

## FOREWORD

### To those who may happen to read this jumble

I don't pretend to be a story writer neither is it my intention to butt in upon the literary side of the fence. Therefore, I am positively aware of my shortcomings in this field. This book was written to satisfy my own desire and pleasure to jot down a few of the many incidents which occur coupled with a little history of people and places which I could not avoid without putting myself first in the narrative. It was written when I was on the verge of 78 years old, without the aid of data such as books, newspapers, etc. Memory is all I wish to take credit for.

Charles Rush, Salida, Colo.

## MEMORIES OF LEADVILLE AND VICINITY

By Charles Rush of Salida, Colo.

There is much to be written about this vicinity in the 80's and 90's. It is almost impossible to write all the facts that occurred. Thinking about the past, I believe someone should jot down at least a few of the incidents for future generations to check—the progress of decline whichever it may be. So, I am taking the responsibility which I will try and give you a true picture (of) places, conditions and people as I saw them in my younger days.

I doubt very much that there would be a Salida or a railroad here today except for the boom in 1878 or 1879 when people were almost crazy about the fabulous wealth hidden in the hills around California Gulch which is known as Leadville today, the greatest silver mining camp in the world, at that time. The silver boom was the cause of Salida being on the map, also the cause of making Denver, Colo., what it is today, 1946. It must be understood that there were many good mines close to Denver, Georgetown, Central City, Black Hawk, Idaho Springs, but none compared with the gold digging around California Gulch and the silver mines in the same vicinity known as Leadville. Can any person imagine a string of teams, horses, mules, open stage coaches, horseback riders and men and women and even children on foot for 130 miles, perhaps not any of them over 100 yards apart. That route was from Pueblo to Leadville. There were three other routes besides: Trout Creek Pass that led from Colorado Springs to Mosquito Pass, from Fairplay, and Weston Pass. All of these routes were crowded with teams, stage coaches, etc. There is many a grave alongside the rough, rocky road of the mountain passes where people had to give up the ghost in quest of the glittering gold and silver. Hundreds of animals that had died on the road trails and passes were strewn alongside. They, too, had to quit for want of feed and being unable to stand the torture of night and day driving by their owners who were anxious to

stake their claims in order that they might get a part of the yellow and white metal that causes so much suffering in the world.

Finally, they came to the place where their dreams were to be fulfilled; a corral, and a well of water, enclosed by slab boards with the old oaken bucket and 75 feet of rope on a pulley wheel. Other corrals with water had a balance pole to assist you in raising the water. You must have your own can or pail to get the Adam's oil.

After paying the price for the privilege of staying in the so-called enclosure, you proceeded to fix up for the night. You would rustle around, pickup some drift wood to build a campfire and steal some hay or straw for your horses who needed it so badly. There you made your bed on the grass. The small boulder that you lay on did not seem to hurt much. The anticipation of staking that claim and digging out the silver was the only thing that most of them thought about. Most of them must have been Christian Scientists but did not know it.

People came from Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, New York, in fact from every place in the U.S. and Canada. Most all of them were honest hard working people and a few adventurers that made up the better class. Then there was the gambler, the hold-up, the lot and claim jumper, the cracked salesman, phony jeweler, Soapy Smith rackets where they would put a \$10 bill in your hand wrapped in a small cake of soap but you found it to be a \$1 bill when you unwrapped it. Yes, there were suckers then as well as now. People are always trying to get something for nothing. The underworld was in full blast—two blocks of them—gambling joints, saloons, variety theatres, dance halls, and hop joints. Forty-five thousand people within a radius of two miles: Chestnut Street, Harrison Avenue, and State Street thronged with people. Often times you would be pushed off into the gutter on account of the crowd. Lots of money, lots of whiskey, lots of girls, and lots of killings and deaths from diseases, gun battles, and lynchings. The cemetery on lower Chestnut Street had 1,500 bodies in it in a year's time. Transportation was mostly on Shanko horses, however, there were cabs, busses, hurdy gurdies, express wagons, livery horses and burros and in 1881 and 1882, they had a street car system (mule power) from Lighter Avenue to the depot about a mile distant. There were six or eight big ore hauling stables, hundreds and hundreds of charcoal kilns from Cotopaxi to Red Cliff as that was the only fuel used in those days. Coke and lime rock came later. Lots of work, 10 to 13 hour shifts that paid from \$2 to \$2.50—some got \$3.00. There was plenty of food of all kinds, considering transportation features—beef, pork, deer, elk, mountain sheep, prairie chicken, grouse, fish and everything if you had the money.

At the Saddle Rock Restaurant, you could get as good a meal as anyone would wish to eat. They had porter house steak or fried spring chicken, turkey, or any kind of wild meat with all the fixings for 75 cents to 90 cents. No such thing as a tip was allowed (what a difference now). If you happened to be a young man full of pep, as there were but a few of those there then in 1880, most of them were between the ages of 30 and 60, you could enjoy yourself and lady friend in a

nice cutter as there was plenty of beautiful snow. Wrapped up in a big bear skin lap robe with jingle bells on your steed made better music than the best band you have ever heard.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way. No gas to buy, all we bought was the oats and hay. It was not quite as fast as nowadays. We didn't begrudge the time it took. We only wished the boulevard was twice as long, especially if you had a pretty girl cuddled up close with a couple of hot bricks at her feet to keep you both warm in addition to the big buffalo robe or bear skin. In my unenlightened opinion, the 12 cylinder Pierce Arrow at 70 miles per hour does not give more thrills nor cause the blood to circulate any faster or the heart beat any stronger than in the days of yore when we could wrap the steering mechanism around the whip socket and let old Dobbin job along with jingle bells all the way. So you see grandpa and grandma had a good time.

You could go to the city hall on 6<sup>th</sup> Street or Turner Hall on 3<sup>rd</sup> or Paddy Mack's. All were nice places to spend a few hours dancing. All those things I just related were entirely out of my line for I was just a school boy that did not go to school much. I would rather play hooky and go down to the post office and stand in line when the mail came in. The post office was on the corner of Pine and Chestnut Streets. There were four windows that delivered mail from A to Z. I would get in line – there might be 100 in each line. I would get up close to the window and some guy would come along and give me 25 cents or 50 cents for my place. Then I would try over. Sometimes I would make 2 or 3 bucks.

The reason that there were so few young men and women was that the older ones started out to seek their fortunes in the wild and wooly west leaving the youngsters at home in Kansas or Pennsylvania or wherever they might live. But even at that there were too many pupils for the schools and not enough teachers. I went to the first big school on Chestnut St. in 1879, a frame building. Afterwards it was moved over on West 7<sup>th</sup> where it was used for 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> grade youngsters. Thomas was principal at the Central School and Callecote (?) was the head of 9<sup>th</sup> Street School in 1880 and 1881.

They built fast but not so substantially. People were in a hurry. Leadville was mighty short of hotels or lodging houses. The housing shortage was bad. The shortage of today is nothing compared to that of 1879, 80, and 81. Big tents 40x60 with saw dust floors. I knew of four like that above that charged 25 cents for a flop, 50 cents for a cot, \$1 for a bed and a poor one at that. No springs, no feather pillow and poor blankets. If you did not have cooties when you went in, you would surely have them when you came out. Two big sheet iron stones, one in either end of the tent. The police dept. was unable to control all the depredations that were committed. The consequences were that the law was taken over by the vigilance committee. Quite a few were strung up to trees, some were hung at the county jail on the rafters of a new part of the building. They did not murder or kill anybody, lot jumpers, foot pads and a few that thought they were bad men ran bluffs on others. The committee did not wait to see whether they were guilty or not. They just strung them up. I saw all this with my own eyes in 1880 and 1881. The best thing a fellow could do when he heard the shooting irons cracking, was to hurry by and not go into the

Texas House, a gambling den that was a noted place for its shooting and killing. It was located between 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> on Harrison Avenue. It was supposed to be a square place to get rid of your money. There were two faro bank tables, a wheel of fortune, a poker table, a roulette table, and a chuck-aluck table besides a fine bar. Kids were not allowed in there but I used to sell newspapers so I got to see everything as youngsters will. It never occurred to me then that I would be writing about it now.

I must not fail to say a few words about Pap Weyman's saloon and gambling hall located on the E St. corner of 2<sup>nd</sup> (State Street) and Harrison Avenue. His place was one of the most popular hangouts for the miners, smelter men, and mule skinnners as they were nicknamed. I am quite sure, but not positive that he had the first electric light installed in 1882, the engine, boiler and dynamo were in the basement under the saloon and gambling hall. At one end of the long bar, he had quite a large Bible which had heavy steel clasps and chains attached from the bar to the Bible so that no one could steal or destroy the Word of God. Right over and in front of this sacred book was a sign saying 'Please Don't Swear'. This was all done to draw trade, not from disrespect. Although Pap was not a church member, he was very liberal to the men of the cloth who wanted to build a church or for some charitable purpose. He got his money for those who squandered and gave to those who needed it. The last I know of him he was running a little road house at Sedalia, 25 miles south of Denver in 1888.

Mike Goldsmith and Ben Laeb, some mention they both ran variety theaters with dance halls in connection. The Carbonate Hall was on the corner of Pine and State Streets, the Clarendon Hotel was the largest and finest. All the big shots, including mining man H.A.W. Tabor, the famous silver king and owner of the Matchless Mine, had suites of rooms there. Many times I have sold the Herald Democrat and Evening Chronicle to Tabor. Generally, he gave the kids 50 cents for it instead of the usual price of 5 cents. Tabor's history is that he first came to Cache Creek where Granite now is. He ran a store there and bought gold dust from the miners at much reduced prices, his gold weighing scale was not checked by the government like they are today. He moved from Cache Creek to California Gulch to a place called Oro where extensive placer mining was done. From there he went to Alma and Buck Skin Gulch where there also was a lot of gold mining, both lead and placer. It seems he did not do so good in buying gold and selling flour and bacon. So he came back to Oro with his little store and scales. His first wife was just a plain, everyday housewife with no furbelows, fitted for western conditions.

As they were then, I saw the first Mrs. Tabor, too, riding with him in a buggy. She was not the style that appealed to him since he luckily stumbled onto wealth, so, he met a much younger woman by the name of McCourt, who was gook looking, fine-formed, and vivacious. She was commonly known as Baby Doe. She was a native of Missouri, born somewhere around Louisiana, Missouri of Irish descent, fairly smart, and a fine dresser. I saw her too in her heyday, also afterwards when she was down and out, filthy and decrepit. She still had hallucinations that she was rich. H.A.W. spent his money freely, gave valuable ground to Denver to build a public building and post office. He divorces his first wife and married the McCourt woman who helped

him spend his fortune. While all this was going on, his first wife watched in seclusion from the public eye. Baby Doe was found dead at the dilapidated shack alongside of the Matchless Mine. There has been much written about her in books and magazines. I know some of the stories are not authentic. To my mind, all the facts concerning the life and actions of H.A.W. Tabor and his wives will never be known. Even debauchery and crookedness teach a lesson so, H.A.W. Tabor and his wives caused a lesson to be written in history that all peoples should heed and instill in their minds – that money alone does not make happiness but the reverse. None of this story about Tabor was taken from books, etc. It is my own knowledge and observation.

I am conceited enough to think there are but few of my age that would attempt to write a part of their history surrounding their life from the age of 10 to 14 years. They would rather brood over it. What I have written so far, are only highlights of a few of the conditions, hardships, that people had to submit to and endure and besides some of the outstanding characters that I personally have seen and known. The purpose of writing this true tale is mostly for my own satisfaction as my mind and memory dictates. I fully realize it is a kind of a hodge podge jumbled up narrative. Oft times having the cart before the horse because of having had inadequate training and education, however, if I can convey the facts about Leadville from the years of 1877 until 1883, I will be satisfied.

I think I should give you a vivid picture of Leadville and its surroundings, I may not be entirely accurate in the geography but close. Leadville is situated almost in the center of the state at an elevation of 10,200 to 10,400 feet. Surrounded by the Mosquito Range on the north and east and the continental divide on the west and south. The headwaters of the Arkansas River are 10 miles north, the high peaks within 10 miles of Leadville are: Mt. Lincoln on the east, 13,600; Mt. Elbert and Mt. Massive on the west are the two highest peaks in Colorado and second highest in the U.S., their elevation being 14, 442. Some people contend that Mt. Massive is the higher, while others say Elbert is. There are only a few feet difference. Anyway, the city of Leadville is built in what I would call a steep mesa between two gulches – California Gulch on the southeast and Stay Hole and Little Cavern on the northwest. At the foot of Carbonate and Fryer hills, all the mines are located east and north of the city.

I will name just a few of the mines: Little Johnnie, the Resurrection, the A.Y. and Minnie, the Wolfstone, the Chrysidite, Little Pittsburgh, the Printer Boy at Oro, the first gold mine in Leadville district, the Matchless which gave much fame and fortune, mirth and sorrow and finally oblivion to the much written about H.A.W. Tabor. There were hundreds of other mines as good as and a great many better than the Matchless. Also, there were hundreds of people who did as Tabor did and worse, that did not happen to get on the front page and headlines of the newspapers. The mineral belt extends from the Sugar Loaf district on the west to Alma on the east side of the Mosquito range, a distance of about 40 miles.

Alma, about 20 miles over the Mosquito Range from Leadville, was discovered. No one ever dreamed that the hills along side of California Gulch where there had been extensive gold placer

mining going on since 1882, had the fabulous wealth hidden in gold, silver, lead and zinc that the world had ever known. There are many stories about how it was discovered and just as many contradictions. There was only one mine there, which had a gold quartz lead, called the Printer Boy, on the right side of California Gulch. It did not amount to much, that was discovered in the early 60s. Gold was in the minds of the prospectors, not silver nor lead. Besides the foothills around California Gulch were covered with soil and pine spruce and buck pine grew almost as thick as hair on a dog. No one had the slightest idea that there was silver and more silver in 'them thar hills.'

The first silver strike was made in 1877 so I have been told, but not much advertisement or thought was given to it. Today, 1946, the hills around the once great silver camp are as bleak and lifeless as the Sahara desert in Africa. The timber was all cut off for props and lagging for the mines. It was cut to make charcoal for the smelters. What was left was killed by the smoke and gas from the furnaces that smelted the ore.

Today, Carbonate Fryer breece Little Johnnie hills are honey-combed even under the east part of Leadville. The shafts and stops are filled with water. Shaft houses and ore bins have been torn down. The machinery has been removed and sold for junk. The rest is left to rust away.

The cause of this decomposition was the fall in the price of silver in 1893, the heavy cost of extracting the ore, and water was the worst feature to keep the bottom dry so that the ore could be taken out. All this cost more money than the price of the ore. There is lots of ore in the Leadville district yet, but it is deep down. It will take a lot of money to get it. New shafts, tunnels, and machinery must be put in. The water has to be taken out some way before Leadville will be a mining camp again.

Perhaps someone like an old friend of mine, a miner, policeman and one who was raised and worked in Leadville and knows every hole shaft, mine tunnel, etc., besides he is well acquainted with all the mining men and was a very good friend of the late Baby Doe. His name is Dick Murray and he is now a mine inspector. He and others like him may have some influence in putting Leadville on the map again.

In 1878 or 79, Lake county comprised what is known now as Eagle, Lake and Chaffee counties but by an act of the legislature, the name was changed to Carbonate County which is now Lake County. The south line was Granite, the northwest line, Tennessee Pass. The reason for the name was on account of the two largest lakes in the state known now as Twin Lakes. For some reason that I am not conversant with, it was changed back to Lake county. I am not asking you to take this statement as authentic. I may be wrong.

