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## Dr. Rose Kidd Beere, First Colorado Nurse in the Philippines

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Anyone who has youth, an inquiring mind, patience, all the time there is, and a secure income can have a pleasant and useful life discovering and writing the story of American Firsts. Any other land would include pasts too remote and obscure, but the United States is very young. Almost anyone can recall a few "firsts" in his own community. This is the story of how Dr. Rose Kidd Beere got to the Philippine Islands in 1898, going as a nurse, not as a doctor, though she was given charge of the government hospitals on her arrival in Manila.

When the United States declared war on Spain in 1898, Major Meredith B. Kidd, U. S. Cavalry, wrote his daughter Rose, lamenting:

"There is an American war, and none of our family is in it. I am too old to go, your boys are too young." While he did not say it, she understood—she was a woman, not available. She wired her father, "If you will take care of my boys I will go," and presently the three youngsters were on their way to their grandfather, while their mother started on the perilous road of adventure.

The first set-back came from Governor Alva Adams, who had the courage to speak the disagreeable truth. "They won't send you," he said with a rueful shake of his head. "I would do anything in my power to get you on the transport with our boys, but there is nothing I can do. There is nothing you can do. You will spend a lot of money if you go to San Francisco, and have only your disappointment for your pains.

"But you will give me letters?" she said.

"Oh, yes," he answered, mindful that a willful woman must have her way, quite as much as a willful man. "I'll give you the letters gladly, but letters don't count for much, or governors

\*Mrs. Clements (Ellis Meredith) of Washington, D. C., was a prominent Colorado newspaper woman in the 1890s and afterwards. In 1898 she was writing for the *Herald-Democrat* of Leadville.—Ed.

either with military men. They will not take you. There is not the slightest chance."

The letter was a very good one, saying she had been head of a state institution (the first Home for Dependent Children), was a woman of great executive ability, with good connections and the daughter of an army man, Major Kidd. It was addressed to General Wesley Merritt in command of the U.S.A. Pacific Division.

"The night I reached San Francisco," to resume Dr. Beere's story, "I went to the office of *The Bulletin*, and told the editor I wanted to go to Manila, and that I was the official representative of the Red Cross from Colorado, and Mrs. Emma Eldredge of Colorado Springs had shipped me supplies, in care of the San Francisco Red Cross. He said no woman had been allowed to go and that I did not have a chance. I asked him to say nothing, and promised him a scoop if I made it.

"The next morning I went to Headquarters and was met by Capt. John Bennet, brother of Robert Ames Bennet, our Colorado author. I told him my story, and he gave me the discouragingly familiar answer—'Not the slightest possibility.' However, he took my letters and showed me into The Presence.

"That was the longest room I ever saw, with a red carpet, with red roses stretching away to Gen. Merritt's desk at the farther end. I felt as if I were walking miles and miles, and it swept over me that everything would be settled right there. I handed the General the letters and after reading them he said, 'Is your father willing that you should go to Manila as a nurse?' and I said, 'I am the mother of three children and am supposed to have reached the years of discretion. My father is quite willing.'

"He re-read Governor Adams letter and said, 'They know back there what a warm spot Colorado holds in my heart.' That was my cue and I answered, 'Don't know about that, but I do know what a warm place General Merritt holds in Colorado's heart.' He said, 'Go to your hotel and keep quiet about this. You will receive orders for transportation on the Arizona. It sails next Saturday. Be on board with your bag at four o'clock.'

"When I went out my face told Capt. Bennet that I was not disappointed and he asked, 'What results?' and I said 'I am to sail on the Arizona, for Manila.' He smiled, and made profound sala'am and said, 'My dear Madame, I take my hat off to you. You have succeeded where the powerful Red Cross of California has failed. This is going to cause a sensation.'

"I went back to the hotel and kept close to it. The order for the transportation came the next day, but the date of sailing was

held up a week. I got anxious for my mail so I went to the Red Cross and asked for my letters. The clerk sprang up and asked, 'Is this Dr. Beere?' and called in a lot of women. They asked if I had seen the morning papers, and there was the story that Colorado was sending a nurse to the Philippines, and my picture. I don't know how they got it, for I had obeyed orders and kept still.

"Oregon sent two women and California six, so there were nine women volunteer nurses, none of us chosen for our looks, but all of mature age, and the most efficient lot I ever saw. We were to serve for a year, at \$30 a month. We landed in September in Manila and left there the next July."



MRS. ROSE KIDD BEERE, M.D.

That was a short war, with long consequences, including Philippine independence, but not the least benefit was that it very thoroughly deleted the idea of "glory" from war. One did not need to be a White Ribboner to feel ashamed when the Filipinos confused our flag with the omnipresent liquor advertisements and pennons. There were not so many correspondents as in more recent wars, but there were a few. The first duty of a soldier is obedience, and about his first order is to keep quiet, so that only now and then did the letters home reveal that all was not what recruiting sergeants promise volunteers. Even when invalided home soldiers did not do much talking. Nevertheless, the scandals of the Spanish-American war, the embalmed beef, the paper-soled shoes, the wretched hospital

facilities, all the way to the purchase of the famous Merrimac, which had been sold for \$48,000 in 1897, and was rejected by the Naval board, only to be sold to the government by a special (very special) agent in 1898 for \$342,000—these things made a lasting impression. It is perfectly obvious why the Merrimac was chosen to be sunk when a “cork” was needed for that bottle-neck off Santiago. The sacrifices of that war, the lives of thousands of young Americans were not given in vain. Mistakes were made, as is inevitable, but not that kind of monumental blunders, founded in greed; not in World War I or II.

Even the discreet have indiscreet friends, and some of them have newspaper connections. In such a letter to Anna Marshall Cochran, Dr. Beere could no longer contain her wrath. Among the incidents narrated was her taking a can, crawling with maggots in its un-embalmed beef, to the officers mess. Some of them left the table hurriedly. There were other details equally unpleasant. Some of them were corrected, but there was no warm affection between the soldiers and some of their officers, two of whom had been thrown out of a “disorderly house,” as being too disorderly for that establishment.

It was, in newspaper parlance, “hot stuff,” and the one newspaper woman [Ellis Meredith—Ed.] that Mrs. Cochran knew was doing special for the Leadville *Herald-Democrat*. So, it appeared in that journal under a screaming head-line, and all the parents of sons in the First Colorado Volunteers wanted action. Of course that smelly can had brought relief. General Irving Hale was an able officer and a Christian man. But letters from Manila took six weeks to reach this country, and the newspapers did not reach the front for something more than another six weeks, which would have made it sometime late in February or early in March, 1899, when rumors of an early return were rife. Of course the officers resented Dr. Beere's part in the matter, and the fact that when the regiment returned, she refused to be interviewed did not help very much, for once out of khaki there were plenty of soldiers who were willing to talk. Practically all of them were wearing a Rose Kidd Beere button on their lapels, and they had only words of praise and affection for this woman who had fought their battle for better conditions, as well as having washed their wounds, written their letters, and helped some of them breathe their last prayer.

One story she told should be a Filipino classic, known and recited by every Filipino child. A real nurse, certainly a Red Cross nurse, doesn't know any distinction among those in desperate need of her aid. Among those brought in one day was a boy, so slight and frail he did not seem to be more than ten or eleven years old. All her mother heart went out to him and she knew enough Span-

ish to ask how he, such a little lad, should be in the army of Aguinaldo. With some difficulty he told her that it was his turn to carry the gun. There were not enough for all of them to each have a gun, so his father carried the gun until he was killed, when the older brother retrieved it and carried on, and then the next. “It is so—with each one of us it is our duty; I was the last left, and so, of course, I carried the gun. You sabe, we love our country.” And so he died. One of the noble army of the world's Unknown Soldiers.

## Negroes in Colorado\*

JAMES R. HARVEY

The advent of the Negro in the Southwest dates back to the year 1528. In this year, Pamphilo de Narvaez, a Spaniard, fitted out an expedition and sailed from Cuba for Florida. In the company was one Dorantes who had with him as a body servant a Negro named Estevanico.

Narvaez, with most of his followers, after discouraging experiences in Florida, were finally lost at sea. Four men, including Cabeza de Vaca and Estevanico, survived shipwreck on the coast of Texas. They were made prisoners by the Indians, were held in captivity for six years and then made their escape and started westward toward the Spanish settlement in Mexico.

At the end of three days' travel we stopped [wrote Cabeza de Vaca] and the next day Alonzo del Castillo set out with Estevanico, the negro, taking the two Indian women as guides . . . Here [an Indian river-town] Castillo and Estevanico arrived, and, after talking with the Indians, Castillo returned at the end of three days to the spot where he had left us, and brought five or six of the people . . . The negro was in constant conversation; he informed himself about the ways we wished to take, of the towns there were, and the matters we desired to know . . . The next morning I took the negro with eleven Indians, and, following the Christians by their trail, I traveled ten leagues, passing three villages, at which they had slept.<sup>1</sup>

At last the party reached Culiacan; and from there went to the city of Mexico, where they arrived July 25, 1536.

In 1539, Estevan and three friars were sent to reconnoiter the country ahead of the Coronado expedition. This journey and its consequences is told by Pedro de Castaneda as follows:

It seems that, after the friars I have mentioned and the negro had started, the negro did not get on well with the friars, because he took the women that were given him and collected turquoises, and got together a stock of everything. Besides, the Indians in

\*Summary and extracts from Mr. Harvey's M.A. thesis, written at the University of Denver.—Ed.

<sup>1</sup>Frederick W. Hodge and Theodore H. Lewis, *Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States, 1528-1543*, 34-36, 102, 107, 112.

those places through which they went got along with the negro better, because they had seen him before. This was the reason he was sent on ahead to open up the way and pacify the Indians, so that when the others came along they had nothing to do except to keep an account of the things for which they were looking.<sup>2</sup>

After Estevan had left the friar, he thought he could get all the reputation and honor himself, and that if he should discover those settlements with such famous high houses, alone, he would be considered bold and courageous. So he proceeded with the people who had followed him, and attempted to cross the wilderness which lies between the country he had passed through and Cibola. He was so far ahead of the friars that, when these reached Chichilticalli, which is on the edge of the wilderness, he was already at Cibola, which is eighty leagues beyond . . . As I said, Estevan reached Cibola loaded with the large quantity of turquoises they had given him and some beautiful women whom the Indians who followed him and carried his things were taking with them and had given him. These had followed him from all the settlements he had passed, believing that under his protection they could traverse the whole world without any danger. But as the people in this country were more intelligent than those who followed Estevan, they lodged him in a little hut they had outside their village, and the older men and the governors heard his story and took steps to find out the reason he had come to that country. For three days they made inquiries about him and held a council. The account which the negro gave them of two white men who were following him, sent by a great lord, who knew about the things in the sky, and how these were coming to instruct them in divine matters, made them think that he must be a spy or a guide from some nations who wished to come and conquer them, because it seemed to them unreasonable to say that the people were white in the country from which he came and that he was sent by them, he being black. Besides these other reasons, they thought it was hard of him to ask them for turquoises and women, and so they decided to kill him. They did this, but they did not kill any of those who went with him.<sup>3</sup>

The next mention made of a Negro in this part of the world was during the Lewis and Clark expedition to the Pacific Northwest. William Clark took his Negro servant, York, on that long journey.

He was the first Negro that the Indians in this territory had ever seen, and they firmly believed that he was painted. Among the Ricaras,

the object which appeared to astonish the Indians most was Captain Clark's servant York, a remarkable stout strong negro. They had never seen a being of that colour, and therefore flocked round him to examine the extraordinary monster. By way of amusement he told them that he had once been a wild animal, and caught and tamed by his master, and to convince them he showed them feats of strength which, added to his looks, made him more terrible than we wished him to be.<sup>4</sup>

The children of this tribe followed the Negro constantly, but if he happened to turn towards them, they would run with terror

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, 288.

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, 289-290.

<sup>4</sup>James K. Hosmer, *History of the Expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark, 1804-5-6*, I, 108-09.

to the nearest hiding place.<sup>5</sup> A chief of the Minnetarrees, Le Borgne by name, was surprised at York's appearance, "examined him closely, and spit on his finger and rubbed the skin in order to wash off the paint; nor was it until the negro uncovered his head, and showed his short hair, that the Borgne could be persuaded that he was not a painted white man."<sup>6</sup>

History records numerous instances of Negroes being in the West during the fur-trading period. In fact, Colonel James Stevenson is said to have remarked:

"The old fur traders always got a Negro, if possible, to negotiate for them with the Indians, because of their 'pacifying effect.' They could manage them better than white men, and with less friction."<sup>7</sup>

Stevenson's opinion of the affinity of the Indian for the Negro is upheld by such independent and well-qualified observers as John H. Kinzie, the Reverend Edward D. Neill, and the journalists of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

These men point out the parts played by Negroes in the fur trade era as cooks, personal servants, voyageurs, hunters, guides, and interpreters.

The activities of Negroes who were in the West during this period is given in detail in a Minnesota Historical Society publication.<sup>8</sup>

One of the most colorful characters of the Negro race, connected with the fur trade and also with the history of Denver and Colorado, was James P. Beckwourth. He was born in Virginia, of a Negro slave mother and an Irish overseer.<sup>9</sup>

Among the many men who distinguished themselves as mountaineers, traders, chiefs of the great Indian nations, and as early pioneers, Beckwourth was outstanding. His sagacity in determining what would please the Indians has never been surpassed; his courage was of the highest order, and probably few men ever lived who met with more personal adventure involving danger to life.

Beckwourth while trapping with Captain Bridger was captured by the Crow Indians. One old woman, after having scanned him with utmost intentness, came forward and said, "If this is my son, he has a mole over one of his eyes." His eyelids were immediately pulled down when, sure enough, she discovered a mole just over his left eye, at which he was taken into the tribe and later became one of the chiefs.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, I, 116.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, I, 180.

<sup>7</sup>Kenneth W. Porter, "Negroes and the Fur Trade," in *Minnesota History* (December, 1934), p. 432.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, 433.

<sup>9</sup>T. D. Bonner, *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians* (London, 1892).

<sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*, 131-132.

