch of the Mingo smelter, located in Salt Lake City, in Gunnison. The proposition was received favorably, and a committee was appointed to collect subscriptions to make up the necessary \$10,000 in cash and the \$15,000 real estate that the Mingo representative demanded.

In the meantime, Moffat returned in August and began the remodeling of his smelter. Nearly all the required subscriptions had been collected, but the Mingo representative hadn't returned in the designated time; part of the money collected was given to the Patrick and Shaw smelter which was to begin operations in six weeks. This second smelter is sometimes referred to as the Gunnison smelter.

By Sept. 1, the Jumbo roaster, Moffat's latest improvement, was in working order. Cars of ore were shipped in from every camp in the surrounding country and some from over the

range. From 40 to 50 men were on the pay roll. The railroads gave good freight rates. The Moffat smelter was living up to the hopes of Gunnison at last.

But this success didn't last long. Even though the newspapers reported that "everything is working most satisfactorily and the success of smelting the low grade refractory ores of Gunnison county has been established," the competition of the Gunnison smelter was too much for Moffat.

Moffat failed financially and left the country with many debts unpaid. In Sept. 1885, the two sons of E. R. Moffat attempted to reopen the smelter in Gunnison. The miners refused to give their confidence to the brothers because of the father's failure. They paid off their father's debts slowly, but were finally forced to tear down the plant.

There were four buildings: the engine room, the furnace room, and the "blue room", which was divided into a condensing room and "ghost room". All of the structures, with the exception of the heating tower and the flue, were frame. A large fan forced the air into the heating tower. From this tower, the fumes were driven by fans into a long brick flue which carried them to the condensing room at the top of the hill. This flue was 1,089 feet in length and 175 feet in perpendicular height. In the condensing room the fumes were caught in four large hoppers made of cloth of sufficient coarseness to allow the air to escape, but sufficiently fine to retain the oxidized minerals. The room over the condenser was called the ghost room because of 100 long bags, suspended from the joists to the flue, which collected the gas and allowed it to escape through a ventilator in the roof.

Today the only reminder that a smelter once stood where Western on the side of Smelter hill, back of the college, uncovered by sage-brush even yet. The scar was caused by the flue that led from the heating tower to the condensing room at the top of the hill.

Reprinted from Top O' The World of November 7, 1939

D. J. McCanne Writes About Smelter Failures

* *

Building A Smelter

There had been two smelters built in Gunnison for the treatment of silver-lead ores, neither of which had been successful.

Mr. Moffett had made a success of treating lead ores at Joplin, Mo., by catching the values that are usually carried away in the smoke and condensing it in the form of soot, in bags connected with the smoke flues from the furnaces. He thought he could make this kind of a process work satisfactorily on silver-lead ores. He built a smelter at the foot of a hill at the northeast boundary of Gunnison, and carried the smoke through a brick flue, about 1,000 feet long, and up the hillside to his smoke-bag room at the top of the hill. He could recover the lead, but not much of the silver, so he abandoned the project, after nearly two years of experimenting. Having had to run our water mains to supply this smelter with water, gave us a good chance to avail ourselves of the hill, upon which we elected our storage plant in place of the usual tower. This provided a pressure elevation of 165 feet.

The next smelter failure was that of the Lawrences, built about a mile north of Gunnison. This was a small furnace, and its failure was charged to lack of proper fluxing ores.

The Chamber of Commerce and its influential men interested in making Gunnison the smelting center west of the Rocky Mountains, besieged me, as the local representative of the men who had already invested nearly half a million dollars in the Gunnison projects, to use my influence in an effort to induce them to build and operate a big smelter of approved type, that would surely work as well as they do in Denver, Pueblo, and Leadville.

After weeks of correspondence, Mr. Lewis asked me to come to St. Louis; he and I went to Pittsburgh, where we had a conference with Mr. Schoonmaker and others, which resulted in the incorporation of The Tomichi Valley Smelting Company. We had the construction practically completed, under the supervision of a Mr. Foss, a practical smelter man. I felt much relieved to have Mr. Lewis arrive in Gunnison with his family to make their home and to assume the general management of the smelter.

The first hundred bars of bullion were run out June 1886, and that was followed with an output of a carload to the value of from \$4,000 to \$5,000 about every two days. After several years of persistent effort to make Gunnison the big city of the western slope, hopes were about to be realized.

Another result of Mr. Lewis' influence of David Moffat, president of the D. & R. G. railroad, was in securing close cooperation of that railroad. During the year 1887, a loop of the Rio Grande railroad was expending large sums of money in which became one of the eating stations for all passenger trains. We furnished, free of rent, offices for the ticket agent, waiting room, and express business.

Mr. Lewis continued his heroic efforts to secure the development of the wonderful iron and coal deposits, expending large sums of money in patenting the lands and in promoting the building of his iron and steel works at Gunnison, but every time he had his plans so nearly perfected as to have the steel company ready to begin operations, even to the selection of its manager, the big financial interest of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. would maneuver to thwart his success.

Mr. Lewis was a man of decided convictions who could not be swerved from a course, which he believed to be right. He usually was successful in consummating his plans for big

business, and to such a man, these repeated knock-outs, just as he was about to reach his goal, must have been felt as death blows - as they indeed proved to be - for he was suddenly stricken with heart failure, without warning or impending danger, as he sat on the front porch of La Veta hotel on October 25, 1903, conversing with old friends.

Mr. Lewis was a staunch friend, an affectionate husband and father, a loyal supporter of his church. He was for years a vestryman of Dr. Scuyler's Christ Church in St. Louis. He used his wealth in relieving that church of its burden of debt. In his later years he was a communicant of St. John's Cathedral of Denver, and a very close friend of Dean Hart, from whose house his funeral was conducted.

I have made diligent inquiry trying to find Mr. Lewis' two unmarried daughters, whom I hoped might still be living; but none of the members of Dean Hart's church with whom I have talked, are able to inform me definitely as to whether they are still living.

If any of Mr. Lewis' children are still living, and have their attention called to this article, I wish they would get in touch with one of his supporters during a quarter of a century of service.

J. D. McCANNE,
212 S. Sherman St., Denver, Colo.

**Beginnings of White Pine and Early Days
in Mining Camps on The Upper Tomichi Section**

* *

George A. Root of Topeka, Kansas, Writes for News-Champion
a Series of Fascinating Historical Articles, Grouped Around
His Newspaper Experiences of the Eighties

Topeka, Kansas, May 6, 1935.

Mr. Henry F. Lake, Jr.,
Gunnison, Colo.

Dear Mr. Lake:

I am sending herewith the copy of the Gunnison News, containing the illustration of the first home of this pioneer newspaper. In case you do not have this number in your files I am glad to pass it on to you. However, if it is a duplicate of what you may have already, it might be a good idea to add the issue to the collection of the News now in the Kansas State Historical Society, as this issue does not appear in their file.

I recall your letter stating that if I had anything more of a reminiscent nature, you would be glad to get it. I am wondering if you have ever printed much of that nature about old White Pine, once Gunnison county's foremost shipping camp of minerals? During my spare time the last two years, I have been browsing around thru the files of the White Pine Cone, refreshing my memory of some of the early incidents which transpired in that camp. I have combined a little of the early history with much of what I witnessed, and imagine that at least a portion of it might be of interest to the younger generation as well as some of the few surviving old-timers. If you deem any of this of sufficient interest to your readers, you are at liberty to make such use of it as you deem proper. In explanation of this contribution I will say that as the White Pine Cone was one of the principal factors in the development and growth of the Tomichi Mining District, I have given quite a complete account of its establishment, as well as mentioning some of the characteristics of its editor and founder.

In case you should like an occasional subsequent installment about White Pine, I have material for several such.

I enjoyed reading the republication of the history of Prof. Sylvester Richardson. I knew the old Professor quite well, and had many a pleasant chat with him. He operated a drug store in the same block with the Gunnison Review at the time I reached Gunnison. He dropped into the printing office almost every day. Never failed if he had a piece of news, and my father likewise never lost an item by failing to ask if he had something. If the Professor had nothing of importance he would generally let it be known (in a stage whisper) that he had just caught onto something big, but it could not be made public for thirty days. I noticed that you reproduced the illustration of the first home in Gunnison that the Professor built, and commenting on the individual whose likeness adorned the picture, wondering if it were the old Professor himself. I think it was someone else, for Mr. Richardson was a rather tall man, and was quite gray in 1881. And besides he always wore a full beard. Perhaps some other of your readers has already given you the same information.

After a prolonged dry spell this spring, accompanied by some exasperating dust storms, Kansas is now undergoing the other extreme and having some disastrous floods. The Kansas river has been taxed to its limit to care for the largest and most disastrous flood in the history of

the Republican river, which in addition to freshets in the Big Blue and Solomon and Saline, and lastly the Smoky Hill, has sent the old Kaw out of its banks in a number of places. At Topeka a few of the local streams have contributed to flood conditions, but the Kaw has been held within bounds to the great relief of citizens living on the north side of the river. On Tuesday night, the 4th inst., WIBW, our local broadcasting station maintained an emergency broadcasting station on the Kansas Avenue bridge connecting the north and south sides of the city. This was done, as it was feared that many residents living in the path of the oncoming flood might still be lingering about their homes and get caught in the expected deluge sweeping down the river. A great many citizens of the Kaw valley who opposed the building of the proposed Kiro Dam, were inclined to favor it during the recent scare. The worst damage in and close to Topeka was in the heart of the city when a torrential rain put Shunganunga creek out of its banks. The creeks run thru the eastern part of the city where it is comparatively low and level. This section of town got pretty well soaked twice in one week. Water over five feet deep swept across Sixth street at the intersection of Locust. Sixth is one of the most widely traveled streets in the city; is a portion of U. S. Highway 40 to Lawrence and Kansas City. There was some detouring for the time the water bothered.

Sincerely yours,
GEO. A. ROOT

Looking back over a span of a little more than fifty years, I still have a lively recollection of the mining camp of White Pine as I first beheld it in the year of 1883, thru the eyes of a sixteen-year-old youth. I had left Gunnison the last of March in company with Geo. S. Irwin, to become his first assistant in establishing a weekly paper to be known as the White Pine Cone. We took the Rio Grande train for Sargent, about thirty miles distant, which we reached about an hour later that afternoon, where we took the stage up the Tomichi valley to our destination. There was but one stopping place between the railroad and camp, and that was at a point about 3½ or 4 miles below White Pine, called at this time "Heelsburg." There was a sort of tavern at this point where one could get a "dose" of "bitters" most any time, or a bite to eat, but the proprietor made no special effort to cater to the wants of the inner man. The stage driver usually halted here long enough to water his team, during which time any passenger who wished to get a drink was privileged to do so, after which the journey was resumed.

The stage arrived in camp shortly after dark and halted in front of the Crawford House, which at this time, was the only hotel in camp. Here the passengers alighted, being greeted by a motley crowd of miners, merchants, professional men, ranchers, and others from about every walk of life. Irwin and I made our way into the hotel office, made arrangements for board and lodging, and shortly afterwards found ourselves in the dining room with our feet under the table, partaking of a good, hot, substantial meal. This over with, we took a stroll "Up town."

The principal points of interest I soon learned, were the post office, located in Thomas & Bassler's store, Ballard's and Spencer's grocery, Barber's hardware store, and the several saloons, with the post-office and Horseshoe saloon rivals for first honors. The "Horseshoe" was the principal rendezvous of the working class of camp. Here, after supper, the miners who had gotten in from their day's work congregated to meet their convivial friends and talk over any camp gossip of interest, and here we joined the throng and milled around, listening for anything that could be classed as news suitable for the initial number of the forthcoming publication. The Horseshoe was approximately 25x50 feet in size, contained a pool and billiard table, and about

four or five round tables for the accommodation of card players. There must have been close to fifty or sixty in the room at the time we arrived. In the vicinity of the card tables I discovered one could hear more gossip than at any other place in the room, even tho the conversation was intermittently interspersed with the clacking of billiard and pool balls, the clinking of glassware on the bar, and such disjointed bits of conversation as "I beg," "Raise you a stack of blues," "Your ante," "Fifteen two and three make five," "The Gent with the ace of Clubs is high," "How many are you betting?" etc. The atmosphere was like a fog, everyone apparently puffing away vigorously at a pipe or cigar. However, this variety of night life wasn't exactly new to me, as I had more than once mixed in and around with similar crowds at Gunnison while a carrier for the Gunnison Daily Review. I stuck around till about 10 o'clock, when I made my way back to the hotel to turn in, for I was pretty tired.

Stepping into the hotel office I noticed a card game going on. About the first words I heard as I closed the door were "Thirty-one with a run of three and a last card is six, and that's out!" Then I noticed they were using a board with several rows of small holes running lengthwise, into which several pegs were sticking out at irregular intervals. I inquired in a whisper of one of the spectators what they were playing, and he said "Cribbage." Cards were not played at home, but I had already learned how to play casino and draw poker, and was shortly to learn the game of cribbage.

The night was pretty snappy outside, and after warming up by the good wood fire going even then in the office, I made my way to bed. As I crawled in between the blankets and closed my eyes, the last sound I heard was from one of the cribbage players who almost shouted: "Fellers, that's the first time I've held the old ragged thirteen in a coon's age."

I was up and ready for breakfast the next morning at the first call. As I was about to enter the dining room, the proprietor took me by the arm and led me back, whispering to me that if I waited for the next table I would find a more congenial crowd to sit down with. The first crowd was made up of miners and ore haulers, who were supposed to be ready to go work at 7 a.m., and many of them had quite a good size walk still ahead of them, and ten hours was the schedule for a day's work.

Before I had left Gunnison I had helped pack the outfit for the Cone into a heavy freight wagon. This had been started on its way a couple of days before we left. Owing to some unforeseen circumstances, the freight had not yet arrived. This, however, did not worry me as much as it did my boss, for I figured it would give me an extra day or two to explore some of the prospect holes I noticed on the mountain sides both east and west of town.

As I sauntered leisurely up Main street after breakfast I wondered where the new office would be. There didn't appear to be a vacant building in the business section. The nearest approach to one was a rough, one-story log affair, with a shingled roof, that stood between the hotel and the Horseshoe. But this was nothing more than a good size log crib, and had neither windows, doors nor a floor in it. Great cracks showed between every log on all sides. A small dog or a cat would have had slight difficulty in crawling thru anywhere.

After an inquiry or two I located an individual who gave me the "low down" on the matter. This log building was to be the future home of the Cone. I inwardly snickered as I heard this, and wondered what the boss would say. I thanked my informant and started on my tour of exploration. Later in the day my boss met me as I was returning from a trip up the zig-zag road along the mountain side west of town, and asked me to go along with him and look the building over. He explained that this site was considered a most excellent one, was right in the heart of the business district, and had been presented to the Cone as a sort of subsidy for casting its lot in

with the young mining camp. John J. Thomas, the postmaster, senior member of the firm of Thomas & Bassler, merchants, was the donor. He probably figured the paper would give the camp more free advertising than it could possibly get in any other way. And he was right at that.

A day or two later the equipment for the paper arrived, but as nothing had yet been done towards completing the office building, the materials were left on the wagon for the time being. Within the next two days a force of carpenters arrived on the scene and got busy. A door and window were cut on the front of the building, and two windows on the south. Frames were made for all the openings, and while these were being installed, a familiar character of the camp - one John Rott or Roth - better known in the gulch as "Dutch John" - got busy and started chinking up the cracks with long split slabs of dead pine which was to be had in abundance at the rear of the office. After the larger cracks were partly covered with such slabs, old John mixed up a quantity of mud, and with a trowel proceeded to plaster up every crack that appeared; finishing the job with a wall that was wind-proof. Stringers of hewn logs were laid inside the cabin for floor joists, and as soon as they were in place the carpenters started laying a rough board floor which was nailed down at once. As fast as floor space was finished some article was unloaded from the wagon and taken inside. One of the most needed of these was a good sized wood stove. As soon as a hole had been cut thru the roof and a sheet iron chimney covered the opening, the stove was installed. As it was still winter, despite what the almanac said, the warmth of a fire was needed, as the temperature of the office at this time was pretty much like what it was out of doors. I needed no encouragement to get a fire started. The very novelty of heating by wood appealed to me at the time, and I volunteered, and was promptly installed as fireman pleni-potentiary and warden of the wood pile extraordinary! A five-foot wood saw and a good axe went with the title and I was obliged to live up to the honors of the position.

Nothing in way of office furniture could be placed permanently until the floor and the windows were finished, as the equipment would have been in the way of the carpenters. Everything we did was accomplished by dodging the workmen. The din of the hammers and the buzzing saws was rather disconcerting at times, but we persevered. Finally the type stands were bolted together and set to place, awaiting the various cases of body types. These cases included two of the long primer, and at least one each of brevier, minion and nonpareil. All had been generously filled before the office was packed, so that there would be no need to distribute any "dead matter" in order to have sufficient type to get out the paper. The packing of these cases had been a simple matter, and consisted in placing a generous supply of newspapers over the well-filled type boxes, then placing the "cap" cases on top, covering them similarly, and lastly tying the two together. As we were unpacking these we made the aggravating discovery that about every case we had so far investigated, had arrived in a somewhat "pied" condition. This mishap was occasioned by the jolting of the heavy freight wagon on the rough roads on way to camp. My recollection is that we spent a good part of a day getting this sorted out.

The presses were about the last of the equipment to be set to place, the old Washington hand press being accorded a place as close to the stove as practicable, for hand presses do not work at best when the weather is cold. A quarter-medium "Star" jobber was given a place beside the rear south window, while the one imposing stone reposed about midway between the two presses. Then came the day when we began setting type for the new paper.

Visitors were numerous during the days we were straightening up, and the editor interviewed for historical data and local news, and before they left they were invited to become subscribers. The most of them enrolled and not a few ordered the Cone sent to home folks back east. Then there were advertisements to be set up, besides some job work to be gotten out, for

the new paper needed all the patronage it could command, and job work meant quick returns on labor invested.

April 13 was the date set for the appearance of the first issue, the editor evidently having no fears of a hoodoo, as it would come out on Friday the thirteenth. The Cone was a six-column, four page sheet, all home print. The first page started off with a column of pithy paragraphs on sundry topics under the heading of "Little Cones." The balance of the page was devoted to an historical sketch of the camp, followed by a write-up of the business and professional men carrying on at that time. The first and fourth pages were worked off on Monday afternoon, while the inside pages were kept open till late Thursday afternoon, in order to give local news up to the last minute. Type-setting was finished by mid-afternoon, proofs read and corrected, and forms made up and on the press just before quitting for supper.

I was roller boy to start with, while Irwin "pulled" the old "Washington." The first edition was a large one - close to a bundle - a printer's thousand. We got started shortly after supper. Irwin was a steady worker, and when everything got to running smoothly, we ran off about 240 an hour. This was good time - just fifteen seconds to run one paper thru. I had heard of 300 and over an hour being run off on a hand press, but no one could keep up at that rate for more than a few minutes before he would be worn out. At four a minute we had to dispense with the "frisket," as it was a constant impediment, and it kept us "humping" all the way.

An eager throng crowded the office when word got out that the paper was to be printed this evening, and there was much good natured badinage between those who thought they would get the first copy off the press. I had heard my father speak of the rivalry for the first issue of the Gunnison Review, which was put up and sold at auction and brot \$100. The rivalry for the first issue of the Cone, however, did not reach the point where they were inclined to bid for it. Just who got the coveted number I have forgotten. However, it was many weeks before the town crowd ceased to "drop in" to get their paper before it came thru the delivery window at the post-office.

Irwin, the editor and boss, was a good newspaper man. He was a splendid localist and a forceful writer. He was republican in politics, and during county and state campaigns his editorial comments on the shortcomings of opposition candidates were both candid and exasperating to such as he chose to mention. He had been threatened time and again with lickings if he did not "lay off," but neither threats nor intimidation could silence his "Faber" when he had something to say. He wasn't afraid of the Devil himself. I recollect an irate individual coming into the office to lick him. Irwin listened to his tirade of abuse, then calmly presented his side of the matter, telling the caller that there was nothing personal in his opposition to him; that he was not attacking his private character in any way, but instead, was calling public attention to his official conduct, which was a matter of public concern to all and was a proper subject for discussion at any time. One of the complaints of this caller was that it was a mean and underhanded thing to print derogatory things about him and he not know a thing about it until some one called his attention to the matter. Irwin replied that the caller had a chance to see and read anything he might have to say about him if he wished to subscribe for the Cone. The caller dug down in his pocket and produced the requisite amount and enrolled for a year. The next issue of the Cone mentioned the caller and of the various threats which preceded the call, and wound up by mentioning that he had subscribed for the Cone, thinking that the paper would not dare print anything about him. He guessed wrong. Irwin ripped into him and ridiculed the whole matter. The upshot of the incident was that the new subscriber got so mad he wrote in and ordered his paper stopped.

On Friday night, April 13, the day the paper was dated, a dance was given at Ballard's Hall, almost directly opposite the Cone office. Coming so quickly after publication, I was told that it was sort of a complimentary hop in honor of the Cone's birth. John S. Barber, hardware merchant, A. B. Cooper, Harry Lloyd, Arthur Wavell and Wm. A. Geho, four old time miners of the camp, were the prime movers and managers of the affair, which was a most enjoyable one. About every resident of camp who was able to dance was in attendance. Here I had my first chance to rub elbows with the bon ton of camp. I also made the discovery that young ladies of approximately my age were few and far between, and that if I cared to dance I had to be constantly on the lookout for a partner for the next number. As it was I shook a light fantastic toe during two-thirds of the numbers on the program with dames whose ages ran from about sixteen to sixty. There was a dearth of females at every dance, and this shortage lasted as long as I had any knowledge of the camp.

During the first few months after my arrival in camp I boarded around at the various hotels. After quitting the Crawford House I ate for some time at the Cummings House and lastly at Steve Seward's White Pine Hotel. I began by trading out some accounts the Cone had against these hotels which were to be paid in this way. Then I continued on as long as I liked the place. The Seward hotel was the most up-to-date of the lot, and Steve and his wife set a fine table at all times.

Shortly after the completion of the Cone office, a bunk was built in the northwest corner, and Irwin and I bunked there until he rented a cabin directly opposite the Crawford House and sent for his family. I boarded with him for some months the following fall, we bunking together for about a month while his family was away on a visit. One night we were awakened by a horde of mountain rats which apparently had taken up their abode beneath the cabin. We tried frightening them away by heaving a shoe or boot in the direction the disturbance came from, but this we found was but temporary relief. At length we fell asleep. In the morning I made the discovery that I was minus one sock, and I was accused of hiding one of the boss' slippers. Each felt the other was trying to "slip something over" on him. We started a search for the lost articles, but did not find them. About a week later we were roused by some rodent gnawing away at a board in the floor at one side of the room next to the log wall. I got up, lighted a lamp, slipped a cartridge into the little "44" Frank Wesson carbine my dad had used while a messenger on Ben Holladay's stage line, and handing my old Remington cap and ball six-shooter to Irwin, we tip-toed out to the kitchen to give battle to the critter that was disturbing us. We were obliged to move a few chairs and some boxes before we could determine just where the seat of disturbance was located. We finally discovered the point and I decided to hold the lamp and let Irwin do the shooting. He poked the muzzle of the gun to within a few inches of this point and pulled the trigger. A deafening concussion was instantly followed by total darkness, but this was compensated for by hearing the last dying kicks of one of those huge rats. We went back to bed and slept well for the balance of the night. The next morning we decided to have a look beneath the floor for that departed rat, as we did not care to have its carcass decaying right beneath us. Lifting a trap door we slipped thru, taking a lighted candle to do some exploring of our own. We now made an enlightening discovery. Scattered about here and there beneath the floor were odds and ends of about every variety of wearing apparel, old dishrags, neckties, women's belts, trunk straps, old spoons, wooden handled knives and forks, slippers, wads of paper, etc. In a crammed space between the chinking of the logs and the floor, was the carcass of about the largest mountain rat I ever laid eyes on. A few days later we were again wakened by rodents, and sallying forth to the kitchen spied a couple of the critters promenading back and forth across the

family cook stove, evidently much intrigued by the appetizing odors of a generous hunk of venison that had been cooking for the evening in a closed pot. I was holding the old pistol this time and the boss inviting me to take a shot I aimed at the critter's head and pulled the trigger. There was considerable noise and confusion following the shot, and when the excitement subsided I discovered that the only damage I had done was to separate the rat from about six inches of his rasp-like tail. Similar experiences were common as long as the boss lived in that cabin.

"Doc" Baker moved into the Cone office a short time after the boss moved out, and made it his headquarters. He and I slept together for some months before I took a notion to "move out." Doc was a likeable fellow in a good many ways, and helped out in the office when not otherwise employed. He had one trait, however, which I never could get used to. He just couldn't resist "borrowing" my best shoes when I happened to be absent, and he happened to have a "date" and craved more suitable footwear than he happened to possess at the time. Doc was tall and slim, much too tall for my best suit without appearing ridiculous, but he couldn't resist stepping out in a \$12 pair of alligator shoes I got of J. H. Fowinkel for state occasions.