Those that may happen to read this story about the early days of Leadville can form their opinion when I say those screen artists of movies, from Hollywood do not know the first rudiments of frontier life as it was in Leadville in 1879 and 80. Their pictures are about as tame as a doll house in a kindergarten when you have seen the real stuff, as I have. The law in that town or hell

hole was two colts, forty-fives, 50 feet of lynch hemp rope with 100 or more good civilians to handle it and those that did not know much about a forty-five learned how to tie a necktie around the neck of the offender in short order. The worst drawback was a good place to hold the ropes. Trees were scarce, no telegraph or electric light poles but there were plenty of buildings going up. The rafters were very suitable for the occasion. After the preliminary job was done the forty-five came into action to be sure everything was done as ordered. Then the committee would disperse and go either to the Pioneer of Little Church Saloon or the Red Light dance hall. Some would go to the Zoo variety theatre, others to these dirt covered roof cabins or tents. The will of the people had been accomplished for holding up a man, jumping a lot or claim, or insulting a lady. Crooked gambling was dealt with in the same manner when caught. It was not very long until Leadville became rather peaceful.

After the railroad came in 1880, law and order came with it. The lawyers, judges, and jurymen came to take the vigilante committee's place. They, too,

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the cemetery close to the boulevard. Si Minick Fraudsham, Gilbert, and I believe someone else fell through the trap. They deserved it for murder. It was done according to law. I doubt that some of the others I have seen hanged deserved that strong a penalty. No mercy was shown to the accused, no matter what the crime was. I remember, on one particular occasion where the vigilance committee took charge of the law, besides several hundred others who were crazy drunk, took a young boy of 17 years who was supposed to have committed a hold up. He pleaded to the mob that he was innocent but to no avail. He asked if he could write a letter home to his mother. The leader of the gang informed him that he could do that in Hell and in a few minutes he and one other fellow were strung up on the rafters of the new courthouse in 1880. There is no doubt that something had to be done. Almost daily the body of some poor unfortunate would be found in a shallow shaft or the back door of some saloon. I lived not far from the old cemetery on lower Chestnut where they dug up the body of a woman, took off her clothes and resold the coffin. Then they dragged her body back in the grave. The same thing was done to a man but they did not take his clothes. I saw the bodies. You were not safe even after you were dead in Leadville, 1879-80. So, you can imagine for yourself what kind of a hellhole Leadville was in those days.

It was nothing unusual to read in the Democrat or the Evening Chronicle about suicides. There were from one to three daily, perhaps some of them were real but most likely they were murdered. Suicide was the best excuse and the easiest way the law could dispose of the case. They were taken out to the boneyard in a rough pine box and buried without ceremony. A wooden slab was placed at the head of the grave, maybe with a name on it and sometimes marked 'Unknown'. This was the end of the trail for the seeker after fortune so that he could get the world by the tail but he did not call the last turn like thousands of others who tried and failed.

There is a pathetic story of the person who came to the stray horse corral and made their bed on the ground by a little camp fire. There were four in the family. They came from southwest Missouri – two children, a boy of 10 and a girl of 8. Frank and Dorothea Lessig were their names. The father was a tall, raw-boned fellow about 35 years old, I should judge, while the mother was frail and of slight build. They left their small farm which was not very productive. The mother had contracted chills and fever or ague, as it is better known now, malarial fever or malaria. I became acquainted with the boy and often I went into their small tent shack to play. The father sold his team and wagon for a few hundred dollars to the owner of the corral so that he could procure a tent and a few slabs to board up the sides. No floor, a sheet iron camp fire stove, two beds made out of slabs and a couple of benches made from the same kind of material he had. The bed had no springs, two ticks filled with hay, a frying pan, a coffee pot, and four tin cups made up all the furniture and cooking utensils they had. He bought a burro for \$20, pick, shovel, drills, and powder which cost him about the same. The food was high, coal oil 50 cents a gallon, potatoes 10 and 15 cents a pound, butter was out of the question. So were eggs. Meat was plentiful. When he left his little place in Missouri, his old father and mother and young brother of 17 took charge of the place where all of them were born except the old folks who came up from Arkansas. When Jim, I will call him that, was about ready to start out in quest of gold and silver, his wife took pneumonia. There were no doctors, no nurses, only him and the two children to take care of her. Her frail body could not stand the ravages of the disease so she passed away in the wilds of the Rockies. Only her husband and children were at her bedside made of slabs and a tick filled with hay. My father with the help of another man from the corral dug the grave and made a crude pine coffin.

Three men from the corral and my father placed her in the rough board coffin. The owner of the corral loaned the team and wagon that had been sold to him to be used as a hearse. The men put the remains in the wagon while two men walked along the side with Jim and his two children following. Mother and I were the only ones that knew them and that was a short acquaintance too. There were no preachers, no friends, no one but the two kids and Jim. Mother knelt and offered a silent prayer for the departed soul. It was all over so far as she was concerned.

After the funeral or burial, my father advised Jim to send the children back to his home in Missouri to the grandparents, which he did. Father wrote in a letter to the old folks as Jim could not write except his name. The children were tagged to their old home. It took about all the money the father had for their fare. In about a week after the burial of his wife, he loaded up his burro and started for Independence to prospect the vicinity. It seems he got as far as Lost Man Gulch where a snow slide came down from the west side of Mt. Elbert and buried him and his burro in 30 feet of snow and rock. His body was found alongside of the burro late in August 1877. The only identification of Jim was his name on the bill of sale for the burro and his wife's tintype in his shirt pocket.

There are plenty of people that could tell stories about people just like Jim who were unaware of the hardships of the Rocky Mountain region. It was because they were ignorant about conditions,

climate and mountains, snow slides, cloud bursts, getting lost, and the like that many lost their lives. Tenderfoot was a good name that was coined by the hardy strong frontier men for those who did not know their stuff about the wilds and the mountains of the Rockies. Even with the knowledge, sometimes the grizzly old timers got fooled. I have in mind the Home Stake mine disaster. The Home Stake was one of the oldest if not the oldest in Lake County. For years, nothing ever happened until one night the still and calm prevailed around the bunk house, the eating house, the shaft house, and the out buildings. Without warning, an avalanche of ice and snow mingled with huge boulders which had been dislodged by the terrific momentum of the snow slide 3 or 4 yards wide swept away all the buildings and all the people that occupied them to an untimely death. Rescue parties were sent out, men worked digging day and night to find the bodies of the dead. It was several days before all were recovered. The hilarity of Leadville was brought to a standstill. When the story was read in the Herald Democrat and Evening Chronicle, gloom and sorrow swept over the city of Leadville by the catastrophe that occurred at the Home Stake mine. The people of Leadville, especially the business men, donated by subscription several thousand dollars for the erection of the most beautiful monument in memory of the 14 who lost their lives in this terrible slide. This happened in the year of 1885, in February.

I was 10, 11, 12, 13, very young, of course, to notice what women wore. To give you a list of some of the things such as hair switches, ear rings, hair combed straight with a roll in the back, high dress collars buttoned down the front, sometimes hooks and eyes, no padding in the bust, two piece garments, except house dresses, long skirts that swept the floor, bustles of all shapes and sizes, button shoes, rather high, some lace shoes, stockings mostly all black, cotton and wool, now called hose. Silk hose were out of the question. The only place you could see a display of this fine material was down on 2<sup>nd</sup> Street. You could see all colors of silk, the hose were not filled with wood as you would see in a woman's shop but with the real stuff inside. Their hats were wide about the size of a small Japanese parasol decorated with black ostrich feathers, 12 to 18 inches long. Some wore hoops that made them look like a balloon and when the wind blew a little strong, I am sure it was embarrassing for the ladies.

Men wore heavy woolen high top boots, some were made from the finer leather for dress. Others, of course, wore leather work boots. This kind of footwear was desirable on account of snow and mud. Overshoes were used for nicety, but most of the working men used gunny sacks such as ore haulers and wood choppers. They were lighter, cost less, and some people said they were warmer. There were not many barefoot boys or girls in Leadville, nor swimming pools -- the climate put a ban on that (too cold). Bear or fox overcoats were the style among men. Muffs of seal, beaver, and mink for women. None of this apparel carried the outrageous price people have to pay nowadays. You got fur, not imitation. Furriers were not up to the tricks of the trade like they are now. Cats, rabbits, and dogs now take the place of bear, mink, and beaver. The derby hat for men was the dress hat.

This is just a part of the story from my wandering mind about Leadville. Three years have elapsed from 1883 to 1886. I will be back to tell you more.

My folks and I moved from Leadville in the spring of 1883. Sixty miles south of the Calumet branch of the D & RG RR which was a seven mile branch from Hecla Junction, 10 miles west of Salida, to the Calumet Iron Mine. I have been told that this seven miles of track was the heaviest grade for its length in the United States. Its average was 7 and a half percent. There is not doubt that cog roads have heavy grades too. It was so steep that the gauge cocks were at the very top of the boiler, water had to be kept there to protect the front end of the crown sheet. It was a narrow gauge. Four and 5 empties were taken up at a time and never more than 8 loads down with two brakemen and a conductor. Oft times the fireman had to help club the brakes. The road ran through beautiful scenery for about 4 miles. The Box Canon, one half mile long was not surpassed by any other railroad canon only in height and distance. Further on was one other iron prospect called Hawkins Iron Mine.

Lumber and ties were also taken from this area. The superintendent was a man by the name of Feetter. The trainmen were Tom Make, conductor; and Red Woods. I don't remember the others. The engineer was Dad Cole and his son was firing for him. His name was Gene. His other son, Cliff, also fired for him. My first job of wages was working for my father on the section. I received \$1.60 per day for 10 hours. After I paid my board, washing, etc. to my mother, I think I had about 15 cents left but that was enough for a kid of my age. I think I told you once before, my education was very limited and still is. I used up my time in Leadville in playing hooky. The little book knowledge I have I must give credit to my father. I had no playmates, only old men and the only thing I learned from them was how to play cards, cribbage, seven-up, forty-five west, etc., but in the evenings I had to take geography, arithmetic, spelling and writing. The two last studies were the bunk and so was grammar. Of course, I don't have to tell you when you read this as it speaks for me. Father sent me to Salida to school in 1884 for four months, then father moved to Browns Canon, 7 miles west of Salida. I went to school there to a teacher by the name of Miss Pointz. She was just past 16 and I was 15. Well! I learned a lot of things that were not in books. I did pick up a lot of history and a little language different from that I learned in Leadville. There were about ten scholars in the school. The larger ones I remember included: Anna Wilbur, Minnie Chase, and Frank Chase and myself.

Browns Canon was quite a thriving charcoal camp. Seven kilns owned by Pedrick, also a boarding house, grocery store, two saloons, a section house, a school house, four or five cabins and a blacksmith shop and two stables and about a hundred inhabitants. Most all the ranchers did their local trading there from Browns Canon down to Squaw Creek.

The post office was named Kraft after Mr. Kraft who owned the ranch on the other side of the Arkansas River, afterwards known as the McKinney Ranch. Spauldings Ranch was on Squaw Creek. Truscott Ranch and Abe Wright's were above Browns Canon two miles.

The first dance I ever attended where I danced was in the operators house. The operator and agent's name was Edwards. I will never forget that dance and what occurred. Those that I remember in attendance were Boon Ninimyer, John O'Malley, Pete Cosmon, Dilla Duchat,

Carrie Bertchey, a red-headed girl and good looking, and of course several other young ladies that were not hard to look at. Most of all the dances those days were square dances. Once in a while, there was a waltz for those who could dance it. It was first four right, let's do-see-do, swing your partners, all promenade. It was first dancing then a few whoops and yells. The caller stood between the rooms in the doorway. A fiddle and a mouth harp were usually the music and, boy, how you would sweat when you got through swinging them gals, on the corner, and you let the promenade was a hop, skip and jump with a lot more yippees.

Well, to tell you about this particular dance. It was in 1885 about June. The dance went on fine. Everybody seemed to have all the fun a dance could make from 9 p.m. till 12. When time was taken out for refreshment in moderately small houses where those dances were given, all the furniture, stoves, beds, tables, etc. were removed to one side or outside to give room for the dancers. The refreshments consisted chiefly of ice cream, cake which was homemade and sometimes coffee was served to those who didn't prefer something stronger. The hostess started to serve the young men and girls who stood up against the wall. John O'Malley and his girl, Carrie Bertchey, with several other young folks were waiting their turn to be served. Something happened, there was a crash of an ice cream plate on the floor. The ice cream which was rather soft from heat of the room splashed on the pretty new dress and shoes of Carrie Bertchey who was John O'Malley's company. The person who deliberately flung the dish and cake on the floor was Boone Ninemeyer who was big and burley and looking for trouble and had an idea that Carrie should have paid more attention to him during the dance. John O'Malley was a fine big fellow and a nice agreeable sort of a man. John did not like what Boone did with the ice cream especially when it about ruined Carrie's pretty new dress. He asked Boone to apologize for his action. Boone said, 'Come outside and I'll apologize!' So out they went – all the men following. Me with the rest. It was a bright moon light night, John took off his coat. I think Boone did too. They were both husky men. It looked like it might be a good fight but it wasn't. Both men squared off. O'Malley over 6 ft.; Ninemeyer about 5 ft. 10 in. There were a few feints, a few side steps both awaiting an opening. Ninemeyer came in with a rush and a right hand swing to the body. O'Malley staggered and dropped to his knees saying 'My god, I am stabbed.' He was picked up by two or three and taken into the dance room where his shirt was removed. The blood spurted from a knife wound just above the heart. He was taken to the Salida Hospital. No one seemed to think he would recover but due to the kind, loving, and sympathetic hands of Carrie Bertchey who was his nurse brought him through after about two months. Ninemeyer left the country and has never been seen or heard of since. That broke up the dance. It was a might good thing for Ninemeyer that he got away as to my knowledge there was a rope being prepared and a couple of his friends were held at the point of a six shooter so that he could not get help. Ninemeyer could not be found. O'Malley married Carrie and they were both alive in 1939.

There were other charcoal kilns above Browns Canon. One at Harps Run by the Pike Brothers, the other across the river from Harps, run by McMullen. Wood choppers, kiln fillers, burner haulers, and charcoal loaders about 200 all told were employed at Browns Canon. Charcoal

burning was the largest industry in the Arkansas Valley between Texas Creek and Tennessee Pass.

Also, from Tennessee Pass to Red Cliff and on the Ten Mile Creek below Kokomo. The kilns were built out of brick, 25 to 30 feet in diameter at the bottom, cone-shaped or like a beehive, about 20 to 25 feet high, a loading door at the top, unloading door at the bottom. Each kiln held about 100 cords of wood, I should judge, maybe more or less. It took 7 or 8 days to make the charcoal. One or two men had to be on continuous watch to see that the right draft from the port holes, at the bottom, to char the wood uniformly. Pinon was the best wood for charcoal and brought a bigger price at the smelters.

The next biggest industry was stock raising and hay ranching. Wild hay and timothy were the two principal crops, very little alfalfa, if any from Granite down. Potatoes, oats, beets, onions, and all garden products were easily raised wherever water could be had. South Park wild hay sold in Leadville for \$40 to \$50 a ton. Timothy was from \$35 to \$45 and could not begin to supply the demand. The hay, oats, and corn had to be shipped in to feed the ore hauling teams at Leadville. The only flour mill was located on Chalk Creek near Nathrop, run by water power. Sometimes the prices of hay would raise up to \$60 to \$65 a ton when the stock became short. There was not any machinery to do the cutting and stacking like we have now. It was all scythe and pitchfork labor. The Arkansas River has lots of gold in its banks from Granite to the Royal Gorge, a distance of about 80 miles. However, the gold is very fine small particles and in spots here and there these little placers have been worked since 1860 and only in the pay if you could wash out 4 or 5 ounces in three months, you had done well. I tried it when a boy at Browns Canon. A blacksmith by the name of Jim Chisholm and I built a rocker and 30 feet of sluice boxes. The rocker is made somewhat like a baby's cradle only the sides are lower with riffles in the bottom to catch gold.

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black sand mostly. The cost of lumber, nails, etc. amounted to \$4.50. We put into the sluice boxes about 60 to 75 tons of gravel from the river bank which took three weeks work for the two of us. We then cleaned up the sluice and rocker where the gold had lodged in the riffles and paneled down where we could use quick silver to gather it. We then burned the quicksilver out by lacing it on a shovel in a fireplace in an old cabin. For the 21 days work for two of us, we sold our gold in Salida for less than \$20, nineteen and some cents to be exact, though after all expenses were taken out, I received \$6.75 for three weeks work or about 5 cents a day. So I quit placer mining, stayed home and went to school now and then and washed dishes for my mother in the section house and waited on tables. It was easier than placer mining, the pay was about the same. I got my clothes and board.