A pioneer newspaperman, A. D. Richardson, described Beckwourth in 1860:

Here is a well-formed elderly man, with a devil-may-care expression, but a face full of character and of wonderful perceptive faculties; long black hair, complexion like a Mexican, and eyes like an Indian. It is James P. Beckwourth, the half-breed, so long a chief among the Crow tribe, and the most famous Indian fighter of this generation. His body is scarred from wounds received "in worst extremes, and on the perilous edge of battle, when it raged." But he is the very pink of courtesy, and specially devoted to a comely young wife whom he invariably dignifies with the title of "Lady Beckwourth."<sup>11</sup>



JAMES P. BECKWOURTH

The last days of Beckwourth were described by William N. Byers, founder of the *Rocky Mountain News*, in his *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado*:

Early in the '60s, while engaged in business and enjoying the comforts of domestic life, one of the most singular circumstances conceivable occurred to Beckwourth. The Crows, who had removed as far north as the head-waters of the Missouri, had not forgotten nor lost their affection for their whilom chief. They had even kept

<sup>11</sup>Albert D. Richardson, *Beyond the Mississippi*, 299.

track of him through all these years, and when they were fully apprised of his situation in Denver they sent envoys to persuade him to make them a visit. He yielded to the influence and went to the encampment of the Crows. They entertained him with all the honors an Indian can bestow. He remained many days with them. During the time they used every means and argument to persuade him to again become their chief. Upon his final refusal and his preparation to return to his home, the Indians honored him with a great farewell dog feast. The meat that was served to him was poisoned and he died on the spot. The Crows freely acknowledged the crime, saying: "He has been our good medicine. We have been more successful under him than under any chief." Their excuse was that if they could not have him living it would be good medicine to them to have him dead.<sup>12</sup>

Many writers tell of Negro slaves in Colorado. The presence of slaves at old Fort Bent is noted by Grinnell:

On hot days, with the other little children, young George Bent used to go down to the ice-house and get in it to cool off, and his father's negro cook used to come down and send them away, warning them not to go in there from the hot sun, as it was too cold and they might get sick. This negro cook, Andrew Green by name, a slave owned by Governor Charles Bent, was with him when he was killed in Taos, and afterward came to the fort and was there for many years, but was at last taken back to St. Louis, and there set free. He had a brother "Dick," often mentioned in the old books.<sup>13</sup>

David Spieman in the summer of 1859 worked for Willis and Morrison, who were working a mine near Gregory mines. These men came from Georgia and had two Negro slaves working for them which belonged to them.<sup>14</sup>

Honorable William Ryan wrote:

I have told you that at that time I saw black men working in the mines as slaves. . . . I saw them with my own eyes and my memory is just as accurate on the point as if I had seen them yesterday. There were only two of them, but I was told that there were others. The two that I saw at work were from Georgia and they were plying the pick and shovel quite lustily.<sup>15</sup>

Joel Estes is said to have had several slaves with him when he made his discovery of Estes Park, according to his granddaughter, Mrs. Ira Williams of Oklahoma.<sup>16</sup>

In a letter printed in the *Denver Times* in 1883, Robert M. Peck said he met a party, near the mouth of Cherry Creek in 1857, whose team was driven by a Negro slave. Peck was a private in the First Regiment of the United States Cavalry and a member of an expedition, under command of Major Sedgwick, which was sent up the

<sup>12</sup>William N. Byers, *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado*, I, 20-21. For additional data on Beckwourth's last years, see L. R. Hafen, "The Last Years of James P. Beckwourth," *Colorado Magazine*, V, 134-139.

<sup>13</sup>George Bird Grinnell, *Beyond the Old Frontier*, 137-8.

<sup>14</sup>Thomas F. Dawson, "Dawson's Scrapbook," 34: 83. Dawson's Scrapbooks are a collection of newspaper clippings in the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado.

<sup>15</sup>William Ryan, "Reminiscences of Honorable William Ryan, '59er," (unpublished manuscript, in files of the State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver, Colorado) p. 4.

<sup>16</sup>Personal interview with Mrs. Ira Williams, August 29, 1939.

Arkansas River to search for hostile Cheyenne Indians. From the Arkansas, they came north to the Platte. Peck says:

I was with Major Sedgwick's party. We arrived in the vicinity of Cherry Creek in the latter part of June. At that time the country was literally a howling wilderness—no settlement of any kind on the route after leaving Council Grove, except Allison's ranch, at the mouth of Walnut Creek near the Big Bend, and Bent's Fort, a trading post on the upper Arkansas where Fort Lyon now stands. Yes, there were a few Mexicans living in 'dobe shanties at Pueblo.

Just before reaching the mouth of Cherry Creek, we met a party of Missourians, six or eight men, all afoot, with a small wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, driven by a big buck nigger, the slave of one of the party.

We stopped and talked to them quite a while and they told us they had been up in the Pike's Peak region, and in the vicinity of the mouth of Cherry Creek prospecting for gold and found lots of it, but that the Indians had annoyed them so that they could do nothing without a stronger force.<sup>17</sup>

Doubtless there are numerous other instances of slavery in Colorado. These few show that it did exist in the new territory of the west.

Many of the early white settlers in Colorado mention Negro pioneers of the same period. In *The Trail* magazine, we find the following extracts from the stories of some of these pioneers:

Reverend Jacob Adriance wrote in his diary in August, 1859:

Twenty-eight . . . Prayer meeting at my cabin in the evening. From this on we kept up prayer meetings on Thursday evenings at my cabin, or at "Aunt" Clara Brown's cabin, a pious colored lady.<sup>18</sup>

Probably the best known colored man in Denver was Ed. J. Sanderlin, the oldest living barber.

He was born in New Orleans, Sept. 14th, 1837, and landed in Denver June 11th, 1859. He immediately opened a shop and followed his business for many years. By close attention to business he acquired considerable property, but lost the bulk of it later through hard times following the panic.

He was a man who held the esteem of his fellow citizens. His funeral was largely attended by the pioneers.<sup>19</sup>

After holding a short song service for himself and as he concluded preaching his own funeral service, Lewis Price, a well known negro character about the Denver streets, lay down on his cot at the County Hospital and died. Price was born in 1849. He came to Denver at the conclusion of the Civil War which freed him from slavery in his native town, Fredericksburg, Mo. He amassed a considerable fortune by dealing in real estate in the early days but later lost his wealth and died penniless.<sup>20</sup>

Leopold Mayer, who came to Denver in '59, often told a story about Old Uncle Simms, the proprietor of a Larimer Street restaurant. It seems that Uncle Simms agreed to board a man for ten dollars a week, with the understanding that a dollar rebate would be allowed for every meal the man missed. The first week the man

missed eleven meals, the second ten. When it came time to settle the bill, Uncle Simms asked his customer to figure the total as "he wasn't much on figures." So the man did the calculating. He had been there two weeks, had missed twenty-one meals, so Uncle Simms owed him a dollar. The old darkey wrestled with this problem for days but never solved it.<sup>21</sup>

Another colorful figure in early day Denver was Mr. Elijah Wentworth, better known as "Lige." From 1864 to 1870, every man, woman, and child living in Denver, as well as those who passed through the town, knew and laughed over the antics of this comical little man.



ELIJAH WENTWORTH  
("OLD LIGE")

He had no particular calling, but was a kind of handy man. He acted as "barker" for the old American House and the Bon Ton. His specialty, however, was finding children who had strayed from home. When anxious parents enlisted his aid he would go through the streets ringing his bell and singing this rhyme.

Lost chile! Lost chile! Done gone away f'um home an'  
nobody know whar he gone.  
Anybody fin' dis chile, tek him down to Wolfe Lun'nrs,  
git fiv' dollahs,  
Hyah you is! Hyah you is!<sup>22</sup>

There were a number of other well known colored people among the early pioneers of Colorado. A few of them were mentioned in the following article taken from the *Denver Republican*:

<sup>17</sup>Robert M. Peck, "Negro Slaves in Colorado," (unpublished manuscript, in files of the State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver, Colorado) p. 1.

<sup>18</sup>Peter Winne, "Historical Gleanings," in *The Trail*, August, 1915, p. 14.

<sup>19</sup>Editorial, "Ed. J. Sanderlin," *The Trail*, May 1909, p. 28.

<sup>20</sup>Editorial, "Lewis Price," *The Trail*, February, 1913, p. 28.

<sup>21</sup>Adolph Mayer, "Uncle Simms' Problem," *Sons of Colorado*, February, 1907, p. 30.

<sup>22</sup>Editorial, "Lige," *Sons of Colorado*, July, 1906, p. 24.

Edward J. Sanderlin, who has now retired from business, devoting his time to looking after his city property, ranches and mining interests, was a pioneer in California. Then, having returned East, he was again one of the first to come to Colorado in the Pike's Peak excitement of 1859. . . .

Among the characters then in Denver was William Payne, a blacksmith who had been brought out by Ben Holladay to shoe the ponies used in the Pony Express. Beckwourth and Payne had an altercation. Beckwourth killed Payne and was subsequently acquitted by the courts. . . .

Aunt Clara Brown, who was buried with honors by the Colorado Pioneers' Association three years ago, was one of the first colored people in Colorado. Old Aunt Clara was elected a member of the Pioneers' Association back in the seventies. She was a slave girl first, owned in Virginia.

In 1858, having been given her freedom, she removed to Leavenworth, Kansas, and in 1859, although between 50 and 60 years of age, she started with the gold-seekers and established at Central City, Colorado, the first laundry in the State. She was always the first to nurse a sick miner or the wife of one, and her deeds of charity were numerous.

There are fully 6,000 colored people in this city [1890]. Of these 5,000 have steady occupation and are either the possessors of property or connected with families who own property. This prosperous condition of affairs grew to an extent out of what was considered at the time a hardship. Colored people came in numbers from Missouri and Arkansas early in the Eighties, and found that the owners of houses would not rent to them.

It was finally decided by some of the more prominent resident negroes, and by a few white owners, to build and sell these colored men small houses on the installment plan. It was a necessity for the colored immigrant to accept this proposition. The result is that, proportionately, more colored men own their homes in Denver than in any other Northern city, and by the increase in the values of realty many of them have become comfortably off. There are fully 100 colored men who are worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each, and a few range from \$20,000 to \$150,000.

Among the leading colored citizens are E. J. Sanderlin, Lewis Price, William H. Green, H. O. Wagner, B. L. Ford and William A. Winship. . . . The three colored churches are presided over by able pastors. . . . The churches are well supported, and great interest is taken by the better educated people of the race in them.<sup>22</sup>

A great number of the colored immigrants had no other knowledge except that learned as slaves on southern plantations. It was natural that they should take up agricultural pursuits in their new homes. Some were successful as is shown by the following excerpt from the *Calhan News*:

W. H. Hooper, one of the early pioneers of the Bijou Basin country, and a most highly respected citizen, passed away at a Colorado Springs hospital following a brief illness.

William Harden Hooper was born in 1869 at Mt. Airy, North Carolina, and came to Colorado with his parents in 1877. The Hoopers settled in Colorado Springs, but young William had imbibed the western spirit and declined to become a town resident. He started in to absorb the atmosphere of the cow lands and, securing a position on the ranch of Governor Gilpin soon gained the rating of a top cowhand.

<sup>22</sup>Editorial in the *Denver Republican*, March 17, 1890.

During a visit to Colorado Springs he was offered a position as confidential messenger with the Colorado Midland, a position he held until the Midland head offices moved to Denver.

It was while working for the Midland a full half-century ago that he was attracted by the farming possibilities of the Bijou Basin country lying northeast of Eastonville. He homesteaded the land which is now known as Pine View farm and made it into one of the best farms of the region through intelligent work backed by a spirit of perseverance.

Well liked by everyone who knew him, Will Hooper established a reputation for farming that would rate him a master farmer, if consistent success in this profession is taken into consideration. His prize grains will be missed at the El Paso fair where he exhibited each year since the fair started. He took pardonable pride in his cabinet filled with ribbons awarded his prizes won at the El Paso fair, many more won at seed shows and was twice winner of first prize at the National Dry Farming Congress.<sup>24</sup>

No amount of history or volume of statistics will reach the inner feelings of a race; the interview is the only medium—unless it be fiction—that brings out the individual as a person. What he thinks and feels and believes—with or without reason—how he reacts to great events, and what events, perhaps actually very simple, impress him and are therefore important, can only be discovered by personal interview. From a mass of interviews, conclusions can be drawn; it is for this reason that the following, obtained in 1940, are given. Many of the facts related may seem trivial, but in the mass they give a true picture—the Negro as an individual.

A few colored pioneers are still living. Mrs. Nancy Lewis, a former slave, lived in 1940 at Five Points in Denver with her daughter, Mrs. Lily B. Moore. This little ninety-eight year old woman was almost blind. She lived almost entirely in the past; however, she knew enough of present day happenings to realize that times are hard and the "world is very wicked." Born into slavery on the large plantation of Master Allen Cox, in Platte County, Missouri, she never saw her father, who was "sold down the river" before her birth. Nancy's mother died when she was barely sixteen. Her mistress was kind and wanted to educate her, but Nancy was too full of life to be tied down to books. She said, "I can't read nor write, and it is my own fault."

After her marriage in Leavenworth, she and her husband came to Colorado in the fall of 1865. They came in a covered wagon, with the wagon train of Sissler and Saur, later prosperous merchants in Central City.

Nancy and her husband obtained work as head cooks for the Quaintance's Hotel. He worked there a number of years, then cooked at the old Inter-Ocean Hotel in Denver. In the meantime, Nancy was not idle; she did general housework and laundry for

<sup>24</sup>Editorial in the *Calhan News*, August 5, 1938.



Judge Gorsline, the Rathfold and Thatcher families, and later for Judge J. C. Rockwell. She also worked for Mrs. "Baby Doe" Tabor in Denver.

Nancy had been a member of the Zion Baptist Church for fifty-nine years and was present at the laying of its cornerstone in Denver. She believed that people today need more old fashioned religion; that the modern young people are not as kind or grateful as they were in days gone by, nor as thoughtful of older people.

Nancy is one-quarter Cherokee, has a very intelligent face, a world of common sense, and what is perhaps unusual in one of her race, very little, if any, superstition. She loves to hum the old songs, and each night sings herself to sleep with "Sweet Chariot," "Swanee River," and "Go Down Moses, Way Down in Egypt Land."

Nancy stated that, in their neighborhood, the white and Negro races have a fine fellowship which is growing with the years. For the past thirty-two years, there has been no need to call in the law because of a neighborhood fight. She says they all go their separate ways, and only in times of sickness or want do the neighbors come to help; they care largely for their own in times of trouble.

Nancy had three children—two are buried in Denver. She is grateful to a provident government for the old-age pension, which makes it possible for her to live the closing years of her life in the modest, clean, little home at 2930 Glenarm Place.<sup>25</sup>

An interview with Mrs. Dolly F. Hamilton, 2736 Downing Street, Denver, Colorado: She was born February 14, 1860, in Aldie County, Virginia, and is now eighty-one years old. Mrs. Hamilton was born free, came to Denver in 1881 and lived at 18th and Glenarm Street. Her husband was a coachman for Mr. George Keener and later for Mr. Charles Boettcher, who at that time lived at 12th and Grant Street. Dolly Hamilton took in washing and ironing at \$2.00 a day; today she says a person can make much more but since food and clothing were much cheaper you were ahead in the old days. She thinks times were better in the old days; you could always find a job; you could make \$35.00 a month and board and room, and clothing was cheap. As an example, she points out that for five cents you could get all the liver your family could eat and still have some left for your dog.