Late in the summer or early fall Miss Nellie Dick, niece of the boss, arrived in camp to spend the fall and winter. She wanted to learn type setting so came into the office at once. From this time on she and I set most of the type on the paper - Irwin putting into type the most of the legal advertising, which at this time happened to be mining applications.

White Pine was laid out during the summer of 1881, a little less than three years after the arrival of the first miners in the district. The town company comprised Henry F. Lake, John J. (Jack) Thomas, R. E. Conn, Jesse Davis, Capt. R. I. Meek and a few others. H. C. Crawford acted as agent for the sale of town lots. More than once as a kid, I had questioned the wisdom of the selection of this site as a location for a town. There was scarcely enough naturally level ground in the camp for a couple of town lots. I suppose it was a case similar to Mahomet and the Mountain. As the mines could not be brot any closer, the town was started as near the mines as practicable.

The camp was practically a one street town, there being but one that ran at right angles to Main. This was "Twelfth" street, just long enough to accommodate Milton Spencer's grocery on the south side and John S. Barber's residence directly opposite. The town was built in the valley of the Tomichi - the buildings all being on the west side of that stream and on the east slope of Granite Mountain. Facing the town on the east is Strawberry Hill. Both Granite Mountain and Strawberry Hill were pock marked here and there with prospect holes, whose gaping openings betokened misplaced confidence in the expenditure of both time and money on non-profitable mining ventures. Both mountain sides were covered with fallen timber, much of which at the time of my arrival, was in a badly decayed condition, and at the same time they were also covered with a dense jungle of second growth pine, very little of which was of a size to be of commercial value. All the larger timber had been cut for mine timbers, and for miners' cabins. I often wondered why there was so much dead timber. Was it the result of a fire caused by some careless campers, or the result of a bolt of lightning? Much sound dead timber still stood awaiting the woodman's axe, in the district.

The camp was booming at the time of my arrival. New faces came in on every stage. Scarcely an hour of the day passed without hearing the creaking of heavily loaded ore wagons passing down Main Street, or coming down the road which wound around the south end of Strawberry Hill, or perchance was returning from the railroad laden with goods for camp merchants or for new arrivals in camp. The Legal Tender, on Clover Mountain above Tomichi,

was the principal shipper from the north, while the North Star, Eureka, Nest Egg, and Carbonate King on Lake Hill were the principal producers in the vicinity of White Pine. Up to the time of my arrival in camp, it had been one of my boyish ambitions to own a mine. Within the first three or four weeks after my arrival I had been importuned a dozen or more times to buy interests in forty or fifty different pieces of mining property, every one of which was represented to be worth thousands of dollars, and the only excuse for letting me in on such a good thing was the immediate and pressing need of a little cash to purchase supplies essential for their development. A goodly number of these properties had most attractive sounding names - ones which would constantly remind the prospective buyer of fabulous riches. Had I been the possessor of \$500 in cash at that time, I verily believe I could have bought at least a one-half interest in any one of three out of five of the majority of the claims offered me at that time. One persistent agent, when I informed him I had no cash to invest, spied the old silver watch I was carrying, and offered to give me a one-half interest in some potential "Comstock" he had located, for the time piece. That watch probably wasn't worth over \$15 at the outside. I still owned the watch when I left camp. I might also add I never heard of any of those men who tried so hard to sell me interests in their properties ever making anything worth while out of their claims.

The business section of White Pine lay in the south half of town, and was about equally divided by Twelfth street, the only other street in the camp, unless one included the road from North Star down to the bridge where it turned south to join Main street just south of Bodey's blacksmith shop. The town had a population of about 250 in the spring of 1883, while about 100 more lived in cabins on mining claims in various gulches and mountains close by. There were probably not over fifty cabins in the town proper, used as residences. Before the close of the year, however, a number of new residences had been built. Two-story buildings were few in camp. Starting from the south end of Main and going north the first one was the Cummings House on the east side of the street. The next was the Crawford House on the opposite side a little to the north. Next was Capt. A. J. Smith's residence on the same side and about 100 feet distant. Almost directly opposite was Smith's livery barn. A few feet north of this was the Edwards-Sims log house. Almost directly across the street was Steve Seward's White Pine Hotel, which had the distinction of being one of the few frame buildings constructed in camp up to that time. Milton Spencer's log cabin grocery on south side of Twelfth was the next. From here there was a jump to the north end of camp where H C. Tapscott's two-story log residence was the next and last, unless one included the cabin of Nat Lowell, which was built in the edge of the slope above the creek and had a basement, with one story level with the street.

Early in April a second stage line was operating between camp and Sargent, Ellington & Davis being proprietors of the competing line.

A census of business enterprises in camp about the first of April was as follows: Thomas & Bassler, clothing, dry goods, etc.; they also operated the first stage line; John B. Turner, dry goods, notions, etc.; J. H. Ballard & Co., groceries and miners' supplies, etc.; Milton Spencer, groceries, miners' supplies, etc.; Nat Lowell, assayer; A. J. Shelhamer, attorney; W. H. Baker, physician; J. H. Fowinkel, boot and shoe shop; A. J. Smith, livery stable; E. L. Crawford, hotel; Henry W. Bodey, blacksmith; Cheeley & Reynolds, saloon; E. W. Dysart, saloon; R. F. Smith, carpenter, and emergency tonsorial artist; John Rundle, saloon; Ed. F. Kenyon, carpenter; White Pine Cone; Geo. S. Irwin, publisher.

A little later in the season two more hotels opened - first the Cummings House, and then the Seward hotel, the latter just about 25 feet south of the Cone office.

Main street from a point in front of Capt. Smith's residence for about 250 feet northward, was pretty rough in spots. Great slabs of granite, hurled down the side of Granite Mountain during some upheaval of nature, cropped out here and there. Some grading had been done before my day, but there was still much to be desired. The road down the valley from camp was a toll road, operated by the Black Sage Toll Road and Improvement Company. It was owned by a company of which Henry F. Lake was the secretary. A little over three months after the Cone was established, the road was taken over by Gunnison county, which reimbursed its projectors to the amount of \$3,000 in county scrip, which netted them about \$2,100.

The first city election in White Pine was held in April, 1882. Milton Spencer had the honor and distinction of serving as the camp's first mayor. Stanley Neal was chosen as clerk and recorder, and Messrs. John S. Barber, John K. Terrell, John W. Jett and John Hammond composed the board of trustees. There apparently was no serious shortage of "Johns" in the first board.

The following year another city election was held April 2, less than a week from the time of my arrival. Coming out of the Crawford House office that evening, one of the old-timers - I think it was A. B. Cooper - inquired of me if I had yet voted. I assured him I had not; that I was not old enough to vote. He slipped his arm thru mine and we started up towards the post office, where the balloting was going on, he assuring me that I was about old enough to learn how. A few minutes later we entered Thomas & Bassler's store where the election board was seated about the ballot box, cracking jokes as they waited for the last rush of miners to come in and exercise their political rights. Cooper made no apologies as he called for a ballot. "This young man forgot to vote" he remarked to the board as he shoved the ticket towards me. I took it, and as no one objected, I voted it straight. No embarrassing questions had been asked me, and no answers were necessary. I thought the whole proceeding on the part of Cooper was intended as a joke up to the time I was dragged into the room and the ballot placed in my hands. I had just passed my sixteenth birthday less than a month before. At this election E. L. Crawford received 37 votes for mayor; O. H. Aikine, 60 for clerk and recorder. For town trustees, John J. Jett, 59, J. H. Ballard, 59, W. M. Reid, 56, S. H. Seward, 56, and scattering 7. Among the scattering ballots was one marked for Susan B. Anthony for mayor. Milton Spencer, John K. Terrell and John S. Barber were judges of election, and O. H. Aikine, clerk.

Early in May, following, the trustees elected Milton Spencer, city treasurer; John S. Barber, police judge; A. J. Smith, street commissioner; Tom Barrett, town marshal. Barrett resigned in June, following, and William N. Carman, constable, took over such tasks as had usually been performed by the marshal. There had been no calaboose in camp up to this time. Early in May this year, the town trustees advertised for bids for the construction of a 12x12 domicile for the reception of any of the camp's unruly that needed confining, and J. C. Edwards and Nathaniel Sims were awarded the contract, which was completed by June following. The city's bastille was located near the edge of the bench overlooking the Tomichi, somewhat to the rear of the Barber residence. The camp must have been a pretty well-behaved community, for, to the best of my recollection, the "hoosegow" never had an occupant while I was a resident of camp.

White Pine's water supply came from several sources. Those living close to the Tomichi were assured of a never failing supply of fine drinking water. Residents of the north portion of the camp had access to a pump which tapped a spring or pool of water on the upper side of the road not very far from where the road crossed the Tomichi. The business section of town, divided by Twelfth, as well as the whole southern portion lying on the west side of Main street,

were supplied with water from a spring which gushed from the side of Granite Mountain at a point near the rear of a lot between Thomas & Bassler's and John Turner's stores. Here at any hour of the day came the residents with their buckets for their supply of water for drinking, cooking, etc. It was somewhat of a chore to get water as it was quite a distance from some of the homes. Staley Sims was one of those who came daily for a household supply, using a wooden contraption or "yoke" which fitted across his shoulders from the ends of which short chains with a hood in the end dangled. With this "dudad" he used a pair of candy buckets which he carried with comparative ease. Later the town remedied the water situation somewhat by installing a wooden trough along the rear of the lots on the west side of Main, which sloped towards the south to carry water to the far end of town. Holes had been bored in this trough at various intervals by residents along the line, and anyone wishing water held his bucket beneath one of these openings and pulled a plug, then replaced the plug when he had a supply. About five or six years later a reservoir was dug in the "parking" directly east of where the spring was located. The spring water was then piped to this boxed-in well, and insured a never-failing supply both winter and summer for this section of town.

Tomichi held a city election on April 2, at which time the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mayor - J. D. Carns; clerk and recorder - J. H. Schooley; trustees - Ralph P. Cotting, James Collins, W. S. Girardi and James Martin. Of these, Mr. Cotting was proprietor of one of the camp's saloons, and Mr. Girardi the foreman on the Legal Tender mine.

Tomichi also had a business firm composed of two women - Misses Gifford & Cook, who operated the Tomichi News Co.

A row occurred at Tomichi election night that year between Patsy Gilligan, John Stevens and others. In the melee Gilligan was stabbed in the mouth by Stevens it was claimed, the knife blade going down his throat until the hilt caught against his teeth. The wound, however, was slight, and Gilligan was soon out again. A warrant was sworn out charging Stevens with assault with intent to kill, but before it could be served, Constable Forbes arrested him for disturbing the peace. He was tried before Judge Sam Nott Hyde, who fined him \$25 and costs and in default of payment was committed. His case was set for trial before Judge Hyde on April 9. The prisoner appeared and asked for a change of venue, which was granted, being released on furnishing \$600 bail, his case being set for April 16. It did not take place at that time, however, as the chief performer failed to show up. The case was indefinitely postponed and Stevens' bond was declared forfeited.

A Union Sunday school was organized in camp sometime about the close of 1881, by a Mrs. Meeker. This school had survived and in the spring of 1883 was in a flourishing condition. Services were held in the Barber building every Sabbath afternoon, D. M. Bates being superintendent. The average attendance was about twenty-five.

A scrap took place between two well-known residents of camp early in April, one of the contestants biting a segment from the ear of his opponent. The Cone referred to the incident in its second issue, stating that the victim had recovered the use of his ear, and "That the next time he falls he will hunt up a soft place to light upon."

Mr. Clark, of Tomichi, found a new and novel use for old tin cans. The previous fall he gathered up a couple of wagon loads of old cans, and during the winter amused himself by melting the solder, straightening the tins and nailing them on the outside of his house. He kept this up until he had the front and the side next the street covered. He then bought paint and gave the house a heavy coat and lined it in imitation of brick.

A social dance was given at the Edwards and Sims building on Main street on the evening of May 1, for the purpose of raising money to be applied towards a building in White Pine for use of school, church and public meetings. The price of tickets was placed at \$2, including supper, which was served by the ladies of the town. Twenty-six tickets were sold, and the net proceeds of dance and supper netted the ladies \$53.80, a large cake raffled off on this occasion, with sixty-one chances at 25 cents each, helping to make this possible. The cake went to Miss Hattie Hutchinson, the holder of ticket No. 45. The music for the occasion was furnished by Howard Pierce, B. W. Hess and Tommy Seward.

"Tomichi Post No. 29," G.A.R., was mustered in at White Pine, on May 5. A. J. Shelhamer, was post commander; Henry F. Lake, senior vice commander; J. C. DeGroat, junior vice commander; J. A. Hodge, surgeon; C. W. Jewell, officer of the day; E. W. Dysart, quartermaster; S. H. Seward, officer of the guard; D. M. Bates, chaplain. Appointive, E. G. Wheeler, adjutant; Cyrus L. Ward, sergeant major; A. B. Cooper, quartermaster sergeant. The following named at that time made up the roster: John Hammond, T. J. Hurdle, R. E. McBride, D. A. Norton, James Pearce, A. J. Smith, C. L. Stitzer and H. C. Tapscott.

White Pine's first show was held in the Edwards and Sims building on May 2 and 3. It was a combination of songs, sleight of hand, ventriloquism, Punch and Judy, mind reading, etc. At the close of the entertainment the room was cleared and a social dance given, lasting a short time. The show was well patronized and generally gave satisfaction.

Barber Bros., prior to May, 1883, lived in a cabin on Contact Mountain. Being in the hardware business in town and having to walk up Contact Mountain and back twice a day consumed too much time, so they moved into camp early in May.

The trial of Alfred Packer, for cannibalism, was concluded at Lake City about the time the Cone was started. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged May 19, following. However, he was not hanged.

At a point between White Pine and Tomichi early in 1883, on the north side of the road, a few tent stakes were visible near a log house. About 1881 the stakes held a tent in which Mrs. Dunmire, divorced wife of the assassin Guiteau, kept a tin pan restaurant. Next to the restaurant Dunmire had set up a primitive barber shop, where he shaved customers at 25 cents each. At that time Guiteau was unknown in this section and the crime for which he was hanged was unthot of by him in all probability. It was while the Dunmire's kept the restaurant and barber shop, however, July, 1881, that Garfield was murdered, and Mrs. D., by reason of her former relations with the assassin, became known to the country at large. Shortly afterwards the Dunmires' removed to Leadville, where Mr. D. was, in the spring of 1883, engaged in the real estate business. While in the gulch they built the log cabin which stood near the site of their tin plate restaurant and in which Dunmire's barber pole could be seen.

Miss Victoria Ballard, daughter of J. H. Ballard, of camp, met with a severe accident the evening of May 17. She had just returned from the Hot Springs, and in getting out of the wagon, her dress caught in the spring of the seat, and she fell head-first to the ground. She was carried into the store and given first aid, and in a short time was able to walk home.

George W. Robbins, an old time miner of Tomichi, was severely hurt by a falling rock in the Legal Tender mine early in July. One leg was broken, and amputation became necessary. On account of his advanced age there was little hope entertained for his recovery and he passed away on July 11. He was buried in Tomichi cemetery the following day. Mr. Robbins was a native of Windom Co., Vt., and was fifty-nine years old in February this year. He came to Colorado in 1871 and located in the gulch in 1879. Robbins Gulch, in this district was probably

named for him. He left a widow and two children in Vermont, and one son, M. P. Robbins, who was with him to the last.

John P. Bassler, junior member of the firm of Thomas & Bassler, was married at Black Earth, Wis., on July 12, to Mary E. Barber, sister of the Barber Bros., hardware dealers of White Pine. Mr. Bassler had but recently completed a handsome residence on lower Main street, into which the newly married couple moved on their arrival in camp.

A most enjoyable social dance was given at the Cummings House the night of July 31. Some twenty odd numbers were sold, and two sets of dancers occupied the floor for the entire evening. A number of ladies and gentlemen from Tomichi were present and participated. At midnight Mrs. Cummings served an excellent supper - oyster soup being the first course served. Music was furnished by Hudson George and son, and Mr. Rives, "Doc" Baker occasionally relieving the latter at the organ. The only complaint registered was regarding the music, which the Cone thot was "entirely too fast for those who prefer dancing to a free-for-all foot-race."

On August 8, J. H. Ballard & Co., pioneer grocers, made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors. The assets of the company approximated \$2,800 and liabilities about \$2,600. Scarcity of money in camp and inability to collect on outstanding debts was given as the cause of the firm's trouble. H. C. Crawford was appointed as assignee.

About twenty to thirty tons of ore were being taken daily from shafts No. 6 and No. 7, of the Carbonate King, during August. This property was in litigation along with the Eureka, both good producers. On August 22, an attempt was made to replevin the ore on the Carbonate King dump, several attorneys from Gunnison and the under sheriff, John McCormick arriving in camp for that purpose. McCormick took charge of all the ore on the dump. The next morning the owners of that property gave the under sheriff indemnifying bonds and the ore was released, and the men on this mine all returned to work.

A destructive fire raged for several days on the east slope of Granite Mountain late in August, and burned thousands of cords of dead wood besides killing many acres of green timber. On the 22nd the fire had gotten such a start that fears were entertained for the safety of the town as the wind had shifted and was driving the fire from the north. Before the next morning, however, another change in the wind drove the flames up the hill again.

Late in the summer this year, a lease was secured on the North Star mine by Harris and Blake, of the Cosdon sampling works and Henry F. Lake, one of the owners of the mine. The lease was not to expire until June, 1885, giving assurance that the mine would be steadily worked until that time. Men were at once set to work straightening up things on the property, repairing the wagon road and getting ready for lively work. Hoisting machinery was ordered, and every preparation made to operate the property rapidly, profitably and economically. It was estimated that one hundred tons of ore could be taken out daily if the property was properly worked. There were (in August) four shafts on pay mineral, ranging in depth from 20 to 115 feet. The North Star was one of the oldest properties in camp, having been located June 14, 1879. In 1880, Cornett & Staley, two of the owners, sold their interests for \$11,500, there being but a 10 foot hole on the claim at that time. The mine then passed into the hands of the Galena Gulch Mining and Smelting Company, Henry F. Lake, Ignatius Zeller and A. B. Cooper, residents of the gulch, being members of the company, the other owners residing in the east. The company had refused an offer of \$100,000 for the property.

Ignatius Zeller, mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, was a practical watchmaker and jeweler, and about the last of August this year, set up his work bench in the front of the post-office and began looking after work in his line.

Watermelons and musk melons were a rarity in camp in the early '80s. The first mentioned brot from 7½ to 10 cents a pound, and were not guaranteed to be ripe at that. A melon vendor from one of the valleys on the east slope of the Rockies, visited camp this summer, and not finding many customers for his wares, went on up the valley to Tomichi camp, where he arrived about sundown. Not trusting the safety of his melons in his wagon for the night, he rented a building, backed his wagon up to the door and unloaded them, taking the precaution of padlocking the door as he rolled the last one inside. That night he was out with the boys, visiting the various wet goods emporiums, and broadcasting the news that he had a wagon load of melons for sale. In the morning he repaired to the cabin where he had stored his wares, accompanied by several of the camp merchants who agreed to take a good portion of his stock. Upon unlocking the door and stepping inside he was somewhat nonplussed and dumbfounded to discover the room empty. After a little sleuthing he made this discovery that there were a couple of short boards covering a trap door. These had been lifted and the melons abstracted during the night. So far as I know, no one in camp confessed to having taken part in this wholesale melon raid, but sundry piles of melon rinds in out of the way places gave rise to the belief that there were comparatively few in camp who liked melon who could truthfully say he did not have a hand in this escapade.

A shooting affray occurred at Tomichi, on the night of September 5, between Jack Ralston and Kenneth Talbot, resulting in a broken arm for the former. The affair occurred on Main street, in front of Eastman's store. On Wednesday the shift at the Sleeping Pet mine was discharged for not putting in full time. Talbot was one of the men discharged, and understood that Ralston had reported the men to the company, and these two men chancing to meet about seven o'clock that evening, Talbot accused Ralston of his share in the matter. Much bad language was indulged in by both participants, when Ralston rushed into his house and a few moments later returned with a gun in his hand which he pointed at Talbot and attempted to fire. The gun failed to fire and Talbot drew his revolver and began firing, taking five or six shots at Ralston. Witnesses said it was the second shot that broke Ralston's left arm. Ralston then walked a short distance and fell from weakness and pain caused by loss of blood. After this Talbot proceeded up the street and delivered his gun to the city marshal, who placed him under arrest. Doc Baker of White Pine was sent for and set and dressed the arm. Talbot had a hearing a couple of days later and the evidence was all to the effect Talbot acted in self defense, and he was accordingly discharged. Ralston's broken arm healed rapidly and in a few weeks' time he recovered the use of it entirely.

After the assignment of J. H. Ballard & Co., the large double store building lately occupied by that firm was purchased by Milton Spencer, who moved his stock of groceries and miners' supplies from his lot on Twelfth street into his new location.

Cosden (old Heelsburg) was made a post office late in August, with T. J. Hurdle postmaster.

The Ladies' Mite Society of White Pine gave a most successful dance in Spencer Hall the night of September 9. Everybody in camp who could possibly go apparently was there. The hall had been fitted up tastefully and at 9 o'clock the festivities opened up with a waltz. Three sets were then formed on the floor and dancing continued until 2 a.m. Fifty-three numbers were sold and the ladies netted about \$40 for their labors. Willard West, Frank Ellington and Dave Barber in turn acted as floor managers. Music was furnished by Messrs. Pierce, Hess, Seward, William Ellington, Patten and Rives. There were a number down from Tomichi, several from Cosden, and Messrs. Mills, Johnson, Frankey, Crooks and Brandon from Gunnison. The success of the

affair rested upon the labors of Mrs. John S. Barber, Mrs. J. C. Edwards, Mrs. John P. Bassler and Mrs. N. Sims. The proceeds of this dance was placed in a fund started by the ladies to be used in the erection of a building for school, church and other purposes.

By September there was a steady stream of ore going down the valley to the railroad at Sargents. The lessees of the North Star on Lake Hill were taking mineral from four shafts, and one or two other shafts were being gotten in shape. Shaft houses were being erected and plans being made for working all winter. The Legal Tender on Clover Mountain above Tomichi, far above timber line, was another property in the producing class. This mine had only been worked for about a year, and up to the time of making a strike this summer about \$80,000 had been spent in prospecting and development work. A wagon road had just been completed up to the mine, and at this time a jack train was bringing down a car load of mineral a day, which wagons were hauling to the railroad. At this time two of the camp's producers - the Carbonate King and Eureka - were temporarily tied up on account of litigation.

There was much mining property changing hands this summer. Strikes were reported daily and not an idle man could be found in camp.

On Saturday afternoon September 15, "Doc" Baker and I made a trip up to the Horseshoe neighborhood, this being my first visit to this part of the Tomichi District. We had a rather tough climb up Granite Mountain and in crossing one or two spurs beyond before arriving at our destination - the cabin of the West Bros. - George and John - J. A. Bennie, Nat Lowell and Tom Evans. Their cabin set practically on the "top of the world," and one could see for miles and miles in every direction. The mountains in this vicinity were around 13,000 feet high. Looking southward the Tomichi Valley spread out like a panorama showing a wealth of green grasses and a number of well kept farms, and the course of the stream which gave the district and valley its name, being easily traced to the westward where it empties into the Gunnison river just below the county seat. A hundred miles to the southwest one could see Uncompahgre Peak, its crest looming skyward 14,000 feet and over, and mantled in white. To the eastward was Mount Shavano, a sentry for Cochetopa range. In another direction one could see the Silent Friend mine at Pitkin. One of the novel sights of this trip was the beautiful little lake in this vicinity. It covered but an acre or two, and standing at any point on the steep mountain side - above or below - or even on the very brink, one has the impression that the water which trickles over the edge of the lake actually has to flow slightly uphill in order to do so. This delusion was caused by the steep slope of the mountain. The boys had a good supper that night and I arrived with an appetite. "Doc," also, wasn't troubled with any shortcomings in that line, either. There was plenty of meat, potatoes, gravy, hot coffee, hot biscuits, syrup, blackberry jam and butter. Doc was partial to the jam and hot biscuits, and there seemed a plentiful supply of both. He had eaten half a biscuit before he tried the jam. He covered the biscuit and stuck it in his mouth. Having some jam left he took another biscuit, buttered and covered it with what jam he had left and running short took another helping of jam. This was repeated time and again - he just couldn't seem to make them come out even. The boys had been kept busy passing biscuits and jam, until one of them discovered a way out of the dilemma. Suddenly grabbing the remaining half biscuit from Doc's plate, he tossed it into the fire place, remarking "Had to bring this contest to a close or we'd have to bake another batch of biscuits and send to town for more jam." After a late breakfast the next morning the boys took Doc and I on a tour of their mining properties in that vicinity. We were back to the cabin in a couple of hours, and finding time hanging a trifle heavy on my hands I spied the big Sharp's rifle belonging to George West hanging onto the wall of the cabin, and being curious as to its mechanism I asked if I might take it down and look at it.