I am going to mention a few of the ranchers I knew in 1884 and 1885. There were Evans, Nash, and Fletcher, Chase, Erhart, Webber, Kraft, McKinney, Spalding, Wright, Ruckett(?), and one or

two more I cannot recall, They had ranches between Browns Canon and Squaw Creek. There were Sterling, Cossman, Nutty, Gallushia on the Park side.

My father was a section foreman at Browns Canon. John Sweeney was road master. Edwards was agent, R.R. Rubin was agent afterwards. My father was killed by a crazy track walker who he went to see as he had been sick. This lunatic's name was Mike Carroll. He left his gang of men just before dinner to visit Mike who lived in a cabin half a mile away from where the men were working. Father did not return so one of the men went to look for him and found him dead. He was shot through the head and right shoulder. Mike had sense enough to know what he had done. He left the cabin and went to Salida in a round about way. The police picked up a man they saw wandering around. They asked him a few questions. He told the officers he killed Rush at Browns Canon. He was tried at Buena Vista and turned loose on account of insanity. He was accompanied by a Catholic priest by the name of Father Gleeson who I understand took him to a private asylum in St. Louis. Father was killed the 17<sup>th</sup> of September 1885 at the age of 52.

Mother and I could not realize what had happened to father. We thought it just could not be true. Mike was a friend of father's. Mother and I knew him fairly well. When I was sent to Salida to buy groceries I was told to visit Mike in the hospital which I always did. The last time I went to see him he acted strangely. He would ask me things about Ireland and people I never heard about. I told mother about it. They said he would be all right, he just needed a rest, etc. All the matter with him was that he was just plain nuts and no one seemed to know it. Right then and there I was changed from a boy to a man. I had the feeling of hate and vengeance in my heart. I wanted a life for a life. I meant to kill him only the sheriff took a gun away from me that I stole from another section foreman to do the job but now I am glad that I did not get the chance. It was hard to lose my father. I couldn't see any way but vengeance that was the only satisfaction to me. All the planning my parents had done for me to get an education was melted away like snow in the hot sunshine.

I realized my school days were over. My mother did not have the education to take care of the business of buying, keeping track of meals and selling small merchandise such as tobacco, matches, soap, stamps, and paper besides to keep the correct account of the regular boarders to the company. All this took some bookkeeping. It was up to me to do it. I got some help from the school teacher who had an 8<sup>th</sup> grade education. I cut the meat, carried the water, kept coal and wood up, helped to wash dishes and did most of the bargaining and at odd times did a little fishing. My boyhood ideas had all vanished. I began to think about the future and a job to make some money. Railroad men used to stop for meals at the section house when delayed by derailment. The Calumet crew had dinner at our place almost daily. Most of the railroaders took a liking to me. I always saw that they got a good feed with a little extra from the regular men for the section hands. The section men received good food and well-prepared as mother was considered a good cook. Naturally, I became acquainted with a lot of railroad men. I could get on any train or engine and go to Leadville, Salida, or Calumet. I always had a desire to be an engineer. That appealed to me more than any other kind of labor. I will mention here just a few

of the names of engineers and conductors that were running engines and trains in 1884 and 1885: Amberson, Jake Burgess, Al Lenordown, Harvey, Tom Maker, Red Woods, C. Bunbury, Dad Cole, I.G. Baker, Waltemeyer, Dixie Tabor, Smith, Dad Miller, Billy Newman – all of these old timers have passed on, each and every one could have written a story of the hardships that they endured as railroading those days was entirely different from now (1946). To me, men today have a different view of things than in the old days. Men were more friendly, more aggressive, and had a better brotherly feeling then than now. Work was plentiful on all railroads, therefore, there were lots of boomers, many of whom had poor reputations. It has taken a long time to overcome the black marks that were against them. A great number of railroad men had and are yet suffering for the misdeeds of the boomer but the majority that kept their jobs settled down and got married, built homes, raised families and educated their children, but few had to look for assistance to the community, Railroad organizations have been and are a big factor in education to the railroader, besides fighting for a fair and living wage from the railroad company using their influence in politics for adequate and humanitarian working conditions, All these necessary and beneficial advantageous things are due to the railroad men and their organization.

Railroad organizations were the first labor movement and were instituted in the year of 1869. Other trades and working men have followed suit and now there are millions of trade union members. Men in the U.S. have better wages, better living conditions, more and better food than any other nation on earth, due to education and organized labor. I saw the trend of the railroad man to better his condition. I resolved in 1885 to attain my ambition to be an engineer.

I conferred with my mother in regards to my plan but she objected. She thought it was too hazardous and dangerous. Besides, she did not like for me to be a railroader. She thought they were a tough bunch. Of course, she thought I was an angel and that I might be contaminated. I did not heed her advice. Instead, I asked several engineers to get me a job in the round house so I could learn to be a fireman. They did, but were informed that they could not hire me because I was not yet 18 years old. That was the only drawback. I had all the qualifications necessary, only my age, so that was that.

The Colorado Midland was starting to build a line from Colorado Springs to Aspen in 1886. I had a cousin named John O'Connor who was a civil engineer and had charge of a surveying party and, by the way, he was the engineer who had run the line from the Royal Gorge to Leadville in 1879 for the D & RG. So I wrote him and asked for a job on the survey party. He replied to come on, that the party was at Ivanhoe Lake, 20 miles west of Leadville and that it would be necessary to walk from Leadville and that I would take my blankets, boots, rubber coat, and other necessary articles which I bundled up in a hurry with the assistance of my mother who felt pretty bad and I did not feel any too good myself. My eyelashes were not too dry either. I knew that I had the responsibility upon my shoulders to keep things running around the section house. I also realized that I must start something to help myself and I still had the bee in my bonnet to be an engineer. I thought this job would give the opportunity of being on the ground floor for a job as fireman when the Midland was completed. It was on Sunday as the section men

did not work Sunday. I went to the foreman named Harry Smith (who afterward became my stepfather) and told him what I was going to do. I asked him if he could look after the board bills and accounts and that mother would do the ordering and paying. He agreed to do it if that was satisfactory to my mother. It was all fixed up. I also unknowingly fixed up a scheme to have a new daddy.

I left that night on No. 1 for Leadville. Next morning, I struck out with blankets on my back and new high-topped boots that hurt my heels and wore blisters. I had to take them off and put on my old shoes. I made it to the top of the range by 2 p.m. and got to the engineer's camp about 4 p.m. on June 25, 1886. I was tired, hungry, sore all over, especially my feet, homesick, and lonesome which predominated over my bodily ailments. The pretty mirror-looking lake and the high mountains had no attraction. It was cold and damp, no fire in the sleeping tent, the mosquitoes were sticking on the wall of the tent by the thousands. I guess they were as cold as I was and were unable to stick their bill in you or they had their fill from the other men the night before. But they got hungry from that time on. It seemed to me that they sung songs to me more.

At 6:30 p.m. the party came in for supper. My cousin, John, greeted me and asked about mother, etc. which brought that lonely feeling back. I could have cried out loud, but I braved it through. Supper was ready. I didn't feel like eating much. John introduced me to the rest of the gang and told me what my duties were in the party. I had to carry the food for twelve people, all the coats, a flag pole or rod, and keep back of the party where the last point was set on the top of a stake driven in the ground.

I did not sleep much the first night although I was hungry, sore, and tired next morning. The sun came out bright and warm. The lake and mountains with tall spruce and patches of snow here and there was a picture that still lingers in my mind. I had gotten over some of my soreness, my hunger had been satisfied by ham and eggs, biscuits, and coffee, but my heart was still aching. The wildness of the country, even though beautiful, did not relieve my thoughts of mother, my friend, and the old section house in Brown's Canon, but I was here now and had to make the best of it.

Ivanhoe Lake is situated at the foot of Hagerman Pass, some of the highest peaks cast their shadow on the tranquil silver water where the double scene is reflected. Lake Ivanhoe is the headwaters of the Frying Pan Creek which empties into the Roaring Fork some 25 miles distant. Frying Pan is one of the most picturesque streams from its source at Lake Ivanhoe through Hells Gate Canon down to Lime Creek. From there on it is beautiful too, but not so rough and rugged. It was and I guess it is yet, one of the best fishing streams in the state. The survey party ran the line from Hagerman Tunnel to Lime Creek. It was a tough job and dangerous besides. Ropes had to be used to let yourself down the steep walls of the Canon. You had to take your boots off to go down in your stocking feet, tie your rope to a tree or a large boulder and hang on to the rope. The surveyor's instruments were let down on a kind of sled made out of jack pine. I was the one that had to do most of the climbing. I was light, young and active, therefore, I got the job that I did

not like. The rest of the gang would pat me on the back and say ‘that was fine, kid’ – tickled to death because they did not have to go down. Hells Gate was rightly named – it was a hell of a place and a hell of a place to have to build a railroad.

The construction of the Colorado Midland was a wonderful engineering achievement, all the way from Colorado Springs to Aspen. The cost must have been tremendous, there was no barrier or obstacle too great that was not overcome. Three mountain passes to cross or go under – Ute Pass, Trout Creek Pass, and Hagerman. The Hagerman was changed afterwards to the Busk Ivanhoe by a tunnel over two miles long. The tunnel is known today as the Carlton Tunnel, used only to divert water from the Western Slope to the Eastern Slope, and for those who want to get a thrill and do some fishing in the Frying Pan. I consider it a very undesirable out trip. You pay \$1.00 to get all wet and your car all over mud, that is what the million dollar tunnel is used for now, 1947. What fools these mortals be!

The party finished the location line between Hagerman and Lime Creek. We got a couple of days rest waiting for orders. One of our party went out ½ mile from camp and got a four point buck and about 10 grouse. His name was Charlie Keen. Tom Sanders, who afterwards was locomotive engineer in the D & R.G.W. at Salida, Mike O’Connor are the only ones that I can remember. We had a good cook who put up a great feed for us, grouse and deer. Finally, we got orders to move to Leadville, there to get orders and instructions. The pack outfit came and loaded our stuff. I rode a burro who bucked me off twice right on top of the divide, and just missed going down 2,000 feet or more. I didn’t get hurt. The rest of the gang had a good laugh and said that burro knows his stuff. He didn’t want us to dig a hole to put you in, just toss you down a few thousand feet. We arrived in Leadville the 24<sup>th</sup> of July, 1886. Three years had gone by since I lived there. There were many changes. A lot of the boys I had known had left town, had grown to astonishing size. I will tell you more about Leadville later. The surveying party was held there for three days awaiting orders. The order came to go to Trout Creek Pass and relocate the line from Hill Top to Buena Vista, that was 60 miles S.E.

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engineer boss – his name was Kelton. He came from Missouri. My father knew him in Missouri on a different railroad construction work. He was past middle-age, rough and rugged, a good engineer, but a slave driver. He fired his transit man, his level man, and rod man, and an axe man. I got promoted to rear chain man, \$45.00 per month and board. My cousin, John, got a better job putting in a big irrigation ditch from Placer Villa to the Paradox Valley. He died in Telluride a few years after. Conditions were more comfortable. We had a four horse team to move us from camp to camp. We first made camp at the lime quarry, four miles west of Trout Creek Pass, now known as Newitt. That country was dry, barren and volcanic soil and rock, where erosion had eaten away soil. Deep gulches and arroyos were in evidence. It was another hell of a place to build a railroad. It took us about a month to get the line to Wild Horse. I went home from there for a day to see mother. I walked from camp to Nathrop, 12 miles, and caught a

freight to Brown Canon. Next day, I left by train to Buena Vista and caught our team there for camp. The new boss got us out at 6 a.m. and never got back to camp until after 6 p.m. He was a gruff old devil and none of us liked him.

Buena Vista was on the boom – three railroads, D. & R.G.W., D.L. & G., and Colorado Midland. There was no night in Buena Vista. Mines at St. Elmo up Chalk Creek, Mt. Princeton, Tin Cup, Clear Creek, and Granite contributed to the upkeep, besides Cottonwood Hot Springs, Haywood Springs, and Hortense were close by. It seemed for a time that Buena Vista was going to be the city of the Arkansas. It surely had grown since the first time I saw it in 1879 when there was nothing there but a stage stand and McKillamoney ranch. The date now is 1887 that I am writing about. (My! How time does change men and places.)

Buena Vista being close to our camp, we often went there to twist the tiger's tail to hear him growl. The environment was not any too good, neither were my associates any better. My father was gone, the strict rein he had on me was broken. I could do as I darn pleased, and I did. I am not proud of the liberty that I used. However, it was an education. I doubt very much that I would have known the people and the world as I do, circumstances and the untimely death of my father – the whole picture had changed that had been set before me to look at and think about. I was on my own hook. I had in mind to be a railroader.

We moved from Newitt, or the lime quarry, to Riverside where we worked tying corners to the U.S. Survey of County Lines. The party and myself made the acquaintance of three or four ranchers of the old time stock of the early 60s. They were Lenhardy, Morrison, McFadden. They told us about the Chaffee County War, the Indians, and some of the real bad men that inhabited the wild and rugged valley of the Arkansas. As much as I had seen of Colorado up to this date, 1886, their stories were far more thrilling. They knew all the Indian chiefs such as Shavano and Ouray. They told us about the Meeker massacre. The good and bad features of the Indians, how they lived and the hardships they and the white people had to contend with, and I took it from their narrative, that the pioneers of the West were not of the cream puff variety, nor the bobbysoxers.

The first of October came. Cloudy skies, snow flurries and wind was not of the gentle zephyr kind, but cold and disagreeable which came down from Mt. Harvard and Mt. Elbert, when you would pile out of your none too comfortable bunk at 5:30 a.m. No fire, your boots would be frozen as hard as a couple of icicles and about as cold. The novelty, to me at least, began to wear off. I did not care much whether I saw any new places or not. I thought I would stick it out until Christmas. After two weeks stay at Riverside, we went to Granite which was ten miles up the river. I will now endeavor to give you a small part of the history of Granite and its surroundings which I gained from hearsay, and written facts which undoubtedly are true and accurate. Granite is situated on the banks of the Arkansas River, 18 miles south of Leadville. It has to its credit of being the first county seat of Lake County, which then in the early 60s was comprised of Eagle, Park, Chaffee, and Garfield. It also has the honor of being the first place of placer gold being

found, on Cache Creek, which empties into the Arkansas River, at Granite. The memorable silver king, H.A.W. Tabor had his first store there, it also had the distinction at one time having the largest population in the State, some 1500 to 2000 inhabitants in 1861 and 1862. Of course, this comprised of Clear Creek, Twin Lakes, and placer diggings on Lake Creek and Cache Creek. Granite was wild and tough. It wasn't a good idea to carry too much gold dust around with you those days. The equity of the law did not count for much. In one instance, where the Judge made a decision against one of the parties involved, he just took out his six-shooter and filled the judge full of holes. This was Granite in the early days. There was some gold and lead mining, but nothing to cause excitement like Leadville or Aspen. The gold ore was of low grade. Stamp mills and other devices were used to extract the gold from the rock. The lead mines were about one mile east of Granite proper, man holes in the ground, old foundations, cabins, and shaft houses are in evidence to mark the spot where gold was found. The old Courthouse still stands across from the D. & R.G.W. depot where many legal battles were fought over mining claims and water rights in this old building, and blood stains on the decaying floor boards by close scrutiny may be seen today, 1947, where men got stabbed, shot or had their face pushed in, who thought he had gotten the worst of the deal. There were stores, saloons, hotels, a church (I don't know when it was built, or what denomination), a brewery for the miners and others to get their all-be-joyful, saw mills, hydraulic power to wash the banks down into the sluice boxes that caught the gold. Some company built a large flume to divert the water from Clear Creek over to Cache Creek. It must, rather was four or five miles long. Money is no object when people want gold. (The course of humanity.)