Her husband, who served his country in the Spanish-American War, died in 1912 and was buried in Washington, D. C. As a result of his service, she receives a pension which is making her last years more pleasant.

In the past 58 years, Mrs. Hamilton has seen Denver grow from a small community to the large city it is today; from the horse car

<sup>25</sup>Personal Interview with Mrs. Nancy Lewis, May 16, 1940.

to the bus. She has been a member of the Zion Baptist Church for the past fifty years and belongs to the sewing club. She has two daughters, Katie and Lizzie, with whom she lives in their nice, modern seven room home.

Mrs. Hamilton claims to have no superstitions. Her favorite dishes are fish (cat-fish), boiled ham and bread pudding. She remembers when the Capitol was being built and how the children brought home wood for fuel. She believes that inter-marriage is the only way in which the Negro will ever obtain equal rights with the whites. She points out that a great many Negro slave women were formerly used to nurse the white babies of their white masters.<sup>26</sup>

An interview with Mrs. Helen Herndon: Mrs. Herndon was the daughter of John W. Dobbs who was known as "Uncle Tom of the Rockies." Dobbs was born in Georgia in 1857 and died in Denver in 1927. He was of slave parentage and came with his wife in 1884 to Colorado, where he worked in the mines at Walsenburg, Colorado. Later he settled on a homestead near Evergreen, where he took out timber for the mines and also worked in the John Newman saw mill on Yankee Creek. Here he became known as "Uncle Tom of the Rockies." Dobbs had a great number of friends. He was the father of eighteen children, all of whom were living in 1939, with the exception of the oldest and the youngest.<sup>27</sup>

Dee Frank Mallard, former head janitor at the State Museum Building, was born in Texas in Cherokee County in 1892 in a two room log cabin of parents whose constant struggle was to make a living. Mallard's grandmother was a three-quarter Cherokee Indian. He grew up as a farm boy and when he was twenty-one came to Denver. He had only seventy-five cents, but in his own words, "I asked the Lord to help me make a happy home and today I own my home at 2338 Clarkson Street."<sup>28</sup> Mr. Mallard's mother (an ex-slave), although ninety-three years old, cooks her own meals, does her housework, and frequently goes down town. She believes that "if all people would consider each other's feelings at all times, the world would be a better place for both colored and white people to live in."

The Negro is racially the most distinctly foreign element in America. He belongs to a period of racial evolution far removed from that of white men. There is a touch of the dramatic in every phase of the Negro's contact with America; his unwilling coming, his forcible detention, his final submission, his freedom, his struggle to adapt himself to freedom, and his futile competition with a

<sup>26</sup>Personal Interview with Mrs. Dolly F. Hamilton, May 17, 1940.

<sup>27</sup>Personal Interview with Mrs. Helen Herndon, May 20, 1940.

<sup>28</sup>Personal Interview with Mr. Dee Frank Mallard and his mother, May 21, 1940.

superior economic order makes a very complicated problem for the Negroes of Colorado. But with education and a more equal economic standard and with their willingness to share the responsibilities of our State and Nation, as shown by the Colorado Negro boys who have given their lives on our battle-fields, and with more tolerance and less prejudice on our part, the Negroes will find their place in the sun.

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## The Fred Harvey System

CHARLES W. HURD\*

Frederick Henry Harvey was born in London, June 27, 1835, of Scottish-English parentage. When only fifteen years of age he set sail from Liverpool to try his luck in America. In New York he got a job washing dishes in a restaurant. The pay was only \$2.00 a week, but he did the job well and soon got a raise. He saved his money to buy a ticket to New Orleans. There he was stricken with yellow fever. After some months in the south he went to St. Louis, where he got into restaurant work again, and in a short time he was operating a restaurant of his own. The Civil War wrecked the restaurant business and Mr. Harvey had to find employment elsewhere. The business venture in St. Louis was financially a failure, but it paid big dividends in a wife, for there he met Sally Mattas, a Bohemian girl born in Prague in 1842. In the restaurant, Sally waited table while Fred cooked.

Out of St. Louis the young man got a job on a boat running to St. Joseph, Missouri. Railroads were just getting started and Fred Harvey was mail clerk on the first mail car into St. Joe. This work was not to his liking, as the road was rough riding. He next engaged with the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway Co. as traveling freight agent. Most of his work on that job was looking after shipments of cattle that had come up from Texas over the Chisholm trail, on their way to market.

On the road, Fred Harvey found that his travels were fraught with hardship. All of the hotels and restaurants along the way were private concerns and most of them were not such as a discerning Englishman would care to patronize. Beds were untidy. The condition of the utensils and the dishes bespoke the quality of the food. His critical eye was quick to see the need of better sanitation and he decided to try his hand at it. He knew how to run a restaurant. He picked a partner and they opened a lunch counter

\*Mr. Hurd was forty-three years with the Santa Fe railroad, twenty-three of which were spent at Las Animas, Colorado. Engaged in station work, he was in close touch with the Fred Harvey service, handling supplies for the company. For a quarter century he has been interested in research into pioneer history. He lives at Las Animas today.—Ed.

at Hugo, Kansas, and one at Wallace. The venture proved a failure because of the partner's inefficiency.

Some time in 1875 Fred Harvey interviewed some of the officials of the Burlington railroad, telling them of his experience in hotels and restaurants of the new towns along the way. It was his contention that the railroads building into new territory should do something for the accommodation of their patrons, in the matter of hotels and eating-houses and the road that could do the job best would get the business. His plea fell upon deaf ears. They had never heard of a scheme like that and the slim possibility of success would not warrant the expense.



FRED HARVEY

Mr. Harvey went to the office of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Co. There he found a friend in Charles F. Morse, the superintendent. Mr. Morse encouraged the young man in his dreams for building a line of hotels and eating-houses that would keep pace with the construction of the railroad. The arrangements were not made in a day; but together they planned the way, whereby passengers and train crews could eat and sleep in comfortable, clean station houses. They even worked out a plan for converting box cars into dining cars, so that the patrons on the road could eat their meals while riding along. A few years later, five box cars were fitted up for use as diners at Holbrook, Arizona. They were common old red cars. Their external appearance was not inviting. But when inside, the passengers were surprised to find how nice they were and they liked the service. They would want to come again.

The arrangements which Fred Harvey made with Mr. Morse were by verbal agreement. Their undertaking was to be a partnership affair, launched as a drawing card for the Santa Fe railroad. The hotels and eating-houses were to be operated, as nearly as possible, on a cost basis. This was a "Gentleman's agreement" based on "whatever is fair and right." It maintained for many years, without friction or misunderstandings. It would probably have carried to this day had not government regulations imposed the necessity of a written agreement.



THE FIRST HARVEY HOUSE, OPENED AT TOPEKA, KANSAS, IN 1876.

Together, Fred Harvey and the railway company fitted up a part of the depot at Topeka, Kansas, to be used as a restaurant. A few bedrooms were furnished upstairs. That was the first Fred Harvey House, and it was opened in 1876. In less than a year the dining-room had become famous as a good place to eat. It was feeding passengers, train crews and townspeople, too. That encouraged the promoters to try it again. The next venture was at Florence, Kansas. Success followed every move. Hotels were built at Hutchinson, Kinsley, Dodge City, Syracuse, Las Animas, La Junta, Trinidad, and all the way to the Pacific.

Mrs. Harvey helped with the work of operating the hotels and saw the system through as far as Florence. Then she retired that she might give all her time to her children. The family made their permanent home at Leavenworth, Kansas.

At the beginning of his operations, Fred Harvey advertised for girls to work in the dining rooms. He was strict in his requirements. Girls must be of good character, attractive, and not over thirty years of age. He was a shrewd judge of character and could generally pick the girls he wanted. He was equally cautious in picking men to be managers and to hold other official positions. He was quick to fire employees who did not qualify for their work.

The Fred Harvey System of today operates on more than 7,000 miles of busy Santa Fe railroad. There are nearly 7,000 employees. The system owns and operates three large creameries. Four large laundries keep the linen snowy white. There are scores of news stands. At many of the large stations there are curio shops, where honest goods are sold. If Indian goods are on display they must be the genuine Indian products, handmade. This department is in charge of a man who understands Indian and Spanish art. He is familiar with the wide range of products available and is interested in seeing that travelers get what they want, at prices that are right.

When Mr. Ripley was president of the Santa Fe railway company he was so pleased with the efficiency of the Fred Harvey service that he asked Mr. Harvey to take over the news service, both on the trains and at the stations. A general clean-up began at once. A better class of men was employed. They had to dress right and some of their lines of goods were discarded. They were given standard literature, fresh candy, reliable brands of soft drinks and tobacco. The first good book put out, as a test item, was David Harem. The first order was for 100 books. The next was for 1,000. Then they tried one of Gene Stratton Porter's books and sold 17,500. Fred Harvey was right again. Travelers wanted something good, if they could get it.

The operations of the purchasing department ran into big figures. In 1943 Fred Harvey patrons ate more than 2,300 tons of potatoes and over 2,500 tons of meat. When Mr. Harvey was doing the purchasing himself, he would buy a carload of coffee at a time and scarcely stop to ask the price. So careful was he that his guests should have only the best, it is said that he never would permit the use of cold storage eggs; they had to be fresh. That his meats may be free from possibility of contamination, his buyers purchase sheep and cattle at the Kansas City market, on foot. They select the best. In a few cases, the Harvey system operates large ranches for raising sheep and cattle. In 1897 the X Y ranch was in operation at Barton, Colorado (near Granada), where 2,500 cattle were on the range, getting ready for the dining cars.

It has been said that Fred Harvey "discovered" the Grand Canyon of Arizona. When he beheld the stupendous depth, looked upon its myriad colors, and felt the majesty of the purple haze,

he realized that a road should be opened to the rim so that the public could come and see. He arranged for sixty-four miles of railroad to extend north from Williams. At the rim he built houses for the accommodation of all who might come. There was the Bright Angel Lodge and the El Tovar. These cost half a million dollars. Other houses were built for people of moderate means—all of this where there was no water. The nearest possible source of supply was a mile straight down, too far to pump. Every day Fred Harvey wheels in a train-load of water from the Santa Fe main line. A few years ago, a rich lady from the East was so impressed with the seriousness of the water problem that she prevailed upon the manager to hang a placard in every room, "Please do not waste the water."

Fred Harvey was always a man of dignity and he had a high regard for the traveling public. It was ever his aim to have the hotels and dining halls meet the approval of his most fastidious guests, but he had one rule that sometimes led to grief. He insisted that all men eating at his tables should wear their coats. In 1921 a man of wealth and holding high position refused to wear his coat. The manager refused to allow him to eat at the tables. The case was carried to the Supreme Court. Mr. Ford Harvey was president at that time. It was his contention that if he would permit men to sit at his tables without their coats, one could only guess what they would want to take off next. He won the case. The judge stated that civilization in Oklahoma was at ragged edge and "The Fred Harvey way" was a step in the right direction.

When the Harvey house at Las Vegas, New Mexico, known as the Castaneda, was opened in 1882 some cowboys rode their ponies into the lobby where they created consternation by shooting at some of the bottles; then, in language loud and furious, they demanded drinks. Fred Harvey came forward and, with all the dignity of a clergyman, told the ruffians that his house was built for the entertainment of ladies and gentlemen and he would have to ask them to leave immediately. They tiptoed to the door, leading their horses; then disappeared in the distance and never came back.

The popularity of the Fred Harvey System has been due in part, to the girls who served as waitresses and in other capacities in the various hotels and eating houses. The employment bureau picked the girls who were attractive and intelligent. Each one of them signed a pledge to not marry within a year. Most of them kept their promise, but some did not. As their names were entered on the payroll, they became members of the great Fred Harvey family. Their training for the work they were to do began at that time. The uniform consisted of a plain black dress, with black shoes and

stockings. Their neatness and the uniformity was a major drawing card in the Fred Harvey system.

The girls lived in the upper rooms of the hotels where they worked. There were separate rooms for sewing, etc., and for the entertainment of their beaux. There might be as many as 150 girls in one house. They were usually under the supervision of a matron and could not be out later than ten o'clock at night.



"THE HARVEY GIRLS"  
FROM THE MGM MOTION PICTURE

Many of the girls spent long years in the service. Bridget Malone was head waitress at Las Vegas, for thirty years. There she became one of the two most popular women of the state. She reigned supreme in handling the largest and most elaborate banquets. Other girls, at other places, including Miss Jennie Flanagan at Albuquerque, have had enviable careers.

When the railroads were threading their way through the wilds of the West, the Fred Harvey girls followed close behind and it may be said that, next to the pioneer women, they represented civilization's advance guard, in woman's world. They brought with them culture and a friendliness that appealed. Their personal attractions and the nice way they waited on the public made them the target of every swain. Many of them left the dining room and joined hands with railroaders, bankers, miners, cowboys, and

ranchers, for better or for worse. Their sons and daughters are proud to relate that their mothers were Fred Harvey girls.

The magnitude of Fred Harvey operations is one of the accomplishments of modern transportation. From a small beginning, the organization grew steadily. On a good train there may be 350 passengers to be fed. The ordinary diner seats 36 people. This means that the tables may have to be set ten times for a single meal. Just before the Second World War, President Harvey reported to the Santa Fe people that they could feed 30,000 people. In less than a year they were feeding 60,000. The war put the system to test but Harvey never faltered, never failed. If there was a food shortage the patrons never knew it. Each of the large stations was a supply house. If one manager found that he was running short on meat or milk he telegraphed his wants to another and supplies would come on the first train.

Fred Harvey inherited the traditions of his race and when he came to America he brought with him the British traits of thoroughness and attention to detail. Through all the years of his career as manager he held to a high standard of efficiency for himself and "all the works." Most conspicuous of his personal traits was his dignity. He was not highly educated, but he always passed as a man of culture. It is remarkable how completely Fred Harvey wove his personality into the great organization that bears his name. The Fred Harvey system is stamped all over with the imprint of Fred Harvey, the man. From him it inherited a tone that is lasting and a color that does not fade. The Fred Harvey standards of today are as they were forty years ago. The improvements in hotels have kept pace with the trend of the times and dining cars have modern arrangements, but the spirit of the founder permeates them all.

Of the children in the Fred Harvey family, two died as infants. That left Ford, Byron, Sibyl, Minnie and Marie. The father died in 1901 and the son, Ford, took his place as president. When Ford died in 1928 his brother, Byron, succeeded him. Byron Harvey is president at this time. Minnie Harvey is credited with being the designer of the Harvey House at Albuquerque, known as the Alvarado. The architects of the Harvey hotels early adopted the Spanish style of the Southwest.