George not only gave permission, but asked how I'd like to take it and go out and bring in a deer for dinner. That tickled me and I nodded that I would like to. One of the other boys assured me that if I couldn't find a buck I could almost count on getting a shot or two at a bob cat if I went down a certain gulch - directing me so that I couldn't mistake the one described. Some one handed me a belt containing about twenty rounds of cartridges, and this I bravely strapped on and struck out, my heart in the meantime having risen from its accustomed position to a point dangerously close to my mouth! I soon disappeared over the edge of the hill, and fearing I might accidentally meet up with a mountain lion I took particular pains to keep as close to the edge of the timber as possible. I found no signs, however, and after carrying that heavy rifle around for an hour, and having close to a half-mile climb up hill to the cabin, I was even glad I didn't have the extra weight of a mountain lion or a buck in addition.

Mrs. Lida Bailey, who had operated the Madonna Restaurant in West Gunnison in 1882 and 1883, arrived in Tomichi the latter part of April, and operated a first-class restaurant. Mrs. Bailey later leased the White Pine hotel and operated it for some time. She was one of the favorite caterers of the Tomichi district.

Three stages were making daily trips between Sargents and camp this spring.

The last of April was quite stormy, and during that period quite a bunch of the euchre, whist and cribbage players of the camp found a congenial "camping place" at Judge A. J. Shelhamer's law office. Henry F. Lake and O. E. Harris carried off honors as the champion team at whist. W. H. Loudon led at cribbage and Major Mills at euchre.

The Buckeye saw mill was running full blast in the timber between White Pine and Tomichi this year. Lumber brot about \$22.50 per thousand feet at the mill, or \$25 if delivered.

E. W. Dysart started work on a two-story business building on the east side of Main, just south of his saloon, early in 1883. After getting the frame up, the sides partly boxed, and a roof over the structure, work was halted. Some years later a heavy fall of wet snow crushed the old shell.

Ben H. Cramp was one of the younger residents of Tomichi, sent out from the east to look after mining property. Ben was a scion of the noted ship-builder Chas. H. Cramp, of Philadelphia. Like the majority of young chaps sent out to look after the mining interests of wealthy eastern families, Ben had plenty of spending money. One of his properties was the Sleeping Pet, and there may have been a few others for all I know. Ben was a good billiard player, and had a local reputation as being the best 3-ball billiardist in the gulch. Coming from a family that made its living from matters nautical, Ben undertook to look the part, and wore a crop of whiskers cut as an old time "tar" would have them cut - and looking for all the world like a regular old "salt." Ben was a jolly young fellow and apparently was well liked by every one. He was an occasional visitor at White Pine and I met him a few times both in White Pine and Tomichi.

Fred Krueger, pioneer merchant of West Gunnison and city treasurer, and Henry S. DeVries a prominent druggist of that city, were visitors in White Pine late in September. Henry married a Miss Lois Smith, daughter of Frank C. Smith, who in the early '80s, built the opera house on the Boulevard in West Gunnison. His wife had histrionic talent and took the leading part in a number of plays staged in the new opera house during the fall and winter of 1882 by the Gunnison Dramatic company. Mr. DeVries moved to old Mexico about the middle eighties, and for a time lived in the State of Durango. For many years he has been the agent of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, with headquarters in Mexico City.

Jay's Hotel, Sargents, was doing a good business early this fall. On Sunday morning September 23, seventy-five persons took breakfast there.

Many of the mines in Galena gulch contained a combination of lead carbonates and galena in their pay streaks. This carbonate was the cause of the most of the illness in camp. Four out of five of workmen in the Lake Hill and Galena Gulch district sooner or later got "leaded." A trip to the Hot Springs was the usual remedy, the patients sojourning there until they felt in condition to tackle their jobs again.

Alexander & Russell, of Mill 4, operating down the valley from White Pine, were having all they could do late this summer. During September they received a contract from the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad for 400,000 feet of lumber.

The Ladies' Mite Society of White Pine held a meeting on September 26 to decide whether to use the funds of their treasury for the completion of the school house or to use them towards building a town hall. A vote was taken and the ladies decided to use the funds towards the erection of a public town hall.

An ore cabinet was built and placed on the platform of the Rio Grande at Sargents this summer, and the collection of minerals from the Tomichi District made a most attractive display.

The Tomichi concentrator, a three-story structure erected in that camp during the present year, was destroyed by fire early September 30. The mill had just been overhauled and improved, and was in fine working order when it burned. It was that some heated bearing might have been responsible for the loss.

Ward A. Hinckley's 21st birthday occurred on Monday, October 1, and the Misses Nellie, Flora and Ola Smith baked an appetizing cake for the occasion, invited him in and presented it to him. Ward was eligible to membership in the Longfellow's Club any time he wished to join, standing about a head taller than the average run of miners in camp. His brother Robert was of about the same height - both being close to six and one-half feet tall.

Blacksmith H. W. Bodey was a busy man in the early fall this year. Every horse and wagon in camp was in constant use hauling ore, and he was kept busy shoeing horses, repairing wagons and sharpening and repairing mining tools for his many customers.

Application for an injunction in the Eureka-Carbonate King suit was denied by Judge M. B. Gerry, late in September. On October 1, Capt. J. F. Allum, foreman on the "King" put his men at work and before night the ore teams had 24 tons of mineral loaded on the cars at Sargents. Harris & Blake purchased the ore and took it directly from the dump.

Tom J. Hurdle opened the Hurdle House at Cosden this year.

Another rich strike was made on the North Star the first week in October, the new find being but a short distance below shaft No. 6. A shaft house was built over the new strike and day and night shifts put on at once. During one night in No. 6 shaft, Messrs. Cooper and Crawford took out nine tons of ore. The boarding house for this property was completed about this time and Mrs. S. H. Seward and Mrs. E. T. Peachey moved in, and a few days later had things in shape to feed the horde - twenty-two - employed on the property. The business office of Messrs. Harris, Blake, Lake and Caley, was about completed, as was also an assay office, fitted up in connection with the company's headquarters.

J. H. Ballard, ex-merchant of camp, became the Republican nominee for the office of county superintendent of schools at the convention on October 6. "Doc" Baker was nominated for Justice of the Peace, and Ward Hinckley for constable. At Tomichi J. H. Schooley was nominated for Justice of the Peace and Thos. E. Barrett for constable. Mr. Barrett was a good man for the position. He had previously served on the Gunnison police force.

On the night of October 9, the John S. Barber cabin on Parole Hill burned. Messrs. McMurray & Carrick, two men employed on the Parole, had been living in the cabin for some time. This evening they washed up the supper dishes and went to the cabin of Harry Lloyd and Arthur Wavell to spend the evening. They had been there about an hour when they were startled by several pistol shots in quick succession. On stepping outside they discovered the Barber cabin to be on fire. Flames were breaking thru the roof and filled the interior of the cabin, and there was no possibility of saving anything. The boys lost everything - clothing, blankets, grub, etc. Two stoves owned by Mr. Barber were a total wreck. A pistol owned by one of the boys was in the bed, and the shots came from the exploding cartridges when it burned.

C. L. Stitzer opened a meat market just north of John B. Turner's store, about October.

Early in October Henry F. Lake and I. Zeller platted the town of North Star. The site embraced the patented mill site and extended across a portion of the May-Mazeppa ground.

Kennott and James Talbott leased Tom Cheeley's saloon early in October. Mr. Cheeley was somewhat of a dandy, took considerable pride in his "sartorial investiture," and in addition was quite an adept in the intricate art of dealing winning hands at draw poker. One time when Mr. C. was feeling in a talkative mood he grew reminiscent and confided to the writer that he was "pretty smooth" and added, "Ovah in Jawgetown Ah's known as Pokah Tom." It might also be added in passing that Jimmy Talbott was also pretty smooth with a deck of cards.

Henry F. Lake was on the sick list a part of the week of October 12.

George E. Mellon, the view artist of the Gunnison, was in White Pine early in October and took a number of views, including the town of White Pine, Lake Hill, the Carbonate King, North Star mines, Excelsior Hill, Cosden Sampling works, etc. It would be interesting to know the names of any individuals who might have some of these views.

A masquerade ball was given at Sargents the night of October 17. Suits for the occasion were procured from a Denver firm. These same costumes did duty in White Pine a couple of nights later.

Bal Masque

The first masquerade ball ever held in the gulch was on the night of October 17, the dance taking place in the dining room of the Cummings House, this being the largest and most suitable room to be had in the camp. There was a good attendance and everyone had a good time. Joe Patton had charge of the floor and conducted the hop in a most satisfactory manner. Howard Pierce, B. W. Hess and Tom Seward, the musicians, were clothed in comical costumes and presented an amusing spectacle. In many instances the parties dancing were so thoroly disguised that their identities were not discovered until the unmasking took place at midnight. Many ludicrous instances of mistaken identity occurred, such as a husband and wife dancing together without recognizing each other, and the boys saying sweet nothings to someone else's girl under the impression they were talking to their own. As many left before unmasking took place, the following list of dancers and their costumes is necessarily incomplete:

Miss Maggie Ellington, Spanish Princess.

Miss Nellie Smith, Midnight.

Miss Ola Smith represented the White Pine Cone. She wore a neat fitting dress made from copies of the Cone, and was crowned with a Cone coronet.

Miss Flora Smith, Huntress.

Miss Olive Neall, Judy.

Mrs. S. A. Sims, Nun.

Mrs. E. L. Crawford, Snow Storm.
 Mrs. J. C. Dimock, Negress.
 Mrs. John S. Barber, Might.
 Mrs. J. C. Edwards, Ghost.
 Mrs. J. O. Quick, French Peasant.
 Mrs. Thurman, Court Lady.
 Mrs. C. L. Stitzer and Mrs. Ellington, Twin Stars.
 Mrs. H. C. Tapscott, Italian Peasant.
 T. J. Seward, Monkey.
 Roland L. McConnell, Sailor
 James Brown, Clown.
 John Kimberlin, Clown.
 Chas. Ellington, King George.
 Frank Ellington, Gambrina.
 Chas. W. Harmon, Cavalier.
 Dr. W. H. Baker, Spanish Count.
 R. Morgan Mosely, Captain Pinafore.
 A. J. Dimrock, Fat Boy.
 S. E. Orr, Mosquitaire.
 Staley Sims, Chinaman.
 John Rundle, Punch.
 James Talbott, Half and Half.
 George Tostivan, Darkey.
 Lon McDonald, Brother Joe.
 Geo. S. Irwin, Devil.
 Geo. A. Root, Indian Chief.

There were a number of ladies present who were not in costume, among whom were Mesdames Cotting, Eastman and Law, of Tomichi; Mesdames Cummings, A. H. Terrell, Talbott, Bassler, Howard, West and Smith of White Pine.

Supper was served at the Crawford House by Baker and Smith.

* *

William Henderson, formerly of the Citizen's Bank, North Topeka, Kan., was installed as cashier of the Bank of Tomichi, late in October. "Uncle Billy," as he was familiarly called later, subsequently returned to Topeka, where he served as cashier of the First National Bank at that place. He passed on to his final reward many years ago.

Under the head of "White Pine Notes" the Salida Mail, of early November said: "Messrs. Caley, Harris and Lake are working the North Star on a twenty-two months lease. They are taking out fifty tons of \$60 ore every twenty-four hours."

The election of November showed that 113 votes were polled at Tomichi, and 162 at White Pine, the most of them going to the Democratic candidates. Sargents polled 34 majority for the Democratic ticket - George Walters being elected Justice of the Peace and N. F. Sampson constable for Sargents precinct in Saguache Co.

White Pine had a most efficient corps of officers for maintaining peace on election day. Ward Hinckley was deputy sheriff, assisted by special deputies Morg. Mosely and Alex. Riel, while Jack Bailey and Alex McKay served as special constables. No occasion for any arrest occurred during the day.

Frank Phillips who had "handled the ribbons" on Blake & Co.'s stage line for some time, resigned that position early in November and became a teamster for the Legal Tender company.

Dr. George H. Pugh was elected Justice of the Peace and William Monson constable, of Hot Springs precinct at the November election.

A charity ball was given at Ralston Hall, Tomichi, the night of November 16, the object being to raise funds to send an unfortunate family to a lower altitude for medical treatment.

A new kitchen was completed for the Crawford House early in November. This hotel was one of the popular hotels of the camp.

Rev. Isaac Whicher, an elderly minister, preached in the various camps of the district once or twice a month during the year. He had a circuit which kept him on the go pretty steadily, and he traveled it on foot. The Cone suggested once or twice that a fund be raised to buy a saddle horse for the minister, to enable him to get about more easily, but apparently everyone left the matter for the other fellow, and nothing was done. About the last time the old minister visited White Pine was on the occasion of organizing a literary society early in December. His death occurred just eleven days afterwards at Tomichi, of neuralgia of the heart.

Tommy Seward made the trip down from Carbonate Hill to White Pine on skis in just seven minutes flat early in November.

Development work on the North Star was being steadily crowded during November, and from the time Messrs. Caley, Blake & Harris and Lake took hold of the property under a lease they had been taking out large quantities of galena and lead and copper carbonates which they sold to the smelters at Pueblo, Gunnison and Salt Lake. From the very grass roots the mine produced pay ore. Early in November the largest body of heavy galena ever struck on Lake Hill was opened. Solid lumps of ore weighing from a ton upward, which had to be shot to pieces before they could be handled, were frequently met with. An ore house - for the assortment of ore - was at this time in course of erection. The Company's pay roll was over \$2,000 a month, and additional men were being added as fast as they could be used to advantage.

Henry F. Lake about mid-November was rustivating among the vineyards east of the range, but was expected back at any time.

The Carbonate King was working from twelve to fifteen men, and that size force was taking out a quantity of ore equal to what five times that number could do in a mine where there was hard rock to contend with. The ore from the "King" was of a somewhat higher grade than that from the North Star.

"Col." Ed. R. Chew let a contract to Joe Gross to do the assessment work on the Iron Silver, located on Lake Hill. The Colonel was a Kentuckian, six feet or over, in height, and a live wire in camp for a young man. He removed to Pueblo a few years later, where he passed the remainder of his life. Mr. Chew served his adopted state a number of years as head of the Colorado Reclamation Service. During the last few years of his life he was engaged in a loan, real estate and load business. His death occurred there about 1930 or 1931.

Wilkes Burgoyne, a popular miner of Tomichi, died of pneumonia on Saturday morning, November 17, after a short illness. He was about 40 years of age and a genial, companionable gentleman, and had a host of friends in Tomichi. His funeral was held on Sunday, and was the largest ever held in the camp. He was buried in Tomichi cemetery.

Jim Green had the reputation of being the boss "house-liner" of the camp.

Ignatius Zeller in November, was commissioned a Notary Public. There was one other in camp, whose name has slipped me.

John L. Sullivan, a base imitation of the famous Boston pugilist, arrived in White Pine about the middle of November and was advertised as one of the chief attractions at the "Police Gazette Headquarters," a wet goods emporium which started up during the late summer. This "John L." got in a ruccus at Denver sometime before which resulted in his getting a broken arm. The night of November 15, while at Tomichi, he got into another row and came out second best. It seemed that he got it into his head that he was a slugger. He was drunk and disorderly on this occasion and was ejected from the saloon. He returned later and proceeded to make himself obnoxious, when Hudson George who was present, struck him on the back of the head with a steel bar, fracturing his skull. A physician was called, dressed his wounds, when a collection was taken to help pay for attendance of a nurse. He recovered, Hudson George was arrested, put in the calaboose, and afterwards released on his own recognizance, and it was understood very shortly left town.

Wellington Crow, familiarly known as "Bill", was taken suddenly ill with acute pleurisy, on Sunday, November 18. He was taken to the Hot Springs in one of Ellington's hacks, accompanied by Frank Phillips. From the first there was very little hope entertained for him, although he had good medical attention and the very best of care. He died the evening of the 21st. He was about 25 years of age, and had been in the camp since early in its history. His parents resided at Denver at this time.

The Galena Gulch Mining and Smelting Company held a directors' meeting on the 10th of November in their branch office at Howell, Mich. The following officers were elected: Henry F. Lake, president; William McPherson, vice president; Alex. McPherson, treasurer; Ignatius Zeller, secretary.

R. L. McDonough, for a long time a driver for the White Pine and Sargents stage, returned to camp late in November and started working for the North Star. "Mac" once told the writer of a disagreeable passenger he brot into camp sometime before. This passenger kicked at anything and everything and at every opportunity. "Mac" kept his temper as best he could, but vowed he would like to "get even" with him at his first opportunity. That time came a week or so later when the visitor was leaving camp, and it so happened this kicker was the only passenger. They had but fairly gotten started when the stage struck a rough spot and shook up the passenger. He was not slow in roaring. Mac took occasion to shake him up at least half a dozen times between camp and old Heelsburg, at which place he let out another roar: "For God's sake, have you any worse roads in the state than this?" "Nope, not that I know of," replied Mac, as he headed for a short strip of corduroy road just below that village, which his team reached on a dead run. The jolting and bouncing his passenger got as the wheels of the coach rolled over that rough stretch was enough to disprove Mac's statement to the contrary. His passenger finally straddled the seat, and was gripping it with both hands to prevent his being suddenly pitched out the openings at the side of the coach. His stiff head piece had been crushed out of all semblance to a stylish hat as it come in contact with the ceiling of the coach. The trip to Sargents was made in a trifle over an hour and Mac surmised it might have been about as thrilling a ride as the one Hank Monk gave his passenger during the early 1850's in California.

DeLong's sawmill was running to capacity during the late fall, cutting lumber and shingles to supply an ever increasing demand for building material.

Tom Brooks, an old-time prospector of Tomichi, met a horrible and sudden death on the morning of November 23. Tom Brooks, Chas. Gallagher and a third party crossed over the range from Tomichi to do some assessment work on the Quartz creek side. One of the parties was in the lead and had commenced to shovel out the snow at the mine at the time the accident

happened. Brooks came next and Mr. Galligher brought up the rear. Just before reaching the claim there was a small gulch - or more properly a ditch to cross. Brooks met his death at this place. When Galligher came up nothing was seen of his companion Brooks, and after a search his mangled remains were found about 500 feet below, his head only protruding from the snow. No sound had been heard by his companions, the victim probably having been instantly killed. An investigation showed that where he attempted to cross the gulch the snow had started with him, shooting him down the side of the mountain for about 200 feet, and precipitating him over an abrupt precipice a distance of about 300 feet further. His skull was crushed, while neck, arms, legs and ribs were broken. Word was at once brought back to Tomichi and a party started across to bring the body back. This was found to be impossible, so boards were taken up from the cabin floor, a coffin made from them, and the remains of the unfortunate victim buried on the mountain side.

The Ladies' Mite Society gave a ghost dance or phantom party Thanksgiving night. The event was given in Dave Barber's new building. Dancing began at 9 o'clock, Joe Patton being floor manager. With few exceptions the masks and costumes were so much alike that it was next to impossible to distinguish one's most intimate friends in the ghostly throng. Supper was served at 12 o'clock in the Cummings House dining room. Over forty numbers were sold at \$1 each, and with the supper receipts netted the ladies a tidy little sum. Music was furnished by the Galena Gulch string band - Pierce, Hess and Seward.

The Cosden Sampling Works was running every day, being engaged in treating ore from the North Star mine.

John S. Barber raffled off three turkeys early in December. One of them he won himself; the other two became the property of S. T. Hutcheson. Raffling off watches, shot guns, revolvers, etc., was the most common and popular method of raising a little ready cash. The boys were always ready to take a chance on anything. One Sunday one of the women attending Sunday School raffled off her sewing machine just after the close of Sunday School. Mr. Hutcheson, once needing some ready money, put up an antiquated old pistol, selling tickets, and he won the old gun back again. He immediately put it up for raffle again, and strange to say, again won it. He was a good sport and decided to put it up again, but the boys dissuaded him, one remarking: "Hutch, it's no use. Nobody could win that old gun as long as you hold an unsold ticket. Take it and go home." So Hutch wrapped it up and carried it away. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson were old timers in camp and had several most attractive daughters, the older becoming Mrs. John Rundle and the next older Mrs. R. F. Smith. The Hutchesons were most hospitable people and several impromptu dances were given at their home.

White Pine Literary Society

On the night of December 5, some twenty-five or thirty of the residents of White Pine met at Grand Army Hall for the purpose of taking steps for the organization of a literary society. Rev. Isaac Whicher was chosen temporary chairman and Mrs. Ida M. Edwards, temporary secretary. Mrs. S. A. Sims, Chas. W. Harmon and Geo. S. Irwin were appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws, and instructed to report at the next meeting. J. C. Edwards, Nathaniel Sims and Mrs. Geo. S. Irwin were selected to prepare a program of entertainment for the first regular meeting after the election of officers, while Dr. W. H. Baker, and Misses Forrest Crosthwaite and Lillie Zeller were appointed to prepare a program for the coming Saturday evening, December 8. Misses Nellie Smith and Lillie Zeller and Marion Claypool were appointed to prepare a program of music, the preliminary meeting adjourning to meet again on

Saturday night. On this evening, having nothing special on hand, out of idle curiosity I followed a bunch of miners to Grand Army Hall to see what was going to take place. The room was fairly well filled and I took a chair in the row next to the wall, and as I supposed in a most inconspicuous place. "Doc" Baker was chosen chairman and Chas. H. Crosthwaite, secretary. After a musical selection with Miss Lillie Zeller at the organ, the report of the committee on constitution and by-laws was read and adopted. Then followed the election of permanent officers. For president Chas. H. Crosthwaite and Geo. S. Irwin were placed in nomination. Mr. Irwin withdrew and Mr. Crosthwaite was elected by acclamation. Mrs. S. A. Sims was chosen vice president; Nathaniel Sims, treasurer; Marion Claypool, financial secretary; Chas. W. Harmon and Chas. Ellington as trustees. When nominations were called for secretary, one of the miners who noticed me following in with his crowd, offered my name as a candidate for the position. Whether he did this as a joke or not I never learned. I got to my feet at once and called out in a good loud voice "Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman," repeating my call several times. Some one with a voice like a fog horn spoke up - drowning out my voice effectually, and moving that nominations close and that the nominee be elected by acclamation. I again protested, but the motion carried in spite of me, and the big miner who was responsible for thrusting all this honor on me, grabbed me by the nape of the neck and the seat of my trousers, and lifting me high in the air over a couple rows of chairs as tho I weighed no more than a fifty pound sack of flour, deposited me in the middle of the room, and amid the laughter of the whole congregation said "Mr. Secretary, take your seat. You're elected." Bashfulness and modesty so far as office holding was concerned, was one of my traits, and on this occasion I took my seat at the secretary's desk to avoid further embarrassment. The election of officers completed, the president appointed various permanent committees, and the society went thru with this initial program. Meetings were held weekly during the following winter and spring. They were well attended, and among those who attended were a number of miners, who were fine speakers and able to hold their own when it came to debating.

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Miss Ola A. Smith invited in a few friends to help celebrate her twelfth birthday early in December. The party was held at the Crawford House and a turkey supper was prepared for the occasion.

Frank Ellington opened a barber shop in the north half of Fowinkle's building, early in December.

C. H. Elgin operated the hotel at the lower Hot Springs. These springs were situated about half a mile or over below the upper springs, and were in a most picturesque locality. The hotel was located on Hot Springs creek and opposite the springs and plunge bath. The springs, hundreds of them, terraced the slope of the mountain side, and resembled those in Yellowstone Park. Mr. Elgin transferred his property to a Colonel Williams late in 1883, and retired from this once popular hot springs resort.

Chas. Galligher started running a stage between Tomichi and White Pine about the middle of December.

Steve H. Seward fitted up his new building south of the Cone office and opened the White Pine hotel late in December.

A heavy snow which commenced December 18, interfered considerably with mining operations after that date. Drifting snow made it so difficult for teamsters to stir out that many of them sought a comfortable place near a good warm stove.

A social Christmas dance was given in the dining room of the Cummings House that evening. Numbers sold for \$2 each, which included supper of roast turkey and other good things. The dancers were also assessed enough additional to "pay the fiddlers."

"There was war in the south end of town on Christmas night," according to the Cone. "Brindle dogs, hand-spikes and prayers filled the air. Somebody dropped the hairbrush in the slop bucket."

A. J. Smith's family was seriously afflicted during the holidays - having four cases of scarlet fever among the four girls of the family. Their brother Freddie was just recovering from an attack of the fever. This was the first time scarlet fever made its appearance in the camp.

Christmas Tree

White Pine had a Christmas tree blowout for the youngsters and others at Grand Army Hall on Christmas Eve. The most of the day the women of camp labored diligently decorating the tree with popcorn, tinsel, tissue paper and candles, and many costly presents. All afternoon the boys kept dropping in with bundles and packages for some of their friends and acquaintances. And these packages were not all addressed to those of the fair sex. Many were addressed to their brother miners and co-laborers. Shortly after 7 p.m., the hall was crowded to capacity, until there was not even standing room for all. Exercises started promptly, beginning with music by a choir composed of the leading musicians of the camp. This was followed by reading from the bible by Mr. Sims; "Christmas Bells" by the choir; prayer by Mr. Sims; then came Santa Claus.