Granite prospered up to 1877, but got tamed down to some extent at that time. California Gulch was another new discovery in the placer field and then silver was struck in the same locality, which caused people to go wild. Not only Granite got stung with the bee, but everywhere in the United States. Granite almost became deserted, the placer miners quit, the storekeepers moved their stock, the saloons shut up shop, the brewery went out of business, the hotels kept running and a few stores because the wagon and team trade to Leadville was heavy and getting better all the time. Everybody wanted to make a fortune. Leadville and California Gulch were the places to get to. (So they thought.)

The story about the early days in Granite came from an authentic source by people who lived there in 1872. Granite was rejuvenated by trade. It was the gateway to Aspen and Aspen was a second Leadville; rich mines, new strikes, thousands of people going and lot more returning, forty-five miles distant from Granite by the way of Twin Lakes over Independence Pass. Granite became one of the busy stations on the D. & R.G.W. Freight and passenger traffic could not be adequately handled. The depot store room and out buildings of the company were overflowing with furniture, machinery and non-perishable stuff. Hundreds of boxes of merchandise were piled high on the platform awaiting freight wagons to transport it to Aspen. The reasons for this bottleneck condition were that there was but one wagon road to Aspen from the east side and a very, very bad one at that. Considering the country that it had to pass over, come to think of it,

they got along very good. Of course there were pack trains from the west side, north side, in fact, every side contributing to the wants of the people of Aspen. The road was congested by all kinds of vehicles going in both directions, stage coaches, ore wagons, buggies, freight and mail conveyances, horseback and burro pack trains, so you can imagine what a driver had to contend with on a one-way, narrow, rocky, icy, muddy, dangerous road.

The surveying party had finished its work at Granite and received orders to go to Aspen, and from there to proceed to Glenwood Springs to survey the line from Basalt to New Castle, the coal mining district. We left Granite sometime late in October with a six horse team and trailer, a good outfit. Our Boss Engineer, Mr. Kelton, took the stage after he had fired the transit man and level man. Two others quit, Mr. O'Conner and Kerr. That left the party with only seven, and those seven were not any too anxious to make the trip to Glenwood Springs which was 82 or 84 miles. We started from Granite about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. The going was fine for seven or eight miles when Twin Lakes came into sight. It was a magnificent view to behold, situated at the base of Mt. Elbert with its towering snowclad peak with an elevation of 14,442 ft. and on the south side by another peak almost as high as Elbert. The water was as clear as crystal and as tranquil as the lofty peaks on each side that furnished the waters from the melting snow that made the lakes look so beautiful. The upper lake is about  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles wide and a mile long. The lower lake is about a mile wide and two miles long. The south side of both lakes were fringed with tall pine and spruce which gave inspiration and solace to those who wish to view nature at its best. When once seen, it

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When we left Granite, we invested four dollars for two quarts of Oh-Be-Joyful that made you feel like climbing a tree like a squirrel to show him how it was done. Our teamster didn't drink much, we had a big load as it was, so he didn't want to be overloaded. (Right then.)

The road began to be rough, crooked, rocky, and steep about a mile above Twin Lakes. Then for  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile or so it was fairly good. It was rutty and sloppy, rough locks in places, were used. They, of course, caused the ruts and holes. We came to an open space where there was a fence and gate and a sign marked Everett. It being about 5 p.m. the driver pulled in. The surrounding was quite agreeable. A large two story log house with a sign, Hotel, and another sign at the corner reading U.S. Post Office. There were six or eight cabins, a small store, a big barn and a big corral, a lot of wagons and blacksmith shop, a small town all in its self. We all helped to unhitch and water the horses. The driver led them to the barn where there was plenty of hay and oats. When the chores were all done, we proceeded to wash up for supper and passed the Oh-Be-Joyful as we waited our turn for the wash pan. The driver then did not hesitate to load up to such an extent that he and some other mule skinner got into an argument. I thought we were going to see a little fun before supper, but it simmered to a debate and nobody was hurt. About that time the gong sounded for supper. There were about fourteen or sixteen people, including a lady and two children. Two long tables that would seat about four on a side, one on each end, and a small table

at the side. One long table was covered with a white oil cloth, the other two with a red and white table cover.

A big heating stove that burned by chunks of wood. There were not any furbelows or fancy stuff, just good plain food was served by Oh My! I come to the point that was more interesting to me than food, although I was mighty hungry. A young lady waitress about my age with a tray of hot coffee, if that was what they wished – or would they rather have tea, everyone took coffee with the exception of the lady and two small children who sat at the small table. While the young lady was performing her duty, I had a good opportunity to give her the once over. She had dark brown hair, small ears, large blue eyes with moderate long eyelashes, her nose was not large, but well-formed, pretty and even teeth, lips that were firm and enticing, the color might have been taken from the wild mountain rose that she had kissed. She was about 5 ft. 5 in. height, small feet, but her toes did not stick out the ends of her shoes, her fingernails were neatly trimmed, ivory hue – just natural color. I would have liked to have made a more thorough analysis, however, time and opportunity prevented. We had to get going next morning. I kinda wished our wagon would have broken down or something would happen to detain us, but it didn't.

Breakfast was served at 6:30 a.m. The usual bill of fare – ham and eggs, bacon or steak (your choice). I kept the young lady repeating the menu over a few times as though I did not understand. She was agreeable and smiled when my order was finally taken. It was mutual. She seemed to enjoy the delay as well as I. The other people at the table did not seem to enjoy our short conversation. They wanted their breakfast, and no foolin', I was the first served and the last to leave the table. I had an extra hot cake and two extra cups of coffee – not that my hunger demanded it, but you know!

Our driver had charge of the expense account. He paid something over \$20 for the seven of us and six horses – two meals and lodging – that was reasonable, I think. At 9 a.m. we started. It was snowing, the snow was wet and melted as fast as it struck the ground. The traffic seemed to increase more – freight wagons, pack trains, ore teams, etc. The road became more rocky, rutty, and slippery as we advanced towards Independence Pass which is about 12 miles distant from Everett – or the place where we left the girl behind.

It was the rule of the road that stage coaches with passengers, mail wagons, or sick people in private conveyances would be given preference to pass or help given if necessary. The rest could wait when some outfit was broken down or stuck in the mud and mire. The delay would be sometimes an hour, then go again for another mile or two then something else would happen – either stuck, broken down, or wagon slipped off the road and down the bank in the canon below. I think we did

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our veins as fast as the big water pumps of the Millie Gibson Mine at Aspen pumps water. The snow, mud, and slush clogged the wheels of our wagons between the spokes. It became

necessary several times to dig the mud out with shovels. The further we went up the mountainside, the worse the road got, and the grade more steep. We would go a hundred yards, or so, when the driver would rest his six horses. This continued for about two and a half, or three miles, or about a half mile from the top of Independence Pass. From here, we had a hell of a time. The road was soft from spring water, mud and mire was from a foot to four feet deep, ruts caused by heavy wagons who had to rough lock going down. We got stuck and had to disconnect the trailer and leave it for a time. We got down in the slush and mud almost to our waists to help turn the clogged wheels. The horses were almost up to their bellies in mud, too. We all looked a sight, mud and grime mixed with horse manure was all over the six of us from head to foot. I was glad the girl at Everett could not see me now.

We got to the top at last, then went back for the trailer which was a light wagon, that was easy. We coupled the trailer to the Studebaker wagon which was new and strong. It was a mighty good thing for us that it was. After a couple of swigs of high power and a few minutes view of the surrounding, on the top of Independence Pass, which was marked elevation 12,300 above sea level, but has been marked later, 12,100 ft. by geological survey. On top there is a small lake – perhaps a half acre. It was barren, no trees or shrubs, a little bunch of grass is the only thing that grows. The wind is cold, even in summer. The air is as light as a feather, people with weak hearts or lungs should not attempt much exercise in that altitude. The only thing good that can be said for the highest auto highway (now) is that the view is grand. The reader of the jumbled up story must not forget that he is reading about 1886, not 1947. Sixty years have passed, and it is all written from memory and actual experience.

We are all ready to start down the west slope. Is the road any better? No, a little more narrow and just as steep, rough locks have to be used. The drivers have to know their stuff. They have to know how to handle the leaders of a six-horse team. Judgment is required (or was) to get a load down with safety from the top of Independence Pass to Lost Man Creek, a distance of four or five miles, which was considered the foot of the hill on the west side. It was still snowing, and about 6 or 8 inches of new snow on top of some of the old. Our teamster made inquiries about teams coming up. I was designated to do the flagging by walking ahead to the first turnout, about a mile down, and notify the team or teams coming up, as there was no room to pass on the road for the first mile from Independence Pass. There were about four turnouts between the top of the mountain and Lost Man Campground. We got down all right without trouble. It took us nine hours to go 16 or 17 miles and was I tired! Walking through snow for over half the way from Everett to Lost Man Camp, but I was young! A couple of shots of hooch, a good supper and a night's rest, and I was O.K. the next morning. Lost Man Camp had about the same facilities as other camps on the road between Aspen and Granite. Eating, sleeping and feed stables for teams and a place to buy a little grog and a blacksmith shop – that was all there was in the god-forsaken place. Lost Man is 16 miles east of Aspen at the head of the Roaring Fork River where Lost Man empties into it. This is the place where the water from Lost Man Creek and the Roaring Fork is diverted through a seven mile tunnel to Twin Lake Creek on the eastern slope.

We left Lost Man about 10 a.m. after we had one of our horses shod, as it was very necessary to keep good shoes on animals to keep them from slipping and to protect their hoofs from rocks and ice, and there was plenty of both on that steep winding narrow road. Two and a half miles – we came to the town of Independence. It is the oldest mining camp in that section. Gold ore was the principal ore mined there at one time. There were still some mills running and a few mines working. Most of the people had gone to Aspen, twelve miles down the river where the big boom was. We did not tarry long there. I did not get to see that place again until 55 years afterwards, 1941. The next stop was Lincoln's Creek, 10 miles from Aspen, where what is known by name as the Grotto or the Devil's Crevice. My vocabulary is not sufficient to give a full description of this wonderful work of nature. It is a chasm  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile long through solid granite walls from a few ft. wide to 60 or 70 and from 20 to 100 feet deep. The waters of Lincoln's Creek pass through this narrow channel which is a good-sized stream. I believe that every known note of music is reproduced by the rushing water as it passes through the fissure. You may hear the distant thunder, the roar of a lion, the tinkling of bells, and the swish against the side wall make music better to me than the best bands that I ever heard. I had the opportunity and pleasure many times afterwards of listening to the wonderful band of nature, with a grand stand seat on a big boulder alongside the chasm. Besides I did a little trout fishing up Lincoln's Creek. After we had dinner at the side of the road ham-and-egg stand, we proceeded. It was our last down and ten miles to go to Aspen which we made by 2 p.m. There we took time out for two full days to get organized again.

Aspen is situated on a mesa at the foot of Aspen Mountain, elevation about 8,000 ft., between the Roaring Fork River and Castle Creek. It is an ideal spot to build a town or city. The ground is not hilly or abrupt, the best and purest water that God has ever made can be procured easily either from Roaring Fork or Castle Creek. Both streams are supplied from the everlasting snow-capped peaks that almost surround this famous silver camp known the world over. Leadville has the credit of having the most mines in a larger territory with different kinds of minerals while Aspen is a silver camp only, and the richest silver deposit that has ever been known to be struck in the state of Colorado.

Aspen came into existence somewhere around 1881 or 1882, but I am not sure of the exact date. It might have been before or a little later. Regardless of when, how, or by whom, it is obvious it is now (1886) that no other camp ever produced the rich silver ores as Aspen in such a short period of time. I have not the statistics at hand on how much silver ore was shipped out by wagon and pack trains, but I do know that the Molly Gibson, the Smuggler, the Della, and Bushwacker produced silver ore that was almost pure silver. The evidence of this statement is in, or was in, the State Capitol where one chunk or nugget of almost pure silver was taken from the Molly Gibson, weighing two thousand pounds or more. Now you can have an idea of the rich mines there were right in the city of Aspen. No wonder the Colo. Midland and the Denver & Rio Grande railroads were running a race and spending millions of dollars to see who would get to the great silver camp first. The railroad people as well as others, knew the values in the ground

around the Silver City of the West. That was the reason, and no other, that the Colorado Midland was built through the steepest and roughest part of Colorado, and I was just one who was helping to build it by carrying a surveyor's chain.

The Denver and Rio Grande had the better of it in the race. Their line was already built to Rock Creek, four miles down the Eagle River from Red Cliff, from Rock Creek to Aspen was one hundred and three miles. After leaving rock, the valley was easy to build a railroad, except for 18 miles from Dotsero to Glenwood which was heavy work down the Grand River (afterwards called the Colorado River). The Colo. Midland Route was over three passes – Ute Pass, Trout Creek Pass, and Hagerman Pass – approximately one hundred miles nearer. The Midland was a standard gauge track at the beginning, while the Rio Grande was a narrow gauge until 1890, when the third rail was added. Both roads got into Aspen about the same time, 1887. I think the D. & R.G.W. was the first in there. Their depot was located at the foot of Mill Street. The Midland Depot was located in the upper end of Aspen, west of the main part of the city. There was a lot of trouble between the two roads – naturally both wanted to locate as close and convenient to the mines as possible, and this caused friction. For a time, people of the city thought there would be bloodshed as both companies had armed men patrolling the tracks and put obstacles in each other's way – such as a boxcar and engine across the other's tracks. This condition lasted for quite a few days. The mine owners and ore shippers got tired of the railroads fighting. They wanted their ore to go to the smelters at Leadville, Denver, and Pueblo. They demanded the railroads to arbitrate their differences – which they did. Both roads got a share of the business, however, competition was keen between them. Nevertheless, the people and mine operators profited over their wrangle by better service and cheaper rates.

Now, let us return to the survey party and our first arrival with the six-horse team from Granite. Well, it took us just three days and five hours to make the trip of 45 miles over Independence Pass to Aspen. As I have said before, Aspen is nicely located with almost all the natural facilities desirable necessary to build a city and those that planned and surveyed the town used excellent judgment. I was surprised to see well-kept streets that were properly graded, good board sidewalks, and in some places, flagstone, the buildings were new and looked substantial. It was far superior in looks to any other mining town I had been in. I was in quite a few in different parts of the state.

The same hilarity, gambling houses, saloons by the hundreds, variety show houses, and Durant Street where most of the underworld lived. Restaurants by the hundred, hotels, lodging houses, pawn shops, auction shops, big display windows, with lots of electric lights in the dry goods stores and men's clothing. On the outskirts – their corrals, hay and feed stables, and livery barns. The populace were mostly miners, prospectors, teamsters, business men, professional men, and traveling men, and a large portion of gamblers, tin horns, women of easy virtue, confidence men, and street fakers were watched closely to see that no rough stuff was pulled, Those conditions were nothing new for me. I had seen it in Leadville from 1879 until 1883. The only difference

was, it was more restricted in Aspen in 1886. In Leadville I was too young – I only watched, but here in Aspen I was old enough to participate, and I did!

In the meantime, the big shots of the Midland, Wigglesworth, the Chief Engineer, and the directors with our boss engineer, decided to build the line from Basalt, the mouth of the Frying Pan, to New Castle, to top the large coal fields there.

The survey party was delayed on account of the officers meeting one day and night, which of course, we did not object to. It gave us time for a little more fun and to get over a big part of the hilarity we had been having the past two days and nights. I think we got to see all the sights that Mill Street, Hyman, Cooper, and Main – not forgetting Durant Avenue – had to offer. Money was plentiful. I saw as much as \$10,000 on a faro table at one time. Roulette, craps, poker, keno, and all other gambling were doing a thriving business. There must have been 15 or 20 thousand people in Aspen in 1886 (this is just my guess). It was beautiful at night to watch the miners going on and off shift at midnight, climbing the zig-zag trail up the side of Aspen Mountain where the famous Durant mine and 50 or 100 others are located. Those men in line on the winding trail with candle lanterns resembled a huge serpent, a mile long, with lights on its back in the darkness. Most all the people of Aspen have seen this extraordinary and amazing sight except some of the preachers, of course! And the blind. You are aware that it was a good excuse for some of the married folks to stay up after midnight and many goody-good boys to get a chance to view the brighter lights on Cooper and Durant Streets after the first show was over. We all were sorry to leave Aspen.