In the last quarter century the Fred Harvey System has undergone some changes that have been far-reaching. At the beginning of the century a line of hotels and restaurants dotted the line of the Santa Fe. One by one most of these have given place to an elaborate line of dining cars. In recent weeks the Harvey houses at Dodge City, Kansas, La Junta, Colorado, and Las Vegas, New Mexico, have been closed. In each case, a storm of protest was heard from

the townspeople. Harvey hotels had become tradition. There were other hotels, to be sure, but the Harvey Houses were different. The ever increasing demand for speed, and more speed, accounts for the change. Passengers think that they cannot afford to take time to stop for meals. They like to eat in the diners, as the scenery rolls by.

## Reminiscences of Isa Hunt Stearns<sup>1</sup>

*Edited by* ISA STEARNS GREGG

I was born at Freeport, Illinois, June 3, 1856, the second daughter of Alexander Cameron Hunt and Ellen Elizabeth (Kellogg), his wife. My mother was twenty years old when I was born. The sister before me died at three months of age. As her name was Ida Ellen, my father wished me to bear the same name. Mother being superstitious, would not consent; as a compromise I was called Isa Ellen. The name, Ellen, was dropped in after years, as mother disliked the combination. When sixteen months old a brother came to bear me company; he was named Albert Cameron.

My father was one of ten children; his birthplace New York State (I never knew just where); his father was a physician. At seventeen years of age, my father went to California, returning ten years later a very wealthy man. He married my mother in her seventeenth year, and in 1857 lost all his fortune.

In 1858, he came to Colorado, attracted by the Pikes Peak Gold excitement. He returned to Freeport for his family in the fall and in May, 1859, with a wagon load of household goods, a sick wife and two babies, began the weary trip full of peril at the Missouri River. Seven weeks later, the journey ended at Auraria-Denver.<sup>2</sup>

The journey was fraught with constant danger from Indians and no traveler ventured to leave the river until a sufficient number of wagons and men were ready to go to make the train large enough for protection against Indian attack. Much traveling was done at night—to avoid camp fires, cooking was accomplished largely on stoves in the wagons.

When resting in the day time, wagons were placed in a circle and stock (oxen, by the way) kept inside the enclosure to avoid their wandering. Oxen were used to draw the wagons because they required less feed than horses and were better able to endure the poor water.

<sup>1</sup>Mrs. Stearns, a daughter of Governor A. C. Hunt, wrote an autobiographical sketch in May, 1896. From this her daughter, Mrs. Isa Stearns Gregg of Denver, has extracted the following reminiscences.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup>Mrs. Hunt's diary of the trip was published in the *Colorado Magazine* of January, 1943.—Ed.

Another danger was the possible stampede of thousands of buffalo (now almost extinct) that wandered over the plains. If frightened by Indian hunters or by prairie fires they dashed across country crushing everything in their path.

Antelope in abundance, rabbit, grouse, and buffalo furnished meat for the camps, eggs and milk were seldom seen and good water was almost a luxury. All that could be procured was strong with alkali.

Our first trip across the plains was free from Indian scares; subsequent trips were filled with terror. Dead Indians and whites were often found at stage stations, where the flames still smoldered from the ruined buildings. The travelers buried the whites and left the Indian beasts to the coyotes. The bodies of women were seldom found, as their lives were generally spared for a fate far worse than death in the hands of the Indians. Sometimes they killed themselves, or were killed by their protectors to save them this fate.

My father soon constructed a log house without doors or windows—merely a hole in the wall as a substitute—and into this we moved.

On June 3, 1860, my fourth birthday, came another little brother, Robert Bruce, and for three months the poor mother lay on her bed, with only such care as my father could give her.

Many times the rain ran through the mud roof and stood in pools on her bed. The baby struggled hard for his life, for lack of care and food, but he lived to manhood, his mother's pride and joy and his sister's idol, only to be cut off at twenty-three by the pistol shot of a burglar, who was robbing the bank of Durango.

The privations and sufferings of the mother and father can hardly be described; the children were contented and happy and shared none of the misery.

A more comfortable frame house followed the log cabin. Another trip back to the "States" to see mother, another weary dangerous journey home. A part of the load on the return trip was some brick for the chimney of the new house; the first of its kind in Denver.

A few years later father took up 160 acres of ground on a hill south of town and built a small brick house, improved the grounds, hauling pine trees from the mountains in the winter with great pieces of earth attached to insure their having good soil to grow in. In the summer working hard irrigating, enriching the soil and planting the only trees in Denver at that time, and often adding to the house as well, until finally a comfortable, rambling house of fifteen rooms was the result, with grounds that were the admiration of the whole country. This, the gratifying return for the years of labor.

The old house is torn down now; the grounds are known as Lincoln Park, the shelter of whose trees give pleasure and comfort to hundreds of weary workmen and their families, the very class of people who need such a retreat the most. What better fate for the dear old home could we have asked.



ISA HUNT, BERT HUNT, BRUCE HUNT, AND KATE KELLOGG

The name Auraria was dropped and the town took General Denver's name. In 1864 a cloudburst up the creek sent down a terrible flood that almost wiped out the original town and many people were drowned and hundreds made homeless. Our house like all those remaining, was open to the sufferers.

As soon as the flood went down, the majority of the people established their homes on the east side of the creek, safe from floods and the west side received its death blow and was used for manufacturers, railroad shops, and the small homes of working men. It has not shown much improvement in thirty-six years.



The first five years of our life in Denver was frequently full of terror from Indians, though an actual attack was never made on Denver. One night, however, a courier rushed into the town alarming all the people, and the women and children all were huddled into the only two-story brick building in town, then standing on the corner of Eleventh and Larimer streets, the Lindell Hotel. The men all arrived and prepared to defend their families, but it proved a false alarm.

My father, being at that time U. S. Marshal, was out after prisoners and knew nothing of Mother's night of agony and suspense, until his return.

Much annoyance and discomfort and actual fear was caused our family by the U. S. soldiers stationed near our home. They stole everything they could lay their hands on and at night drunken soldiers demanded admittance and beat the doors and blinds, thinking the house to be the barracks. Our only protection when we heard voices or footsteps was to extinguish the lights, until, discouraged, the drunken fellows departed.

One afternoon when my father was absent on one of his long trips, three drunken officers all cut and bleeding, came to the house and demanded a search of the premises for some deserters. In spite of Mother's protestations they entered, swearing and quarreling. In the midst of it, in walked my father, and his anger can well be imagined. He, at once, gave my mother a pistol; and taught her to shoot. Reporting the offense of the soldiers at headquarters, he told them that he had instructed his wife to shoot any soldier who entered her door. Be it added, the offense was never repeated. It seems the officers had had the deserters, but when drinking and quarreling among themselves, lost their prisoners.

A log cabin was erected near our house and in this my father's parents lived for a short time. All that I remember of the place is the odor of snuff and a frowzy little barking dog. Not the faintest recollection of the grandparents. Probably the dog frightened me, and odors I never forget.

The grandparents soon returned east; the grandmother died on her journey, and the grandfather, a year later.

One winter my father and mother spent in Washington, D. C., and we were left at home with a Mrs. Dyer. We managed to struggle through whooping cough and various things without evil results. When eight years old, I was kicked in the face by a horse. My second teeth were badly injured, one out and the other turned almost half around. My face was so skillfully stitched that no scar remained. But my teeth were ruined; my face, plain at best, was much uglier for the accident. My hair was the only redeeming point and I, so often, heard remarks on its beauty. I could be excused for my pride

in it. As I write, there is little change in its golden shade and not a gray hair, though I shall be forty years old next month, if I live.

About this time we again crossed the plains to visit my grandmother at Ann Arbor, Michigan. While we were there, Lincoln was killed and I remember being much puzzled at the frequent funeral services in various towns. I could not understand how they could bury him in every town and take him up again.

Our return trip was made with horses and only took three weeks; a great improvement on the ox teams.

At the time I was kicked by the horse, a little three months old sister lay dying. My accident added fresh misery to my poor Mother's cup of bitterness. We were none of us healthy and strong. This alone was burden enough for her, it would seem.

I was a very sensitive child and felt my plain looks a terrible affliction. The delicate complexion, the companion to the yellow hair, could not do otherwise than resent the familiarity of the hot sun. The result was many sizes and kinds of freckles that did not add beauty to the ugly little face, with its big uneven nose and disfigured mouth. Its owner wept many bitter tears at her unattractiveness, grew more sensitive and morose. Left much to her own thoughts, soon her manners were not much more attractive than her face. Her thin skin and self-consciousness made her blush very easily and this added to her misery. As I write, I find myself feeling the keenest pity for this poor little ugly thing—myself. [Mother's teeth must have been skillfully cared for also, for I was a grown girl before I ever knew of her accident. She was not the homely person with a crooked mouth as she would have us believe. Her blue eyes were beautiful, her skin lovely and her hair the most gorgeous golden, and curly, I've ever seen on anyone — well might she have been proud of it.—*Isa S. Gregg.*]

My only companions were my two brothers, younger, and my pony; though quantities of money were spent on toys for us, our chief pleasures were found out of doors with toads, snakes (harmless ones), frogs, and summer insects, particularly butterflies. In winter when not in school, long tramps hunting rabbit, or skating. If stormy, we played in our play house, a one-roomed little house built for the purpose, with stove and cupboard and chairs and well filled doll bed. Here we made candy, popped corn, and made as big a mess as we wished, knowing we had to clean it up ourselves.

Our schooling was fitful, as schools were not well established and we lived out of town. Two years a governess taught us; the balance of the time we went to town to different schools with numerous interruptions.

Having no neighbors, we had no companions and our pleasures were of our own planning. A large mill ditch ran through the home

grounds; here we found endless variety. When the water was shut off for a day or so for repairs, our delight was inexpressible and we walked in its bed gathering stranded fish and queer bugs, our bare feet delighting in the cool soft sand and pools. Another queer pleasure was an absorbing interest in the process of decay, of dead animals hauled out on the prairie beyond our home. To older people this might have seemed disgusting; to me, now, it seems almost impossible; but I would give much to feel again that intense excitement and interest in any pleasure in store, that I used to feel when the boys rushed in to tell me there was a new dead horse out by the "big road"—as it was always called, meaning the stage road.

Flowers were not very abundant, as we had much less rain than we do now and the prairies were bare or covered with cactus; but the little Johnny jump ups, "The stars of Bethlehem," and a few coarse Lupins, plucked and squeezed in little dirty, hot hands, were prized and loved more than any hot house flower of priceless value.

We had our troubles and griefs, of course, just as great and hard to bear as any that have come to us in later years, for we could not reason and the things we could not have were the things we wished for most, just as we do now.

Of these pleasures our mother knew and shared nothing; she worked, suffered and grieved, saw nothing bright in life and hated the country, until her death; even after her home was the most attractive and comfortable in the whole state. Her health was utterly gone. The hardships of her early life could never be forgiven.

Our mother punished us when we deserved it; we were taught to obey and our faults in after years were not due to lack of government, though our mother had a constant trial in our father's alternate over-indulgence or unjust severity, according to his fits of temper. There were no religious observances in our home; my father disapproved of everything in this direction. I never knew of his going inside of a church, nor ever speaking on the subject of religion. He never objected to our going to church. We were taught to keep the Sabbath by not working or playing with our toys—that was all. Father always worked on that day more than any other, as it was a day free from his office work.

During the summer our father took long business trips through the mountains, taking his family with him for pleasure, he thought. But the camp life was so distasteful to my mother, with its dirt, exposure and insects that it always meant misery instead of pleasure. She was such a sufferer, that the hard work and poor beds, and three reckless children to vainly try to keep clean made the journey a source of great dread to her. I have done the same thing with three children, but good health, good company, excellent roads and plenty

of milk, eggs and all necessities and never long drives, put quite a different face on camping out.

Father took everything possible for mother's comfort, did much of the cooking and other work to relieve her, but she could not look kindly on what she felt so unnecessary a task, when she so preferred to remain at home. As the trip was always a business one and father in great haste to get to his journey's end, we had to rise very early. Often setting camp late at night, after a long, rough ride over a roadless country. Father's knowledge of the county being perfect, he always preferred the shortest route, though he often had to chop out trees to get through. On these trips we usually had guests, generally distinguished persons.

One party consisting of three young ladies: the Misses Matthews and Miss Nellie Wade, Mr. O. H. Hollister, Schuyler Colfax, and Mr. Frank Hall, resulted in the engagement of the young people and subsequent marriage of Miss Susie Matthews and Mr. Frank Hall, Miss Clara Matthews and Mr. Hollister; Miss Nellie Wade and Mr. Colfax.<sup>3</sup> The engagement of the latter couple occurred one night when we had camped early and father had sent Mr. Colfax to the river after water. Miss Wade accompanying him, they were gone a long time. On his announcing their engagement to my mother later I was present and child-like I quickly added, "I know when it was. It was when you went to get the water." He laughingly added I was right.

Samuel Bowles, formerly editor of the *Springfield Republican*, was at one time a guest on one of our trips—a jovial, delightful man and a child's friend in every sense of the word. In his *Switzerland of America*, written on his return to Massachusetts, he speaks of the quality of my father's cooking with high praise. Schuyler Colfax was also very attentive to us children and told us charming stories. He was particularly kind to me after a severe sickness on the trip. My recovery was due to the skill of Governor Evans who was at one time a physician.

We had a bad fright during this trip from a false report of Indians, though we saw none but friendly ones. At Pueblo, then a purely Mexican village with hardly a white family, we attended a Mexican dance—a very interesting performance.

My father was appointed territorial Governor and more than ever our house was open to the prominent visitors from the East and from abroad. Helen Hunt Jackson, a dear friend of my mother's and Grace Greenwood spent many weeks at our home; Mrs. Prof. Bolta, Charles Kingsley, canon of Westminster Abbey, and his daughter Rose. Mr. Kingsley's attention to me left a pleasant

<sup>3</sup>For Mrs. Frank Hall's account of this trip see the *Colorado Magazine*, XV, 161-168.—Ed.

impression on my memory, for although I knew nothing of his high position and intellect, his visit with me and the stories he told me made me think him a very delightful visitor. His daughter and son afterwards traveled through old Mexico with my father. General Sherman, a guest at our house, made himself particularly agreeable to the children, and from him we heard the story of "Goldie and the three bears"; I having the seat of honor on his knee. General Sheridan, General Grant, Bayard Taylor, General Hancock and no doubt others, whose names meant nothing to me then, were among the visitors.

I know these visitors were not always heartily welcome to mother, owing to the scarcity of help and provisions, and everything needful to what my mother thought a suitable entertainment. A colored man for cook and housework, of the poorest order, received \$75.00 a month and often a \$100.00 bill would not procure help of any sort.

One dinner in particular, given to General Hancock and his staff, was a never to be forgotten mortification to my mother. Sitting near her, I asked for a little coffee and tasting it I exclaimed at its saltiness. Mother had served it and many had tasted it. It was removed at once only to discover there was no more in the house. The Irish servant had been told to settle the coffee with a bit of codfish skin, as was often done when no eggs could be gotten. She had taken a big piece of the fish instead; hence the result. The disgrace mother never forgot.