During the day George West had taken up a collection among the boys, and with these contributions purchased a gunny sack full of candies, nuts, and a huge basket of popcorn balls. Having rigged himself out as a conventional Santa Claus, he appeared before the audience loaded down with baggage, and wished one and all a Merry Christmas. He then opened his sack and began calling names, having something for every child in camp. After the kids had been supplied he proceeded to toss the remaining bundles and popcorn indiscriminately here and there to the old folks. While milling around about the tree, tossing his packages, Santa's cap, made of fluffy white cotton, came into contact with a candle and instantly it blazed up. Women, children and some of the men screamed or shouted "Santa, your cap's on fire." Santa bent low and one of the men in front clapped his hands together about the blazing cap and extinguished the blaze, Santa never even removing the cap. Order once restored Mr. Santa Claus finished his part of the program, then announced that the little folks at Tomichi were waiting for him. Wishing one and all a Merry Christmas, he disappeared, and the music of his sleigh bells faded away in the distance.

J. O. Quick and J. C. Edwards then proceeded to disrobe the tree of presents. This was an occasion of much merriment to all present. Many handsome and costly tokens of love, esteem and friendship were received by different ones of the audience. One young lady in her early teens received a vanity set which had been on display in camp at one of the stores a few days before, with a price tag of about \$50 attached thereto. The big boys of camp were not forgotten - several receiving doll babies, single mits, monkeys, etc., creating shouts of laughter as they were distributed to those they were intended for. Harry Veatch's "toilet set" - three empty beer bottles set in a pasteboard box - brot down the house. Milton Spencer received a toy watch; Bob Creswell and Herbert Blossom each a doll; Mart Childs, Roland McConnell and others, "the mitten," Tom Seward, Morgan Mosely and a half dozen others received musical monkeys, while Howard Pierce was the recipient of half a dozen assorted false mustaches. One of the younger, popular miners received a package and his companions insisted on his opening it up to let them

see what he got. He did and found a lady's corset. Another opened his bundle and found he had received from some "thotful friend" a pair of be-ruffled and embroidered "lace curtains" for some fair damsel's sitting room; another received a pair of women's stockings, while another had a Mother Hubbard dress wished on him. Some of the showiest presents were put on by Steve Seward, and consisted of mineral horseshoes, crosses, etc. He remembered the Cone with an anchor.

Taken all in all the tree was a grand success and the occasion one long remembered by all those present.

* *

Major Henry F. Lake returned December 27 from his visit east, and weighed twenty pounds more than when he left. While gone he visited his home in Howell, Mich., and also spent some time with old friends in Kansas.

On December 30, Minnie B. Smith, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith, died of scarlet fever. She was taken ill Christmas eve. The funeral was held on Monday, December 31, and the remains buried in the park about one mile below town.

At the last meeting of the Literary Society this year Chas. H. Crosthwaite, tendered his resignation as president, and Chas. W. Harmon was elected to fill out the unexpired term.

A number of White Pine boys announced that they would keep "open house" January 1, 1884, this date inaugurating the new leap year.

Applications for patents on Tomichi Mining District property numbered nineteen for the year 1883, as advertised in the Cone, and included proceedings started in land offices at Gunnison, Lake City and Leadville. These applications included Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5, dated April 7, from the Gunnison office, for patents on the Freeport, Philadelphia Boy, Miner's Relief and Rockford, for Herbert Blossom. Application No. 871 for the J. B. Keeler lode, dated April 7, from Lake City, for Jos. B. Keeler. Application No. 2563, for the Pocahontas, dated May 12, from Leadville, for Jacob D. Carns. No. 2565, Star of the West, dated May 15, from Leadville, for M. P. Robbins and Nelson Cole. No. 2566, Grey Elephant, dated May 15, Leadville, for G. W. Robbins and Nelson Cole. No. 13, 14, Clinton and Anna Lodes, dated June 6, at Gunnison, by J. D. Lippincott. No. 15, Lippincott, dated June 6, Gunnison, for Monarch Co-operative Mining and Smelting Company. No. 20, Little Earnest, dated July 10, Gunnison, for W. L. Smith, et al. No. 25, Eureka, dated August 18, Gunnison, for T. J. Seward, Chas. H. Smith, B. W. Hess and Howard Pierce. No. 35, Princeton, dated September 24, Gunnison, for Philadelphia Mining Co. No. 36, Black Hawk, dated September 24, Gunnison, for David Scull, Jr. No. 37, Gipsy, dated September 24, for James A. Galliher. No. 53, Annie Hudson, dated October 25, for D. B. McKee, R. E. Conn, Marshall Hale, Leo H. Albright, S. W. Campbell and T. C. Hanford. No. 52, Haverford, dated October 18, for David Scull, Jr. and E. R. Chew. No. 72, Coin Silver No. 1, dated December 7, for Montgomery County Gold and Silver Mining Company. The last six of the above mentioned applications were filed at the Gunnison land office.

The year 1883 closed with the following business establishments running in good shape: Two groceries, 1 dry goods store; 1 stove and tinware store; 3 hotels; 1 boot and shoe shop; 2 livery stables; 1 jewelry store; 1 news stand; Branch of Iron National Bank; 1 barber shop; The White Pine Cone; also 2 surveyors; 2 notarys public; 1 physician; 1 law firm; 1 surveyor; 1 assayer; several carpenters and 3 saloons.

[1884]

New Year's Day in White Pine was a pleasant one, and in addition it marked the advent of leap year - the first occasion of this sort since there were any ladies in camp to celebrate the day. And the women made the most of this occasion. Anticipating the day it was announced that the women would do the calling, and the gentlemen were to keep "open house." In accordance with this arrangement there was much activity displayed in certain bachelor quarters during the last days of the old year, scrubbing floors, washing windows, and "slicking up" the cabins in honor of the coming event. The Cone of the previous week published a list of those who announced they would keep open house, which included the following, who were to entertain from 1 to 4 o'clock:

O. H. Aikine, at his office, assisted by Milton Spencer, and A. B. Cooper.

Howard Pierce and T. J. Seward, at their residence on Main street.

Chas. W. Harmon, at his residence, assisted by Roland L. McConnell, W. L. Albright and Geo. A. Root.

James Hopkins and M. K. Hopkins, at their residence.

Frank P. Ellington, assisted by Chas. H. Crosthwaite, at the Weichbrod residence.

S. H. Seward, assisted by Ward A. Hinckley and Geo. S. Irwin, at the White Pine Hotel.

The following ladies did the calling: Mrs. John S. Barber, Mrs. Kittie A. Dimock, Mrs. N. Sims, Mrs. John P. Bassler, Mrs. Ida M. Edwards, Mrs. S. H. Seward and Mrs. Geo. S. Irwin.

The ladies thoroly enjoyed their calls and were everywhere treated to the best of everything that could be procured in the camp. Out of deference to the fair sex, no liquid refreshments stronger than tea, coffee and lemonade were served, but in addition there was an abundance of fruit, cakes, nuts, candy, etc. The ladies confessed to feeling "full" after making the rounds, and the Cone added "but it was not that class of fullness that causes gentlemen New Year callers to shake hands with the pump handle and raise his hat to a barber's pole."

The ladies that evening gave a ball and supper at the Hopkins residence, exercising their leap year rights by selecting their own escorts. Music for the occasion was furnished by Pierce, Crosthwaite and Chas. Ellington. Chas. W. Harmon and Frank Ellington "called off," and Mrs. Irwin acted as floor manager. It was a big day in camp, and the women made the most of it.

The writer has a collection of the calling cards the ladies left on the occasion of their visits.

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On New Year's night, Messrs. Ramsey, Knight and others, gave a grand ball at the Railway Dining Hall, Sargents. A couple of sleigh loads of White Piners went down and had a good time.

The unfinished Dysart building crashed early on the morning of January 3, from an accumulation of snow on the roof. A portion of the roof fell on the Grand Army hall, but did little or no damage.

Ed Earl, the shoemaker of camp, engaged James Bryan, and opened up a harness shop in connection with the shoe repairing business.

"Billy" Mayfield, the only gentleman of color in camp, and who had been cooking at the Cummings House for some time, started a bakery in Milton Spencer's old store building on "Spencer" Avenue (alias Twelfth street) about the beginning of the year.

On January 1, Thomas P. Goodman took charge of the Cummings House.

The thermometer at 7 a.m. New Year's day registered 37 degrees below zero.

Abe Lee, of Centreville, Chaffee county, was in White Pine on January 1, for the purpose of relocating several mining claims on which he had failed to do assessment work for the year 1883. Mr. Lee was an old time miner, being one of the discoverers of the famous California Gulch in the year 1860.

Milton Spencer put in a stock of drugs in connection with his general merchandise about the first of the year.

At the regular meeting of the literary society on the 5th of January the following program was carried out: 1 - Music. 2 - Inaugural address, C. W. Harmon. 3 - Debate. Question - "Resolved, That there is more pleasure in Pursuit than in Possession." Affirmative, W. L. Albright and Mrs. Sims; negative, James Knight and Marion Claypool. 4 - Recess. 5 - Music. 6 - Select reading, by Ida M. Edwardes. 7 - Recitation, by Forest Crosthwaite. 8 - Declamation, by Morgan Moseley. 9 - Select reading, by Mrs. Irwin. 10 - Paper, by Geo. A. Root. 11 - Volunteer exercises. 12 - Music. After another musical selection the meeting adjourned.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. T. Bryant of Tomichi, on January 5. Sam Nott Hyde, the Tomichi correspondent of the Cone, wrote that "Tom will set up the cigars when pa pays off."

Plenty of snow reported early in January, and the weather slightly frigid.

Early in January L. C. Ellington closed his livery stable until spring, sending his horses to the valley to recuperate.

Tom Hurdle was postmaster at Cosden. He was a frequent visitor in camp.

In the Cone of January 11, the editor said: "Landlord Goodman invited the Cone to drop around at the Cummings House Sunday and help demolish chicken. We spent several months once courting a Methodist preacher's daughter, and ever since we have had a strong partiality for chicken - especially the yellow legged variety."

A new stage line was put on between Sargents and White Pine early in the year by George Walters. The stages left Sargents immediately after the arrival of the trains, landing passengers in camp from one to three hours earlier than by the mail stage. Returning to Sargents the same day, the stage was ready for the early train in the morning.

A good story was told on Will McConnell early in the year. One morning he was roused by someone pounding on the door, and thinking it was one of the boys he crawled sleepily out of bed and with eyes scarcely half open, threw open the door. Imagine his surprise when he discovered his caller was a lady who had a message for him. He bolted behind the door in a hurry. He announced to his companions later that the next time he opened a door he would be attired in something more becoming than unadorned loveliness.

Snowshoeing was all the rage in Tomichi about the middle of January. The fashionable hours for the sport were from 4 to 10 p. m. The same could have been said of White Pine, the wagon road which wound around the south end of Strawberry Hill and on down to the bridge across the Tomichi, was a most popular place for this favorite sport.

A social hop was given at the Cummings House on the night of January 14, and despite the attempt of some uninvited guests to break up the party by placing a small quantity of pepper on the dining room stove, a good time was had by all. Fortunately the trick was discovered before it had time to inconvenience the dancers. Music was furnished by Howard Pierce, Tommy Seward and George Gill.

About the beginning of 1884 the price of lead was \$3.65 a hundred, and the market dull. A week later it had jumped to \$3.95 per hundred. The price rose steadily, and by the 18th of January was quoted at \$4.25 to \$4.35. This improvement encouraged Messrs. Harris & Blake, Caley and Lake to again crowd work on the North Star. Four car loads of ore were shipped the

week ending the 19th. A new road had just opened from the mine to the county road, and it was in excellent shape, and Harris & Blake's heavy freight teams were engaged in moving the ore. The company's boarding house, which had been temporarily closed following the heavy snows, which prevented the ore from being shipped, was reopened about the middle of the month.

About the middle of January a man named Mead, who operated a saloon at the Hot Springs, had Frank Rivers arrested on a charge of breaking into his place of business and wrecking the furniture and other accessories. The preliminary examination was held before the justice of the peace at Doyleville, on Monday the 21st, and the prisoner was discharged for want of evidence.

Charles W. Harmon met with quite a severe accident about the middle of January. He was in the timber cutting wood, when his ax missed its aim and landed on his left foot, cutting a gash about two inches long and to the bone. He was brot to town and Dr. Baker dressed his wound. Charley was near sighted, and in order to read was obliged to hold his book or paper within a few inches of his eyes. He was a well-read man, naturally witty, good at repartee, and was one of the live wires of the literary society. The writer and Charley batched together for some months during the years 1883-1884.

J. W. Law organized a writing class in camp late in January, which met for the first time in Grand Army Hall on the 22nd. There were about twenty in the class - including the writer. After the class got started it met regularly at the residence of Prof. Law.

George Hutchinson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Hutchinson, aged 9 years and 7 months, died January 21, of scarlet fever. He was taken sick on Friday, the 18th and died on Sunday evening. He was buried Tuesday in the little park below town.

A good joke was reported on Bob Creswell late in January. Concluding to go hunting, Bob went to the stable, saddled and bridled his mule and packed several needed articles. These carefully anchored to his mule, Bob stepped outside, closed the barn door and carefully nailed it. He was about ready to start when he remembered he had left his gun inside the barn. After prying the door open and sticking his head inside, lo, and behold, there stood his mule, apparently as surprised as was Bob.

"May I call around Sunday night and chew your bangs?" was a popular method of asking a young lady the privilege of calling, about this time.

Among the victims of the recent disaster at Crested Butte was James Walsh, well known in the gulch. Walsh worked on the North Star and left camp but a short time before the disaster. A Thomas Williams was among the victims, and at first it was supposed he was the one who had formerly lived at Tomichi, and worked on the Lewiston for a year or more. This Mr. Williams, however, was alive and employed in the South Park mines.

Jimmy Talbot met with a serious accident the evening of February 1. He was returning from Tomichi on one of A. J. Smith's horses, and when in front of the Cone office his horse stumbled and fell, pitching Jimmy over its head. In getting to its feet the animal trampled its rider, inflicting several cuts about the head and fracturing his collar bone. He was taken into the White Pine Hotel where Dr. Baker attended to his injuries.

Tom Mason became the new landlord at the Elgin Hotel at the lower Hot Springs in January.

A Union Sunday School was held regularly at Grand Army Hall each Sabbath.

Messrs. Stanforth and Allen leased the Crawford Hotel and reopened it early in February.

A surprise party was given to Mr. and Mrs. John Hammond the evening of January 24. Quite a number of their friends met at the residence of Mrs. Sims, and after laying in a supply of

molasses, marched from there to the Hammond dwelling place where the evening was passed away very pleasantly making taffy and the usual taffy pull. Capt. Evans was said to have carried off a stick of taffy in his vest pocket.

Dr. Geo. H. Pugh was appointed postmaster at Elgin post office late in January.

The roof of the plunge bath at the lower Hot Spring took a plunge into the water during the last of January, on account of too much snow.

Capt. J. A. Hamilton and Sam K. Kinney began working their placer claim in Snow Blind Gulch during January. The writer recollects a hunting trip in the fall of 1883 which took him to the scene of the Cosden placers. There were three hunters in the crowd - Staley Sims, Bob Clark and the writer - all in our teens. We had packed about a hundred and fifty pounds of blankets, cooking utensils, grub, guns and ammunition on a burro which roamed at large around camp and had left early in the afternoon of a Saturday in October. The "jack" we had chosen was one which we soon discovered took all the persuasion we could bestow to even get it to move. We had gotten to a point about half a mile below Cosden, when for some unexplained reason, our jack took a notion to speed up. He suddenly started down the road on a brisk trot, we hunters following as fast as we could. After running about three or four rods our camp equipment began to shake loose, and we had our hands full picking up the loose pieces which rattled off every minute or so as the jack really got under way. Then we noticed that the cinch which held the saddle had become loose and in less time than it takes to tell it the load suddenly slipped to one side, and a few seconds later was dangling between the animal's front and back feet - coming in contact with one or the other with every jump. The animal didn't relish this, so paused long enough to exercise his heels a little, and with signal success. It took but a few moments to get rid of his load, and then he started down the road on the gallop, heading towards Tom Woods' ranch. I have no recollection of just what was said following the catastrophe, but I guess there must have been plenty. We held a council of war. We were entirely too far from our destination to undertake to carry our equipment ourselves. We must have the burro. We chose one to go on ahead and capture the burro, while the others went back and retrieved the scattered plunder which had been strewn along the landscape for some distance back. In time the burro was captured, the load again on his back and we were on our way. It was about sundown when we reached a point well up the gulch, where a couple of rustic summer cabins had been built at some time in the years following the discovery of the placers. We took possession at once, and made camp, one getting supper while one tethered and watered the burro, and the other unpacked and made camp. There was a good size bunk in one of the cabins, and in lieu of mattress it had about a couple bushels or more of "pine Feathers" - pine needles - and smoothing these out and covering them with our roll of blankets we had a most comfortable bed ample enough for the three of us. This cabin was thatched with boughs from the pines and afforded some protection against the weather, but at the same time left nothing to be wished for so far as ventilation was concerned. Our jack was tethered just below the cabins where he could feed on the lush grass which grew along the marshy sides of a little rivulet which watered the gulch during the spring when the snows were melting. We then ate supper, and everyone being tired, we pulled off our foot gear and crawled into the bunk. Along about midnight, Bob crawled out of the bunk, got into his shoes and coat and taking his gun, stole silently out into the night. We had found numerous small hoof prints that passed our cabin, and Bob evidently thought he might get the first chance at a buck or a nice fat doe by stealing a march on us. We soon discovered his absence and decided we wanted sleep more than a chance at a buck, so rolled over and went to sleep again. Bob returned within an hour, and crawled in at the back of the bunk. I was sleeping

on the outside and about a couple of hours later I roused from a deep slumber. I had a feeling that deer were near the cabin. I got my shoes hurriedly, slipped on a coat and getting hold of the old Remington slipped quietly out to investigate. Up the gulch I caught sight of some animal silhouetted against the skyline, so stooping down I quietly made my way in that direction. After going about two hundred yards I heard a slight commotion in the underbrush. "A big buck," I decided, bringing my rifle to my shoulder going forward slowly. The animal came towards me till not over twenty five or thirty yards separated us, and then it halted. My heart was beating rapidly and I had difficulty in drawing a bead on the animal. A step or two away was a small sapling, and I rested the barrel of the gun on a branch and took another aim. This time my hand was quite steady. I hesitated to shoot without first determining the most vital spot. I decided to aim at the middle of the shoulder whenever the buck turned and offered me the chance, but the animal persisted in watching me. I finally aimed at the middle of the head for my shot. Pressing the trigger slightly, I again decided to defer my fire for the moment, hoping the animal would turn its side towards me. It was a good thing I did, for within the next two or three seconds my buck lifted his head high in the air and gave a sample of the most artistic braying I ever heard. If I had fired there would most likely have been a dead burro on our hands. In addition there would have been about fifty pounds of luggage apiece to "tote" back to White Pine. I again tied the burro and sneaked back to the cabin and turned in, glad I hadn't taken a shot at my first buck. About four in the morning we all piled out and each one struck out on his own hook, going in different directions. We found "signs" but glimpsed no deer. Hunger drew us towards camp, and there we all met about sun up. Among the plunder left at the cabins was about a barrel of empty beer bottles and a rusty old Dutch oven. After breakfast we found some diversion placing empty beer bottles on an old stump near the cabins and shooting at them. That was too easy, and Staley suggested that we limit our endeavors to shooting the necks off the bottles. We placed a bottle in position and he proceeded to "ring" its neck in a moment. He did this time and again, and was the only one in the crowd who could do this easily, knocking the necks off as fast as we could "set 'em up." Finally one of the crowd suggested we take a shot at the old oven. This was stood up against the stump and the lid placed in front. I was given the first shot. I hoped to recover the bullet if it happened to go through the lid, expecting to find it in the oven. Imagine my surprise when I discovered it had penetrated both the lid and the oven and burried itself deep in the stump. After wasting most of our ammunition we again packed our luggage on the burro, this time taking pains to avoid the trouble we had had the day before, and trekked towards camp where we arrived early in the afternoon. Staley was a native of Nova Scotia, once residing at or near Yarmouth. Bob Clark was a new-comer in camp, and I had known him but a few months. He was a likeable young chap, about my age, and the three of us spent many enjoyable hours together.

Frank P. Ellington sold his barber shop to Ben Farrell about the first of February. Ben started a new shop just north of the Cone office which he moved into within a couple of weeks.

Perry Shepard met with a painful accident early in February, while cutting timber for the shaft on the Moran claim. The ax glanced, cutting a three inch gash in his foot, which grazed the bone.

J. A. Hodge resigned the office of Justice of Peace of the White Pine precinct early in February.

James Knight and Charley Harmon circulated a subscription paper early in February to raise funds to help finish the school building, collecting something over \$20.

Thos. P. Goodman gave a ball in the dining room of the Cummings House the night of February 22. He had ordered half a dozen turkeys for the supper to be furnished on this occasion, and George E. Betts, a first class hotel cook, "spread himself" on this anniversary of Washington's birthday. Tickets sold for \$2.50 a number, and it could have been said that the dancers were entitled to something for their money. Ladies, however, were admitted free.

James Norton, infant son of Charles and Emily Castle, died Saturday morning, February 9, after a short illness. The child was 11 months and 11 days old. Funeral services and burial were held that evening.

Tomichi had the worst snow storm of the season the last week of February. Citizens got out and shoveled snow to open the road, but even at that it was impossible for the mail coach to pass through the drifts, and mail had to be packed into that camp on snow shoes.

Terrell & Turner opened up a store in the Turner building late in February, handling notions, confectionery, news, stationary, etc. The post office had but recently been moved to that building.

The Literary Society elected new officers late in February, the following being installed: President, Geo. S. Irwin; Vice President, Mrs. S. A. Sims; Secretary, Miss Nellie Dick; Treasurer, N. Sims; Financial Secretary, Marion H. Claypool; Trustee, J. W. Law.

The White Pine Whist Club was organized at O. H. Aikin's office, the evening of February 27, at which time the following officers were chosen: Chairman, Milton Spencer; Vice Chairman, A. B. Cooper; Secretary, W. H. Baker; Treasurer, John S. Barber; Doorkeeper, R. M. Hinckley; Council of Administration - J. F. Hinton, Geo. S. Irwin and O. H. Aikine; Reference Committee - Henry F. Lake, Joe Perrigo and Henry J. Gray. Meetings were held weekly, the first one being held at the residence of Henry F. Lake, on the night of February 29.

The ladies who had spent much time and energy giving socials and entertainments to raise money for a town hall, were having some trouble with a minority faction which favored giving one-half of the funds already raised to the school board to be used towards the completion of the school house.

A terrific gale from the north on February 26, blew down half the front of Ed Dysart's building; the unfinished frame belonging to Mrs. Cummings toppled over; the Cone office stove refused to draw the right way, "and," the Cone said, "the devil swore, and the outlook was anything but encouraging to even the pious editor."

The Cone of March 7, contained the following item: "Major Henry F. Lake has an article of convenience in his possession that acquired considerable notoriety some two years ago by reason of its being the central figure of the table at a supper given the ladies and gentlemen of White Pine by Mr. Lake. As the vessel is one of a class that finds a place in all well-regulated families, a description is unnecessary, save to say that it is one of the yellow and white striped variety. At the close of the whist club meeting last Friday night, Major Lake brot out the "bowl" and brewed a drink fit for the gods. The name of the vessel containing the refreshments did not prevent the guests from enjoying the drink."

The camp had been overrun with mining experts the last of February and early March, who arrived in connection with pending mining litigation.

Several spiritualistic meetings were held in camp the first week of March. The writer attended one of these "sittings" at the Cummings House, and was as much interested as mystified, when a young lady in attendance was introduced as one who had the power to talk with spirits of departed ones. She confessed she did not understand just what her powers in this line consisted of. A subsequent seance was held at the residence of the Cone's editor, the young

woman with clairvoyant powers, Mrs. Cummings and several neighbors, together with the writer being present. We were sitting around a small center table, palms of our hands resting on the table top, and our hands touching those next to us on each side. The table cavorted about in a rather unbecoming manner for a staid and steady piece of old parlor furniture and the medium having gotten in touch with some spirit, questions were asked and the table rapped out the answers. Bob Hinckley dropped in about this time, and finding the table cutting up, asked why we didn't make it behave. One of the women told him it wouldn't behave. He said he could keep it from leaving the floor, and when invited to try it, climbed on the table. A few moments later when the circuit was completed the table tilted sufficiently to one side to prompt Bob to climb off before he was dumped to the floor. He then got down on hands and knees and grasped two legs at opposite corners and told the crowd to try it again. They lined up once more and the table began to quiver and shake. A moment later the table was nearly a complete wreck, the top splitting loose from the legs and base. Bob, however, held to the legs and was credited with having held them tight to the floor. The seance now came to a close. The table was carted to a shop for repairs within the next day or two.