The outfit was ready with a trailer load of provisions. Two new recruits, a transit man and a level man, were men just out of college to take the places of the two that Kelton fired. Kelton you know was the Boss Engineer, a disagreeable and mean old devil. None of us felt too frisky. We all had that dark brown taste in our mouths. My head felt as though it was the size of Mount Massive with a thousand little devils punching me in the ears and eyes with their pronged forks, to the tune of ‘The Bear Went Over the Mountain.’ I thought Aspen water was the coldest, most wet water I ever drank. I appreciated it so much. I let it run on my head from the spigot that filled the watering trough for the horses. Oh boy! That Aspen water was so cool and soothing.

I think we left Aspen about nine or ten o’clock. My watch was not running as I did not have time to wind it while in Aspen. Other things were more important. Anyway, we got going. The road was good, no rocks, only a few ruts, but if we struck one, those little devils with their pitchforks would jab me in the ears and eyes so hard that they made me sick to my stomach. By the time we got to Woody Creek, which had good water too, those little devils quit acting up so much. They were drowned by the water I drank, I believe.

The original party had become split up – some quit, some were fired by old Kelton, and what was left were becoming more and more dissatisfied. The cook got drunk and did not show up at Aspen. The two young college engineers proved to be the bunk. They knew the technical part all

right, such as mapping, figuring and drawing, but did not have the field knowledge or practice and never had been in the mountains before. One came from a Kansas college, the other from Iowa. Old Kelton had to do most of the work himself while the other two looked on. This made him

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practical men at Granite for a slight mistake, failing to mark a bench mark properly.

Roaring Fork Valley which extends from Aspen to Glenwood Springs for 40 miles varies in width from ½ mile to 2 miles and is very productive in potatoes, oats, barley, alfalfa, and timothy hay. It has large coal deposits around Carbondale, Cardiff, and up the Crystal River, which flows into the Roaring Fork at Carbondale. The Frying Pan flows into the Roaring Fork at Basalt, 18 miles north of Aspen. Woody Creek comes into Roaring Fork eight miles below Aspen. Snow Mass Creek from the west flows into the Roaring Fork 14 miles down from Aspen. Cattle Creek comes in 6 miles up from Glenwood. Mont Sophris and Mount Snowmass, over 13,000 feet, are two beautiful mountains on the west side of Roaring Fork. They stand out as two sentinels clad in their snowy white garb in winter and a green suit in summer.

We made it to Kelso Ranch, 24 miles from Aspen and 21 miles to Glenwood. It was a stage stand, and campground with cabins for sleeping quarters – also, a place to eat. For some reason or other (mostly the other) I wasn't hungry. Just a couple of cups of coffee was all I had for supper, and then I hit the hay in the cabin. Next morning I struck out for Glenwood and got there about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Glenwood Springs is very much of a picturesque town alongside the Grand (now Colorado) River. On the west and south side, the Roaring Fork empties into the Grand. On the east side are high foothills and along the river band there are numerous hot springs and caves. Across the Grand River is the largest hot water spring in the state. The Indians called this place Yampa. Indians made regular tours during the summer months from the White River Agency at Meeker some 50 miles distant. The massacre by the Utes in the late 70s, perhaps '78 or '79 was the most horrible affair. They killed the agent, Meeker, burned and destroyed the buildings, raped his wife and daughter and kept them in captivity for a long time. The story was told to me by an old trapper who was close in the vicinity at that time. I have forgotten most of his story of the Red Devils and their atrocities and outrageous, wicked actions toward the white settlers in the White River country. The story was bad enough to make your blood run cold. At the same time, it stirred up a feeling of revenge against the Indian. Only for government interference, many redskins would have been sent to their Happy Hunting Ground prematurely. Their agency was moved to Utah, close to Vernal, and everything became tranquil once more.

There can be a lot written about Glenwood, but I will only touch upon a few of the highlights. Namely, the town, its inhabitants, the scenery, etc. Glenwood must have had a population of about 2,000 in 1886, and almost as lively as Aspen or Leadville, with gambling, saloons, pawn

shops, bawdy houses, hotels, and restaurants, which contributed to the sport and the necessity of its 2,000 or more inhabitants, composed mostly of working men, who were building the grade for the D. & R.G.W. railroad, and the Midland railroad. The D. & R.G.W. was driving a tunnel just east of town through solid rock, about ½ mile long. The men were working from both the east and west portals day and night – three shifts. The tunnel had a curve in or about the center, of about 10 degrees. It was supposed to be one of the remarkable and accurate feats of engineering when the workmen came together. The curve was not missed even one inch. Too much credit cannot be given to the engineers who performed this fine piece of work.

Glenwood Canon, as it is known, extends from Glenwood to Dotsero, a distance of 15 miles. I had the opportunity and pleasure of viewing the awe and inspiring grandeur of the unmolested works of nature. The deep canon, the high pinnacles that reach a 1000 feet into the heavens, the coloring of the different strata of rock in every shade – this I saw before the hand of man with powder and drill marred the beauty of the work of the great architect of the Universe. Glenwood Canon is, in my opinion, foremost in scenic beauty. Even the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas or Black Canon of the Gunnison cannot match what one can see from the observation car on the D. & R.G.W. or from the highway on the opposite side of Glenwood Canon in an automobile. A person must see this great wonder of nature to fully appreciate its significance.

Glenwood Springs, the town and surroundings, is built upon an everlasting burning crater far under the surface of the earth. The springs emit hot water heavily impregnated with salt, sulphur, and various other minerals. I think the big spring is the outlet from Hades itself. The vapor from them have a smell as if the old Devil was mixing up a batch of rotten eggs below.

After reaching Glenwood that afternoon with our survey outfit, we proceeded down the Grand (Colorado) River to a point about 4 or 5 miles down, where there was a ferry boat without mechanical or man power. It was attached to a cable of sufficient strength, stretched from one side of the river to the other. I had seen all kinds of boats on the Mississippi when a small lad, but never a boat that would go across a river by itself as this one did. It was manipulated by changing the stern of the boat by a wireless from the bank so the current of the river struck the foot at an angle which was attached to the cable with grooved wheels. This boat would carry team and wagon and 5 or 6 tons of coal for which the ferry was used, instead of building an expensive bridge. So, that was something to remember – how to get across a stream without a bridge.

After getting across, we cleared the ground for camp, put up tents, made banks of poles, cut the wood for the cook tent, made tables from some rough boards we had with us, etc. We were camped at the mouth of South Canon Creek where there was a coal mine that furnished coal for Glenwood, which was taken over the river by the Automatic Boat. There was no road on the left side of the river from Glenwood, only a trail and a poor one at that. It was close to the first of November, cold and disagreeable, with some snow on the ground. We had a new cook that we got in Glenwood. I think he was some hobo. The grub he put out for us to eat was terrible, and

did not improve during the time he was with us. The only good thing our boss, Kelton, ever did for the party was to fire that cook. The next one was not much better. Kelton fired him, too. Kelton had to take one of our men from the party (Tom Sanders) and put him in the culinary department. He had a kid about 12 or 14 years old from New Castle, to help us. The coal camp was 8 miles down the river. The grub was a little better – it was clean, anyway.

We ran the line almost to New Castle and 4 miles above Glenwood to a place now known as Cardiff, did cross-section work, looking up corners, and section lines – in fact, doing everything outside of our regular routine of locating. Our two new engineers were causing a lot of extra work to the rest of the party by making mistakes. We had to go over work two and three times. Old Kelton was like a bear with a sore head. The weather was getting cold. There was only four of the old party left when I first started 5 months before, but little cooperation existed. Everything was all shot and, to top it all, our acting cook got sick and had to be taken to Glenwood for doctor's treatment. The kid was left in charge to do the cooking – what little was done. We had canned beans, fish, tomatoes, corn – in fact, everything we ate was canned. Everybody took a hand in making the mulligan and coffee. Sometimes it was so strong that Hercules himself would be ashamed of his strength, and again you would have to rest the weak coffee before you poured it out. Everybody seemed to be getting more and more discontented, me with the rest. The surveying was about over. It would last one more month, perhaps. We did not care much about how things were going. Interest in our work had taken a downward trend. All we were waiting for was pay day. It was about the 12<sup>th</sup> of November. Our pay day was on the 15<sup>th</sup>. My buddy and I got into a wrangle with old Kelton about food, etc. He told us if we did not like it we knew what we could do, etc. We both quit. We thought we would stay in camp that night. Old Kelton said no, you fellows are through. We had to pack our blankets and a few belongings and hike it to Glenwood that night. Tom Sanders, who was removed from camp on account of his sickness, was no better. I stayed with him in his room, gave him medicine as the doctor prescribed, besides getting him a little bite to eat. There was no hospital in Glenwood and a nurse – well, that was out of the question. The D. & R.G.W. had a big tent for men, driving the tunnel, that got sick or hurt.

In a few days we got our pay. I think I had about \$55, all told, after my six months work on the Midland survey party. Of course, I should have had \$200, but I did not. (You know.)

One of the gang from the camp came to Glenwood. He gave me a tip that the supply team was going back to Colorado Springs to get more supplies for other camps on the line, so I told Tom about it and that perhaps we could get a chance to ride. Tom said he was not able to stand the jolts of the wagon. Besides, he did not think old Kelton would stand for us to go in the company wagon. I saw the driver anyway. He said it would be okay with him, but not to tell anybody as the old man might hear it, and then he would lose his job for carrying us. Tom and I talked it over. I told Tom we would fix him up so that he would be comfortable. I got busy. I got about a bale of hay and put it in the bottom of the wagon box, then a tarpaulin on top of that, then Tom's blankets and mine. We got a pillow somewhere. Next morning, about daylight, the driver drove

to Tom's room where we loaded him in and started for Colorado Springs. Tom said the wagon rode O.K. So, we made Aspen that night, drove the wagon in a barn so that Tom would not have to be moved. The driver, or I, did not see any of the bright lights that trip. After looking after the needs of Tom, we started early. We made Granite late that evening – the 20<sup>th</sup> of November, 1886. Just 60 years have gone by. I am now writing about the survey party, and the trip November 20, 1946, at my home in Salida, Colorado. I had just 42 miles to go, and the last down from Granite to Brown Canon. I rode as far as Buena Vista with Tom. From there, the teamster looked after him. I caught a freight train at Buena Vista and arrived home about 3 p.m. This was the end of the trail as far as the Colorado Midland railroad was concerned.

Yes, I was glad to be home again, to get way from the cold, the hardships, and poor grub. I could at least have what I wanted to eat and sleep as long as I liked without being molested by the gang at the cook tent, or the rasping voice of the cook yelling 'come and get it.'

Mother seemed to be more kind to me than when I was at home, before I went on the survey party. She would take my breakfast to the bedside, as though I were an invalid, and ask all kinds of questions – something like this – 'And I suppose ye wint to church when ever ye could. And sure you made a lot of money and ye saved it too. An sure I know ye did without askin'. Your father, God have mercy on him, always said you would be as tight as the skin on a flea, just like me sister, Lizzie, in Kansas City. An ye have bin a good boy haven't ye? And sure, I know that without ye tellin' me, I had a letter from your cousin John. He sed he did not like you to be with that outfit after he left, and sure knew that a good boy like ye could not be hurted by skallywaggs like him because you were raised up finer.'

Many of those questions hurt. I answered most of them in the affirmative without much respect for the truth. Mother was just fishing (a style of her own) to find out without asking direct questions. I asked a few questions myself about the bills, etc. Mother informed me that everything was going fine. She had bought two more houses in Salida, that Mr. Smith took a lot of interest in the affairs of the section house. He had one of his men carry the water, cut the wood, and do the mopping, take the groceries over from the depot, etc. Well, I couldn't complain about that. That was very kind of him, I told mother, but I don't think he is interested altogether in the affairs of the section house.

'What do ye mean,' she said, 'do ye think Smith is shining around me?' 'Oh no, mother.' I didn't want her to know that I had a suspicion that all this was not for the benefit of the section house (all) along.

When I left to go on the survey party, I left Smith in charge of the books and accounts because I knew he was capable, besides he was a nice fellow. I liked him.

But now, after my return home and sizing up the situation, my mind changed toward Smith. I told him that I would look after the books and do the chores and that he need not send one of his men to help out. Mother did not like this change of affairs. Neither did Smith. Instead of being

affable toward Smith, I loathed him. I didn't want anybody to even attempt to take my father's place and if anyone was to be the head of the house, it was me. But, I didn't understand human nature as well then as I do now. I realized I couldn't stay in Browns Canon all my life. I must get out and make something of myself besides a section hand.

I still had the bee in my bonnet of being an engineer, so Mother and I could have a home together. A machinist was a good trade but the apprenticeship was 3 years, at small pay. My education was limited to go into business – besides, I needed capital. The money I had saved for my work on the survey gang would only buy me the necessary clothing that I needed badly. These were the thoughts that were chasing each other around in my brain.

For 2 or 3 months, things remained in a status quo. I wrote the Midland Co. for a job of firing. They wrote back saying that my service with the survey party was not satisfactory on account of having trouble with the head engineer, so that was that.

I let my wants be known to several engineers, so one day as No. 2 was passing, Red Amberson, the engineer, dropped a letter off and as I was always out to see the trains go by, I picked it up. It was addressed to me. The contents stated, 'Be ready to go with me on the engine tomorrow evening on No. 1. Have a job for you in the roundhouse.' This was the 23<sup>rd</sup> day of May, 1887. This was my initial start with the D.& R.G.R.R. I showed off the letter to Mother and told her my intentions – that after I got a job of firing, we would quit the section house and move to Salida to make our home. I then saw Lizzie Grey, the girl who worked for us, and asked her to look after the books, etc. She consented. I got my stuff together and was ready for No. 1 next day. Even though I had a job, my heart was heavy. There was something that told me that my real troubles, heartaches, adversity, and a fight for existence were just starting.

It was almost four o'clock, the train was due at Browns Canon at 4:05 p.m. Mother gave me her blessings, the usual 'God be with you, be a good boy, keep away from drink and bad company, and go to church when you can. I know you will.' Did she? She put her arms around me and gave me a mother's loving kiss – that was the last one for 6 years, and the last home I had for the same length of time.

The train was in. I ran and caught the engine. Handed my grip to the fireman, and in a minute we were off. I didn't look back. I felt the tears trickling down my cheeks. I had never felt that way before. The train passed the cabin where my father got killed. That brought back memories of my past life when he and mother and I were all happy together. I was in a kind of stupor until the fireman poked me in the back and asked if I were sick. I came to. I then heard the sharp exhaust of the engine for the first time. From then on, I took some interest in watching the fireman work and the engineer Amberson who would look at his watch and time table at 6:30 p.m. We arrived in Leadville. The engineer told me to stay on the engine and he would take me to the roundhouse for they needed me to work that night, which I did, and helped to cook up 3 engines by hand and wipe 2 before 12:00 midnight.

Was I tired, well, yes. I hadn't slept a bit the night before (just thinking). The other 3 helpers and hostler, Charlie Phelan, gave me part of their lunch. I asked if I could lie down for a while. They said O.K. – we will wake you up about 1 o'clock, but they couldn't find me at 1:00. They thought I just bunched the job, but I hadn't. I went to sleep in the tank of a dead engine. Of course, they didn't think I would go there, as there was no heat and the engine was cold. As far as I was concerned, I didn't know the difference. How they found me, the hostler got orders – he was also the foreman – to fire up engine 57. That was the engine I was asleep in. The watchman, Gus Yahn, shoved his shovel back into the tank to get coal for the fire box and in doing so, got my feet instead. 'Well, I'll be damned,' he said, 'We thought you had beat it. You are a foxy guy to let the others do your work.' I didn't mean to, but I was just worn out. I had a hard time convincing them differently. Well, they thought, he is only a sap, we will see what he does from now on. Those fellows didn't know me – I knew more than they thought. I had lived in Leadville four years – from 1879 until 1883. I had been gone four years, and was not as big a saphead as they thought I looked.