Other guests we had, not so distinguished nor welcome, though perhaps more notorious. Namely, hundreds of Indians, who camped in our barn yard and remained weeks at a time, walking in wherever a door was left unlocked, or squatting in front of it until it should be open, flattening their greasy noses against the window and peering in at the occupants, vile smelling, covered with vermin and filth, begging and hanging about. It can well be imagined how great was the trial to my mother. My father by his kindness to them and his generosity, brought this annoyance on us, as he could have had them camp out on the prairie and spare us. This "hospitality" was characteristic of him.

One memorable night, he being a candidate for some political office, the whole (male) village came out to serenade him. He opens the door, asks the whole town to "come in and have a bite," when there was barely enough for a breakfast for the five of us. How they came out, I have no recollection.

The Indians continued to come each year until placed on their reservation. I had no fear of them, knew most of the chiefs by name, and was much admired by all of them because of my yellow hair. The bangs on the squaws annoyed me greatly, and I used, often, to

fix up their hair with ribbons and braids to their intense delight. They giggled and chattered about it like little girls and very kindly left my handiwork until I was out of sight, when I suspect it quickly came down. I should have been very mad, had any one told me then, that I should be banging my own children's hair in exactly the same manner some day, as I did, to follow the fashion, it is true.

The Springs of Manitou were the stopping place of the Indians on their journeys. They had great faith in its healing properties. In their natural state the Springs were far more attractive than at present and we always enjoyed a trip to that locality.

About 1870 the first railroad entered Denver and great was the rejoicing as it neared the town. Crowds went out to watch the construction.

In the fall I was sent to boarding school at Monroe, Michigan, the same school my mother had attended. My vacations were spent with my grandmother Kellogg at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

In the summer Mother came and we went together to Hammondsport, New York, to visit my father's sister, Mrs. John Davis. That was my first experience in real heat and the memory is not pleasant.

I returned to school in the fall and the next spring, my eyes failing me, accompanied by a grand-uncle, John A. Clark, I left school for Ft. Scott, Kansas, where I remained several weeks until my father came for me. The following winter, at seventeen, I tried studying at home and reciting at the school, but the result was not satisfactory and I gave up all but French and in this I made poor progress. I could not master the pronunciation and only succeeded in reading fairly well.

About this time my father turned all his energies towards the construction of the D. & R. G. Railroad, associated with General Wm. J. Palmer and Dr. Wm. Bell, of England, now a resident of Manitou, Colorado. During the next five years, father received no compensation for his labor for the road and so absorbed was he that most of his time away he almost forgot his family and their needs. Great accounts were run up, for our living which he paid at the end of the year, by deeding property for which there was no market. Mother was often distressed for money.

A third of our home grounds was given to the railroad for their shops, now called Burnham. Another piece of land at the north end was given to the city for the county jail and there it stands today.

Our grounds were now much smaller, but so improved as to require much care, and always expense: many fruit trees commenced to bear and quantities of strawberries were picked every

summer. I do not look back kindly to those strawberry days; I never saw the charm in getting up at five o'clock to crawl on your knees, yards and yards among dew wet vines and clammy earth, pursued by myriads of mosquitoes, the hot morning sun half risen, creeping under your hat or burning your wrists. Your stomach resenting your neglect, your temper—well, the less said about that the better—and the latter was not improved, I must add, by the fact that these same berries, gallons of them, were picked early to get them on the eight o'clock train to be sent to General Palmer and many other of father's friends at Colorado Springs and for which we never received any thanks or recognition, not even commendation from father. Fortunately, the strawberry season was short.

My grandmother Kellogg and aunt Kate, mother's sister, came to us for a long visit. Kate, being only four years my senior, we were quite companionable. We rode much on horse back and the winter I was eighteen, we were out in society (such as it was).

Kate and Grandma being much interested in the Presbyterian church, many of Kate's gentlemen friends were members, as they were all much older. I thought them dull and uninteresting. Kate played well on the piano, and her music gave these men pleasure. I hated music when there was company and a chance to visit spoiled. I had taken music lessons, but could not get up courage to practice in the face of Kate's skill.

I was even more unhappy about my plain looks than when younger and made myself very wretched about it. At last we had invitations to dancing parties and real gaiety and then I was in my element and how I enjoyed it. This eighteenth winter was my only one in society. I was married December 22, 1875, to John Eldridge Stearns.

About this time President Grant visited Colorado. My father had been removed from the office of Governor to give place to General McCook, and on the visit, the President very graciously presented my father with a fine stallion called Claymore, a sort of peace offering, I suspect. Much of the responsibility of entertaining President Grant devolved on my father and was cheerfully performed.

The summer of 1873, father established a large stock ranch, bought large numbers of horses, was shamefully cheated in many instances because of his utter ignorance of these animals. The ranch was located on the divide, mid-way between Denver and Colorado Springs and as beautiful a spot as I ever saw. Rolling hills covered with luxurious pines, rocky glens and a most picturesque valley through which flowed a crystal stream, quite capable of being a muddy torrent if occasion required. The flowers were of endless

variety and very beautiful and the air glorious. The ranch flourished like a green bay tree, until the bills fell upon it, when it proved a veritable sensitive plant and collapsed.

[Several pages have been omitted here as they contain things in her life of interest only to her daughters. She closes as follows: "I return to the hospital for an operation sometime this month. If I return home alive I may open this book again. If not . . . adios." She died May 30, 1896.]

## A Balloon Ascension with a Surprise Ending

CHARLES BJORK\*

During the gay nineties, back in the horse and buggy days, there was a popular amusement park in the southeast part of Denver, known as Chutes Park. Formerly called Arlington Park, it had been the scene at one time of a gorgeous fireworks spectacle called the "Last Days of Pompeii." Later on, after a change of management, a lagoon was built, and a huge slide erected for projecting boats into the water to "Shoot the Chutes"—then the name was changed to Chutes Park.

A balloon ascension and a parachute jump had been advertised to take place on Sunday afternoon, June 12, 1898, at 5:00 o'clock. Professor Frank Trimble, noted aeronaut, a young man who had made several ascensions before and had gained a national reputation as an expert balloonist, was scheduled to make the ascension and to perform on the trapeze bar of a parachute after jumping off into space.

I went to see the performance. A vast crowd had collected and volunteers were called for to help hold the great silk bag while it was being inflated. Many of the onlookers responded, including myself.

The balloon was being filled with hot air blown from a furnace. About 5:15 o'clock the silk bag began swelling and more and more curious people gathered at the spot where the work was in progress. It took quite a long while to inflate the balloon, which filled out slowly from the heat, but with ever increasing pressure, while we held it by means of restraining ropes and handholds. While the inflation was in progress a strong wind had blown up. All went well till the silk bag had become entirely filled and the aeronaut was in

\*Mr. Bjork, who contributed to our preceding issue, lives in Denver.—Ed.

readiness to make the trip. It had been the custom of Professor Trimble to make each ascension immediately after the balloon was filled and everything clear.

While he was arranging the parachute attachment and trapeze preparatory to his aerial flight, Frank Frazer, his assistant, a young colored man, was engaged in throwing buckets of water inside the silk bag to prevent its catching fire. Sparks are often blown into the balloon along with the hot air and it was to prevent destruction that Frazer and his bucket was pressed into service. At last everything seemed to be ready and someone shouted "Let go!" The balloon shot upward instantly with great force, before the useful Frazer had an opportunity to jump out of the way. Just as the Negro emerged from the mouth of the balloon and before he had an opportunity to remove the towel which he wore about his head to keep the smoke out of his eyes, things began to happen. Frazer's feet were caught in a guy rope and he was carried upwards feet first. He dangled head down at the end of a tangle of rigging and after frantically struggling he finally caught hold of the rope to which the parachute was attached.

In the meantime Professor Trimble had been dashed to the ground. He had been in his usual place but when the balloon had reached a height of fifty feet, instead of going directly up, it was blown by the wind toward an electric wire; his trapeze swung directly beneath it and the unfortunate aeronaut described a circle about the wire and fell like a mass of lead to the ground below, a distance of fifty feet, and struck upon his back. His body hit the ground at a sandy spot, but the impact was great, and sufficient to render him unconscious. Many of the spectators turned away their heads and did not venture to look at the balloon in the air to see what would befall the Negro, Frank Frazer.

The accident was witnessed by thousands of people, many of whom were standing directly under the balloon when it rose in the air. It was thought that Trimble had been killed outright, for he lay motionless upon the ground, and the violence of his fall convinced the spectators that there was no hope for him. He recovered consciousness, however, fifteen minutes after he had struck the ground.

An ambulance was summoned and Police Surgeon Miller attended and removed him to his home. Aside from a few small bruises the patient had received no external injuries. It was feared that he was internally injured however, as he began spitting blood soon after recovering consciousness.

Frazer made an involuntary ascension and considering the fact that it was his first trip in the clouds, he conducted himself in a manner worthy of the heroes of Santiago. He escaped unscathed. He landed near the Corona School, one half mile away. Frazer's acts indicated that he was an experienced navigator of the clouds, though he claimed that he had never gone up in a balloon before. After getting hold of the main rope, Frazer climbed into the rigging proper of the balloon. He kept his wits about him and though he was placed in a perilous position, a situation which would have terribly frightened most men, he decided to make the most of his predicament. He could not reach the parachute which was far beneath him.

He climbed over the network to the hot air valve, and by regulating the amount of hot air released, he floated gently to earth again, alighting without injury in the vicinity of the Corona School.

Dr. E. P. Hershey, who attended Professor Trimble that evening, said the injuries were not necessarily fatal. Trimble's spine was injured at the fifth, sixth, and seventh dorsal vertebrae. The muscles of the back had been distended and strained, and though paralysis had not set in, it was impossible to tell then how badly he had been hurt.

Frank Frazer maintained remarkable composure and when he first discovered his plight, promptly warned the aeronaut to cut away his harness and save himself by dropping with the parachute attachment. Contact with the wire prevented the professor from availing himself of his usual means of descending.

Frazer sent word to the park that he had landed safely and an express wagon was sent for him. He helped to load the now deflated balloon into the wagon and rode proudly back to the park.

I remained on the grounds until 6:30 o'clock and was present when he rode in. I asked him if he didn't become scared at his predicament and unusual experience. He grinned, and answered, "I nevah turned white, nohow. It was certainly an unwilling performance on my part, sah."

Frazer followed the business of filling balloons for aeronauts and had had considerable experience in it. He could never be induced to take a trial trip and was never in the air before, until he was dragged from the earth. He said that he believed himself a "goner" for a few moments when he found himself hanging by his feet. But after taking the towel off his head and getting hold of the rope, he concluded that he could save himself. So he tried it and succeeded.

## The Colorado and Southern Railway: Its Heritage and Its History\*

RICHARD C. OVERTON\*\*

### PART II: THE COLORADO AND SOUTHERN RAILWAY, 1898-1948

#### *Independence and Expansion, 1898-1908*

January, 1899, was a month of many decisions for the newborn Colorado and Southern Railway Company. Armed with a charter obtained on December 19, 1898, from the State of Colorado, and possessed of 1,085 miles of railroad stretching from central Wyoming to the Texas-New Mexico border, the new owners faced the immediate necessity of authorizing a financial structure and setting up a directorate and operating organization that would, they hoped, implement the promise of their new system.

Gathering at New York on January 7, the directors named in the Certificate of Incorporation voted to issue \$20,000,000 in 4 per cent, 30-year bonds, an act confirmed by the stockholders on the same day.<sup>1</sup> This issue, coupled with \$17,000,000 of non-cumulative 4 per cent first and second preferred, and \$31,000,000 of common stock, brought total capitalization of the new company to \$68,000,000. Although this amount slightly exceeded the capitalization of the predecessor companies,<sup>2</sup> fixed charges were reduced from \$1,068 to \$645 per mile by paying off former bondholders with only 80 per cent in new bonds bearing a lower rate of interest than the old bonds, and by making them an allowance in preferred stock.<sup>3</sup>

Frank Trumbull, chosen president on the same day,<sup>4</sup> was no stranger either to the property or to the problems of the new corporation. As receiver of the predecessor Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf since 1893 (and of the South Park Lines since 1894) he had served a rigorous apprenticeship<sup>5</sup> from which he emerged in the eyes of an observer as a "man of authority," known as

\*Part I of this article appeared in the *Colorado Magazine* for April, 1949, at pages 81-98. Both parts are based on a paper delivered at the Annual Meeting of the State Historical Society on December 14, 1948. Because of the fact that a version of this paper may subsequently appear in book form, re-publication rights are reserved by the author.

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<sup>1</sup>Certificate of Incorporation of the Colorado and Southern Railway Company, December 19, 1898, p. 17 (C.B.&Q. Secretary's office); Colorado and Southern Railway Company, Minutes of the Directors and Stockholders, volume 1 (hereafter referred to as CSM), pp. 1, 26, 37.

<sup>2</sup>134 ICC, 621-622.

<sup>3</sup>Reorganization of the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railway Company, "Plan and Agreement" dated September 29, 1898, pp. 11-13 (C.B.&Q. Secretary's office). For a brief appraisal see E. G. Campbell, *The Reorganization of the American Railroad System, 1893-1900* (New York, 1938), p. 250.

<sup>4</sup>CSM, p. 37.

<sup>5</sup>See Part I of this article in *Colorado Magazine*, XXVI (April, 1949), pp. 81-98, esp. pp. 96-98 (hereafter referred to as Part I).

a good selector of subordinates and as a "methodical" administrator.<sup>6</sup> His choice as first president of the new corporation was therefore eminently logical.<sup>7</sup> His familiarity with the road and its requirements, his standing in the community,<sup>8</sup> and his youthful vigor promised to be invaluable assets. On January 9, the stockholders elected eight permanent directors who, with Trumbull, constituted the board destined to face the task of "putting the company on the map." This, at their very first meeting on January 23, they proceeded to do in a literal sense when they authorized the insertion of a system map in the *Financial Chronicle* and the publication monthly of the company's gross and net earnings.<sup>9</sup> Familiar as they were with the ways of Wall Street and the investing public, they apparently recognized that it was essential for a newcomer corporation so lately identified with Union Pacific and so recently emerged from the obscurity of receivership to make a name for itself. This done, the directors turned to a docket so varied in scope that it can be summarized only in the phrase "getting established."