A whist tournament was arranged by the White Pine Whist club. The following teams were lined up for the tournament which started the first week in March: Henry F. Lake and R.M. Hinckley; A. B. Cooper and Doc Pulver; Milton Spencer and O. H. Aikine; Joe Perrizo and John Hammond; George S. Irwin and W. H. Baker.

Alexander and Mileham took charge of the Jay Hotel at Sargents about the first of March.

Members of the Ladies Mite Society met early in March and decided to change the name of their organization to that of "Ladies' Building Fund Society." Mrs. John S. Barber, Mrs. Ida M. Edwards and Mrs. John P. Bassler were appointed to prepare a new constitution and by-laws.

March 10 was about the worst day any resident of Tomichi remembered since that camp was started. The wind blew a veritable hurricane, driving the snow with blinding force. Tom Farrell and Terry Hughes, employes of the Magna Charta, went to work as usual. They were in the blacksmith shop connected with the tunnel, when about 8 o'clock, a huge snow slide came down Granite Mountain with a deafening roar, striking the shop with a fearful impact. Mr. Hughes was driven thru a partition and then carried out thru the end of the shop, and thrown about fifty feet down the mountain side. Fortunately he landed in a bank of soft snow and soon extricated himself. Seeing nothing of Farrell, he at once gave the alarm and some twenty or more men hurried to the scene of the accident and began searching for him. A few minutes later he was found imprisoned under the roof of the shop, but the combined efforts of the men to raise the roof were futile, until it was broken to pieces. Farrell was unconscious when taken out, and it was feared he had been fatally injured. He was taken to Mrs. Hudson George's and messengers dispatched to White Pine for Dr. Baker and Ben Farrell. By the time the doctor arrived Tom had regained consciousness, and after an examination it was found that aside from a few bruises he was O.K. The slide started near the Kitty Quinn tunnel. The rescuing party had just gotten back to town when another and larger slide started, still higher up the mountain and passed over the same ground, and swept away all the remaining buildings belonging to the Magna Charta tunnel.

On the evening of March 10, the village of Woodstock, on the Denver & South Park, just over the range from Tomichi, was swept away by a snow slide. About 17 persons were caught in the slide, the majority being killed.

The firm of Thomas & Bassler dissolved partnership on March 10. John P. Bassler purchased the interests of his partner and continued the business.

On account of the heavy snow the mail stage finally reached White Pine the 10th after battling thru the deep drifts. The horses were unhitched there and the mail carried thru to Tomichi, by a son of Hudson George, a lad of about fourteen years, who made the trip on snow shoes.

There was a large attendance at the social given by the Ladies' Mite Society the night of March 12. The affair was held in Howard Pierce's building, but as several musical instruments were found in the crowd attending, the dining room of the Crawford House was secured and a pleasant little hop was engaged in by those present. Music was furnished by Mr. Pierce, Chas. H. Crosthwaite and James Talbott. The net receipts for the ladies amounted to \$9.65.

The writer spent his birthday anniversary in Gunnison with the home folks, and drew the following complimentary mention in the Cone of March 14: "George A. Root, chief-devil, assistant typo, water works superintendent, director of the roller system, fireman, and fuel producer of the Cone office, went to Gunnison last Sunday to bask for a week," etc. The Cone of the following week chronicling the return of the prodigal son, recited: "George Root returned to White Pine last Sunday. The train missed connection with the stage and George had to walk from Sargents up. Tired? No; somebody else."

The married ladies, whose husbands belonged to the whist club, about the middle of March organized a cribbage club. The ladies figured that if the "old boys" stayed out late they would have nothing to complain of if the ladies did the same.

Tom Farrell, one of the men injured recently in a snow slide at the Magna Charta property, was one of the witnesses in the Eureka-Nest Egg suit. He had sufficiently recovered to enable him to attend court. Six men went to Tomichi on Monday, March 17, with a hand sled, and brot him down to White Pine, and he left for Gunnison the following day. So many of the miners of White Pine and Galena Gulch were also in attendance at court at this time that the camp was rather quiet.

Surprise parties and dances were events that occurred on an average every other night during the long winter evenings. The week of March 22 there were three surprise parties and one dance - a total of about four dances as about every party ended in a dance.

The Valhalla tunnel at White Pine and the Magna Charta at Tomichi, were the two longest tunnels in the district at this time, former in 226 feet and the latter over 300 feet. E. J. Farmer, of Columbus, Ohio, was the principal owner of these two properties.

Late in March Marion Claypool and C. W. Jewell shot a lynx in the shed just north of Ignatius Zeller's residence on lower Main street. The critter measured four and one-half feet in length. Two older animals of the same species were reported in Galena Gulch. The heavy snows in the mountains this winter drove the animals close in to the settlements to obtain food.

E. A. Mileham, landlord of Jay's Hotel, Sargents, was married at Gunnison, on March 24, to Miss Mary Burns. Rev. Thomas Duck, of the Episcopal church, performed the ceremony.

A number of Tomichi men turned out during the last of March and early April, to clear the road from White Pine to Tomichi from snow, and by persistent shoveling opened at least two-thirds of the distance. This was an annual job and the boys always took hold of it with a vim.

A meeting was held at Milton Spencer's store the evening before election, to nominate a city ticket for the ensuing year. The following were placed in nomination: For mayor - E. L. Crawford. Clerk and Recorder - O. H. Aikine. Trustees - S. H. Seward, A. J. Smith, I. Zeller and Willard West. They were all duly elected the next day, as there was no opposition.

Tomichi's election passed off quietly. There was but one ticket in the field and M. L. Ayres was chosen mayor; Harry Schooley, clerk; and A. D. Clark, Ed. F. Blaine, J. W. Teets and John MacDonell, trustees.

There was considerable complaint over the aggravating mail service between Gunnison and Sargents, and at this time it was all the more annoying as residents of the district were anxious for news of the big trial going on at Gunnison. The Cone, which had been keeping pretty close tab on matters concerning the trial, mentioned that White Pine could get news from Gunnison by way of Denver in less time than it could get it from Gunnison direct.

The Eureka - Nest Egg-Carbonate King Suit

Probably the most noted mining suit of the entire Rocky Mountain region was that of the Eureka-Carbonate King, in the Tomichi Mining district, which was held at Gunnison during March and April. These claims, both valuable properties, were located on Carbonate Hill and lay side by side. The Eureka was owned by Chas. H. Smith, Howard A. Pierce, B. W. Hess and Tommy Seward, while the Carbonate King (or Nest Egg) was owned by John G. Evans, Jerome B. Chaffee, David H. Moffatt and E. H. Hiller. Mr. Smith of the Eureka was quite wealthy and was said to have commanded unlimited capital. During the suit the Eureka interests were represented by Thomas M. Patterson and Charles Thomas, of Denver, and J. F. Frankey, of Gunnison, while the Carbonate King, or defendants' counsel included Col. Thomas Macon and Judge C. G. Symes, of Denver and Cullett, Goudy & Twitchell, of Gunnison.

Nearly everyone in the entire Tomichi District was familiar with the origin of the suit. In the fall of 1882 a large body of carbonate ore was opened on the Carbonate King lode at a point near the east line of the claim. The mineral dipped rapidly to the east. The Eureka owners started a shaft just across the line and caught what they supposed and doubtless was the same mineral. When the workmen on the King began taking out mineral beyond the dividing line, the Eureka owners applied to the courts for an injunction. The court issued an order prohibiting the King proprietors from going beyond their east side line, and at the same time ordered that no ore whatsoever should be taken from the Eureka lode. Steps looking towards a compromise were then taken, but resulted in failure. The King owners then went to the south end of their properties and opened other large bodies of mineral, some of the shafts being on a strip of ground claimed by both parties. This led to other suits, attachments, injunction, etc., and the most of the fall of 1882 was spent in preparing evidence and hearing the testimony. The court appointed a receiver. Finally, the works of the two mines were connected under ground and since then all the leading mining experts in the state were employed to examine them. The case opened on March 18, when J. F. Frankey briefly made the opening statement on behalf of the plaintiffs, and Judge Symes followed in an extended, concise recital of the defendants' case. In substance these statements were as follows:

"The plaintiffs claim that they have a valid location of the Eureka claim, made in June, 1880; that in that month they made a discovery of mineral, staked the claim according to law; that defendants afterwards moved their east side line so as to include from twenty to seventy feet of the west portion of the Eureka and also to include the dip and apex of the vein which belonged to the plaintiffs; that after such removal of the east side line defendants began to mine and take out ore from the vein and crossed their own side line into the undisputed ground of the Eureka, and ever since have been mining and removing ore from the Eureka claim to the east of their own side line. On these facts plaintiffs claim, first that their original location as well as the present, includes the apex of the vein in dispute. Second, that if the defendants' lines are now as

they were originally located in September, 1879, and even admitting it to be true that the top of the vein is within the original side line of the Nest Egg, they still would have no right to cross side line and enter the undisputed territory of the Eureka."

"The defendants claim that they located the Nest Egg in September, 1879, and while there was no Eureka in existence; that they sunk a discovery shaft ten feet and more, and found a well defined vein between rock, in place; that they staked it according to law, and filed their location certificate within the time required by the statute; that every year since they have performed the annual work on the claim; that within the side lines of the Nest Egg they have opened and exposed in eight places the top of this vein; that the vein is found at from thirty to seventy-five feet west of the west line of the Eureka; that in pursuing the vein in the several workings which are from 250 to 300 feet apart all along the strike of the vein, the vein material and the inclosing rock is of a uniform appearance, character and dip, and that from the apex to the bottom of the several workings the vein is continuous and the inclosing walls are continuous. They further claim that when the plaintiffs located the Eureka they were aware of the existence of the Nest Egg and of its boundaries, and located the Eureka with reference to the Nest Egg, and as one of the means of identifying the Eureka they state in the location that the Eureka is bounded on the west by the Nest Egg; that in the year 1881 and also in 1882, the then owners of the Eureka pointed out to divers persons the east side of the Nest Egg, and recognized its existence and location of the ground."

The above was in brief, the controversy in the case. The point in the case, and the only one which was seriously contested was, the legal right under the law of the United States on the part of the defendants to follow the vein, lode or ledge in its downward course, outside of its side line, which inclosed the apex, into and upon the mining claim of another.

The trial started about the 18th of March and was hotly contested by both parties to the suit. During the progress of the trial it became evident that the majority of the jurors had been approached by parties representing either the plaintiffs or defendants, and following the close of arguments a verdict in favor of the plaintiffs was rendered on April 3. The defendants at once moved for a new trial. On the morning of the 4th arguments for and against a new trial were heard. It was now rumored that the verdict cost the plaintiffs not less than \$15,000, and that the reason they got it was because they outbid the other fellows. Rumors reached White Pine late in the week that the jury, lawyers and the parties to the suit were in jail. This could not be verified or denied, for no Gunnison mail was received from Friday until the following Monday, for some cause known only by the mail agents on the D. & R. G. road. On Saturday the 5th, a second rumor reached White Pine that three of the Eureka boys had been shot and killed, and for a time there was considerable excitement in camp over the report. On Sunday evening, the 6th, however, Messrs. Pierce, Hess and Seward arrived in camp, proving that the earlier reports of their death were greatly exaggerated. They were accompanied by several of the witnesses in the suit. The reported shooting affray originated, it is said, from the fact that a note was introduced in evidence during the suit, of bribery, that Tom Barrett swore was in the handwriting of Melvin Yard, proprietor of a dance hall in Gunnison. Yard denied writing the note and started on the war path, threatening to shoot, annihilate and otherwise destroy the said Barrett.

When the court convened on Saturday, the 5th, Judge Gerry rendered his decision on a motion for a new trial made by the defendants on the ground that the jury had been tampered with. He said he had good reason to believe that the jury had been tampered with by both the plaintiffs and defendants, and said the verdict was a "tainted one." Continuing, he said that evidence had been introduced to show that the defendants who asked to have the verdict set aside

were themselves possessed of soiled hands, and could not come into court and ask that a verdict be set aside under such circumstances. The Judge stated that it was the most remarkable case that ever came under his knowledge, and, in fact, the most remarkable that had occurred in the history of jurisprudence in the country.

* *

John Turner and Watt Clasby had a narrow escape on April 5, while working on the Silver Trowel. There being no shaft house on the claim, the boys had placed a large tent over the shaft. In this they had a large heating stove. Before going down the shaft to work, Clasby placed two sticks of giant powder on the stove to thaw out. They had been at work but a short time when a loud explosion occurred, followed by a deluge of snow and debris upon them. As soon as they reached the surface the cause was apparent. The powder had exploded, blowing the stove and good portion of the tent away. Some miners working nearby heard the explosion and saw the tent suddenly collapse, and hurried to the scene expecting to find the mangled remains of Turner and Clasby. It was a narrow escape for the boys.

The new board of trustees brot up the subject of securing a patent for the White Pine townsite at a special meeting on April 8. The clerk and recorder was instructed to correspond at once with the U. S. Land Office for needed information. The question of appointing a marshal was also discussed, but the council finally concluded to wait until the regular meeting of that body before taking final action.

Tom Farrell, who had a narrow escape from being killed in a snow slide at the Magna Charta a short time previously, secured another contract on that property early in April, and began work as soon as his contract with Jewell & Hodge was finished.

White Pine was all agog early the first part of April over the elopement of Mrs. Kittie A. Dimock with B. W. Hess, one of the owners of the Eureka. It was learned that Hess was an old time flame of the lady in question, but her father would not allow the marriage. In time she married A. J. Dimock, and was the mother of three small children at the time of the elopement.

A new precinct was formed at Cosden about the middle of April, and precinct officers appointed as follows: Justice of the Peace, Thomas Gee; Constable, Geo. K. Lawson; Road Overseer, W. H. Hough.

At a special meeting of the White Pine town board on the night of April 11, the mayor and treasurer presented reports which were read and accepted. The treasurer's report showed that something over \$300 was in the city exchequer. Milton Spencer, treasurer, was reappointed, and Tom Barrett was appointed Town Marshal and Street Commissioner.

A big strike was made on the Silver Trowel early in April, and this news spread all over the county in a hurry. The vein was about six feet wide with three feet of solid mineral which assay tests showed to run from \$75 to \$200 a ton. A night shift was put to work on the property - George Gill and Morgan being the new force.

Watt Clasby, one of the "poet lariats" of camp, who struck the District in the year 1879, had a long "pome" in the Cone of April 25, headed "The Life of a Prospector." The writer was batching with Charley Harmon the winter of 1883-84, and Watt dropped in at our cabin a number of times that winter for a social game of cribbage or seven up. At that time, however, I never suspected that he ever was guilty of courting the muse.

A claim in the vicinity of Tomichi, which had been alternately held by J. P. Phillips and S. Van Allen for several years, was the goal of an exciting race between those gentlemen the night of April 22. Van was the lucky one.

A snow slide from a building adjoining Sam Nott Hyde's office at Tomichi, late in April, crushed in one side of the wall and left furniture and glassware in a condition rather the worse for wear.

William Henderson, of the Tomichi Bank, who left for Topeka, Kansas, earlier in the year, accepted a position in the First National Bank in that city. The writer met "Uncle Billy," many a time in that banking institution, after his return to the Kansas capital.

After the collapse of the Dysart building next to the G.A.R. cabin, it was discovered that the hall used by the veterans was unsafe for public meetings. As a result the Literary Committee rented Swensson's Hall, where later meetings were held.

The Cosden correspondent of the Cone, in issue of May 2, records that Judge Tucker, of Gunnison, spent a day or two there then proceeded on to White Pine, where he proposed to open a law office. Mrs. George S. Irwin and Mrs. S. E. Cummings, of White Pine, and the little Cones were also guests.

The wagon road between camp and the railroad at Sargents was usually a bad stretch during the period when the snow melted in the spring. Early in May this year the stage upset while making the run between White Pine and Sargents. None of the seven passengers aboard at the time were hurt, but they had an experience they did not soon forget.

Early in May Mrs. S. E. Cummings moved the old tool house up on Main street opposite the Leona House and started fitting it up for a law office for Judge S. M. Tucker. The Judge must have made a change in his plans for John MacDonald, a paper hanger of Pitkin, occupied it when finished.

A large crowd of White Piners turned out with their shovels on Friday, May 9, and cleared the road of snow and ice between camp and Sargents. From that time on thru the summer and early fall the sleigh was laid aside and the mail carried thru to Sargents on wheels.

Snow was disappearing so rapidly about mid-May that Pete Phelps, the stage driver was obliged to work day and night to make his daily trips to Tomichi.

A play was given at West's Hall, on the night of May 23, by the Literary Dramatic Club, entitled "One Hundred Years Ago." The cast of characters included W. H. Baker, Marion H. Claypool, J. Frank Hinton, Geo. S. Irwin, Henry W. Bodey, Joe Patton, J. W. Law, W. Harlan, Mrs. N. Sims, Miss Lillie Zeller and Miss Nellie Smith. The entertainment concluded with a laughable farce entitled "A Dollar for a Kiss." Those taking parts in it were W. H. Baker, Geo. S. Irwin, Joe Patton and Miss Lillie Zeller. The play was repeated on Saturday night. A week later the Club presented the same program at Sargents to a good house also. After the show the Club gave a "hop" at Jay's Hotel, which was attended by about 30 couples. The dance lasted until about 3 o'clock in the morning, with an excellent supper given by Mr. Alexander, proprietor of the hotel. A wagon load of White Piners went down, in addition to the Club. The net receipts from the play given by the Literary Society dramatic club were turned over to H. C. Tapscott, treasurer of the school board, who gave his receipt for \$18.75.

The Cosden placers were being worked this spring by the owner, Messrs. Hamilton, Kinney & Beauchamp. They first put in a number of sluice boxes, and without the use of quicksilver were able to clean up about \$10 a day to the man. Only the shot gold and larger nuggets were saved by the means. They expected when the sluice boxes were overhauled, to realize about \$20 to \$25 a day per man.

An item in the Cone of May 6 said: "A new barber shop and bath house is one of the improvements of White Pine now under way. When completed, the boys will be permitted to

wash their feet for the reasonable sum of fifty cents. Slowly but surely the luxuries of civilization are reaching our mountain town."

A shooting affray took place in Ralph Cotting's saloon in Tomichi on Sunday night, May 25. J. Sullivan and Al Perkins, the bar tender, were the marksmen. The two successive shots fired by the principals took effect in the broadside of the wall. No other damage reported.

The tunnel house at the Coin Silver tunnel burned to the ground and all contents were destroyed in a fire which occurred Tuesday night, May 27. Jewell & Hodge were the owners of the property. It was that the fire originated from the forge.

The funds in the treasury of the Mite Society continued to be a bone of contention up to late in May, when several members of the organization requested another business meeting to be held on May 28, to vote upon using the rest of the public building money for school purposes. As none of the members of the society seemed willing to hold the meeting in their houses, it was supposed by those calling the meeting that it would be held in the driest place in the road between the school house and the lower part of town.

The quarterly election of officers of the Literary Society was held May 30, at which time Joe Patton was elected president; Miss Nellie Smith, vice president; James Hopkins, secretary; N. Sims, treasurer; J. L. Knight, financial secretary and F. P. Ellington, trustee.

Tom Barrett, street commissioner, had a good force of men working on the streets of camp the first week of June. The bridge across the Tomichi on the Galena road was raised and the approaches filled in so that there was a dry crossing when the job was finished.

Tom Whitelaw, in addition to being a first-class miner, a fine dancer, was also an experimenter. Early in June the Cone being in urgent need of typos, called Tom in to help, so as to get the paper out on time. The Cone's mention of the fact stated "What with the show business, dances, lots of job work, spring fever and general cussedness on the part of the typesetters, the Cone would have been behind this week, but for Mr. Whitelaw's assistance."

Early in June about fifty men were being worked in shafts No. 2 and No. 3 of the Eureka and on the road. Ten or twelve men were constantly employed in keeping the road in order. Ore was being hauled down from the mine to the dumps in North Star. Five teams were employed hauling the ore from there to Sargents. Three shifts of men were employed on the mine.

On the night of June 6 a grand ball was given at West Bros.' building by C. W. Rodecker, followed by a supper at the Leona House. Delegations of dancers were over from Pitkin, Sargents, Tomichi, Cosden and the Hot Springs.

Early in June mail arrived twice a day - some days. Passenger business was good between camp and the railroad.

On the night of June 4 the young folks of camp gave a surprise party at the residence of Mr. A. Ellington for Miss Maggie Ellington.

Lots in Cooperville, located in Galena Gulch, were selling for \$25 each, early in June.

The school house was ready for occupancy early in June and school commenced on Monday the 9th.

There was a hotel war in camp on June 6, in which rival landlords first indulged in angry words and then blows. No one killed. The Cone, in mentioning the incident, said: "As usual, the fight took place in the level space between the shoemaker's and the Cone office. We are thinking some of going in partnership with Fowinkel, clearing off the ground and fencing in that part of the street for slugging purposes. Then if people will fight - which they should not do - they will have a comfortable place to pound one another in. A surgeon and undertaker will be in attendance, and will see that no guilty man escapes."

A surprise party was given at the residence of H. C. Tapscott, on Tuesday night, June 10. Joe Patton was on hand with his music box, and the guests passed an hour or two in dancing.

Steve Seward put in several days the first half of June "snaking" off some obnoxious boulders from Main street, and Street Commissioner Tom Barrett otherwise improved the appearance of that metropolitan thoroughfare by putting in some needed culverts and smoothing out rough places.

One night early in June a mad dog up in Galena Gulch furnished plenty of excitement running down the road and biting at everything that came in his way. He ran into the cabin of one of the miners, and the boys organized at once to destroy the critter. Fastening a lighted lantern to the end of a pole they shoved it thru the door. The dog ran up to bite it when a load of buckshot from a gun in the hands of Doc Pulver put an end to its existence.

Cosden's peace officers who qualified early in June were Prof. J. R. Gage, justice of the peace, and Geo. K. Lawson, as constable.

Henry F. Lake returned from his trip back east the fore part of June, and as a consequence most of the whist players of camp were able to give the game one night a week. There was an unfinished tournament on at this time to be decided.

On June 6, at Chicago, Blaine and Logan were chosen to lead the national Republican ticket. In the Tomichi District on Grassy Hill, lies the Eastern Star claim, located on the summit at an elevation of over 11,000 feet. By mid-June the owners of this property - Messrs. Harrington & Co. - erected a flag staff and floated a Blaine and Logan banner, probably one of the highest floating banners in the United States at that time.

About the middle of June, N. Miller, from Pitkin, opened a restaurant in the old G.A.R. hall.

E. Blake had a runaway on the way to Sargents with a mail wagon on the 17th of June. One of the traces became unfastened when near the site of saw mill No. 4, frightening the team, which started out for a run. The mail hack was somewhat demolished, and was replaced by a lumber wagon.

Barber Bros. dissolved partnership on May 26, D. A. Barber & Co., continuing the business.

Ed. W. Dysart, pioneer, died the afternoon of Tuesday, June 17. Deceased was taken sick the previous Saturday but did not show symptoms of being seriously ill until Monday night, when pleuro-pneumonia set in, resulting in death the next day. D. A. Barber took charge of the remains and made all arrangements for the funeral, which took place the next day. Four members of the Grand Army acted as pall bearers, the deceased having been a soldier during the War of the Rebellion, and up to the fall of the previous year had belonged to Tomichi Post. Mr. Dysart was about 43 years old and had lived in White Pine since the spring of 1880, opening a saloon a few days after his arrival, this being the first saloon in the gulch. Mr. Dysart came of a good family, was himself a man of good education and considerable ability. He was his own worst enemy. He left a brother, John H. Dysart, of Lancaster, Pa.

Hugh Boone, a pioneer of the Tomichi District, arrived in camp for a visit about the middle of June. He was one of the men who built the White Pine and Black Sage toll road and the Monarch Pass toll road.

A Blaine & Logan club with a membership of about 75 was organized during the month of June. This membership was increased to 138 within the next few weeks.

Pursuant to call miners of the Tomichi Mining District met at West's Hall, late in June, for the purpose of organizing a Miners' and Prospectors' Protective Association. The meeting

was called to order by Peter Harrington, who read the call. Mr. Harrington was elected temporary chairman by acclamation, and J. F. Hinton, secretary. After such business as was necessary under temporary organization had been transacted, the meeting then proceeded to organize permanently. David Barber was nominated for president, and being the only candidate, was elected by acclamation. It was then decided to elect three vice presidents, and that they be declared first, second and third vice presidents in the order of their election - the one receiving the greatest number of votes to be declared the first vice president. A. B. Cooper, Harry Lloyd, Jacob Carns and Ed. F. Kenyon were placed in nomination. A ballot resulted in the nomination of Cooper, Carns and Kenyon in the order named. J. F. Hinton and W. H. Baker were then elected secretary and assistant secretary respectively by acclamation. S. H. Seward, Milton Spencer and Eugene L. Crawford were nominated for treasurer, Mr. Crawford being elected. The president then appointed the following committees: On hall - S. H. Seward, H. C. Tapscott and J. C. Straw. On constitution - J. F. Hinton, Geo. S. Irwin, Willard West, Peter Harrington and Lowell Edgeworth. On finance - A. B. Cooper, George West and Milton Spencer. The secretary was then instructed to notify all members of committees not present, after which the meeting adjourned to meet the evening of June 27, at 8 o'clock, at a place to be designated by the committee on hall.