The next morning I went to the Cadillac House across the street from the depot and had my breakfast. Met quite a few railroaders that I was acquainted with and some young people I had gone to school with.

I got a room at Lou Wood's – a switchman. He had two other roomers, Hugh Long and Frank Gilmore, both switchmen then, afterwards conductors on the Rio Grande for many years. Anyway, I was fixed up pretty well – a good place to sleep and a good place to eat (the Cadillac).

That evening I went to work. Had a lunch fixed up. There was plenty to do cooling up engines, cleaning fires, hoeing out ash pans, wiping 5 or 6 engines during the calling. There were 4 in the bunch besides the hostler. Their names were Charlie Phelan, hostler, Mike McMahon, Charlie Franks, and Guy Yahn, with the new addition of the red-headed yap – which was me.

They tried to get me to wind up the turn table, to wipe out the smoke stack, and had the machinist send me after a round square. They sent me after the main brace that was gone from the left side of Engine 34, and to take the petticoat to the blacksmith, as it had a hole in it. I was wise. I did everything they told

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time I could, obeying orders while they did my part of the real work. I hadn't lived in Leadville for 4 years with as tough a bunch of kids as there were in the United States for nothing. The bunch didn't know that, but found out later. They never put anything over but once.

We had a little passenger, No. 99, that pulled specials and was kept as clear as a new silver dollar and as bright. She was wiped underneath as well as on the outside. The inspection was made by the superintendent and Master Mechanic Lamplough, to see that it was done good.

I think Posey Wilson was the engineer, who afterwards was traveling engineer for many years out of Denver, and was killed close to Pueblo on the north end on account of a washout. They never did find his body.

Well, we were all through wiping when one of the bunch asked, 'Red, did you scour the inside of the bell? You know the fireman does not have to do that.' I answered, 'No, I didn't.' 'Well, you had better,' Charlie Phelan said. I will get the emery and water. We used white waste only to wipe and polish with (then), so I went to work at the inside of the bell. I scrubbed and scrubbed with the emery and oil, but it still was rough and wouldn't take a polish. I looked up and saw the gang giving me the horse laugh. I would have fought the whole damned outfit, but they beat it.

I was in the roundhouse for 2 months. I had the satisfaction of getting even by playing tricks on others who didn't know much about railroading.

The Company was hiring new men almost every day. They promoted a bunch out of the roundhouse. There were Matt Flynn, Holt Smith, Tommy Brown, George Lawton, Lou Cooper, George Reeves, and Jimmie La Porta, all young and none married. This was in the year of 1887. Besides a lot of young engineers that were just promoted, Cooper was one of them. Then came Scott McKinney, Red Hill (Bill Gunneley was transferred from the 3<sup>rd</sup> Division,) Joe Rice, Steve Hicks, (Gaspine Haskins,) Beetcher Dines and Bill Joiner. They are all I can think about right now who were in engine service. The officials were George W. Cook, Supt., Alex Struther, Master Mechanic, F.R. Rockwell, Chief Dispatcher, John Sweeney, Roadmaster, R.H. Armrod, Foreman, Joe Hale was Master Clerk and there were about 20 other clerks whose names I can't remember.

The younger man of the wipers did the calling of the engine crew. I fell into that job and it was some job (no foolin'). The caller had to call 10 or 12 crews in 30 to 40 minutes. Walking was out of the question. You had to run like a race horse. The men would kick if you called them 5 minutes before 5:30 or 7:00 or five minutes after 6 a.m. It was hell, if you did, and hell, if you didn't. It was just plain hell.

A great many of these engineers played the bright lights on State Street, the Topic, the Texas House, or the two theatres, and perhaps had just gone to bed. No telling what they would do. They often times would throw a book or a shoe or whatever was handy that was close to the bed. Maybe they would tell you to get the hell out of there. Sometimes they would sign the call book, and then tell the superintendent that they never did. Others would say they were not called. Many times I got the engine ready for the fireman when he went back to sleep. They would put the caller in the hole to protect themselves. The switchman and conductors had no caller – they had to show up at 7 a.m. If not, someone else took their place. They just lost a day, that's all. The poor engine caller was the goat for everybody. Besides, he had to do a hot foot, and try to satisfy everybody. Even if a fellow's girl went back on him, he was the cause. Sometimes he was. I did

that for 3 weeks, and then I was sent out to watch engines at Red Cliff. Oh boy, was I glad to get away from that calling job.

Before I take you with me to Red Cliff, where I watched engines for one and one half months, I want to tell you – while working in the roundhouse at Leadville – a few of the pranks we played on other new men – especially one poor fellow in particular. He was a Swede about 28 or 30 years old. He could speak understandable English, but very broken. He was very sensitive about his religion, which was spiritualistic. After the rest of the fellows found out that Ole Anderson was a Spiritualist, we all decided to become mediums. I got a lot of information from another Swede who was a friend of his and knew his family in the Old Country. They both boarded at the Cadillac. We had a séance after lunch every night at 12:00 p.m. when the Spirits were the thickest in a dark end of the roundhouse. We had tick-tack string attached to the windows to the clapper of the bell on a dead engine, a looking glass we colored dark blue. I would go into a trance one night, while Charlie Franks manipulated the strings. The next night he would do the trance act. We had quite an audience every night. The boilermaker and helper, 2 machinists and helpers, the watchman, a hostler, and us four. All were wise but Ole, who believed it, and said we were wonderful mediums. We had him about nuts.

There was another fellow, whose name I have forgotten. We called him Timberling, a Missourian about 6'2". He was helping the boiler washer, whose name was Jim Cradlock – a brother to the blacksmith, Pat Cradlock. This Missourian was really dumb, who had finished washing the boiler of Engine 32. I think this engine had a name on the side of the cab, printed in gold letters (ROYAL GORGE). Many engines in those days had letters printed on the side of the cab, such as – Gunnison, Whitepine, etc. But anyway, the boiler maker had to do some work on the flues of this engine, 32. He asked the boiler washer, Jim, if they had washed the inside of the fire box. The big yap was listening, and Jim told him 'No, he had not.' 'Well,' he said, 'you fellows will have to do that before I get in that fire box.' Of course, Cradlock knew it was a joke on the Missourian but the Missourian took it for granted and got the hose. While the boiler washer was doing something else, he turned the hose on and he sure gave that engine fire box and flues a good washing – besides water was flowing out the front end. The engine was wanted for 7 a.m. The watchman put a big fire in the firebox, but it wouldn't burn. He put in coal oil, gallon after gallon, and it just wouldn't burn. The cause was the water in the flues and front end. They couldn't get the engine 32 ready for 7:00, so the boiler maker got fired for joking with the Missourian.

Now, getting back to my story in the roundhouse and watching engines on the road. Al Clare was watching engines at Red Cliff in the two-stall roundhouse. Sam Dugan was running the helper engine, and Steve Hicks was running the work train engine. Bill Cooney was conductor on the work train and also foreman of the gang. Dan Moore was house section foreman, Matt Flynn was firing for Hicks. Mike Honan was working on the section for Morehouse. Mrs. McKay ran the section house – she had 2 children, or young folks then – Jennie and Bob McKay.

I don't remember who used to be first in – sometimes it was Matt Flynn, other times it was Steve Hicks – with pretty blue-eyed, red-haired Jennie.

Steve and Matt always got the best the section house could afford. The evening meal was the best, especially for Steve and Matt. Bob and I got what was left, but it was good, too. Bob and I furnished the trout as he and I fished every day in the Eagle River, which flows by Red Cliff. There were plenty of fish in that stream. Then, it was no trouble to catch 10 or 15 in an hour – nice size.

Dan Morehouse was the section foreman and also the schoolmaster of his men. He taught them how to read and write. Mike Honan was one of them who afterwards was one of the best engineers on the D. & R.G. Dan Morehouse was one of the most popular conductors on the D. & R.G., after he quit the Maintenance Dept. Steve Hicks beat Matt Flynn's tune with Jennie McKay – anyway, Hicks married Jennie. The writer of this conglomerated tale knew a number of people in Red Cliff that he went to school with in Leadville in 1879-1880. They were Will Farnum, Frank Farnum, Dan Quik and Maggie, Gus Olmstead, who was quite an athlete, Mr. & Mrs. Farnum – the parents of Will and Frank, who ran the Stage between Leadville and Red Cliff before the railroad got in, Gus Anderson, a miner I knew in Leadville. Art Tulford I knew very well. He struck the Ben Butler mine at Gilman, Jim Collins, a miner and one of the old timers. Mike Walsh, blacksmith, Adam Urban, businessman, Hattie McKinney, Jim Bray, miner; Jim Cox, miner; Peter Mahoney, miner; the Dismant boys, Joker Roberts and his father, Mr. Graham and his daughter, Ollie, all the Gilmers, the Hurds, and Nottinghams. Dr. Gilpen, the Bolls, Ben and Sid, Shorty Walters, Hog Smith, Tome Coleman, R.R. conductor; a fellow by name of Perry killed Mike Gleasong. Perry was hung at the R.R. water tank above town for the deed. George Bowland, County Clerk, fine man. The Griners, the Burbanks, Nims, Ackley, Landery, Fleck, McMonagle, Keating, David Bryants, Ingrum, McCaulley, Reeves, King Flemming, McAvoy, Dave White, Chas. Corsen, Noragard (John McCoy, rancher, Avon; Lazilier on Gore Creek; Phillips on Gore Creek). This is but a few of the old timers that I have known in 1887 and some, as far back as 1879, at Leadville. Also, a few of the old timers that lived at Minturn.

Boco, who owned the ranch where Minturn now stands, Baremaster and M.B. Hass who were business men of the early days. Joe Brett on Lake Creek had both his feet frozen off walking to Leadville in 1880. He lived to be an old man and was known from one end of Eagle Valley to the other. Although he was handicapped by the loss of his feet, he did everything, except run a footrace, that any other man could do.

Red Cliff was called after the semi-reddish color of the cliffs that surrounded the small mining town. Situated almost in the center of the state, without doubt it must be conceded that the most beautiful and picturesque scenery that can be found in the state of Colorado lies within a 15 mile radius of Red Cliff. There is no other place in the state that surpasses it. The pure clear snow water from Turkey Creek, Eagle River, Home Stake Creek, Fall Creek, and Holy Cross Creek, all of those are fed by snow water from the high mountain peaks, and lakes that are numerous in

this section of the state. The most prominent and well-known mountains are within a short distance of Red Cliff – they are Home Stake Peak, Mt. of the Holy Cross, Notch Mt., Jackson Peak, and others. Gold Park is a beautiful camp ground. Home Stake is a nice stream to wade in for the wily trout. The Eagle River is the same – Cross Creek is also good. The small lake at the foot of the Holy Cross, named the bowl of tears, is an exemplification of the Christian religion. Religious sects have pilgrimage to this sacred spot once a year. There are other places of interest that I must not overlook and that is the Eagle River Canon below Red Cliff, which cuts through Battle Mountain for 6 miles. The D. & R. G.R.R. runs along its banks, Above it, is highway No. 24, about 1500 or 2000 feet. This is a grand sight, if you don't get scared when you look down and see the winding river and railroad below. It really makes one dizzy to think how far you would have to fall before you would light. The writer has known quite a few that went over the brink with their teams, buggys, and autos (they never came back alive). It is a wonderful sight, just the same.

Red Cliff, Bells Camp, Gilman are all the same. The miners worked at Gilman and Bells Camp and lived in Red Cliff, mostly. They were 2 ½ miles apart. Some of the miners built houses at Gilman and Bells Camp, wherever they could get a spot of level ground big enough for a shack. Sometimes they had to put barbed wire around the house to keep their kids from falling over the cliff. Sometimes, it was protection for the old man when he came home with a snoot full.

Sometimes, you think the miners must have gotten a hunch from the Cliff dwellers at Mesa Verde when you look up at Gilman from the railroad, 1500 ft. above, hanging on the side of a steep mountain. That was the home of some of the miners. They had a school and (I think) a Church. I know there were several saloons, pool halls, and a couple of grocery stores. The town was incorporated and had water works from Rock Creek.

There was no hilarity there, like there was in Red Cliff. They had a half dozen or more stores, 10 or 12 saloons, two dance halls and about 20 girls in each, a skating rink, a town hall, three good hotels – the Quartzete, the Sprague, and one I have forgotten – three or four restaurants, the court house, etc. Red Cliff was a booming town. It had two newspapers and was on the same order as Leadville and Aspen. There was not any night in Red Cliff, even though they had to use kerosene lamps.

I am not positive just when the first mines were struck on Battle Mountain, where Gilman and Bells Camp are located, 2 ½ miles north of Red Cliff, but (I think) it was late in 1879 or early in 1880. The railroad built to Rock Creek, either in 1881 or 1882 (not positive). Rock Creek was the end of the D. & R.G. at that time. Later built from Rock Creek to Aspen in 1887 and from Glenwood to Rifle about the same year. There was a road built from Grand Junction to Rifle to connect with the D. & R.G. and Colo. Midland about 1889. That was a separate railroad from either the D. & R.G. or the C.M. It was used jointly by the two railroads.

The Red Cliff mining district was known as the poor man's camp. Silver and lead ore were found at grass roots, or in veins that cropped out of the side of the mountain. The ore lays in the same kind of formation as that of Leadville. The ore is carted in large bodies and big value, which include gold, silver, lead, zinc, copper and iron. It is still the largest producing camp in the state, of those kind of minerals, in 1946.

The Empire Zinc Co. is one of the largest if not the largest producer of zinc in the U.S. It also has gold, lead, silver, and some copper.

The mines I know are the Iron Mask, Ben Butler, Blackiron, Ground Hog, The Whipsaw, Belden. All those were big producers and some are yet. 66 or 67 years is a long time for a silver mine. There is no end to the mineral so far, considering the inadequate supply of water for the town.

How few fires there were – all frame buildings, coal oil lamps, and stove heat and houses congested for the want of room. No water pipe line until the nineties. It was a miracle how it was kept from burning. Insurance companies took a big risk, but they also took a big premium of 3% and 4%.

Red Cliff people were like other mining camp people. They were free-hearted. Nobody went hungry in Red Cliff. They had sports, too, such as baseball, skating, drilling matches, prize fights, dances, home talent shows. Frank and Will Farnum were the leaders in the home talent shows.

Frank and Will always had an inclination to be actors. I well know this fact because the two Farnum boys had a kid minstrel company in Leadville before they moved to Red Cliff. They were both end men. Lots of us kids belonged to that company. We had for our Opera House, an old barn on lower Chestnut St. We made a stage and stole our mother's sheets for curtains and ruined them with paint to make scenery for our stage. There are a few more old timers I want to mention before I close the Red Cliff chapter – Pat Tague, Tom Howard, Jim Law, and the McMillen family, and O.W. Daggett.

The writer has taken you for a trip over the mountains, hills and hollows. Mining camps with a partial history of the by-gone days from 1879 until 1888 inclusive. To points of interest in a well-known territory and some of the people I have had the opportunity of being acquainted with.

Herein mentioned at the beginning, I pointed out that my greatest desire was to be a railroad man and, if possible, an Engineer. My youthful dream was fulfilled. I finished up with over 51 years of actual service on the D. & R.G. with the exception of three months of Florence and Cripple Creek R.R. 46 years running all kinds of locomotives from a switch engine to the latest type of passenger engines. I fired and worked 5 years, including roundhouse work, which began in 1887 and ended in 1938.

Naturally I am somewhat partial to the railroader, being associated with them so long. I have a tender feeling in my heart and mind for those old rails. Most of them have reached the Home Terminal. Their memory should not be forgotten. With due reverence and esteem. I am jotting down all the names of the old timers that I can remember. Most people would rather see the names of friends in print, than on a granite slab that marks the resting place of some old-timer.