As part of the agreement with the U.P. covering the sale of the Julesburg branch, the C. & S. gained trackage rights for its own trains between Denver and Cheyenne so that it could once more do its own business north to Orin Junction.<sup>10</sup> In March a schedule of improvements totalling nearly half a million dollars was drawn up; more than a third was for new equipment, shops and buildings, and \$163,000 was earmarked for spurs and extensions to reach new sources of traffic.<sup>11</sup> Contracts of all sorts required attention: in November new agreements were reached with Wells Fargo for handling express business and with the Pullman Palace Car Company; at the same time the expenditure of \$18,000 on a snowplow for the Gunnison division served as a reminder that little traffic would move at all unless means were taken to deal with mountain winters.<sup>12</sup> The first full year's activities wound up with the preparation of an \$853,300 estimate of improvements for 1900<sup>13</sup> and the declaration of a 2 per cent dividend on the first

<sup>6</sup>William N. Byers, *History of Colorado* (Chicago, 1901), I, p. 348. Trumbull's authority, and the improvements and financial results noted, extended only to the property actually operated by the U. P. D. & G.

<sup>7</sup>Actually Edwin T. Rice, Jr., was the first president. He was elected on the morning of Jan. 7 by the directors named in the Certificate of Incorporation, and, after an intervening stockholders' meeting, resigned—obviously by pre-arrangement—in the afternoon (CSM, pp. 8, 37).

<sup>8</sup>In 1901, Trumbull was characterized as having "the reputation of being straight-forward in his dealings, upright in his relations with the public, just and kindly in his intercourse with the men in his employ." Last but not least, he was eminently successful as an after-dinner speaker, enjoying in Denver the sobriquet of "prince of story tellers" (Byers, *op. cit.*, pp. 348-349).

<sup>9</sup>CSM, pp. 48-49.

<sup>10</sup>CSM, pp. 50a-f. The agreement was dated February 9, 1899.

<sup>11</sup>CSM, p. 84 (March 30, 1899).

<sup>12</sup>CSM, pp. 101, 110, 117, 119, 121, 125 (November 2, 1899).

<sup>13</sup>Submitted to the Board on Dec. 14, 1899, the estimate included \$36,000 for three new passenger engines and \$91,000 for seven new freight locomotives (CSM, p. 164).

preferred stock,<sup>14</sup> payable from the creditable net income for the calendar year 1899 of \$409,282. If the first twelve-month were any criterion, it appeared that the new company was determined to be an active and successful member of the railway community.

One railroad at least and possibly others were visibly impressed by both the performance and the potentialities of the Colorado and Southern. G. W. Holdrege, the aggressive general manager of Lines West for the Burlington, became convinced during the summer that for a variety of reasons the Colorado and Southern would be an immensely valuable addition to his system. In a letter to the Burlington's Vice-President, George B. Harris, dated September 9, 1899, he pointed out that the property "at a fair price" would make a valuable feeder for any of the important lines east of Denver, and he suggested that if the Burlington did not buy it, some other road would probably pick it up before long.<sup>15</sup> On September 19 Harris forwarded the proposal to President Charles E. Perkins with a comment that "If I understand the situation, there is no way the Burlington could get so much paying business as by taking this [the C. & S.] in if it can, as I think, be done at a fair price."<sup>16</sup>

There, for some reason as yet unexplained, the matter rested.<sup>17</sup> In any case, as it later turned out, the controlling reasons leading to the purchase of the Colorado and Southern by the C. B. & Q. in 1908 were quite different from those so strongly urged in 1899.<sup>18</sup> Whether, even at this early date, the new owners of the C. & S. were willing to sell is still an unsettled question. There is no doubt, however, that either to increase its attractiveness to prospective buyers or to improve its competitive position, the company promptly began to expand and to tap additional sources of traffic. Early in 1900 the C. & S. joined the Rio Grande Western Railway Company in buying the stock of the Colorado Midland,<sup>19</sup> thus gaining joint control of over 300 miles of standard gauge mountain railroad extending due westward from Colorado Springs through Leadville to a junction with the Rio Grande Western at Grand Junction.<sup>20</sup> A similar move was authorized on December 15, 1904, when the Executive Committee voted to purchase the 75-mile Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek District Railway.<sup>21</sup> This standard gauge line had been completed between

<sup>14</sup>Voted on Jan. 11, 1900 (CSM, p. 194). Since there were 85,000 shares of first preferred, the payment amounted to \$170,000.

<sup>15</sup>G. W. Holdrege to G. B. Harris, September 6, 1899 (Colorado and Southern Red Label Files, Secretary's Office, C.B.&Q.).

<sup>16</sup>George B. Harris to C. E. Perkins, September 19, 1899, *loc. cit.*

<sup>17</sup>It is probable that Perkins' reaction to this proposition will appear in his voluminous correspondence deposited in Newberry Library. As yet the present writer has not had an opportunity to sift this material.

<sup>18</sup>See below, p. 204.

<sup>19</sup>Minutes of the Executive Committee (hereafter cited as CSXM), pp. 9-15.

<sup>20</sup>C&S AR, 1906, p. 6.

<sup>21</sup>CSXM, p. 446.

Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek (45 miles) in the spring of 1901 and extended to Cameron and Victor during the fall. Later on, an 18-mile electric trolley system was constructed to connect the mining towns of the District.<sup>22</sup>

As a companion policy to extensive expansion, the C. & S. turned serious attention from the outset to improvement of its physical property and to the stimulation of traffic. Forced to vacate the Union Pacific shops previously used, the company built an entirely new plant at a more convenient location during 1900.<sup>23</sup> Meanwhile the management made every effort to secure two types of traffic which have since been of paramount importance to the railroad: coal, coke and iron products on the one hand and sugar beets on the other. Mine products, of course, had been important ever since the railroad was opened; in 1897, for example, over 45 per cent of the company's freight tonnage consisted of coal, coke and ore.<sup>24</sup> Hence, it was not surprising that when an official of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company advised Trumbull in the summer of 1901 that his company had just opened three large coal mines and were building 1100 coke ovens in Huerfano and Las Animas counties, the Executive Committee at once voted to spend up to \$600,000 for equipment and other improvements to handle the contemplated increase in business.<sup>25</sup> The company cooperated further by reducing its rates, particularly on iron ore moving from Sunrise to Pueblo, on the logical theory that "it was good policy to stimulate in every reasonable way the steel business of Colorado."<sup>26</sup>

In contrast to the long established traffic in mine products, possibilities of a substantial business in beet sugar were just appearing during the early days of the Colorado and Southern. In April, 1901, the directors considered favorably a contract with the Great Western Sugar Company for the establishment at Loveland of a beet sugar factory.<sup>27</sup> The sugar company, organized by Denver capitalists, went forward with their project promptly and did much to stimulate the raising of beets all along the lines of the C. & S. in Colorado. The activities at Loveland prompted Trumbull to ask the Executive Committee for \$12,500 to build a new house track and station at that point. He admitted that this was purely local territory but revealed himself as a man of rather broad views when he pointed out that "we have cultivated and retained friendly relations with people at such stations so that they will not be led away at any time toward agitation for com-

<sup>22</sup>CS&CCDRy., *The Short Line Blue Book* (June, 1913), pp. 22-23.

<sup>23</sup>C&S AR, 1900, p. 8.

<sup>24</sup>G. W. Vallery to G. W. Holdrege, Sept. 15, 1899 (C.B.&Q. Secretary's Files).

<sup>25</sup>CSXM, pp. 304-305.

<sup>26</sup>C&S AR, 1901.

<sup>27</sup>CSM, p. 262 (April 11, 1901).



peting lines. I have always believed it good policy to treat the people who are absolutely dependent on us as well as those who have the advantage of competition; but in addition to these motives of policy, we are forced to do something before long at Loveland Station to handle the business which . . . has increased wonderfully, particularly in the year 1901 on account of the establishment there of the beet sugar factory . . . '28 Trumbull's request was promptly authorized, and as he expected, the beet sugar business increased in gratifying fashion. The company handled nearly 95,000 tons in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903, and noted the fact that additional factories were being constructed at Fort Collins and near Greeley. This industry was to prove a consistent and important source of traffic throughout the Colorado and Southern history.<sup>29</sup>

Despite the basic importance of freight traffic, passenger service was by no means neglected. Ever since the opening of the line to Fort Worth in 1888, a single through train had been sufficient. In 1903, however, the company deemed it imperative to augment the service, partly to meet competition, but more particularly because the Panhandle section of Texas, which was undergoing a significant change from large cattle ranges to a stock farming country, demanded that the railway inaugurate daylight service "to keep pace with and aid in this development."<sup>30</sup> Hence, trains No. 7 and No. 8, both scheduled to serve the Panhandle by daylight, were added to Nos. 1 and 2. Incidentally, the best running time, made by No. 7 northbound, was 27½ hours.<sup>31</sup>

The early years of the Colorado and Southern, however, were not without the usual run of difficulties. The *Annual Report* of 1901 noted the increased prices of materials and recorded the bursting of Denver Union Water Company's Goose Creek dam which wrecked 6 miles of road.<sup>32</sup> Labor troubles in the coal mines adversely affected traffic during the spring of 1901,<sup>33</sup> and again in 1903-04. In fact, in the latter year the company attributed its half million dollar drop in freight earnings wholly to labor disturbances.<sup>34</sup> Nevertheless, net income for the four fiscal years

<sup>28</sup>CSXM, pp. 217-218 (March 20, 1902).

<sup>29</sup>C&S AR, 1947, p. 10.

<sup>30</sup>C&S AR, 1903, p. 5.

<sup>31</sup>C&S Time Table, 1903. This Table lists six C. & S. trains in each direction between Pueblo and Denver, three in each direction between Denver and Fort Collins, two in each direction between Denver and Gunnison, one daily round trip to Grant as well as a week day round trip "fish train" and week-end "fish train special" to the same point; two daily round trips to Morrison, three daily round trips to Silver Plume, two daily round trips to Central City (*Ibid.*).

<sup>32</sup>C&S AR, 1900, pp. 5-6.

<sup>33</sup>C&S AR, 1901, p. 4.

<sup>34</sup>C&S AR, 1904, p. 4.

ending on June 30, 1904, inclusive, was never below \$400,000 and exceeded \$625,000 in 1902.<sup>35</sup>

Undoubtedly this dependable performance prompted the directors to justify expansion on an even grander scale. Such extensions as the company contemplated, however, would obviously require money. Consequently, on May 12, 1905, the directors proposed a new issue of \$100,000,000 refunding and extension bonds, due May 1, 1935, and to pay 4½ per cent. The size of the issue was explained by stating that \$37,000,000 would be used eventually in refunding outstanding bonds and equipment obligations, \$15,000,000 for betterments and improvements at the rate of \$500 per mile of operated and controlled lines, \$2,500,000 for reimbursement of the company treasury, and \$45,500,000 for the acquisition of additional property, double tracking, and so forth. It was stated that the additions and extensions would be made "with the ultimate purpose of giving the system direct connection with Tidewater at Galveston." On June 15, 1905, the stockholders approved this proposal.<sup>36</sup>

The first step in the new program was the financing of a through line between Fort Worth and Dallas to Galveston and Houston. A start had already been made with the chartering of the Trinity and Brazos Valley late in 1902. The first part of that line, from Hillsboro to Hubbard City, had been opened in 1903, and by January, 1904, extended 79 miles between Cleburne and Mexia. Here the project rested until B. F. Yoakum, then in control of the Frisco and after 1905 a director of the Colorado and Southern, made a contract with the original owners to extend the property in both directions. Between 1905 and 1907 he completed the line 157 miles from Mexia to near Houston and northward from Teague to Waxahachie. Trackage over Santa Fe subsidiaries was secured between Fort Worth and Cleburne and between Houston and Galveston, while trackage over the M-K-T from Waxahachie north gave access to Dallas. At the same time the T. and B. V. acquired a quarter interest in the Houston Belt and Terminal Railway Building.<sup>37</sup> Through service between Fort Worth and Houston was inaugurated on February 10, 1907, between Dallas and Houston on July of the same year, and to Galveston in 1908.<sup>38</sup> The company offered the shortest route from both Fort Worth and Dallas to Galveston<sup>39</sup> and thus was in excellent position not only to compete with the railways already existing but to provide an efficient southern link for the long sought

<sup>35</sup>The exact figures were: C&S AR, 1901, p. 3, \$405,647.56; C&S AR, 1902, p. 3, \$626,758.55; C&S AR, 1903, p. 3, \$496,552.93; C&S AR, 1904, p. 3, \$437,841.12.

<sup>36</sup>C&S AR, 1905, pp. 5-6.

<sup>37</sup>S. G. Reed, *A History of the Texas Railroads* (Houston, Texas), pp. 402-403; C&S AR, 1906, p. 4.

<sup>38</sup>C&S AR, 1907, p. 6; C&S AR, 1908, p. 10.

<sup>39</sup>C&S AR, 1906, p. 4.

after through system between Denver and the Gulf. While the Trinity and Brazos Valley was under construction, Colorado and Southern kept purchasing its securities, and early in 1906 made a contract with the Rock Island by which that company shared on an equal basis the acquisition of the new Texas line.<sup>40</sup> This move laid the basis for the joint ownership and operation that has continued, under varying arrangements, to the present.

This major move, however, by which the Colorado and Southern added joint control of 317 miles of railroad (including track-*age*) was but part of a comprehensive program of expansion. Early in 1906, acting on the earlier recommendation of the Executive Committee, the company not only acquired the Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek District Railway, totalling 75 miles, but also the 53-mile Fort Collins Development Railway.<sup>41</sup> The latter owned the street railway system in Fort Collins and had built several extensions north of that city, one of them reaching Wellington, eleven miles in the direction of Cheyenne.<sup>42</sup> In the same general area the Colorado and Southern decided in 1907 to construct the Denver and Interurban Railroad, an electric line designed to connect Denver and Boulder and destined eventually to operate over 50 miles of standard gauge track.<sup>43</sup> By the summer of 1906 the Colorado and Southern had purchased from Morgan Jones and Grenville Dodge the Wichita Valley Railway Company and the Wichita Falls and Oklahoma Railway Company, which together had built 75 miles of railroad from Byers, Texas, through Wichita Falls to Seymour.<sup>44</sup> The C. & S. also agreed to purchase a 60-mile extension of the Wichita Valley between Seymour and Stamford as well as the 38-mile Abilene and Northern between Stamford and Abilene, which were then under construction.<sup>45</sup> Thus, apart from the jointly-owned Colorado Midland, but including the Fort Worth, the Trinity and Brazos Valley, and the other railroads purchased and under construction, the company looked forward to operating 2,250 miles of road.<sup>46</sup> Beginning in 1906, the accounts of the Colorado and Southern and Fort Worth were consolidated, emphasizing the system aspirations of the Colorado and Southern. Net income of the combined properties rose steadily and exceeded two million dollars in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907.<sup>47</sup>

<sup>40</sup>C&S AR, 1906, p. 5.

<sup>41</sup>C&S AR, 1906, p. 5.