Theatrical companies did not often make camp, but when they did, they usually stayed for several days. The Chicago Comedy Comedy visited camp this year and put on shows June 22, 23 and 24, having good audiences.

The Cone celebrated the Fourth of July by appearing in a red, white and blue edition - the first and fourth pages being in red, and the inside ones blue.

Rains were of almost daily occurrence the latter part of June. This, together with melting snow from high up on the mountains caused the Tomichi to go on a high old tear the week of the Fourth. Fears were entertained that bridges along the stream would be carried away.

The heavy snows during the winter season retarded mining activities at that time. When the warm spring winds melted these snows, water became another handicap. Late in June a number of the leading mining properties were obliged to shut down until machinery that could cope with surface water that seeped in could be installed. On the Eureka all but about 15 men were laid off on account of the increasing flow of water in the deeper shafts. About three car loads of mineral were being shipped daily from this property. The managers had adopted a 10 hour day and were paying \$3 a day. The White Pine boys were doing some tall kicking about the slash in wages. The Cone mentioned in its July 4 issue that "the most of the men now at work on the mine were Leadville importations and our boys are left."

David Hutchins aged about 21, died at the residence of Amos H. Terrell, on Sunday morning, June 29, of typhoid fever. He was a nephew of Mr. Terrell, and had been in camp but a short time, coming from Fountaine, where his parents resided. His body was taken to Fountaine for burial, being packed in ice and shipped via the Denver & South Park owing to washouts on the Rio Grande.

Early in June there were more pupils attending school in camp than ever before.

About mid-July Clover Mountain was creating considerable stir in mining circles. Last year a big strike was made in the Legal Tender. In the fall a big strike was made in the Rochester owned by D. B. Nash and Edgeworth Bros. This year the Cora D., located on the very top of Clover Mountain was the scene of the next big strike, Whittington Brothers uncovering a vein of carbonate and galena ore exactly 25 feet wide. A still later strike was made on the Gray Elephant adjoining the Legal Tender. Messrs. R. H. Johns, and Harris & Blake had the property

bonded, and on the 13th of July the vein was discovered right at the grass roots. The mineral was a carbonate, exactly like that in the Legal Tender and the Rochester. This discovery was followed very shortly by another on the Pocahontas. This vein extended to the Miner's Relief. The next strike recorded was that on a claim owned by Clark, Leeper & Dover. A ten foot vein of carbonates and galena was opened during the first half of July.

Applegate & McDonald opened a store on North Main street early in July. They dealt in furniture, carpets, window shades, windows, doors, building paper, etc., and advertised that they did house and sign painting and paper hanging. John D. McDonald had charge of the store.

Hatch & Ellington started a meat market in the old L. C. Stitzer location.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Law died Friday night, July 18, and was buried in Tomichi cemetery on Saturday.

Frank A. Root, of the Gunnison Review Press was a visitor in White Pine for a few hours on Sunday, July 20. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Miss Nellie M. Dick, a compositor on the Cone for some months past, left for her home in Eureka, Kansas, on July 20.

Albert C. Root, a brother of the writer, arrived in camp on July 23, and went to work on the Cone as compositor, pressman, etc.

The Democrats of White Pine raised a Cleveland and Hendricks flag pole 117 feet high on Main street, on Saturday evening July 19. A number of the "faithful" gathered on Main street and assisted in getting the pole in position. The streamer for the pole was run up about half way as it was feared the pole at the top was not strong enough to support the emblem. A number of the Republican boys watched the pole raising and much good natured badinage was indulged in on both sides.

Ben Wentworth of camp, and Miss Martha Welton, of Maine, were married at the White Pine Hotel on Friday evening, July 18, Justice John S. Barber performing the ceremony in the presence of twelve witnesses.

George S. Irwin was commissioned postmaster of White Pine late in July.

J. E. Buckey opened a barber shop in Bailey's block about the middle of July.

The White Pine post office was made a money order office late in July. Before this was done anyone desiring to send any money by mail had to "rustle" the camp for change.

A Cleveland & Hendricks club was organized in John P. Bassler's store the evening of August 1. John S. Barber was elected president; O. E. Harris, first vice president; J. H. Collins, second vice president; J. S. Neall, secretary; James R. Gage, corresponding secretary; Wm. N. Carman, treasurer; Thos. E. Wood, drill sergeant. A. L. Teuscher, Wm. Girardet, T. B. Beauchamp, and J. Pearce, executive committee. Eighty-six names were enrolled from the three precincts of White Pine, Tomichi and Cosden.

J. C. Freeman fitted up a photograph gallery in camp about the first of August and began taking pictures.

Mrs. S. E. Cummings opened a boarding house at North Star about the last of July, running it in addition to her White Pine establishment.

A. B. Johnson, of the Gunnison Review-Press, John R. Wallingford, Internal Revenue Collector, Gunnison, and Jim Ricketts, of Crested Butte were White Pine visitors. Mr. Ricketts, if memory serves me correctly, was the young man who held a part of the lucky ticket in the old Louisiana Lottery and drew a portion of the grand prize, amounting to about \$30,000.

Willard West went out with a fishing party early in August, and carried off honors as an angler. The combined party caught 225 "speckled beauties."

On Monday night, August 11, the Republicans of the gulch held a primary to select delegates at Gunnison. The meeting was well attended. Two tickets were in the field and an unusual interest was taken by the partisans of each. One ticket contained the names of Milton Spencer, E. L. Crawford and J. F. Hinton; the other the names of J. F. Hinton, J. K. Terrell and John Rundle. With a fair vote the first named ticket was said to have a majority of from ten to fifteen, but some ballot stuffing is said to have been indulged in that was sufficient to beat Mr. Crawford on the count. A bunch of tickets some twenty or more in number were dropped into the hat during the voting. Probably ten or a dozen of these were counted. About fifteen were so closely folded together that the evidence of "shenanigan" was so apparent that they were thrown out. The result was that Crawford was defeated by Terrell.

August was a wet month, rain falling during a good portion of the days. As a consequence the roads were put in a bad condition and ore haulers had a hard time of it.

Chas. H. Crosthwaite met with an accident about 12 o'clock August 29, that came near finishing him. He was working in the Benito incline down about seventy feet underground, and had just gotten a shot ready to fire. He lighted the fuse and stooped to pick up his knife when the shot unexpectedly exploded. He was thrown up the shaft about ten feet, being considerably bruised and stunned by the shock and fall. At the moment of the explosion he was in such a position that only his face and knees were exposed, and the fine rock and sand were blown into his face and eyes, completely blinding him. Andy Zeigler was at the windlass, and descended the shaft as quickly as he could, expecting to find Crosthwaite a mangled corpse. The injured man was brot to town and Drs. Baker and Rose picked the bits of rock from his face and dressed his injuries. Several pieces of gravel were taken from his eyes, and it was a week or two before he could bear the light on them.

During early 1884 there appeared to be some sentiment favorable to the erection of a town hall for the camp. The matter apparently died away by mid-summer, when the Cone inquired what had become of the town hall scheme, remarking that the plan was a good one and should have been carried out.

About the middle of August was the time for wild strawberries. This year Misses Nellie and Flora Smith made a pilgrimage up on Granite Mountain and gathered about two gallons of this luscious fruit.

The camp boasted a volunteer hook and ladder company this year. George West was captain and Charles Reeves, of Tomichi, lieutenant.

The Cranmer Bros., of Denver, put in a concentrator at Cosden during the summer and had it ready to start by August 29. Five or six thousand tons of low grade ore from the North Star was the first ore to be treated.

Mrs. Lida Bailey, of Gunnison, arrived in Tomichi, the last week of August and took charge of the culinary department of the Occidental Hotel in that camp.

The Cone of Aug. 29, 1889 stated: "the rainy season is over at last - perhaps," following with a small item to the effect that "fresh snow covered Clover and Monumental mountains last Sunday morning."

Ward A. Hinckley resigned as constable for White Pine precinct late in August and Thos. E. Barrett was appointed to succeed him. At this time Mr. Barrett was also city marshal of White Pine.

Mrs. Lida Bailey leased the White Pine Hotel of S. H. Seward on the first of September and took charge at once.

A splendid private supper was tendered Dr. W. H. Baker the evening of August 23, the occasion being the 29th anniversary of his birth.

Pete Phelps, who drove stage for Thomas & Bassler the previous winter, was succeeded as driver by Frank Phillips late in August, in carrying the mails between Sargents and White Pine. Watt Clasby was also a driver between those points at this time. About the first of September Mr. Phelps became one of the proprietors, purchasing the interests of E. Blake.

A "grand dance" and supper was given at the town hall in Cosden, Friday evening, August 29. Mrs. Tom Hurdle gave the supper and Cranmer Brothers furnished the music.

Peaches sold at five cents each in camp this summer.

The Tomichi Herald was leased by F. K. Tompkins to the Herald Publishing Company, which took hold on September 1, Dr. W.H. Baker engaged as editor and manager, and conducted the paper for some time. Mr. Tompkins went to South Carolina to spend the winter.

The Narrow Gauge, owned by Henry F. Lake, adjoined the North Star. When a strike was made on the Star during early September, Mr. Lake began prospecting on the Narrow Gauge and shortly exposed a fine body of galena and carbonate ore similar to that found on the Star.

Another rich strike was made on the North Star the first week of September. Mr. Lake was prospecting for a new body of heavy galena ore. He was successful and uncovered the finest lot of mineral ever opened on the hill. It averaged thirty-six ounces of silver and sixty per cent lead to the ton. A force of men was put to work and the mineral uncovered for a distance of thirty feet, and the presence of a large body of ore made certain. Messrs. Lake, and Harris & Blake were jubilant over the discovery, as it enabled them to grade up their carbonate ore with sufficient lead to produce the cost of treatment from four to six dollars per ton.

The Harris & Blake concentrator started up on August 30, with the machinery running smoothly, treating ore from the North Star. The apparatus saved from 95 to 97 per cent of the mineral. A large amount of this ore had been contracted for.

J. C. Freeman, photographer, took a view of the Magna Charta tunnel from Tomichi, and another of the city of Tomichi from the Magna Charta tunnel, on Sunday, September 7. Mr. Freeman was in camp but a few weeks, but during his stay made a number of photographs of White Pine and vicinity.

On Tuesday, September 9, Mike Ryan and John Anderson had a slight argument which was settled in short order when Mike laid his antagonist out with a well directed punch. That same evening another affair was quickly settled. Bill Hession filled himself with fighting booze and picked out Andy Rowan to practice on. Andy laid him out so quickly that Bill wisely decided to quit the fighting game.

In the Squared Ring

A series of fistic bouts were pulled off just above White Pine early September 10, by some of the residents of the camp who had grievances to settle. These affairs were staged at the location of the old Legal Tender platform, and in spite of the early hour quite an enthusiastic audience was on hand to see the scraps.

The first bout was between Charley Harmon and Tom Mourin. Bob Smith acted as second for Harmon, and Hank Brennan for Mourin. Harmon, who was near-sighted, swung at his adversary, but missed with his first and only swing, while Mourin landed one hard sock on Harmon's chin which floored him. Realizing he was no match for the young Irishman, he refused to go on with the mill and his second "threw up the sponge."

The next mill was between George E. Church and James Deck, which grew out of a difficulty of several days' standing. Mr. Church was short and well built, while Deck was tall and quite slender. Al Hartshorn officiated as second for Church and Frank Holt for Deck. This affair went three rounds, Church flooring Deck in short order. In the second round both sparred vigorously for a few seconds when Church got busy and punished his opponent quite severely about the face and ended by forcing Deck to the ropes - had there been any.

The third round started with Deck showing signs of weakening. He made a desperate attempt to secure an advantage, but Church was cool and wary, and the round came to a close with Deck again getting worsted. He signified that he had had enough and the scrap ended.

While the above mills were in progress there was yet another affair which was not on the program. It was a rough and tumble bout between Zack Deck and Deb Church. The two combatants were about equally matched as to size and weight, but Church had the advantage of being fresh while Deck had worked all night. First one was on top and then the other. Zack finally came out ahead but both were quite badly punished.

All this occurred before breakfast.

The scene of the foregoing fights was renamed "Battle Park."

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Bob Creswell was furnishing the White Pine market with sage hens and young jack rabbits early in September.

The Literary Society got out a paper during the summer, calling it "The Spy." Joe Patton was editor. Those attending "literary" got considerable amusement out of his original contributions.

Dr. Geo. E. Pugh, of the Hot Springs, early in September, traded his property there to Bob Creswell, for the latter's house and lot in White Pine. The doctor then moved to camp and hung out his shingle, opening an office in the Cummings House.

Tom Hurdle leased his Cosden Hotel to C. H. Elgin during September. He then formed a partnership with Tom Mason and took over the Jay Hotel at Sargents. Mr. Elgin started out by giving a grand ball on September 26, at his new location which he named the Elgin House.

A social dance was given by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith at the Crawford House, on September 10, over twenty couples being in attendance. J. W. Patton and Chas. Rives furnished the music, and Al Hartshorn acted as floor manager. Dancing lasted until about midnight.

Miss Flora Smith was pleasantly surprised on September 22, when a number of her friends slipped in to help her celebrate her fifteenth birthday, which occurred the day before - on Sunday.

During mid-September a large new body of ore was uncovered on the Eureka. Within a few days five teams were put on the road moving the mineral to market.

Sage hens, grouse and rabbits were plentiful this fall. Bob and Ward Hinckley and John Wyant came back from a short hunting expedition, loaded down with game.

Frank Colley, the only colored man in camp, and an employe on the Ella May mine, dropped dead the afternoon of September 17. Deceased had complained for a day or two of a pain in his side. Dr. George Pugh made an examination of the body and stated that death from congestion of the lungs was the cause of death. Mr. Colley was an excellent workman and bore a good reputation. He was buried in the White Pine cemetery the next day.

Miss Henrietta Irwin, daughter of Editor Irwin, celebrated her fifth birthday by a party and supper to her young friends on the afternoon of September 17. The little folks had a fine time playing games, etc. Those present included Maud, Irene and Mamie Tapscott, Bert, Mabel

and Clifford Stitzer, Ethel Edwardes, Freddie Smith, Maggie and Tommie Walt, Cliff and Fred Quick, Harley and Florence Barber and Lulu McCourtie. The hostess was liberally showered with presents from her playmates.

White Pine Democrats met at John P. Bassler's store on September 15, to elect two delegates to the county convention. John S. Barber was chosen chairman and Mr. Bassler secretary. After nominating the officers who presided as delegates, the meeting adjourned.

The Cone, mentioning the absence of preaching in camp, said: "Spiritual pabulum, in gospel doses, is at a discount in this gulch. To the best of our recollection there has not been a minister in the gulch for six months. In this dilemma the good people turn to the Cone with that feeling of gladness that the young traveler on the deserts greets the sight of an oasis. Pass the hat."

Albert C. Root, who had been employed on the Cone since the 23rd of July, returned to Gunnison the last of September, to become foreman on the Review-Press.

Mrs. Lida Bailey gave up her lease on the White Pine Hotel on October 1, and moved to Cosden.

Quite a number of White Pine boys visited Tomichi about the first of October, and the Tomichi correspondent of the Cone mentioned that they "painted the town a little for us."

The population of Tomichi was usually pretty well decimated during the winter months, there being too much snow for it to become a popular resort. By early October this year the exodus had fairly started, and the Cone's representative was apprehensive that "at the present rate of migration the camp will soon be deserted."

Thomas Gee, a ranchman, between Cosden and Sargents, died September 18, of inflammation of the bowels, together with lung complications. He had moved to Colorado in the hope that the change would be of benefit to him. He and his brother George Gee, owned two of the finest ranches in the Tomichi valley. Deceased was buried on the ranch. Some years later the body was dug up for removal, when it was discovered that it had petrified.

A concentrator was built near Tomichi, to handle ore from the Sleeping Pet mine. It was put in operation early in the fall and proved such a success that the plant was later enlarged.

Thos. E. Evans, a resident of the District since 1881, died in White Pine Saturday, October 4, from the effects of blood poisoning, caused by an accidental cut on his knee while working with his partners in the Horseshoe on July 19. A doctor was sent for at the time of the accident, dressed the wound, and the usual remedies applied. Mr. Evans then walked about for several days, when the wound began to trouble him. He was brought to town, placed under the care of a physician and given the best of care. Blood poisoning had set in, and for thirteen weeks the patient suffered, finally succumbing to its effects. Deceased was about 38 years old; was a native of Canada, and left a wife and two small boys in Argenteuil, Quebec Province. He came to Colorado in 1879, remaining in Leadville until 1881, when he came to the Tomichi District, settling in the Horseshoe. Funeral services were held Monday at the residence of A. J. Smith, Nathaniel Sims officiating, the remains being buried in White Pine cemetery.

Early in October a fifty dollar counterfeit bill made its appearance in the gulch. It was first passed on John MacDonell of Tomichi. He soon discovered it was spurious and returned it to the gent from whom he got it. A few days later the bill again appeared on the streets, but it was too well known by this time to pass. Apparently this bill was one changed at a North Star saloon by Jack Rivers the latter part of September. The bill was sent to Denver in payment of an account, but was returned. The saloon keeper hunted up Rivers to have the bill redeemed. Rivers told an apparently straight story and promised to straighten the matter up, but evidently

forgot to do so. The saloonkeeper then swore out a warrant for Rivers which was placed in Constable W. N. Carman's hands. A partner of Rivers evidently got wind of the matter and posted him, for that evening both left camp about midnight and rode over the range on horseback. The partner showed up late the next day, disclaiming any intention of running away. Carman started in pursuit of Rivers, but later returned and picked up George West to assist in the search, both starting out on Thursday evening October 9. They returned several days later, not locating their man.

Early in October W. J. Hill resigned the position of police judge of the White Pine district.

The Tomichi Hot Springs were sold by Col. Moore to a Syndicate of Chicago capitalists, early in October.

A most satisfactory game of poker was started in the Horseshoe Saloon on October 9, which ran all night long, as diligent inquiry on the part of inquisitive investigators disclosed the comforting fact that everybody won!

A lot of new seats were installed in the school house about mid October.

On October 18 a union caucus was held at John P. Bassler's store. John S. Barber was chosen as chairman and Geo. S. Irwin, secretary. The object of the meeting was to select candidates for the local precinct offices to be filled at the coming November election. Candidates selected were: Justices - Joe W. Patton and W. J. Hill. Constables - W. N. Carman and Frank Phillips. Road overseer - J. C. Straw. The meeting then adjourned.

Hon. Adair Wilson arrived in White Pine on October 22 and addressed a large audience at Democratic headquarters that evening. An enthusiastic delegation of White Pine Democrats met the speaker at Sargents and escorted him to camp.

The campaign flag at Sargents was "swiped" by some miscreant about a couple of weeks before election.

A. B. Cooper, Steve Macey and V. K. Porter gave a dance at North Star the night of October 24, followed by a supper. About all of the dancing population of White Pine was present.

A Republican rally was held in White Pine Wednesday, October 22. Ben H. Eaton, candidate for governor, Judge Felker and C. A. Freeman, accompanied by T. J. Hurdle, of Cosden, Capt. John G. Evans, of Buena Vista, Thomas Johnson, of Weld county and C. Sum Nicholls, of the Tin Cup Miner, arriving on the stage. The meeting had been advertised for the school house, but was held, instead, in the dining room of the White Pine Hotel, it being more commodious. A bonfire was started in the middle of Main Street about 7 o'clock, accompanied by band music and the shooting of several sticks of giant powder. There were songs by a glee club, when Mr. Eaton was introduced and made a short speech. Capt. Evans spoke for about twenty minutes, being followed by Tom Johnson, an old time neighbor of Mr. Eaton. Judge Felker was next and spoke for about an hour. A. B. Cooper and Marion Claypool were in charge of the fireworks. Some excitement followed the shooting of the powder, a window of Milton Spencer's store being broken, and a small stone being blown through a window of the Horseshoe saloon, striking Mr. Nickolls on the cheek, and glancing off knocked a bystander down, but slightly injured him. Nickolls was not hurt.

Election Results

One hundred and sixteen votes were polled in White Pine on November 4, the Republicans having a good majority. The vote on governor stood - Ben H. Eaton, 51; Alva

Adams, 50. For precinct officers: Justice of the Peace - J. W. Patton, 85; W. J. Hill, 62. Constables - Frank Phillips, 81; W. N. Carman, 80. Road overseer - J. C. Straw, 97.

Tomichi cast 37 votes for the Democratic electors. Justices of the Peace - M. L. Ayres, 31; Herbert Blossom, 12; W. W. Allis, 13. Constables - A. S. Doan, 53; G. W. Hawes, 15; T. Hurdman, 43. Road overseer - Ed Blain, 44.

Cosden cast 37 votes for presidential electors, 22 going to the Democrats and 15 to the Republicans. O. E. Harris and J. A. Hamilton were elected Justices of the Peace. G. K. Lawson and Thos. P. Goodman, constables. Thos. E. Wood, road overseer.

Sargents polled 55 votes, the Democrats getting 30 and the Republicans 25. James Jones, having no opposition was elected Justice. H. C. Allen, constable and Jas. D. Young, road overseer.

* *

The result of the national contest kept both Republicans and Democrats of the gulch on the anxious seat for days. Both factions kept couriers commuting between camp and the railroad for some time, in order to get the very latest election news. Some good sized election bets were the cause of the most of this anxiety.

John P. Bassler became sole owner of the stage line on November 13, purchasing Pete Phelps' interest. Milo Reynolds took over the job of driving stage.

The North Star force the first half of November uncovered another large body of ore. Fifteen tons were hoisted in one day from Shaft No. 1. The Moffet smelter, at Gunnison, was buying all the Star's lead ore.

Quite a number of the boys in camp were winners on Cleveland, John P. Bassler, George and John West, Jim Talbott and Bill McConnell being the luckiest ones. Among their winnings were houses, lots, mining properties and "stuff." Shoemaker J. H. Fowinkel gathered in a roll of the "long green" on the results in New York and Indiana. Bill McConnell won several hundred shares of mining stock, several prospects, several new hats and a wad of stuff. The Cone editor won a box of cigars on Eaton and lost a hat and box of pills on Blaine. Jim Talbot got the pills and Will Carmen the hat.

Barber Bros. went to Gunnison on November 19, to attend the preliminary examination of Forbes, ex-city marshal of Tomichi, for buglary [sic].

The Grand Army post met at the school house after giving up its old quarters.

The Main street public well was completed late in November, and insured an adequate supply of water for the south half of town.

A farewell party and hop was given Mrs. E. L. Crawford at the White Pine Hotel by Mr. and Mrs. Steve H. Seward on the night of November 22. A number of her friends were present and the occasion was a most enjoyable one.

Thanksgiving day in Tomichi this year was the first in the gulch ever celebrated with the ground bare of snow.

A Thanksgiving ball was held in the building recently occupied by Rowan's saloon. J. W. Patton and W. C. Allum furnished the music. At 12 the dancers sat down to an elegant turkey supper at the White Pine Hotel. A. B. Cooper, Dr. Geo. E. Pugh and Jim Talbott were the sponsors of the party. During the evening a "misunderstanding" between Talbott and Frank Bunnell took place at the Horseshoe. The Cone in reporting the incident stated that "Frank got an ornamental tri-color over the left eye, and Jim wears a black and blue necktie caused by a compression of Frank's fingers. Jack Bailey essayed the peace maker role and got a revolver tap on the head while standing between the two belligerents."

Deputy P. M., O. E. Harris, of the Cosden post office, bragging on the postal business transacted at that office, reported the posting of one letter a day on the average, during early December.

The Cone, which had been an all-home print from the start, was obliged to adopt a more economical make-up and beginning with the December 5 issue joined the ranks of the "patent insides."

Misses Cook and Gifford, who operated the news stand and stationery store at Tomichi, departed with the approach of winter and located at Denver.

With the departure of "Lazy George" about the beginning of December, Tomichi's bum element had about all left. "Only one or two old sinners left" the Cone's correspondent noted.

John MacDonell began selling out his merchandise at cost early in December, Lon McDonald helping him tie up packages. John later moved the balance of his stock to Delta.

White Piners were early risers! Nearly every business house was open by nine o'clock, or should have been.

Frank P. Holt was working in Tarkio, Mo., early in December. The Cone recorded the news that he got \$1.50 per day on week days, and was allowed to spark the girl on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Valdez announced the birth of a daughter on December 1.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Harris, of Cosden, on December 8.

The Cosden concentrator closed down on December 8, for want of ore. The mill had depended on the output of the North Star to keep it busy, but as the Star's mineral had so improved in quality there was no profit in concentrating it. It was being shipped directly to the Moffett smelter at Gunnison.