I had worked 6 months in the roundhouse and out on the road watching engines and wiping them. All work trains. I was at Aspen, Glenwood, Minturn, Red Cliff, Malta, Granite, Riverside and Buena Vista. But never to Browns Canon. Mother lived there and ran the section house and I spent three years of my young life there. The work train was at Granite, but they were ordered into Leadville to get the boiler washed, and all other work that was necessary. When we went into a terminal like Leadville or Salida that day was off for the regular watchman, the roundhouse watchman looked after the engine. I had a chance to run around a little and meet some of my old pals that I worked with and went to school with from 1879 until 1883.

I was careful not to get out of bounds because I knew what the rules of the R.R. Company were. They did not tolerate drinking or gambling, besides, I wanted to be a fireman so I kept hold of myself. I was watching the engine then for Bill Gordon (Nigger Bill) a fine fellow who afterwards was killed in the New Castle wreck. A collision between the Colorado Midland and the Rio Grande passenger train No. 1 in 1897.

That Saturday night they told us that the engine would be ready Monday morning and that the crew would be called – me with the rest. The caller didn't show up at 7:30 a.m. I got up and went to the Cadillac for breakfast. After breakfast I thought I would walk down to the roundhouse and see what was the matter, and why we were not called. Perhaps, they overlooked me because I was just the watchman. (But they didn't.) There was the engine standing at the depot and the outfit cars behind her. The engineer and fireman were on and Conductor Sidney was coming out of the depot with the orders. I got on the engine and asked Bill, the engineer, why they didn't call me, too. He said, 'I guess they didn't intend to, as there is another watchman on the train now.'

My heart dropped down into my shoes, or at least it felt like that. I asked myself, 'Now what did I do? Does the Engineer or the Fireman dislike me?' I thought that I had been doing O.K. except for the few pranks that I was involved in while working in the round house. By that time the Engineer blew the whistle and they moved off, and left me standing on the depot platform. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'Here I am fired again. I didn't care when I was fired from the Midland Survey Party, but this time I do care. What will I do now? I think I shall go and see the master mechanic to find out what I did or didn't do, to get fired.'

Just as I was about started for the roundhouse where the master mechanic's office was located, an oldish man, perhaps 45 years old, with a rather quick step approached me, and said, 'Is your name Charlie Rush?' I said, 'Yes, but I am generally called Red Rush.' He said, 'Well, Red, you are wanted at the office of the master mechanic at ten thirty.' I asked him, 'What for?' He said,

'I don't know.' I afterwards got well acquainted with this same man. This name was Charlie Bullard, a character well worth remembering. He called engines, and train crews for years and years afterwards. He was the main spring for the D. & R.G.R.R. at Leadville. If Charlie couldn't give you the information desired, it was of little use to look farther.

At ten thirty I was at the office expecting to get my time. I was very nervous, and I didn't have that air of 'I don't give a damn,' although, I knew I didn't violate any rules and that my work was well done. I stepped into the outer office where there were a long bench, a desk, and an upholstered chair. A few engines pictures, and maps hung on the walls. It was a dark and dingy room, which corresponded exactly with my feelings. There were two other fellows, sitting on the bench when I came in. I sat down next to the youngest one. I had never seen either of them before. We waited and waited.

Finally the door opened and a heavy set man with a reddish mustache and keen looking eyes, a firm firm mouth, and a rather gruff voice. He greeted us by saying, 'Good morning, boys.' My blood pressure must have gone down at least a hundred points. I knew this was Mr. Struthers, the Master Mechanic. He was a different type of man than old Kelton, the man who fired me on the Midland Survey party at Glenwood Springs eight months before. Mr. Struthers turned from his desk and addressed me. 'Is your name Rush?' I answered 'Yes sir,' with a little tremor in my voice. 'How long have you worked for the company?' I told him. 'Where do your parents reside?' I told him my Mother ran the Section House at Browns Canon, and that my Father was a section foreman who got killed by a 'Crazy Track Walker.' The next question, 'Did you ever work for any other company and if so, why did you leave?' My blood pressure went up again. I had thought I was fired, anyway, I might make a clean breast of my work and actions on the Midland. I told him all. He listened attentively. He then turned to the other two boys and said, 'I want you both to take heed to what the young man has said. I believe he has told the truth. I want you to profit by his experience.' So far, Mr. Struthers had said nothing that gave me any encouragement, only that he believed that I had told the truth. The rest of the time he directed the conversation to the other two young men who he called by their first names. Dave the older and Andy the younger was what he called them. When he spoke to me he addressed me as Mr. Rush. I didn't understand this familiarity with the other two. I was becoming anxious to have the thing over with. I wanted him to tell me why I was fired, and to get my money so I could get to hell out of Leadville.

In a few more minutes, the clouds and suspicion in my mind began to evaporate, and the bright sunshine once more was beaming down. Mr. Struthers turned again from his desk, he held in his hand, three small books, and three time tables of the Rio Grande, which he presented to each of us, with the information that I was to be promoted from engine watchman, to fireman, and that Andy and Dave would be hired outright as firemen but I would hold my seniority ahead of Dave and Andy.

He then introduced me to both young men as his sons. Admonishing us of the pitfalls, and the hazard of a railroad man's life, and told us to come down to the office for the next two days to study the book of rules and time card. Also he said that we all must have a watch, that was recommended by the Railroad. He informed us that he would see to it that we understood the rules and was capable to perform the duties of a locomotive fireman, There were many duties in those days. Twelve hours on a switch engine. Two dollars and a quarter a day, four flues, scour brass, paint front ends, wipe jacket, clean windows, fill oil cans, and tallow pot, oil valves with the hot stinking tallow, keep cab swept out and wiped out. Help engineer to pack pistons, and valves stims with hemp, take signals, from train crews and transmit them to the engineer. Besides fire the engine and above all keep her hot, and not let her pop. Read orders, and keep in check with the engineer, so that he wouldn't overlook a bet. These were some of the duties of the fireman.

I was assigned to engine 106 or 104 both turtle-back engines. My first engineer was Joe Rice, a little fellow, and a very nice man and a good engineer who knew his stuff, and I was proud of my job. I'll say I was. With my new suit of overalls, new cap, new gloves, with cuffs and a star on them. A new watch, and a gaudy gold chain. I thought everybody was watching me, (or should) especially the girls who passed by. I soon got over that.

I didn't fire the switch engine very long. I was sent to Aspen to fire a work train, Engine No. 14. We all considered it a small engine then, it was among the first engines which the Rio Grande owned which ran between Denver and Canon City. From the work train I went back to Leadville where I fired extra for a month. An extra's job was poor. Then a regular job showed up at Salida. It was Engine 246, the engineer was Pat Harvey. Now I shall take you once more back to Leadville to show the difference in the City, the people, the buildings and the improvements.

Since 1883 up to 1887 the influx of people into the great mining camp was as great if not greater than the days of 1879. The railroad got into Leadville in 1880. The D. & R.G.W. with Denver, Leadville, and Gunnison in 1882 by the way of Como, Breckenridge, Fremont Pass, the D. & R.G.W. had a joint track from Buena Vista in 1881 before it built into Denver and every train was crowded both coming and going. Hundreds and hundreds of Carpenters, Brick Mason – in fact, all kinds of tradesmen were employed. Buildings were being erected everywhere. The residential section was Capital Hill, west of Eighth and Ninth Street. Smaller homes were built on Carbonate Hill, Toledo Avenue, up east second, third through twelfth streets.

Harrison Avenue was the principal street. After 1879, Chestnut was still busy up until about 1884, but the volume of business was on Harrison Avenue, sixth and Poplar Street.

The housing became better, the tent lodging houses disappeared. More hotels and more rooming houses, restaurants, boarding houses for miners, smelter men, and muleskinners.

The railroaders were taken care of by good accommodations that were built across the street from the depot.

When I left Leadville in 1893 there were just a few buildings and quite a lot more going up. When I returned in 1897 it was built up solid from twelfth to fifteenth above the depot on Poplar Street.

There was McMahoneys Saloon, Billy Lundy's Restaurant, Tom Campbell's Cigar Store, The Cadillac Hotel, and two other saloons. There were Harvey's lumber yard & coal ore haulers, stables, grocery stores, and etc.

What was known as Poverty Flat was all built up. There were different classes of people there in 1887. Perhaps no better than the old timers of 1878 and 1879. Just a little more tame that's all. Law and order had taken the place of the vigilante committee. The colts 45 and the hemp rope were gone, but don't let anyone tell you that Leadville was a sissy town and that everybody went to church on Sunday. Oh! No! Anybody could have the kind of fun they wanted or go to church or Sunday School if they chose.

The people as a whole were composed of all nationalities, except Japs, Chinamen, a few Negroes and Mexicans. They were generous to a fault and I may say, a little clannish providing you were a Leadville product. It didn't make any difference about your nationality or religion or social standing. This included bankers, lawyers, doctors, and business men. He dug deep into his pocket to help a worthy cause. No sick or old person was overlooked when in time of need or succor, even though it happened to be a penalty to themselves or family.

All the Leadville people dressed well, ate good food and looked toward amusement. They didn't frown at expense when it meant a good time. They were all for one and one for all, if you were from the 'City of Clouds' as some called Leadville. When they went out to have a good time they all joined hands and nobody was barred. Exclusive sets were few and far between. The best that could be gotten was none too good for the Leadville folks. They would pay good money for good service and what I mean they got it.

The best speakers that could be procured for any occasion, all the first class shows on the road between New York and San Francisco stopped at Leadville. One of the best baseball teams in the state fine a boulevard between Leadville and Soda Springs, Race track and many other features for education and amusement was here.

The spirit of the Leadville people cannot be fully understood or appreciated unless one who was there to witness the various activities for the benefit and pleasure of his fellow men. The city was really a true democracy without political influence, in other words, paradoxical.

For example, the city built the Ice Palace by subscription. The most beautiful and extravagant building, made entirely out of ice except the roof. Electrically lighted, the reflection of the electric bulbs upon the ice walls, looked as though a million chandeliers were pouring out their lights in the colors of the rainbow throughout the interior. Skating, dancing, band music, a large stage, the building was equipped with everything. The novelty of the building itself was well

worth the price of admission, which was small. The people of Leadville didn't try to commercialize on sports, as they do now. They were more than satisfied if they broke even. The Leadville Drum Corps was nationally known. It was organized by the business men and named after one of the most prominent officials of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad. I think he was the first Superintendent. His name, George W. Cook. He was a great leader, a good businessman and a good sport. Nothing was done in Leadville without the sanction of George Cook.

Perhaps, being a railroad man, I have given credit to some of the people more than others, because I was in closer contact with them. There were hundreds of others that were just as public spirited and deserve mention for their endeavor in making things agreeable. Therefore, I hope you will forgive me if I overlook some people or important facts as this is written from memory only – without the assistance of books of reference.

Sam Brown, the Rio Grande agent was another wheel horse. Commings, the general yard master was another. Those men were in close contact with the mine owners, the businessmen, the workmen and the citizens of Leadville.

Cook, Brown, Commings, and the express agent made a fine hand working team.

To give you an idea how George W. Cook got things done quickly, here is an example: Cook didn't approve of drinking among railroad men, then no more than now but circumstances often alter the causes.

There was a heavy snow fall on the Blue River branch, the railroad was tied up. Kokomo was shut off without food. The miners shut down on account of lack of cars. The snow-plow engine was derailed at Robinson, and there was but one way to get relief to the people of Kokomo, that was to shovel. Then Cook got busy, he bought all the snow shovels in Leadville, hired all the men he could get. Sent for engine and coaches to pick up all the section men between Salida and Leadville – about 60 or 70. When he had it organized with about 175 or 200 men, food, and supplies he did the most unusual thing of all. He bought a 20 gallon keg of the best whiskey and had it put in his car. This is one instance that the rules of the company was knowingly and deliberately violated, by the superintendent. This was for the snow shovelers and not for the train or engine crews. They didn't even get a smell.

The snow was 3 to 4 feet deep between Birds Eye Pass and Fremont Pass, and a snow slide at Chalk Ranch and two miles on the other side of Fremont Pass where the snow plow was derailed and all had to be shoveled.

The men worked day and night and those who wanted it got a big drink before each meal. How the snow did fly over the banks and down the mountainsides, and if you were listening you could hear the words of praise for G.W. Cook. What a fine man he was. I don't mind working for a

man like that. So that is how George did it. He got results. I got this story from my father, who was foreman of one of the gangs.

Men not only worked in Leadville but they played too, they made their money and spent it there. Considering climatic conditions, the altitude of 10,300 feet above sea level, it was not what one could call a desirable place to live but that drawback didn't seem to dampen their spirit of living as well as their income would permit.

There was another prominent figure that I must not fail to mention. That was Father Robinson, a Catholic priest, he was one of the old, old timers who contributed to the spiritual welfare of the gold diggers at Fairplay, Granite, and California Gulch, before Leadville was ever thought about. He built the first church in Leadville on the corner of Third and Spruce (a frame building) in 1880. He built a fine church on the corner of Seventh and Poplar and no doubt had a lot to do with the building of the Sister Hospital on Eleventh Street, which indeed was a godsend to the people of Leadville. He also had a Catholic school built. He was a mighty fine and good man with strong convictions for his church. He was also a staunch advocate for right and justice between the laborer and the mine owner.

I knew him well, he taught me catechism and when I didn't know my lesson he would take me by the ear, and stand me up in the corner and admonish me that I would never make a good Catholic. His prediction proved to be right in his way of thinking. Even at that I never had any ill feelings against him for I knew that he was a good man and conscientious in his views.

Now my story about Leadville and its inhabitants is about to be brought to a close which I touched upon but slightly from the year of 1879 to 1887, with the exception of 4 years I have been away, 1883 until 1887.

I have written this for my own satisfaction and perhaps it may be of some use to those who may happen to know or have heard of the things on which

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of their relatives or friends who may read this little story will bring back to their memory that their dad or mother said about the early days in Leadville. The reality is enough without trying to make it more sensational than necessary.

Somebody will write about the people of Leadville and other places of interest showing the decline of progress whichever it may happen to (in 1946 or later). Every decade makes history, of course. Newspapers record the passing events to some extent but are often hampered, by political or social conditions or where money is involved.

What the people need is the truth written in a simple and intelligent manner without fear or exaggerations which I have endeavored to do, so far as my memory and limited education would permit.

In addition of the many names I have already mentioned, I feel it is my duty to jot down some of the railroaders and others whom I was familiar with and worked with in Leadville. Those that are still on the top at the present writing are:

S. Brice	Dad Miller	B. Newman
Kimmy Kavanaugh	Charles Phallen	Billy Amberson
Mike Leanard	Curly Woods	Fred Straucer
Summens	Hawthorne	Duggan
Henry Larsen	Red Amberson	Sullivan
Tom Campbell	Lou Cooper	Holt Smith
McCurdy	Norman Cramer	Steve Hicks
John Brennan	Campbell	Geo. Lawton
Ben Spencer	Joe Hale	Gas Pipe Hawkins
Burdick	Red Woods	Dick Miller
Dan Morehouse	Hugh Luby	Cyclone Thompson
Al Clare	Geo. Moore	Pop Russ
Breecher Dines	Geo. Miller	Bill Joyner
Jack Campbell	Hugh Long	Charlie Franks
Bell	Frank Gelmore	C. Bamburry
Sam Smith	John Sweeney	Don Watson
Lynn Roberts	Joe Madden	Dubbs
Windiate	Hardinburgh	Woodham
Joe Rice	Al Lenordson	Hank Smith

The officials for the D. & R.G.W. were:

G.W. Cook, Supt.

Mr. Patrick, Supt.

Quinsby Lamphaugh, Supt.

Armrod Foreman, R.H.

Ben DeRemer, M.M.

Alex Struthers, Master Mechanic

Posey Wilson, T.E. from Denver

Sam Brown, Agent

F.R. Rockwell, Chief Dispatcher

Cummings, Yard Master (I think)

John Sweeney, Road Master

I am unable to give the exact dates of those men but I believe they came in order listed. There were at least 20 clerks and operators, only a few whose names I can remember. One was Tobey, the other Sullivan. Pat Craddock was blacksmith foreman. I have racked my feeble brain to such an extent that it rattles like an empty tomato can with a lot of buckshot inside, trying to think of names. Those that are omitted were not done purposely. Just due to a natural cause (the loss of memory), that's all.