<sup>42</sup>C&S Valuation History (hereafter referred to as *VH*), p. 84. On January 28, 1908, this company was sold to the C. & S. controlled Colorado Railroad which subsequently built northward to Cheyenne and also provided the C. & S. with its own railway between Southern Junction near Pueblo and Walsenburg Junction near Walsenburg (*Ibid.*, pp. 44-46).

<sup>43</sup>C&S AR, 1907, p. 8; *Interurbans*, "The Denver and Interurban Railroad" Los Angeles (October, 1947) Special No. 5, pp. 2, 5.

<sup>44</sup>Reed, *op. cit.*, pp. 397-398.

<sup>45</sup>C&S AR, 1906, p. 5.

<sup>46</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>47</sup>C&S AR, 1906, p. 8; C&S AR, 1907, p. 10.

It was inevitable that the rapid flowering of the Colorado and Southern into a full-fledged system of more than 2,000 miles should arouse the curiosity and speculation of railway investment circles. As a matter of fact, those "in the know" were bluntly saying in 1907 that the road was obviously being held for sale at some future time to one of the larger railway systems. Several possible purchasers were mentioned, notably the Rock Island, the Union Pacific, the then-expanding Milwaukee, and, of course, the Burlington. It was pointed out that the Colorado and Southern not only joined the Burlington at Denver and at Wendover, Wyoming, but that only a moderate amount of construction would be necessary to link the Colorado and Southern at Orin Junction to some point on the Alliance-Billings line, and that this route would be very considerably shorter for the cotton traffic which the Hill lines were drawing from Texas by way of Kansas City. On the other hand, it was observed that upon the completion of the Western Pacific, the Colorado and Southern, because of its joint control of the Colorado Midland and its working alliance with the Rio Grande Western, would form another through railroad from San Francisco to the Gulf that would compete with Harriman. Perhaps, after all, this was the grand strategy of the C. & S.'s owners.<sup>48</sup>

It was difficult to predict just which way the cat would jump, however, because the Colorado and Southern directorate, now expanded to thirteen members, was composed of men with a dazzling variety of railroad connections. Edwin Hawley, for example, who was reported to have acquired effective stock control of the Colorado and Southern as early as 1902,<sup>49</sup> was president of the Minneapolis and St. Louis; Yoakum, in addition to serving as chairman of the Rock Island Company, was also operating head of that railway; Norman B. Ream served as director not only of the Erie, Baltimore and Ohio, and Seaboard Air Lines, but also of the Burlington, while Henry Walters was chairman of the boards of both the Atlantic Coast Line and of the Louisville and Nashville.<sup>50</sup> The market value of the Colorado and Southern was inevitably affected by its strategic status. Its net capitalization of slightly over \$50,000 per mile was high when contrasted with approximately \$30,000 per mile for the Burlington, North Western, or Milwaukee, yet Hawley was reported to have said that control of the road would not be bought for less than \$40 a share for the common stock although at the time it was selling at \$22.

<sup>48</sup>Carl Snyder, *American Railways as Investments* (New York, 1907), pp. 253-254.

<sup>49</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 255; in commenting on the sale of the C. & S. to the Burlington, the *Denver Post* on December 23, 1908, noted that prior to the sale 51% of the C. & S. stock was held in a pool consisting of Hawley, Dodge, Trumbull, and Hallgarten & Co. Hawley was reported to be the heaviest shareholder in this pool.

<sup>50</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 193, 255.

Clearly the property was worth much more than the market value of the available common stock would indicate simply because of its attractiveness to the various systems mentioned.<sup>51</sup>

Some time late in 1907, according to the best available evidence, James J. Hill,<sup>52</sup> accompanied by George B. Harris, then president of the Burlington, opened negotiations with Hawley and Trumbull with a view to purchasing the Colorado and Southern lines for the C. B. & Q.<sup>53</sup> Hill had good and sufficient reasons of his own to add the Colorado and Southern to what were then and since known as the "Hill lines." One of his most consistent policies was so to arrange his railroad empire that the principal lines would carry traffic as evenly balanced in both directions as possible.<sup>54</sup> The Colorado and Southern would fit into this pattern because it would furnish the shortest low grade line available between the Gulf and Texas on the one hand and the Pacific Northwest on the other.<sup>55</sup> Over its rails the cattle, cotton, and farm produce of Texas as well as the coal, ore, and steel of Colorado could move northward while the lumber, fish, fruit, and Oriental imports of the Northwest could flow in the opposite direction.

On June 30, 1908, the end of the company's fiscal year, the Colorado and Southern lines, included the following:

Colorado and Southern Railway Company	.....	1,249.64 miles
Colo. Springs and Cripple Creek Dist. Ry. Co.	.....	74.30 miles
Fort Worth and Denver City Railway Co.	.....	454.14 miles
Wichita Valley Lines	.....	174.40 miles
		1,952.48 miles <sup>56</sup>

<sup>51</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 255-262.

<sup>52</sup>It is doubtful whether any considerable number of James J. Hill's papers have been preserved or whether those in existence will ever be made available. They were put at the disposal of J. G. Pyle, the authorized biographer during Mr. Hill's lifetime, but since his death many if not all of the key documents have been either destroyed or made inaccessible.

<sup>53</sup>W. W. Baldwin, Memorandum dated November 4, 1926, on file in Secretary's Office, C.B.&Q.

<sup>54</sup>It was partly this consideration which had led him to purchase the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy in 1901, when he specifically stated to his own stockholders that he wished to be able to exchange the lumber and other products of the Pacific Northwest and from the Orient for the grains and diversified manufacturing products of the Central West. Great Northern Railway Co. 12th Annual Report (1901), pp. 9-10.

<sup>55</sup>Baldwin Memorandum, loc. cit., pp. 4-5; Joseph Gilpin Pyle, *The Life of James J. Hill* (New York 1917), II, p. 275. In his Memorandum of 1926, Baldwin says that "as this Colorado and Southern connection was peculiarly a Hill idea, it is probable that among Mr. Hill's papers can be found a statement of the reasons for buying into that property" (*Ibid.*, p. 5). This explanation is further reinforced by the fact that less than a year after the consummation of the purchase, the Burlington began to extend its Billings-Kirby branch southward to a connection with the Colorado and Southern at Orin Junction (W. W. Baldwin, *Corporate History of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company*, p. 421). Particularly in view of the fact that Perkins did not see fit to acquire the Colorado and Southern when the Burlington was independent in 1899, it seems inescapable that the purchase of the property in 1908 must be explained primarily by the plans and requirements of James J. Hill and of his system as a whole.

<sup>56</sup>C&S AR, 1908, p. 5. Included in this total was mileage between Denver and Cheyenne over the Union Pacific. Of the Colorado and Southern mileage, 379.71 miles were narrow gauge.

In addition, the Colorado and Southern owned a half interest in the Colorado and Midland, 337.64 miles, and the Trinity and Brazos Valley, 421.72 miles.<sup>57</sup> Excluding these jointly owned properties, the consolidated system reported gross revenues in excess of \$14,000,000 and net income of over \$2,000,000 for the fiscal year 1907-8.<sup>58</sup> The combined system owned 297 locomotives, 266 passenger cars, and 10,302 freight cars and that year performed over a billion ton miles of freight service and 140,000,000 passenger miles.<sup>59</sup>

Negotiations between the Hill lines and the Colorado and Southern continued throughout most of 1908, and on Saturday, December 19, Hawley announced officially that the purchase had been consummated.<sup>60</sup> Rumors of the reason for the move, of course, flew thick and fast.<sup>61</sup> But whatever their validity, the fact remained that for a price of \$16,416,337.50 the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy had acquired actual and effective control of the Colorado and Southern Lines.<sup>62</sup> On February 11, 1909, the complexion of the Colorado and Southern directorate was radically changed to reflect the shift in ownership. Only four members of the old board remained: Harry Bronner, Grenville M. Dodge, Edwin Hawley, Frank Trumbull. The new members represented the leading figures in the Hill empire and, more particularly, on the C. B. & Q. George B. Harris, president of the Burlington, was elected president of the Colorado and Southern and chairman of the Board which now included James J. Hill.<sup>63</sup> A neat blending of new and hold-over talent was accomplished by naming Bronner, Harris, Hawley, Trumbull and Willard (vice-president in charge of operations, C.B.&Q.) to the Executive Committee on the one hand and installing Miller (vice-president in charge of traffic, C.B.&Q.) and Willard as vice-presidents of the Colorado and Southern on the other.<sup>64</sup>

#### *Integration into the Hill Lines, 1908-1919*

The first task of the new ownership was the logical one of rounding out the expansion of the Colorado and Southern and integrating the property with the Hill system. A program of laying heavier rail and installing more permanent bridges was put into effect at once, and on the Fort Worth new modern shops were constructed at Childress to replace those destroyed by fire in the

<sup>57</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 6.

<sup>58</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 7.

<sup>59</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 16. This roster included the following narrow gauge equipment: 50 engines, 82 passenger cars, and 1,136 freight cars.

<sup>60</sup>*Denver Post*, December 20, 1908.

<sup>61</sup>*Ibid.*, Dec. 20, 21, 22, 23, 1908.

<sup>62</sup>C&S AR, 1909, p. 16.

<sup>63</sup>CSM np. (February 11, 1909). James W. Blythe died on March 6, 1909, and was replaced on June 10 by George F. Baker, Jr.

<sup>64</sup>*Ibid.*

spring of 1908.<sup>65</sup> Probably in line with earlier commitments, the company advanced funds for the Stamford and Northwestern, which completed an 82-mile line between Stamford and Spur in the late fall of 1909.<sup>66</sup> On June 20, 1910, the directors voted to build the 34 miles of railroad necessary to connect Wellington (north of Fort Collins) with Cheyenne, thus regaining the independent access to Cheyenne which the old Colorado Central Railroad had enjoyed between 1877 and 1889. At the same time the company determined to eliminate the one remaining gap covered by trackage agreement on the main line by laying its own rails between Southern Junction, just south of Pueblo, and Walsenburg.<sup>67</sup> These major projects were completed within a few days of each other in October, 1911.<sup>68</sup>

Concurrently, the C. B. & Q. undertook two major improvements as a direct result of the purchase of the Colorado and Southern. Between 1905 and 1907 a line had been constructed from Frannie (on the Laurel-Cody branch) southward to Kirby, Wyoming. In July, 1909, construction was resumed at Kirby southward through the Wind River Canyon and by way of Casper to a meeting with the northern end of the Colorado and Southern at Orin Junction. This stretch of heavily constructed railroad with easy grades was completed on October 18, 1914;<sup>69</sup> meanwhile the Great Northern had extended its rails from Great Falls southward to a junction with the Northern Pacific and C. B. & Q. at Billings.<sup>70</sup> The completion of these lines, taken together with the construction on the Colorado and Southern proper, brought into existence the direct heavy duty railroad between the Gulf and the Pacific Northwest that was apparently in the back of Hill's mind when he determined to acquire the Colorado and Southern.

Hand in hand with the typically Hill program of physical improvement went an extensive traffic solicitation campaign. At least eight different pamphlets and probably more were issued by the company in 1909-1910 and soon thereafter. Most important of these was prepared by W. R. Thomas, professor of Agriculture, and entitled "Agriculture in Colorado."<sup>71</sup> Other booklets concerning mining, fishing, and sight-seeing suggested the scope of the company's traffic interests.<sup>72</sup>

Although net income of the Colorado and Southern alone averaged around a million and a half for the four years 1908-1911,

<sup>65</sup>C&S AR, 1909, pp. 8-9.

<sup>66</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 8; C&S AR, 1910, p. 7.

<sup>67</sup>CSM, np, June 20, 1910. See Part I, pp. 88-90.

<sup>68</sup>C&S AR, 1911, p. 6.

<sup>69</sup>W. W. Baldwin, Corporate History, *op. cit.* p. 421.

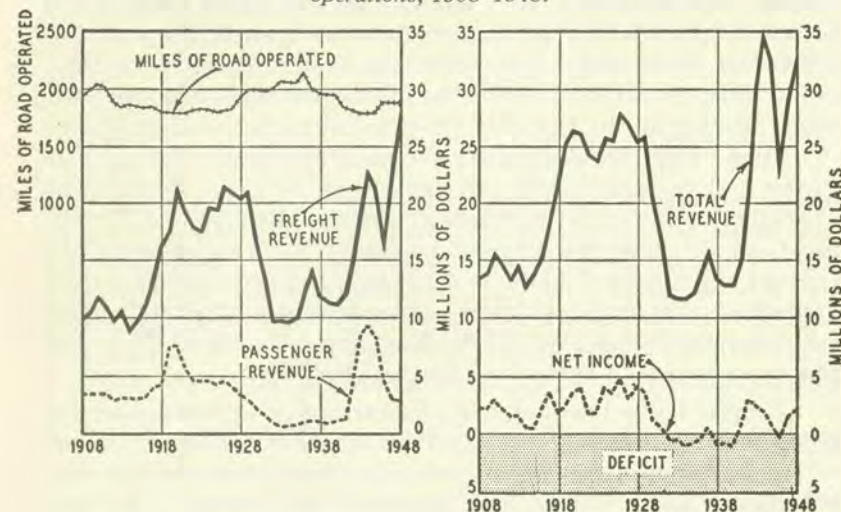
<sup>70</sup>Great Northern Railway Company, *Annual Reports* for 1906, p. 13; 1907, p. 16; 1908, p. 22; 1909, p. 14.

<sup>71</sup>W. R. Thomas, *Agriculture in Colorado*, issued by Colorado and Southern Railway Company, Denver, 1909, esp. p. 16.

<sup>72</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 32.

the company had its serious problems.<sup>73</sup> The deficits of the Colorado and Midland and of the Trinity and Brazos Valley chargeable against Colorado and Southern surplus grew alarmingly;<sup>74</sup> in 1914 the Trinity and Brazos Valley was forced into the hands of a receiver.<sup>75</sup>

*Highlights of Colorado and Southern system (C.&S., F.W.&D.C., W.V.) operations, 1908-1948.*



The onset of World War I in Europe, although increasing traffic, also had the effect of raising the company's expenses. The Colorado coal miners' strike in the fall of 1913, heavy snows during the following winter, plus a 22 per cent rise in Colorado state taxes coupled with a new pension tax in Texas, combined to reduce Colorado and Southern's net income for the year ending June 30, 1914.<sup>76</sup> It was apparent that Hale Holden, who succeeded Darius Miller as president shortly after the latter's death in the fall of 1914, would have difficult problems to solve on the Colorado and Southern.<sup>77</sup> A frank recognition of this situation was revealed by the appropriation from surplus of \$1,000,000 during the next fiscal year "to establish a reserve to provide for possible losses arising out of the depreciation in value of the securities of certain railroads owned by the Colorado and Southern Railway Company."<sup>78</sup> In the following year the increase in taxes both by the federal and state governments and the rising level of material

<sup>73</sup>C. B. & Q. "Auditor of Expenditures," Manuscript statement prepared for the author, December, 1948.