Eureka owners shipped a large quantity of fine ore to the Gunnison smelters during the fall.

Chas. H. Crosthwaite was a candidate for the office of enrolling clerk of the Colorado House of Representatives, starting his campaign early in December.

White Pine ladies met early in December and made arrangements for a Christmas tree at the school house on Christmas eve. A committee to solicit the necessary funds for the blow-out resulted in the appointment of Misses Nellie Smith and Nellie Glenn. At another meeting held at the Sunday School on December 7, Mrs. John P. Bassler, Mrs. L. C. Stitzer and Mrs. S. W. West were chosen as a committee on arrangements. Mrs. West and Mrs. J. O. Quick were appointed to look after the music for the occasion.

On December 9, A. B. Cooper was mourning the demise of his cat - "Peter Zougentort" Cooper, aged 6 months. The Cone in announcing the sad event stated that an ore wagon had rolled the unfortunate feline "into pie crust."

The Cone received a circular from one A. J. Rawson, of Chicago, who had sent this "Last Message to the House of Israel." Among other predictions in this "last message" was one that the world would cease to revolute and that everything in the world would be knocked into a cocked hat - or words to that effect - on January 5, 1885. Apparently he was no better guesser than old Mother Shipton, who in 1641, made a similar bum guess that the world would come to an end in 1881.

Nathaniel Sims and family moved up to Tomichi a little before Christmas.

Plenty of snow to whiten the hills and the landscape generally, had fallen by the middle of December.

T. J. Hurdle gave up his lease on the Jay Hotel, at Sargents, about the middle of December.

Mrs. Joe Lavelle of North Star, was one of the most regular patrons of the White Pine post office, making several trips a week. All North Star people got their mail at the White Pine post office.

The Literary society which had been meeting at the school house for some time past, finally gave up that place of rendezvous a short time before Christmas, because there were so many air holes in the building they were frozen out. Dysart Hall on Main street, was their new meeting place.

Mrs. C. L. Stitzer was busy the week or ten days before Christmas training the young people for the forthcoming Christmas exercises. The Cone added that "the program would be well worth hearing to say nothing of the tree and a chance to receive a ball of popcorn and a nigger baby."

A new mail route was established by the P. O. Department about the middle of December. It ran from Pitkin, via Elgin to Cosden, connecting with the White Pine, Tomichi and Sargents line. The line from Elgin to Parlins was discontinued.

The Leeper brothers who had been working on the Fort Scott mine, started down from there for Tomichi, the Monday before Christmas, fearing they might be snowed in. They had no snow shoes, and came near giving out on the way down. The three, taking turns, plowed thru snow arm pit deep nearly all the way. They finally reached Mr. Berry's cabin where they halted, until snow shoes were sent up from town.

Christmas week, as well as the previous week had been a stormy one. Snow fell early and often and the most severe storm ever known in the District prevailed. By the Sunday before Christmas the road between Sargents and camp was so blockaded that the driver was compelled to leave his team at Hough's ranch, and brot the mail thru on horseback. No other mail was received in camp until the 23d, when a large part of the people of camp turned out with their shovels and opened the road to Cosden. William N. Carman then went thru on snow shoes, met the stage about half way between Sargents and camp, and brot the mail thru on his shoulders.

Marshall Pass was blockaded and no trains had crossed up to December 26.

Up in Galena Gulch the roads were blockaded and the North Star and Eureka were obliged to shut down.

James Collins came down from the Legal Tender and reported the storm the worst he had ever known, snow having drifted in some places to a depth of fifty or sixty feet.

T. J. Seward and L. C. Ellington took a load of ore to Sargents a week before Christmas, and did not get their team back for six days.

Mail to Tomichi arrived semi-occasionally, via snow shoes, during the stormy period. John P. Bassler took it thru in that manner during Christmas week.

Henry F. Lake came down from North Star Christmas week, to air his snow shoes.

Lew Stitzer and Bob Smith got back from their hunting trip on the Ute Reservation, just in time to avoid being snowed under on the road. They killed considerable game which they shipped back via the Rio Grande to Sargents.

White Pine reported two feet of snow by Christmas with four feet in the other camps of the district.

John P. Bassler had his stock of goods all packed ready for shipment to Delta by the 24th of December.

J. O. Quick did a good job of snow packing on the streets of White Pine with his team about Christmas time.

Tom Hurdle, of Cosden, came up to White Pine a couple of days before Christmas to lay in another supply of provisions. He reported that the snow shovelers ate up all the supplies he had on hand so that he was obliged to make a raid on a grocery store.

The stage arrived nearly on time Christmas day, but brot no mail. No trains had passed over the Rio Grande since Sunday the 21st.

The Christmas entertainment was held at Dysart Hall, on Christmas night, on account of the storm. There were two Christmas trees and they were generously loaded in spite of the cry of hard times. Even those two trees would not accommodate all the presents. The program rendered was about as follows:

Song, by a choir.

Prayer, by N. Sims.

Song, by the Sunday School.

Recitation, by Mabel Stitzer, Irene Tapscott and Clifford Quick.

Recitation, by the little folks' class.

Song, by the children.

Recitation, by Charlie Fowinkel.

Selection, by Mrs. W. West.

Song, "Old Santa Claus," by choir.

Immediately after the song "Old Santa Claus," Marion Claypool, impersonating old St. Nick, bounded into the room bringing a large basket filled with nuts, candy and popcorn. He wished all a Merry Christmas, and then started distributing the contents of his basket to both young and old. This over with Messrs. West, Quick and Sims, assisted by several ladies, began stripping the trees of their presents. There were many attractive and valuable presents distributed, most of which went to the children and young women of the camps. Occasionally one of the boys would be the recipient of a small rubber doll or a jumping jack, at which the audience roared. It was estimated there were five hundred dollars worth of presents on the trees.

Misses Nellie Glenn and Minnie Sievert carried off the lion's share of fine presents at the tree this year.

Immediately after the Christmas tree a select hop was held at A. J. Smith's residence, a good size party being present. Joe Patton and W. F. Allum furnished music and the dancing lasted until two o'clock.

The Cone which usually went to press on Thursday did not issue until on Friday, the 26th, commenting on the incident it said: "Our paper is a little late this week. Christmas trees, Tom and Jerry, scarcity of news, etc. One doesn't need to apologize holiday week."

Near the close of the year word was received in camp that O. E. Harris, lessee and manager of the North Star, had made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. The assignment was made to D. H. Moffat of Denver.

Milo Reynolds started for Sargents December 30, with an unusually heavy load, and got stalled in the snow just below White Pine. J. O. Quick went to his rescue and helped him out of his dilemma.

John P. Bassler left for Delta December 30.

Staley Sims started carrying the mails between White Pine and Tomichi the last of December.

Mercury stood at 18 degrees below zero at 8 a. m., December 31.

Applications for patents of Tomichi Mining District properties for the year 1884, included the following, with date of filing application:

Alwilda and Bullion Lodes, by White Pine Gold and Silver Mining Co., January 28.

Phoenix Lode, by Andrew J. Smith, Rees J. Jones, Dick Tullar and W. H. Baker, February 5.

Bandit Lode, Samuel Alsop, Jr., March 12.

Deadwood, Ignatius Zeller, April 25.

Denver City, Cornelia C. Evans, May 7.

Lillie A., William Van Every, May 13.

Hutchinson, Marshall Hale and William Gullett, May 13.

Minnie M., David Scull, Jr., June 9.

Sunset, John K. Terrell, June 19.

Silver Trowel, John K. Terrell, John B. Turner, John H. Green, Geo. J. Terrell, July 12.

Kuter, J. L. Sallee, Finla McClure, July 8.

Mary Campbell lode, John J. Thomas, G. H. Hard, August 11.

Pueblo, J. J. Thomas, G. H. Hard, August 11.

Sam T., J. J. Thomas, H. H. Hard, August 11.

Little Iron, Cornelia C. Evans, September 23.

David H., Cornelia C. Evans, September 23.

Ella May Lode and Mill Site, Ella May Mining Co., September 16.

John G., Cornelia C. Evans, September 25.

Ben Bolt, John Hulbert et al., October 25.

Flirt, White Pine Gold and Silver Mining Co., November 25.

[1885]

By January second there were more men at work in Tomichi than at any time during the year 1884.

By early January, Ed F. Blaine was running a daily express between White Pine and Tomichi on snow shoes.

More patenting was done in Tomichi the winter of 1884-85 than was ever done before.

None of the ladies of White Pine kept open house on New Year's day.

At the Eureka boarding house on New Years day Aaron Sievert fed the boys on turkey.

Tom Hurdle, postmaster at Cosden, was contemplating resigning the post-mastership and giving up the salary of \$14 a year.

On January 4, Phillips Brothers sold all their mining interests on Lake Hill to D. A. Barber for \$6,000.

A fire broke out in D. A. Barber's residence the night of January 6, evidently caused from sparks from the stove pipe. Mrs. Barber had the fire nearly under control before any help arrived. A hole in the roof was burned and other damage consisted of a well-soaked and damaged carpet and some spoiled canvas. A number of the boys in the vicinity turned out and helped in every way they could.

The failure of Harris & Blake almost created a panic. The fault of the failure did not lay with the North Star. They attempted to concentrate ore in a mill that saved the lead and lost the silver in the tailings. This was the case with the last six car loads of mineral the mine shipped. The last three cars the firm shipped did not pay expenses.

Sixteen deer were discovered in the park near Cosden early in February. Tom Beauchamp got three of them.

J. A. Little had quite a narrow escape early in February. He had started up to work on the Dexter lode and had gotten within a few feet of the shaft when the snow gave way carrying him down the mountain side about 300 feet. This unexpected slide left him somewhat bruised and half-buried.

Osmer H. Aikine and Mrs. Harriet Spencer were married at Denver, on February 7. They shortly returned to White Pine and began housekeeping on Twelfth street. Late in the month Mr. and Mrs. Aikine gave their first party to their friends.

Joe Straw was elected road overseer for the White Pine District the fall of 1884, but he never filed a bond. Said the county clerk wanted \$2.50 for recording a bond, and he did not propose to pay it, declaring that that was more money than he would take in during the year. No one lived in his road district outside of White Pine and the street commissioner would look after them.

John Rundle and Hattie Hutchinson were married February 17, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Hutchinson, James R. Gage, justice of the peace, performing the rite. A dance in honor of the newly-weds followed the marriage.

The Cosden postoffice was discontinued about the middle of February.

Much snow fell during the month of February. During the last half of the month a snowshed in Marshall collapsed under the weight of snow, and D. & R. G. trains were delayed several days. During this blockade 18 engines passed on Marshall Pass at one time.

Sargents' first fire of any consequence occurred on the 23rd of February, and resulted in the total destruction of Webb & Corbin's store building, and the greater part of the stock of dry

goods and groceries. The Sargents postoffice was also in the building and considerable mail matter was burned.

An eclipse of the sun occurred between 10 and 11:30 a. m., Monday, March 16, and nearly every one in town who could get hold of a piece of smoked glass was out gazing at the sun.

Osmer H. Aikine and wife, William Edgeworth and wife, N. Sims and wife, R. L. Edgeworth and wife, Mrs. Ida Edwardes, A. B. Cooper and Henry F. Lake, engaged in the popular game of whist at the residence of the editor of the Cone, on the night of March 20.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Aikine gave an entertainment something out of the ordinary run on March 25. It was an elegant 5 o'clock dinner to which a few gentlemen friends were invited - the ladies showing up at 8 o'clock. The gentlemen present were Henry F. Lake, D. B. Nash, A. B. Cooper, Milton Spencer and Geo. S. Irwin. After dinner came a smoker, followed by the appearance of the ladies. The evening passed away very pleasantly in playing whist and chess. At 10 p. m., a luncheon was served.

The White Pine Cone celebrated the completion of its second year on April 10.

Society note from the Cone of April 3: "A small party on amusement bent paid a visit to the residence of Henry F. Lake and A. B. Cooper at North Star, Monday evening. The party left White Pine about 3 o'clock, walking up to North Star in a little less than 40 minutes. While the party were resting, Mr. Cooper donned a cook's apron and prepared a supper fit for a king. One only needs to dine at "Lake's cabin" to be astounded at the many luxuries his larder contains - choice liquors, fruits, etc. The ladies pronounced Cooper the boss cook of the gulch, and were especially delighted with the stewed apricots, served in a fruit dish of unusual design. The dish is a very rare one, having been made many years ago, and is said to have at one time belonged to Her Royal Highness, Elizabeth, one of England's most popular queens who often used it. Liz gave it to her chambermaid who after keeping it in the family for a number of years, disposed of it for a round sum. So much for history. The guests all partook of a hearty supper, after which they passed a pleasant evening playing various games of cards; returning home at 10 o'clock. There were present N. Sims and wife, O. H. Aikine and wife, Mr. Ricketts, of Leadville, Mrs. Ida M. Edwardes and the Cone [editor] and wife."

The White Pine election passed off quietly on April 7, a light vote being polled, and but one ticket being in the field. John K. Terrell was elected mayor; S. Willard West, clerk and recorder; A. J. Smith, S. H. Seward, R.L. Edgeworth and Ed. F. Kenyon, trustees.

There were two tickets in the field at the Tomichi election, the winning ticket being put in at the last minute, the other side not being aware of any opposition until 10 o'clock of election day. W. W. Allis was elected mayor; Ed. F. Blaine, clerk and recorder; R. P. Cotting, Harlan Collins, Samuel Leep and G. W. Hawes, trustees.

D. A. Barber was appointed town treasurer at the last meeting of the council in April

The Sargents postoffice was located in Henderson's store after the fire. J. H. Hill, postmaster, was busy late in April putting in new boxes, and making other improvements.

A free reading room was fitted up in camp in the front part of Prof. Gage's building late in April, and soon became one of the camp's popular resorts.

The first wagon over the road between Sargents and camp since last fall, was the stage which came in on April 17, with Frank Phillips pushing on the lines.

A meeting of the whist club was held at the residence of the Cone's editor, the night of April 18, and was attended by O. H. Aikine and wife, Mrs. N. Sims, Mrs. Ida M. Edwardes, Miss

Nellie Glenn, William N. Carman, Henry F. Lake and A. B. Cooper. Refreshments - mush and milk.

The Cone, of April 24, carried the following item: "B. W. Hess and Luster Seward made a raid on Oklahoma a short time since and located a couple of choice ranches. But Uncle Sam sent his messengers down there to labor with them on the enormity of their crime in trying to settle on the happy hunting grounds of the noble red man. The messenger did his work so well that the boys relinquished all their right, title and interest in and to the Indian Territory to old Chief Swayback and his copper colored braves. The boys irrigated the soil with briny tears ere crossing the dividing line."

J. O. Quick moved the Lewis stamp mill to Sargents late in April.

Special deputy constable R. M. Moseley went to Dead Dog ranch on April 29 and "arrested" a pair of mules belonging to Dave Williams at the instance of Jay Sturgis, who had brought suit in attachment.

"Freeze out" for a sack of flour was a popular pastime with some of the boys about camp around the last of April.

By the first of May the streets of White Pine were almost dry enough for baseball. The pitchers of 1884 shortly began their evening practice.

School on May 11.

Considerable sport and noise was occasioned during mid-May when a lot of the boulders along Main street were shot out.

A land slide near Shirley, on the D. & R. G. on the east side of the range, delayed the west bound train about the 15th of May and as a consequence the Tomichi District got no mail from the east.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of White Pine on May 9, William N. Carman was appointed city marshal and street commissioner.

The Cone of May 22, made mention of the survey of White Pine for a patent, stating that "Surveyor Aikine and assistants were out this week surveying the townsite for a patent. The survey was commenced at Eastern Avenue, near the old toll gate; thence north along Bluff street to Coin Silver avenue; thence east to Strawberry Esplanade on the east side of the Tomichi; thence south to Eastern avenue; then west to place of beginning. Surveyor West assisted in making the survey, and between the two most skilled engineers in the county the job ought to be perfect." No doubt some of those street names were new to old-timers of the camp.

On May 23 the White Pine and Tomichi stage line was purchased by Chas. and Add Lawson from Bassler Reynolds.

Memorial Day was observed in camp by a program arranged by Miss M. J. Royce, new teacher of the White Pine school.

The Legal Tender mining property was sold at trustee's sale on June 2, and was bid in by attorneys for a syndicate, the purchasers being practically the same as the old owners. The property was disposed of to satisfy bonds issued by the Eastman & Short Co., and \$18,000 interest.

By early June the Tomichi was booming.

Steve Seward placed mosquito bars on the windows of the White Pine hotel.

Fire broke out in the second story of the Sims residence the night of June 1. The alarm was given and within a few minutes a hundred or more men were on hand with water buckets and ladders. Some one in the crowd dashed up the stairs, and found the canvas of one of the rooms was on fire. He tore the canvas off the wall and quickly extinguished it, little damage

being done. Mrs. Sims' hands were slightly burned but not seriously. The fire caught from a candle which had been left burning on a wall bracket too near the house lining. Many ladies living in the vicinity turned out and made themselves useful, drawing water from the well for the firemen.

The Tip Top lode had a body of magnetic iron that puzzled experts. The ore was thoroly charged with electricity of both positive and negative quality. The Cone, of July 3, commenting on this freak of nature said: "Take a piece of the iron and place the side that laid towards the north near a compass and it will attract the north pole of the needle. Reverse it and it will repel the needle. Who will give a scientific explanation of this peculiar quality of the iron?"

White Pine staged a big blowout on July 4th. Frank C. Goudy, of Gunnison, the "silver tongued orator of the Rockies" made the principal address of the day. Tomichi, Sargents and Cosden joined in.

About the middle of July Miss Blanche Hurdle of Cosden, presented a bouquet to the Cone, containing forty different varieties of wild flowers gathered in the vicinity.

Joseph Middaugh and wife, of Topeka, Kansas, brother-in-law and sister of the editor, arrived in camp late in July, after a two months' ride overland, which they spent hunting and fishing.

Late in July Henry F. Lake et al., sold to Mr. A. S. Pettit of Denver three-fourths interest in the Lost Contact, and Little May mining claims in Galena Gulch. It was rumored that Mr. Pettit had bought the property for Denver parties.

There was much mining work going on early in August. The Legal Tender, Rochester, Pocahontas, Copperhead, Union Tunnel, Magna Charta, Josephine and Little Carrie of Tomichi, and the Lily, Silver Era, Scottish Chief, Evening Star, Hurricane, Detroit, Rights of Man, Sitting Bull, Morning Glim, Lost Contact, Little May, Eureka, Annie Hudson, Chicago, and other properties about White Pine were being worked, to say nothing of the assessment work being carried on by individuals.

Miss Nellie Smith began a three months term of school about the middle of August. The school was made possible by liberal contributions from miners of camp.

The camp's raspberry pickers returned August 29, well repaid for their trouble. L. C. Ellington and wife brot in between seventy-five and a hundred pounds; Amos Terrell about the same; Ed. F. Kenyon about the same, and Mr. Bennie about 100 pounds also.

Miss Eva Riggs closed a successful term of school at Tomichi on August 28, and returned to Gunnison a few days later.

Mrs. E. M. Rowan, a former resident of camp, furnished the Cone with many an original poem during the present year, her contribution for September 4, being written at Leadville.

By September four doctors were looking after the physical welfare of White Piners and surrounding camps.

With the opening of a second meat market in White Pine in September, beef steak dropped two cents per pound.

Milo Reynolds operated a hack between camp and Waunita Hot Springs after selling his interest in the stage line from camp to Sargents.

Aaron Sievert purchased the old North Star boarding house about the middle of September and fitted it up to accommodate the Lost Contact boys.

About mid-September John K. Terrell and Lew C. Stitzer went out for berries and a little hunt, returning with fifty-three sage hens and grouse, eight jack rabbits and about seventy pounds of raspberries.

A dance was given by Mrs. T. J. Hurdle at North Star, the evening of September 11. The hop was held in the lower story of Joe Lavelle's house and the supper at Mrs. Hurdle's residence. Joe Patton and Tommy Seward furnished music and Morgan Moseley officiated as floor manager. Supper was served at midnight. The event was a most enjoyable one, notwithstanding a light attendance.

Tomichi District mine owners were much interested in the opening of the smelter of the Jumbo Mining, Smelting and Land Co., of Gunnison, which got ready to operate about the middle of September. This institution was under the charge of E. R. Moffet, Jr. A price list published in the Cone of September 15, showed the prices they agreed to pay for ores purchased:

Gold, all over $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. per ton, \$18 an oz.

Silver, over 15 ozs. per ton, \$1 an oz.

Lead, from 15 to 40 per cent, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cts. per lb.

Lead, over 40 per cent, a cts. per lb. above 15 per cent. (15 per cent or less, nothing.)

Refractory ores, for all over 18 ozs. silver, per ton, \$1 per oz.

Copper - ore not wanted.

Tests for moisture in ore made at time of weighing.

No charge made for crushing, sampling, and assaying ores purchased by the company.

A \$5.00 charge made for making mill run tests.

Aaron Sievert moved into the Lost Contact boarding house on Sunday, September 20.

White Pine hotels were crowded during September, making up for the dull season during the summer.

The last week in September White Pine experienced a most unusual and agonizing famine. For two whole days there was not a drop of whiskey in town! The local paper intimated that nothing but a liberal supply of peach brandy and bottled beer had prevented a panic.

Henry F. Lake returned to camp late in September after taking in Gunnison, Salida, and several other points on the D. & R. G. He attended the county convention at Gunnison, on Monday, September 21st, and owing to the absence of the regularly elected delegates, was permitted to cast White Pine's three votes. The delegates who failed to show up were Milton Spencer, Nathaniel Sims and Marion Claypool. It was the intention of these men to go to Gunnison Sunday in order to be on time when the convention convened Monday morning. The failure of the stage to arrive and the impossibility of securing a conveyance prevented them from going. Tomichi was also left out in the cold.

White Pine and Tomichi received a consignment of the new 10 cent special delivery stamps late in September, which were to go into use after October 1.

Tommy Seward sold his interest in the Eureka late in September and departed for Greencastle, Mo., to visit his parents for a time. It was his intention to embark in the cattle business in southwestern Kansas.

By the last of September more men were employed on the Lost Contact than were employed in the entire district less than six months previously. Nearly two feet of galena had been opened in shaft No. 2, which required neither sorting or sacking in order to be shipped. The south level was in forty-six feet on a vein nearly four feet wide, on ore that averaged over \$150 a ton. Machine for hoisting had been ordered, and two shifts were employed on the mine. Arthur Wavell was doing the assaying for the property and Frank Hinton was foreman.

At this time negotiations were on foot for the lease of the North Star.

The Eureka and Carbonate King law suit that had cost their owners thousands of dollars, and arrest of a number of persons, was finally settled when the two properties were consolidated. These properties had lain idle for the most of the time during the past tow years. Just enough mineral had been shipped to keep the owners supplied with pocket change and to pay running expenses. Most of the smaller interest holders had sold out.

Croquet still proved a popular pastime as late as October, and its devotees declared that nothing short of a snow storm could stop the game. It seemed to divide honors with the wood saw which made music from sunrise to sunset.

Considerable of the travel between the gulch and Denver went by way of the South Park from Woodstock. This point of departure, while not quite as convenient as Sargents had the advantage of landing the traveler in Denver nearly twelve hours ahead of the Rio Grande.

H. C. Crawford, a former resident of camp, who had been associated with the Salida Mail after leaving camp, purchased an interest in the Colorado Springs Republic early in October.

Ed. R. Chew, one of the pioneers of the District was a thriving ranchman, living on the Fountain. Early in the fall he made a trip to camp to look after his mining interests.

Hotels of White Pine were crowded during October. The stages between Sargents and camp were making semi-daily trips to care for the camp's visitors.

Judges of election selected by the county commissioners for White Pine were A. J. Smith, J. K. Terrell and D. A. Barber. Dave left for a trip east about fifteen days before election, and the Cone opined he would have to hire a substitute. Those selected for Tomichi were Frank Price, Ralph Cotting and M. L. Ayres.

About the middle of October J. W. law was teaching a successful school at Sargents. His wife had just been appointed postmaster for that place, vice J. H. Hill, resigned.

Mrs. S. E. Cummings was operating a hotel and lunchroom at Sargents this fall. During the first half of October a rumor of infanticide, started as a joke, finally reached the stage where the coroner was called upon to investigate the case. The facts in the premises were that while some miners were cleaning out an old shaft that had lain idle for a couple of years, the workmen drew out several dead rabbits, chipmunks, etc., and along with the rest of the debris, an old ham bone. When this was brot up, one of the boys jocosely remarked that he had found a kid. The farther the story went the larger it grew. There was nothing to it from start to finish, but it demonstrated how fast a lie could travel.

H. C. Tapscott, superintendent of the Magna Charta at Tomichi paid out \$1,400 in wages on October 17, to employes on that property.

The high cost of living in camp at this time was not entirely due to the prices of meat. Good porter house steak could be gotten for 16 cents a pound; sirloin at 15 cents; round, 13; chuck, 10; boiling, 5 to 8; by the side, 8 cents; corned beef, 5 to 8; sausage, 15; mutton, 10 to 15 and pork, 10 to 15.