John Sweeney, Road Master, was a first class fellow, who had full cooperation of his men. He kept the rails intact over Marshall Pass, Gunnison,

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John must have kept the Blarney Stone in his pocket, for his wit and extravagance of The Irish Bull he had no equal.

Jeff Guinn, Dispatcher, was one of the company's standbys. A small man with a long head, cool and deliberate. Kept the trains moving when things went haywire.

William Rush, another Chief Dispatcher, a good fellow. Never got frustrated or excited, always had a hold on himself in emergencies, was with the company many, many years.

Ben DeRemer, General R.H. Foreman, energetic, well-formed, a good machinist, was master mechanic at Leadville for quite a while. He was with the company until he had some trouble when the main line was transferred, from third division to second division with men and officials. (I don't remember the circumstances.)

The Shop Foreman was Owens, Jack Hope, Blacksmith; Alex Dobbie, Day R.H. Foreman; Harper, Night Foreman.

Now that I have given you as many names and activities of railroaders as my mental capacity will permit, of the early days, I will now endeavor to mention a few of the business men of those days – also, some railroad officials with which we railroaders came in contact.

There was R.M. Ridgeway, Supt., a man of intelligence and ability. Rather rough, capable of understanding human nature. Very positive and at times not very agreeable. A hard worker who had the company's interest ahead of everything else. He was nicknamed by some of the

employees as Old Tiger. He had his likes and dislikes – sometimes to a fault. (This is my own opinion.)

A.W. Jones, Master Mechanic, a well-informed and agreeable sort of man, public spirited. Had a great desire for fast horses. He was the instigator of forming one of the best amateur brass bands in the U.S. This band took prizes all over the country. If you could blow a horn you could get a job in the shop without very many other qualifications. He made a very successful official. Was very well-liked by the company and men. He and the superintendent seemed to work in harmony.

There was a fellow by the name of Dubbs. He got promoted to conductor. He had a mania for gambling. He lost all his money in a poker game, pawned his watch for chips, lost that too, was called next morning and had no watch. So, he took that landlady's alarm clock and put it in his overcoat pocket. The alarm was wound and set for 7:00. He was registering out when the alarm went off. The supt. was close by and heard the alarm clock and asked Dubbs what time it was. He dared not take the clock out of his pocket. He told the superintendent that he forgot his watch and had left it in his room. The story didn't work. He got 30 days, plenty of time to win your watch back, the Supt. told him.

Fred Eucey, a little bald-headed engineer who used to run on the 3<sup>rd</sup> division in early days, was quite a character. His broken English and the way he used it caused many a laugh among the boys. Fred exceeded a slow order speed at Shewanna. Mr. Ridgeway called Fred in the office. 'Fred, how fast were you running past Shewanna yesterday?' 'Well, Mr. Ridgeway, I tink about 10 miles an hour.' 'Fred, you were running 20.' 'Mr. Ridgeway, how do you know?' 'I was behind the tank, Fred.' 'Well, Mr. Ridgeway, if I vonce know you was behind tank I wood be running 5 miles vonce.' 'All right, Fred, don't let it happen again.' 'Tank you, Mr. Ridgeway, I will.'

Starr Nelson, Fireman, Engineer, Brakeman, Rancher, Cattleman, County Commissioner of Delta Co., and last – but not least – an airplane owner and pilot at the age of 78 to 81. He started his railroad career in Salida as fireman -- was promoted to engineer. His father was Agent at Salida under R.M. Ridgeway (I think). He holds the record of being the oldest person to hold a license as an airplane flyer. He has flown all over the county and, as far as I know, is still doing it. We all appreciate his nerve – not only as a flyer but as a man of ability in other walks of life as well.

The old-timers are proud of all his achievements, because he has shown the world that every desire of his has been accomplished and that age didn't hinder his endeavor. He isn't only a star by name, he is a star in reality.

Young people, as well as old, take heed. Starr was an industrious young man. He didn't have any bad habits, unless it was to say a few cuss words at times. He went to Sam Flint's dances and

shows and entertainments. He was no sissy. Just a regular fellow with an object in view. I suggest that all young men should try and pattern their life after such a character.

Tom Ryan, a level-headed community builder, always looking out for the interests of his fellow-man and at the same time not forgetting Tom. He was one of the mainstays in the Salida Building and Loan Association. Due to his efforts, the Catholic Church was built. He was a good engineer. Well-liked by the men and company – those wanting conscientious advice went to Tom.

Mike Gurin, Conductor, was another fine fellow – somewhat of a politician. He was postmaster – one of the old, old-timers. He had the respect of all the citizens of Salida and was well-liked by the company.

Dave Cook was a jovial devil-may-care sort of fellow. Full of pranks. I think he stayed awake nights to kid somebody. Those that remember him and Pat Malloney for their antics can't help but smile. Malloney was a conductor. Cook was an Engineer.

Alex Davidson – a fine fellow, a good engineer, politician, a real brother hand-man, and a fighter for the men. Local chairman for the B. of L.E. His fireman didn't always have to be a good steam maker. If he didn't smoke cigarettes, he suited Alex.

Timmie Lasswell, engineer – liked his engine next to his wife and family. The 408 was the only engine for Tim. Just a little better than any other that Baldwin made. You could get an argument if you said different. He was a good fellow, too.

John J. McIvor, Suh: By G-d. Suh, is the way he would tell you when he asked his name – a very rough and ready individual. No molly-coddling with him – straight-forward he hewed to the line and let the chips fall where they may. Honest and a good Brotherhood man – when you looked at John you saw a man without deception.

Sam Rooney: A good Brotherhood man, one who took active part when any of the engineers happened to get into trouble on the road and fight their case to the last ditch. A good talker, and well thought of by the officials and men. His hobby was sport – a good billiard player, a chicken fancier, a dog trainer. He took much interest in boxing, foot-racing, baseball and horses, an all-round good sport.

Cy Warman, internationally known as a songwriter. The most popular song was 'Sweet Marie.' He made a fortune out of his songs. A very nice fellow – smart and a good dresser, and liked the ladies (which is no fault). His railroad career didn't stack up with his writing ability. He ran a newspaper in Salida for a while – died in France. (So I understand.)

Jack Jullian was the best-natured and all-round good fellow you would wish to know. Always taking particular interest in his work as an engineer. A homemaker, public-spirited – he was the first to advocate the building of the spiral drive up Tenderfoot Hill in front of Salida. All the

labor was contributed free. People laughed at Jack and his schemes; they couldn't see any use in it. It was a waste of time and money. It didn't lead anywhere, except to the top. Jack heard all the criticisms – the cold water that was thrown helped the growth of his ambition. It made him more determined at it. At last he got the people interested. The business men, the shop men, and railroaders donated their work. The county officials and State Reformatory lent machinery and labor. The people of Salida supplied the food for those that did the work.

Today, it is one of the many scenic attractions that surround Salida – the Gem of the Rockies. Nothing lasts, but this foothill will last longer than any man-made monument. I.W. Haight, the businessman, donated all the rest pavilion,

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people.

Here is another character all of us old railroaders remember, for his storytelling and the way he had of expressing himself. Naturally, he was of a very sentimental disposition. Harry Dobby was his name – he was switching ore cars at Villa Grove when the brakeman tried to make a coupling with the old line and pin. He failed – the cars came together with the brakeman between them, and was fatally crushed. Harry saw the accident and immediately went to his assistance. The fireman ran to the Depot for a stretcher. Harry used all the comforting words he knew to the dying man. The crew of 4 men lifted him on the stretcher, the man that was injured was a big fellow. They had to carry him quite a distance to the depot. As they were carrying the poor fellow, Harry let out his sympathetic feeling by saying, 'Poor soul, poor soul, it's awful, oh! My, My, it's too bad, etc.' By this time, the injured fellow got pretty heavy on the stretcher and Harry not being very big began to tire. There was a silence of a half a minute, then Harry blurted out, 'G-d dam you fellow, do you hear? You are not lifting a G-d Dam pound. Poor soul – poor soul – isn't it too bad?'

Bob Patterson, a sober industrious homemaker, a good engineer, a fair-minded man – one of the best and outstanding citizens that Salida was always proud to point to. He was master mechanic on the Florence and Cripple Creek R.R.

Walter Bowers and Dave Addams were two others who deserve mention for their ability to make fun. Both were natural musicians. Powers was a good comedian, even though he was a railroader. Dave Addams could fix anything from a locomotive to the finest Swiss watch. He could open the bank vault when the combination was lost – he really was a genius. I remember Walt and Dave put on a musical in the Salida Opera House and advertised that no musical instruments would be used. This excited the curiosity of the people. Salida knew them both for their talent – there was a full house to see the performance. When the curtain rose, there was nothing there but a pile of junk such as – air hose, gas pipes, air drum, and all kinds of pieces of iron. They fixed them up somehow so that they played a dozen or more pieces – from the 'Stars and Stripes Forever' to 'Home Sweet Home,' and had a dance after the show, music with real

instruments. Walt played the mandolin while Dave played the guitar. They hired the violinist and piano players.

Jim Downing was quite a hunter and fisherman. He always had good equipment for his outings, but was short on a small-sized tent. He happened to be in Pueblo where he noticed a tent and awning store, so he went in to see if there was a tent that suited him. He informed the man behind the counter of his wants and was directed to go to the other side where a young lady handled the Teepee Department. Jim said, 'You didn't understand me – all I want is a small tent, not the toilet.'

Doc Allen, roundhouse foreman at Sargent, was a fine man and well-liked by all the men. He had long whiskers and was a great fellow to spar and scuffle with those with whom he was familiar. Tom Ryan, a friend of his, bought some overripe limburger cheese to play a trick on Doc Allen. Tom had it in his hand – it was soft and mellow, easy to spread. Tom got off the engine and started to spar with Doc, who was willing. Tom got to the whiskers of Allen with the hand that held the cheese and rubbed it in plenty. Allen didn't notice or smell it at the time, but pretty soon he began to sniff. He washed his hands, looked at the bottom of his boots, took off his coat and examined it. The boys were all watching but kept straight faces. He finally went home, changed clothes, and took a bath, but still there was that disagreeable smell that he couldn't account for. One of his daughters asked, 'Daddy, did you wash your hair and whiskers when you took your bath?' He tumbled, and was he mad. He could have killed Tom Ryan.

Fred Eucey was running between Pueblo and Salida – his engine got derailed ½ mile east of Cotopaxi on account of a broken rail – there was a new operator who had just come on night shift. Eucey came to the office to make a report and got the wrecker to help re-rail his engine. This is what and how he told the dispatcher: there was no telephone those days, so the operator wired the dispatcher as Fred told him. Here is the conversation between Eucey and Dispatcher:

'Engine 217 is a half-mile off the track from Cotopaxi.' The dispatcher replied, 'You must be into clear, come in on No. 6' Fred replied, 'No – no, I am on the track, ve vont the wrecker, yes.' The dispatcher replied, 'How can you be off the track when you are on the track? And why do you want the wrecker?' By this time, Eucey was befuddled as the operator and dispatcher – 'Mine Gott, is everybody crazy, yes?' The dispatcher told the operator that the engineer must be bug-house. He told Fred, 'You vonce tell him I have no bugs, I youst vont the wrecker after a while.' They began to understand each other. The wrecker came.

The Meeker Massacre was the last of the Indian devilment which occurred in 1879, Sept. 29.

Some of the businessmen I can remember are Ben Disman, Clothier; Shulkie Shoe and Boots; Renwick Saloon, Weil and Corbin, Groceries; Peter Mulvaney, Grocery; Alger Drug Store; Carpenter, Jewelry; Harbottle News Stand; Jim Collins, Restaurant; Chaffee Co. Bank (Robinson); Fred Brush, Insurance; Craig and Sandusky General Store; Wm. Hamm, Lawyer;

Dr. McClure; M.K. Miller, Pool and Cigar; John Lines Cigar Store; Andy Rodgers Saloon; Lavensky, Tailor; Bateman Hardware; Arlington Hotel and the Windsor Hotel.

A few I went to school with to the McCray building (1884), 3<sup>rd</sup> and D St., were Jessie Baxter, Joe Dailey, Dick Cot, Tom and Pete McKenna, Dollie Dodge, Kitty Jay, Rose Stevens, Water Bateman, Mushie Grey, Orville Blades, Mammie Cox, Sam Cox, Charlie Stevens, Jessie Riggs, Oscar Bailey, Minnie Overholt, Miss Chamberlin, and L.N. Hollenbeck, Teachers.

Here are some of the old time Rails and businessmen:

Walter Frey	Waltinmeyer, Engr.	K.G. Baker, Engr. (Killed)
B. Amberson, Eng.	Pat Harvey	Dixie Tabor, Eng.
Bill Campbell, Eng.	Bob Goff, Eng.	Al Philleber, Eng.
Geo. Woolam, Eng.	Jim Downing, Eng.	Dad Russ, Eng.
Al Linordson, Eng.	Dad Cole, Eng.	Ed Haskins, Eng.
Jack Julian	J.E. Barnes	Joe Hale
Jim Armsby	Gus Frechter	Joe Land
Reardon	Geo. Baldwin	Sam Rooney
J.B. Frye	Billy Yates	Cummings
Tom Ryan	Pittinger	Geo. Mosley
Bill Diel	Sam Brown	Hoodo Brown
John McIvor	Hog Ricery	Geo. Fitzsimmons
Al Zimmerman	Al Dewey	Alex Davidson
Dave Cook	George Korn	Gene Belden
Jim Lasswell	Jack Hazelhurst	Harry Dobbie
Dick Chinn	Tom Saunders	M.M. Smith
Walter Posers	Jim Hardey	Dad Rodgers
George Crater	Stanley Alger	Starr Nelson
Jim Groves	M. Roland	

Second Div. Conductors:

John Clam	Hugh Long	Frank Windiate
Johnie Brenman	Hawthorne	Frank Gilmore
Missouri Weier	Tom Maher	Red Woods
Clearance Bunbury	Tom Conway	Ed Evans
Billy Newman	Carroll	Gus Barnes
Bill Clarke	Tom McGarey	Joe Madden
Mike Madden	Denver Richardson	Charlie Shiveley
Jack Johnston	Goodenough	Pat Mahoney
Frank Perkins	Mike Gurrin	

This is all I can remember. I haven't consulted any person or book. If I haven't mentioned people that you know, it is not through prejudice – it is the loss of memory, for 60 years is a long time to remember so many people.

Frank Marties	M.J. Ruland
Tom Brown (Chippie)	Jim Frain
Mike Honan	Bill Burnett
Gus Rowe	Carl Bode

Daddy Hatch

Some of these engineers mentioned were not of the 1888 bunch, but were prominent figures of the 1890s.

Here is a program I just ran across given by the B. of F.L. in 1893, Salida Opera House, Dec. 25<sup>th</sup>, with 26 dances. The arrangement committee was E.J. Templeton, Geo. Korh, I.H. Bowen, Chas. Rush, and Jas. Groves. Reception committee -- Mr. & Mrs. G.W. Miller, Mr. & Mrs. M.M. Smith, M.A. Worden, A.A. Rowe, Henry Wise, T.L. Saunders, Mr. & Mrs. D.S. Watson. Floor committee – M.H. May, Chas. Rush, T.P. Reddington, I.N. Cope, W.O. Powers.

This was the 8<sup>th</sup> Annual Ball given by Mr. Orway Lodge – B. & L.F. The cost of this ball was about \$150. \$100.00 for Leadville music, \$25 for Opera House, \$25 for decoration. There was enough money taken in to pay all expenses and a little left over.

Everyone had on their best bib and tucker and conducted in a strictly non-alcoholic manner. We might be considered by some a lot of roughneck railroaders, however we knew what propriety meant. Everybody had a good, clean time at a B. of L.F. dance.

--Charles Rush

Salida, Colorado