On the night of October 21, the shift on No. 4 tunnel of the Eureka, took out 18 tons of ore.

John Turner was acting postmaster late in October, handling the mails in the Terrell & Turner store.

Late in October, many of the miners who had just finished assessment work on their properties, came in from the hills and erected comfortable dwellings to live in during the winter.

Miss Maggie Ellington, daughter of A. Ellington, formerly of White Pine, was married to Charles Miller, a wealthy ranchman and cattleman at Hotchkiss, Delta county, on October 15. Miss Ellington was one of the camp's most popular young ladies while residing there.

Late in October a kerosene famine occurred in camp, much to the discomfiture of residents who were caught with a short supply.

A poker game at Tomichi - \$2.50 blind - started the night of October 26 and lasted for the whole night. The next day a seven up game started in the Horse Shoe, with lead pencils as the stakes.

On October 27 some of the boys started a celebration. One authority was of the opinion they must have mistaken the occasion for the Fourth of July.

There was much need of a drug store in camp this fall, the old one having been closed out.

The Cone of October 30 published the following: "Some ungodly person shot all the windows out of Mrs. Cummings' house on her ranch near Doyle, a few days since."

By the last of October it was evident that at least seven mining properties were to be worked all winter - the Eureka, Lost Contact, Little May, Chicago, Legal Tender, Detroit, Defiance and Magna Charta. At this time White Pine mines were producing ore faster than the available teams could get it to the railroad. Mike Ryan was doing practically all the hauling.

At the November election James R. Gage was elected Justice of the Peace for the long term and J. Frank Hinton to fill the vacancy. For constable, long term, Morgan Moseley, and Frank P. Holt to fill vacancy. For road overseer, Mike Ryan.

At Tomichi Tom Hirdman was elected Justice of the peace; Frank Earl, constable, and Ed. F. Blain, road overseer.

John B. Turner received the appointment of postmaster of White Pine about the first of November.

An old-fashioned spelling bee was held at the school house the night of November 6.

William Duggan and John F. Crystal were in camp on the first of November on business. Mr. Crystal, as trustee, sold the old Bailey building, corner of Main and Spencer avenue (Twelfth street) which was bid in by Mr. Duggan for \$325.

W. L. Bailey built a new house at North Star late in the fall and opened a boarding house and restaurant. Morgan Moseley, who was helping on the new structure, fell from the building on Sunday, the first of November, and came near losing his life. A log which he was wrestling with fell with him, landing on his stomach. For a few minutes he could not speak, but soon recovered, apparently not so much the worse for his accident.

Tom Hurdle was engaged in the erection of a house at North Star early in November, which was located on the Little May ground. It was to be used for a dwelling and boarding house.

The election at Sargents was a quiet and orderly affair, but nineteen votes being cast - nine going to the Republicans and ten to the Democrats. J. W. Law was elected Justice of the Peace, and S. W. Allen, constable.

Ignatius Zeller opened a watch and clock repairing shop in Terrell and Turner's store about the first week in November.

White Pine and Lake Hill ladies held a meeting November 7, at the residence of Mrs. Geo. S. Irwin and formulated plans for an entertainment the proceeds from which were to be used in repairing the Bassler building, in order have a place in which to hold religious services.

Early in November the Eureka was working three eight-hour shifts, with a force of twenty men.

Word was received in camp early in November of the accidental killing of Tom Barrett, a former city marshal at White Pine. He was working in the Justice mine at Aspen, and was being

lowered into the shaft, when a kink in the rope caused a sudden tilting of the bucket which threw Mr. Barrett head first down the shaft for a distance of thirty-five feet. His head was crushed to a jelly. He left a wife and five young children who were living on Texas Creek, Fremont county, Hillsdale post office. He had been a member of the Gunnison police force in the early 1880's, and was said to have been a former marshal of Canon City. Mr. Barrett made a good peace officer and was respected by the residents of the gulch.

The Magna Charta Tunnel early in November was in about 800 feet.

On November 10, J. F. Hinton who had been foreman on the Lost Contact for the previous several months, gave up his position to J. W. Middleton, of Denver.

Ben Farrell made several changes in his place of business early in November. He moved his meat market into the room formerly occupied by his barber shop, the bath room being at the rear. This arrangement did not require Ben to cover so much territory at the same time.

Albert C. Root, who had been assisting on the Cone for a month past, returned to Gunnison on November 8.

Frank O'Neil built a neat cottage at North Star during November.

Wilbur L. Allbright, aged thirty-four, a former resident of White Pine, died at Hutchinson, Kansas, on November 14.

The Legal Tender closed down about the middle of November for the winter. There was plenty of ore, but it was found to be impossible to get teams to move it to market.

In its issue of November 20, the local paper said: "The Cone is requested to state that hereafter parties shooting within the corporate limits of the town of White Pine will be prosecuted therefor."

H. C. Tapscott purchased a new organ for his daughter Maud, which arrived on the stage November 19.

On Saturday night, November 14, Charley Lawson brought up a load of coal for Milton Spencer, but did not unload it that night. The next morning he got some of the boys to help him back it down to the coal shed, but when in front of the store it got away from them and crashed through the front door. Refreshments for the crowd and some needed repairs accounted for some of the profits on the job.

John Whittington, of Tomichi, lost a \$50 bill about the last of November. He announced that he would like to have the finder return it - which was asking a great deal.

The dance at North Star on Thanksgiving night was a most successful one. The weather was most favorable and the attendance large. The dance was held in the dining room of the Star hotel, which provided ample room for two sets. Music for the occasion was furnished by J. W. Patton, Capt. Beedle, Al Howell and Charley Smith. Chas. W. Harmon conducted the dance. A free lunch was served at 12 o'clock. Ladies present included Mesdames J. F. Allum, R. A. Hopper, Fred Chase, Aaron Sievert, T. J. Hurdle, Wm. McNamee, John Rundle, Benjamin Wentworth, Geo. S. Irwin, and the Misses Nellie Glenn, Ola Smith, Lizzie Hutchinson, Minnie Sievert and Blanche Hurdle. Thirty-one numbers were sold.

Tom Hurdle built an addition to his North Star palace late in the fall.

Judge Allis of Tomichi, leased the Jay House, at Sargents for a year, taking charge December 10.

Messrs. Sims, Tapscott, Quick, and others, were busily engaged in "canvassing" the school house during the first half of December, getting it in condition for occupancy during the winter.

The Mazeppa property was sold by w. W. Rives on December 8, for a good price. In a communication to the Cone, Mr. Rives stated that a shaft 250 feet was to be sunk on the west line of the property to cut the vein of mineral the Lost Contact had been following, that runs into the Mazeppa from the end of the Lost Contact. An injunction was to be served on Pettit, Coe and Co., stopping them from work until it could be ascertained whether or not they were taking mineral from the Mazeppa, which Mr. R. felt satisfied they were doing.

A cold wave struck camp the first half of December, accompanied by plenty of snow.

Mrs. Ida Edwardes, who had been running the Eureka boarding house for some time past, moved back to White Pine early in December, and Mrs. A. A. Rowan took charge of the boarding house.

A ten pound boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dick Gibson, on December 6. The editor was of the opinion the newcomer looked a good deal like Dick, only a trifle better looking.

A social hop was given at the residence of S. T. Hutchison, on December 9. It was gotten up on the spur of the moment as a sort of good bye party to the boys of camp who departed for the east the day before the paper was issued - George and John West, Cap. S. D. Beedle and Morg. Moseley. A number of White Pine and North Star folks were present.

Fred Chase and Billy Coe had a rapid ride from North Star to White Pine on Sunday, December 13. They had an improvised sled, fashioned from the fork of a tree, to which they attached a horse and started on their trip to White Pine. Billy held onto Fred, while Fred was kept busily engaged in keeping their nag stepping lively in order to prevent its being run over by their sleigh.

North Star's musical artists came down to White Pine on Sunday evening, December 14, and serenaded the Cone.

Tom Whitelaw appeared to have achieved something of a reputation as a warbler. The Cone of December 18 said: "Tom Whitelaw has a very fine voice. And he has good control of it too. When he gets to singing one of those Italian operatic pieces for which he is noted, he can run his voice away up above the surface and wrap it several times around the windlass or can drop it down to the lower level at will. All Tom needs is an advance agent and a few colored posters to be a star."

The ladies of camp met at the school house on Monday, December 21, and decorated the interior of the school house for the forthcoming Christmas entertainment.

The Christmas program and tree the night of December 24, was a success in every way. The program started with an opening song by a chorus, followed by prayer by N. Sims. Then followed several recitations, by Mamie Tapscott, Roy Irwin, Cliff Quick, Henrietta Irwin, Ethel Edwardes, Irene Tapscott, Fred Quick, and Maud Tapscott, these being interspersed with music by the chorus. At the close of a song by the young folks, Charley Harmon, impersonating Santa Claus, came onto the scene amid the jingling of bells, with greetings for both old and young. Baskets of apples, popcorn, nuts and candy were then passed around among the audience, after which came the unloading of the Christmas tree - nearly everyone receiving something from relatives or friends. When the exercises closed, all those who were so inclined, adjourned to the Bailey Block, where arrangements had been made for a Christmas dance. Twenty-five numbers had been sold, sufficient to insure a good time. Howard A. Pierce, Ed F. Blaine, Al Doan, Al Howell and Charley Smith furnished the music. At 12 o'clock the dancers took time out to partake of a good supper at the White Pine Hotel, after which dancing was continued until 3 o'clock.

On December 25 wagons were running between Sargents and White Pine. At this time the year before the road was blocked with snow.

Milton Spencer moved his vacant house from above the bridge to his vacant lot south of his Main street store late in December.

Claims patented during 1885, included the following.

Nest Egg lode, by D. H. Moffatt.

Nancy lode, by Marshal Hall and Wm. Gullatt.

Limestone lode, by John MacDonell.

Potosi lode, by Harry Lloyd, P. C. McCann and Andrew McCann.

Little Carrie lode, by Granite Mountain Silver Mining Co.

John Mouat lode, by Anthony T. Mouat.

Lizzie Bryant lode, by Granite Mountain Silver Mining Co.

Hawkeye lode, by David Scull, Jr. and C. L. Stitzer.

Erie lode, by F. S. Bunnell, John K. Terrell and David A. Barber.

Jersey lode, by John Morris.

Little May lode, by A. S. Pettit, T. J. Hurdle, and R. A. Hopper.

Lost Contact lode, by A. S. Pettit.

Snowden lode. by John Morris

History of White Pine Before 1883, When First Newspaper Was Founded in That Town

* *

The story which George A. Root of Topeka, Kansas, has written for the News-Champion about White Pine and of happenings in the Upper Tomichi valley during boom mining days of the '80s would not be complete without reprinting the introductory article written by George S. Irwin, editor of the White Pine Cone for his first issue of that paper. It was dated April 13, 1883. Mr. Irwin reviews the camp history for years of 1879, 1880, '81, and '82, previous to establishing the Cone. It also tells part of the history of the town of Tomichi, four miles above White Pine, some of which antedated that of the settlement lower down the creek. There was a paper published at Tomichi, some copies of which are still in existence, and we expect shortly to secure a history of that camp, now almost entirely a ghost city.

The Pioneer Prospectors, And The Discoveries They Made In The Gulch. - Some Local History.

* *

The '79ers Cutting a Trail Through the Canon
to the Gulch, then a Desolate Wilderness -
The Hardships They Endured

* *

WHITE PINE MINES - THEIR OWNERS - CHARACTER
OF THE MINERALS - BUSINESS MEN, ETC.

* *

It is an undertaking of no small magnitude for a new comer and stranger in a mining camp of the dimensions of White Pine, to write a connected and correct history of the camp, from its discovery up to the present time. Indeed, to be absolutely correct is next to an impossibility, as the chronicler finds it necessary to secure the accounts given by so many different parties, and by comparing them and making all due allowances for mistakes as to date, weave from them a history that will approximate a true tale. Having the above in view, we have endeavored in this article to give only what we have reason to believe, from the sources from which the information was received, to be absolute facts. Romance and rumor, however tempting, have been resolutely excluded, and only such statements embodied as came from reliable parties.

PIONEER PROSPECTORS

The first prospectors in this vicinity were the Boon Brothers, Harry Lloyd, Arthur Wavell, Barney McCall and R. E. McBride.

In the fall of 1878, the Boon Brothers, of Chaffee City (then Monarch) and R. E. McBride came into the gulch and made several locations, but were compelled to return soon on account of approaching winter.

On the 25th of May, 1879, Harry Lloyd and Arthur Wavell, reached the present town site of White Pine, having been two days cutting a trail up the canyon. Two weeks after they arrived they located the Iron Duke and Parole, now owned by Messrs. Lloyd Wavell, and Barber Bros.

The Parole is well developed by shafts and tunnels, and is a large contact vein. It has had assays that ran as high as 7000 ounces of silver. Both the Parole and Iron Duke are now being worked.

On the same day that the above locations were made, Barney McCall and R. E. McBride located the Alwilda, although the two parties did not meet until two days afterwards when Lloyd and Wavell moved over to the site of the Alwilda. Tom Riley also made one of the party of five.

On the 9th of June, '79, Henry F. Lake, W. L. Cornett and John A. Staley arrived in the camp and pitched their tent on the Iron Duke mill site. A few days afterwards, the latter party moved into Galena Gulch, and on the 14th day of June located the North Star, the locators being Messrs. Lake, Cornett and Staley - a gentleman in Michigan named E. G. McPherson also being staked in. Various changes in ownership have been made in the property since that time, Cornett and Staley selling out their interest in 1880 to parties in Indiana, receiving the sum of \$11,500 on a ten foot hole. The North Star is now owned by the Galena Gulch Mining and Smelting Company, and although not being worked at present, is one of the most valuable claims in the camp. The company have four shafts on pay mineral, ranging in depth from 20 to 115 feet. Since the mine was located its owners have shipped 13 car loads of ore, which averaged 55 per cent of lead and 20 ounces of silver. The mineral is a large contact vein in lime and porphyry. The ore is galena and carbonates of lead and iron. If worked to-day to its full capacity the North Star would alone give employment to a hundred men, and produce more paying mineral than any mine on Lake Hill. The company had the mine patented in June, 1882, the only patented claim in the camp. Henry F. Lake is the superintendent.

During the summer, John G. Evans arrived in the camp and made several locations in Spring Gulch. Among his locations, the Denver City and David H. are still being worked and are valuable properties.

About the same time Walter Clairby and Tom Whitelaw located the Snowbird, Belle of the West and other claims. The Belle of the West is yet considered of value and has a tunnel of about 200 feet.

Among the arrivals in July were Judge R. M. Eastman and Walter Kelley, who now own the Sulphurettes, White Spar and Chicago, near Heelsburg. These parties remained in the camp during the summer and removed to the present site of Tomichi in the fall.

On the 9th day of August the prospectors in the camp, thinking that an organization for the purpose of outlining the district and giving it a name was in order, met at Wavell and Lloyd's cabin for that purpose. The following are the minutes of the meeting as kept by the secretary, Harry Lloyd:

**Minutes of a meeting held at Wavell & Lloyd's Cabin,
August 9th, 1879, for the purpose of
organizing a Mining District:**

Henry F. Lake chosen President; Harry Lloyd, Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Cornett, the meeting proceeded to bound the district, as follows:

Commencing on the Tomichi at the entrance of the gulch known as No Name Gulch, and running due west to the divide between Hot Springs creek and Tomichi; thence following the divide north and east to the Continental Divide; thence south along the Divide to the head of No Name Gulch; thence following along its course to the point of beginning. This including all drainage on the Tomichi above the point mentioned.

On the motion of Harry Lloyd the district was called Tomichi district.

On motion of Mr. Wheelon, Henry F. Lake was elected permanent President and Harry Lloyd permanent Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Wheelon, the meeting elected Messrs. Cornett, Conn and Evans as a committee to draft By-Laws for the district and submit them for approval at the next meeting. The meeting then designated the mountain west of the Tomichi as Granite Mountain and the mountain eastward of the Tomichi, Contact Mountain.

Meeting adjourned to meet at Lake's cabin at one o'clock p.m., August 17th, 1879.

HENRY F. LAKE, Pres't.

HARRY LLOYD, Sec'y.

On the 17th of August the second meeting was held, and the following proceedings are shown by the minutes:

**Minutes of a Meeting held at
W. L. Cornett's Cabin, August 17, 1879:**

Meeting called to order at 3:45 p. m.

The following By-Laws were adopted:

1. It shall be the duty of the President to call a meeting at any time upon a written request signed by at least six miners of the District.

2. In complying with the United States and Colorado State law in regard to annual expenditure on "Lode Claims," the allowance per day shall be \$4 for labor with pick and shovel and \$5 per day for labor with powder, drills, pick and shovel.

HENRY F. LAKE, Pres't.

HARRY LLOYD, Sec'y.

The records also show that the following amounts were contributed to the
TOMICHI DISTRICT FUND:

Henry F. Lake	\$.25
W. L. Cornett	.25
J. A. Staley	.25
J. W. Davis	.25
Barney McCall	.25
J. G. Evans	.25
Harry Lloyd	.25
A. W. Wavell	.25
W. J. Cox	.25
G. P. Gould	.25

EXPENDED.

For recording district By-Laws	\$ 2.00
Stationery	.25

NEST EGG

In Sept. or Oct., 1879, John G. Evans located what is now the Carbonate King, on Lake Hill, as the Nest Egg, but failed to work his assessment, and in 1880 it was re-located by Wm. Carmen, J. P. Bassler, and others. Litigation grew out of the matter, and it was not until 1882 that the parties pooled their issues and the Carbonate King at once sprang to the front as one of the best paying mines in the County of Gunnison. Two shifts are being worked constantly and ore teams are daily hauling the rich carbonates to Sargents, to be shipped by rail to the smelter.

We have been unable to visit the King, but the following extract from the Gunnison **Review-Press**, whose editor was recently in the camp and personally inspected the mines, is said to be a correct description of the valuable property - hence we give it space in this article:

CARBONATE KING

This claim is being worked night and day. The shaft is now at a depth of 110 feet. Every five minutes four hundred pounds of ore is raised to the surface. Each hour two tons of mineral is placed upon the dump. There is not a pound of barren rock in this, and every ton of ore nets the company at least thirty dollars. This is putting it low and allowing a large margin for the expense of mining and shipping. No drifting has been made. The reason for sinking the shaft in the manner it is being done, is not known to any save the managers of the work. It could be worked to greater advantage. Some think it is the object to sink through the ore and determine the extent of the deposits before drifting. Whatever the results may be, it has already been demonstrated that there is a fortune for each of its owners in the mine. Three Gunnison parties are interested in the mine. Messrs. Gullet & Goudy and J. J. Thomas.

During '79 all supplies had to be packed by jacks from Chaffee City over Monarch Pass, and when the snow began to fall in the autumn, the prospectors, fearing they would be unable to procure supplies during the winter, left the gulch, returning early in the spring of 1880. Among the first to return were Barney McCall, Dick Tuller, Harry Lloyd, R. E. McBride, Jesse Davis and Arthur Wavell.

EUREKA

In the summer of that year Tom Ferrell and A. W. Boyle located the Eureka, now probably as good a claim as the Carbonate King, when properly developed. The present owners are T. J. Seward, B. W. Hess, A. J. Pierce, and C. H. Smith. The three former are now working the mine, and have considerable ore on the dump which they expect to commence shipping soon. The shaft adjoins the Carbonate King, and is down to a depth of 70 feet. The ore is carbonates and galena, and runs high.

The Strawberry, Spring, and Silas C. were also located in the spring of '80, by Wm. Carman and Thos. Beauchamp. Those are held to be valuable properties, showing lead, copper and white spar, and assaying from 20 to 30 per cent of lead and from 25 to 100 ounces of silver.

The Alwilda, in 1880, passed into the hands of the Hutchinson Gold and Silver Mining Company, and has since been worked quite extensively, showing some very fine galena ore. The company was formed by R. E. Conn, who came into the gulch in the fall of 1879, and bought an interest in the Alwilda, Excelsior and other claims owned by McBride.

During the winter of '80 and '81 but few men remained in the camp, and they were compelled to pack their supplies over the range, making the trip on snow shoes. About the first of May, however, a coach from Chaffee City began making daily trips over Monarch Pass, and the camp took another jump to the front. J. J. Thomas brought in a stock of furnishing goods, drugs, stationery, etc., and opened out in the stand now occupied by Thomas & Bassler. Ballard & Co. and Milton Spencer opened grocery stores; Barber Bros. brought in a supply of hardware; A. J. Smith started a hotel and livery stable; a blacksmith shop and several saloons also helped to give the place a boom.

TOWN SITE

In the summer of 1881, a town site was laid out, the town company being composed of the following parties:

J. J. Thomas, R. E. Conn, Jesse Davis, Henry F. Lake, Capt. E. I. Meeker, and one or two others. H. C. Crawford acted as agent for the sale of lots.

In 1882, the first City Election was held resulting in the choice of the following officers:

Mayor - Milton Spencer.

Clerk and Recorder - Stanley Neal.

Trustees - John S. Barber, John K. Terrill, John W. Jett, and John Hammond.

Among the discoveries in 1881, were the Rights of Man, Lilly, Romance, and others of less importance. The Rights of Man was worked with indifferent success until October of last year, when a fine vein of brittle silver and silver glance was struck. It is now a valuable property.

The Emma and Sam T. were also discovered in 1881, and are valuable properties, owned by Hon. J. J. Thomas.

EXCELSIOR

The Excelsior, now the property of the Chautauqua mining company, is a discovery that promises well, showing veins in lime and porphory, producing carbonates of copper, galena and iron. Two tunnels have been driven a considerable distance, and work will be pushed vigorously the coming summer. An election of officers was held recently, as will be seen by notice elsewhere.

During the winter of '81-2 Wm. Reid established a stage line between the camp and Tomichi and Sargents. He finally sold out to Thomas & Bassler, who were awarded the contract for carrying the U. S. mail between Sargents and White Pine.

In 1882 considerable work was done on the Allbright, owned by Allbright and Payne; and on the Coin Silver No. 2, owned by a Dayton, Ohio, company.

Among the later discoveries are the Silver Bayonet, owned by A. B. Cooper, McConnell Bros., J. L. Bridge and Pierce; the Baby Harris, owned by C. H. Crosthwaite; the Zeta-Blanche, owned by Meriam, Hurdle, and others. Of these mines we shall speak at some future time, as also of the Lilly, Little Nick, and other of the older claims in camp.

THE VALHALLA TUNNEL

Among numerous tunnels in the hills throughout this camp those of E. J. Farmer and H. C. Tapscott are worthy of more than passing note. Mr. Tapscott has had charge of the properties, and is a wide-awake, pushing gentleman and good business man. The Valhalla Tunnel site, on Granite mountain, is a promising property, and its owners feel confident that it will soon show for itself its money value. The tunnel is now in 200 feet and will be pushed at least 100 feet farther during the coming summer. The vein is three feet wide and shows galena and pirites of iron. Assays had given a percentage of both gold and silver. The firm have several other tunnels in this vicinity, which, while not in so far, it is thought will become equally as valuable. The Wall Street tunnel, in Bonanza Gulch, is in 110 feet and cuts five veins of quartz, showing both gold and silver.

THE CRESWELL MINES.

Among the many properties considered valuable in the camp are those in which A. B. Creswell is interested. Mr. Creswell, although an old timer, had purchased most of his properties. Of these claims may be mentioned the -

Toronto Chief. - The shaft on this claim is down 55 feet on a good vein of pay mineral, principally galena and copper, which assays from 55 to 140 ounces of silver. The property is located near the Chicago, on Granite Mountain, and is owned solely by Mr. Creswell.

The Wichita, in Galena Gulch, is owned by A. B. Creswell and Charles Harmon. The shaft is down 33 feet and shows a fine body of carbonates, assaying from 40 to 60 ounces silver.

The Iron Queen is also owned by Creswell and Harmon, and is located near the Parole; shaft 20 feet and tunnel 45 feet; shows a four foot lead of galena and carbonates; assays 60 ounces.

The Grouse, owned jointly by Creswell and the Macy Brothers, is located near the Rights of Man, and has two shafts of 25 feet and an open cut and tunnel of 70 feet. The mineral is galena and gray copper and runs from 40 to 130 ounces. Connected with this claim is an incident which led to its name. The Macy Brothers and Creswell were out hunting and killed a grouse on the ground where the claim is located. A few moments after the grouse was shot the lead was discovered, and one of the boys, as he prepared to stake it, suggested that it be called the "Grouse"; and that name it bears.

The Albany is owned by A. B. Creswell and J. J. Thomas, and is located about 350 feet from the North Star. It contains carbonates in paying quantities and will be worked at once.

The Wild Jim, owned solely by Mr. Creswell, is located near Heelsburg; has a 6 foot lead; good side walls; copper and galena in paying quantities. About 25 tons already on the dump awaiting shipment.

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