<sup>74</sup>C&S AR, 1909, p. 5; C&S AR, 1910, p. 5; C&S AR, 1911, p. 5.

<sup>75</sup>C&S AR, 1914, pp. 9-10.

<sup>76</sup>C&S AR, 1914, pp. 8-9. See chart above.

<sup>77</sup>C&S AR, 1914, pp. 3-5.

<sup>78</sup>C&S AR, 1915, p. 5.

costs and labor, as well as the prospective effect of the Adamson law, made the need for drastic action even more imperative.<sup>79</sup> Only the encouraging increase in net income owing to war traffic cushioned the shock of writing off in 1917 as valueless more than a million dollars worth of Colorado Midland securities.<sup>80</sup> More trouble appeared in the summer of 1918 when the Denver and Interurban Railroad was placed in the hands of a receiver.<sup>81</sup> Finally, in 1920 another blow fell when the Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek District Railway, which had been in the hands of a receiver since May, 1919, abandoned operations.<sup>82</sup> Meantime, in an effort to cut down losses in other directions, the company began tearing up the tracks of the original main line from Falcon (junction with the Rock Island east of Colorado Springs) to Pueblo.<sup>83</sup> Ever since 1900 through trains between Denver and Texas had used Santa Fe trackage between Denver and Pueblo, the C. & S. using the original tracks of the Denver and New Orleans only for local business. That line, however, was so lightly patronized that train operations were discontinued shortly after the outbreak of the first World War, and removal of the entire line was eventually authorized by the I.C.C.<sup>84</sup>

Despite these troubles, the pre-war and war years were far from unprofitable. As early as 1915 there was a substantial increase in agricultural traffic that more than offset the decrease in tonnage and revenue from products and mines.<sup>85</sup> The company's agricultural department stepped up its activities in 1917 and encouraged an influx of new settlers into company territory. Some two thousand farmers were aided in securing good seed at reasonable cost and instructed as to planting and cultivation. Special attention was given to potato raising, dairying, and the planting of pinto beans. In Texas, constructive work was done in terracing farm lands and encouragement was given to the planting of peanuts.<sup>86</sup> During 1917 the establishment of a national guard divisional training camp at Fort Worth, aviation training camps at Hicks and Wichita Falls, and the enlargement of the regular army post at Fort Russell produced a considerable amount of additional through temporary business. More important for the long run, 25 new industries were located on the line that year, and on the narrow gauge line in Summit County, Colorado, operations

<sup>79</sup>C&S AR, 1916, p. 14.

<sup>80</sup>C&S AR, 1917, p. 14.

<sup>81</sup>C&S AR, 1918, p. 12.

<sup>82</sup>C&S AR, 1920, p. 16.

<sup>83</sup>C&S AR, 1919, p. 10; J. C. James to writer, May 5, 1949.

<sup>84</sup>C&S AR, 1917, p. 16. The Transportation Act of 1920 made I.C.C. approval necessary for abandonment. Authority to abandon the Falcon-Denver line was granted in 212 ICC, 769 (1936) (J. C. James to writer, May 5, 1949).

<sup>85</sup>C&S AR, 1915, p. 6.

<sup>86</sup>C&S AR, 1917, p. 17.

were undertaken to develop the extensive deposits of low grade molybdenum.<sup>87</sup>

Gross revenue for the combined Colorado and Southern lines virtually doubled between 1908 and 1920. Net income, however, as indicated by the chart on page 207, did not increase proportionately, ranging usually between half a million and a million and a half over the period.<sup>88</sup> It was possible, however, to pay dividends at the full rate on the first and second preferred except for the three difficult years 1914-16 and a modest 2 per cent was paid on the common through 1911, 1 per cent in the following year and none thereafter until 1921.<sup>89</sup>

#### *The "Prosperous Twenties," 1920-29*

The so-called "Prosperous Twenties" witnessed a mixed situation on the Colorado and Southern. Those properties that were dependent either on passenger traffic or on one or two specific commodities experienced continual difficulties. On the other hand, new agricultural resources were tapped and developed that promised not only immediate but permanent returns.

The Denver and Interurban gradually withered and died, but not before heroic expedients had been tried to justify its continued operation.<sup>90</sup> The mounting competition of autos and busses and the gradual improvement of the public highway system resulted in increasing deficits, however, and in 1925 the Colorado and Southern developed plans not only to curtail operations, but to replace some of them by busses operated by a new subsidiary, the Denver and Interurban Motor Company.<sup>91</sup> The electric line was finally placed in receivership in the summer of 1926, and discontinued on December 16 of that year. Over a period of years, the total loss to the Colorado and Southern amounted to more than a million and a half dollars.<sup>92</sup> The Denver and Interurban Motor Company, however, turned in a profit for 1926, and in order to protect passenger traffic between Denver and Pueblo, a new bus company, in which the Colorado and Southern took a quarter interest, was organized to operate between those and other points in Colorado.<sup>93</sup> Two years later, however, the rapid increase in private automobiles was cutting seriously into the revenues of these concerns.<sup>94</sup>

On the Trinity and Brazos Valley, still under protection of the Court, there was an alternation of feast and famine. The

<sup>87</sup>C&S AR, 1917, p. 16.

<sup>88</sup>CB&Q "Statement of Auditor of Expenditures," *loc. cit.*

<sup>89</sup>Moody's Steam Railways, 1938, p. 714.

<sup>90</sup>C&S AR, 1922, pp. 14-15.

<sup>91</sup>C&S AR, 1925, p. 25.

<sup>92</sup>C&S AR, 1926, p. 27.

<sup>93</sup>*Ibid.*, 1929.

<sup>94</sup>*Ibid.*, 1928, p. 30.

bringing in of the Mexia oil field produced a substantial operating profit in 1921, but the slump of production in the following year resulted in a deficit.<sup>95</sup> The cycle was repeated in the next two years as a new oil field was brought in near Navarro in 1923, resulting in a half million increase in net railway operating income, only to be followed by a deficit in the next year as the field passed its peak. So it went for the remainder of the decade: owing largely to the decline in passenger business, there were deficits in 1925 and 1926, moderate profits from operations in 1927 and 1928, and thereafter increasingly heavy deficits as the effects of the depression deepened.<sup>96</sup> Nevertheless, on April 30, 1930, the property emerged from receivership as the Burlington-Rock Island Railroad Company,<sup>97</sup> and in due course a new trackage agreement was reached with the M-K-T to bridge the gap between Waxahachie and Dallas.<sup>98</sup>

Meanwhile the system made a number of extensions in search of increased agricultural business. In 1923 a line was extended from Byers, Texas, to Waurika, Oklahoma,<sup>99</sup> and two years later the Fort Worth extended its freight-passenger service into Dallas over the tracks of the Rock Island.<sup>100</sup> In the same year the decision was reached to build a 132-mile line from Estelline through Plainview to Dimmitt as well as a north-south line of nearly 70 miles linking Silverton and Lubbock under the title of Fort Worth and Denver South Plains Railway Company. It was estimated that the 200-odd miles would cost something over \$6,000,000 but would serve approximately 8,500 square miles of the promising agricultural area known as the "South Plains."<sup>101</sup> The roads were completed during 1928 and have since proved valuable feeders to the system as a whole.<sup>102</sup> Early in 1929 the last major extension financed by the Colorado and Southern was authorized when the Interstate Commerce Commission gave permission to build a line running northerly from Childress, on the Fort Worth, through Wellington and Shamrock to Pampa, a distance of approximately 110 miles.<sup>103</sup> Despite the depression which soon engulfed the company, the road was completed in the summer of 1932 at a cost of more than four million dollars and at once became an important road in carrying wheat, cotton, cottonseed, and refined oil.<sup>104</sup>

From the traffic standpoint, by all odds the outstanding development in the 1920s was the diversification and increased

<sup>95</sup>*Ibid.*, 1921, p. 18; 1922, p. 16.

<sup>96</sup>*Ibid.*, 1923, p. 25; 1924, p. 25; 1925, p. 25; 1926, p. 28; 1927, p. 30; 1928, p. 31; 1930, pp. 29-30.

<sup>97</sup>*Ibid.*, 1930, pp. 29-30.

<sup>98</sup>S. G. Reed, *op. cit.*, p. 4.

<sup>99</sup>C&S AR, 1922, p. 14.

<sup>100</sup>C&S AR, 1925, p. 21.

<sup>101</sup>*Ibid.*, 1925, p. 26.

<sup>102</sup>*Ibid.*, 1928, p. 31; 1929, p. 31.

<sup>103</sup>*Ibid.*, 1930, p. 29.

<sup>104</sup>*Ibid.*, 1932, p. 14.

production of agricultural products. Throughout the decade the railway's agricultural department conducted exhibits, demonstrations, and meetings over the length and breadth of the property and in respect to every conceivable agricultural undertaking appropriate to the area. The company sought and obtained the cooperation of various agricultural colleges, state departments of agriculture, and federal agencies.<sup>105</sup> For example, in 1922 a dairy demonstration car attracted 7,000 visitors and led to the purchase of several carloads of high grade dairy cattle from the northern Colorado area. Cattle and sheep feeders were assisted in the selection of pure bred breeding beef cattle. And the company vigorously encouraged the building of storage cellars to protect the increased production of potatoes. As usual, several thousand pieces of educational development literature was circulated. The next year the famous "Pure Bred Sire Special" stopped at thirty different communities along the line, at each of which a pure bred beef sire and a pure bred hog sire, contributed by various Colorado breeders, were exchanged gratis for scrubs. Over 25,000 people passed through this ten-car demonstration train during this 3-weeks tour.

In 1925, in cooperation with the Great Western Sugar Company, a campaign was carried on for increased production per acre in beet growing; at the same time a campaign was directed against the smut which had attacked the wheat crops.<sup>106</sup> The next year saw a continuation of both these activities, while a check-up of the results of the pure bred sire campaign of 1923 revealed definite and encouraging results. Emphasis upon diversification continued, and in 1927 two special demonstration trains were operated in the interests of the beet sugar farmers and poultry producers. The activities noted here are but a summary and sampling of the broad gauge program that was continually changing in line with the needs and opportunities of the farming communities. One important by-product was the stimulation of the influx of new settlers, both into the older established regions and into areas made accessible by new construction.<sup>107</sup> A full-length documented study of the Burlington's agricultural development work is now in preparation.<sup>108</sup>

Freight revenues from other sources varied during the twenties but in general reflected an increasingly diversified business. In 1922 a slump in oil prices and in 1923 higher rates and floods had an adverse effect on revenues. The next year witnessed better business in such diverse commodities as petroleum, sugar beets

<sup>105</sup>*Ibid.*, 1921, pp. 13-14.

<sup>106</sup>*Ibid.*, 1922, pp. 11-12; 1923, p. 23; 1925, p. 24.

<sup>107</sup>*Ibid.*, 1927, pp. 25-27; 1921, pp. 13-14; 1929, p. 31.

<sup>108</sup>By C. Clyde Jones, a graduate student in the Department of History, Northwestern University.

and metals, and revenues continued to increase in 1925-26 as a result of good wheat and cotton crops. Despite a marked decrease in the products of mines as well as in wheat and other grains, there were more than compensating increases in cotton, animals, and animal products in 1927. The next year was not so successful, although some of the difficulty was because of weather conditions and, hence, temporary. The reduction in oil traffic reflected the extension of long distance pipe lines. Furthermore, there was a decrease in less-than-carload tonnage owing to the growing competition of motor trucks. The effect of the general malaise in agriculture was apparent even in the boom year of 1929 when the only sizable increase in tonnage came from the active operations of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company at Pueblo. As might have been expected, the onset of the depression, the abrupt curtailment of mining and manufacture, and the short crops of 1930 produced a precipitate decline in earnings for that year.<sup>109</sup>

Aside from the substantial increase in products of agriculture, the most notable traffic trend was the precipitous decline in passenger business throughout the decade owing, of course, to the improvement in both highways and automobiles.<sup>110</sup> Passenger revenues on the Colorado and Southern Railway alone fell from over \$3,000,000 in 1920 to just over \$1,000,000 in 1929.

On the whole, however, there was little cause for the C. B. & Q. to regret its purchase of the Colorado and Southern. Dividends on the first and second preferred at the stipulated rate of 4 per cent were paid in every year from 1921 to 1930, inclusive, and on the common stock at the rate of 3 per cent in every year except 1923-25, inclusive.<sup>111</sup> Payments were omitted in those three years to conserve funds for increased maintenance, to improve the general credit of the company, as a reflection of losses suffered because of the failure of the Colorado Midland and Cripple Creek District Railway, and in order to conserve cash for retirement of the first mortgage.<sup>112</sup> To pay off the company's original first mortgage of \$20,000,000 which became due on February 1, 1929, the company issued new 4½ per cent bonds due on May 1, 1930, for a like amount.<sup>113</sup>

### *Depression and Readjustment, 1930-1943*

By the spring of 1930, the effects of the depression were making themselves felt in numerous ways. A drought and short

<sup>109</sup>C&S *Annual Reports* for: 1922, p. 7; 1923, p. 18; 1924, pp. 18-19; 1925, pp. 19-20; 1926, pp. 18-19; 1927, pp. 18-19; 1928, pp. 20-21; 1929, pp. 20-21; 1930, p. 20.

<sup>110</sup>*Ibid.*, 1923, p. 18; 1925, p. 19; 1927, pp. 18-19; 1928, pp. 20-21; 1929, pp. 20-21.

<sup>111</sup>C.B.&Q. *Memorandum of Investments: Colorado and Southern*, pp. 6-7; *Moody's Steam Railroads*, *op. cit.*, p. 714.

<sup>112</sup>C&S *Annual Reports* for: 1923, p. 20; 1924, p. 21; 1925, p. 18.

<sup>113</sup>*Ibid.*, 1929, p. 19; 1930, p. 19.

crops in Texas, along with a marked reduction in mining and in the shipment of coal and iron ore in that year was followed by continued decline in revenues. As luck would have it, a mild winter together with an increased use of gas and fuel oil curtailed coal shipments, and once again in 1931 inadequate rainfall depressed agricultural traffic.<sup>114</sup> The Agricultural Department redoubled its efforts and as the depression deepened, vigorous attempts were made through rate reductions and the installation of new services to stimulate new business and to retain that previously enjoyed.<sup>115</sup> Early in 1932, the Colorado and Southern Transportation Company, offering a pick-up and delivery service, began operations in an effort to retain some of the business that was being lost to trucks. Although it was moderately successful, the profits were small,<sup>116</sup> and for the first time in its history, the Colorado and Southern reported, in 1932, a net deficit of well over \$1,000,000.<sup>117</sup> Misfortunes seemed to multiply during the next two years, although gross earnings showed a very small upturn, possibly as the result of reducing both passenger and freight rates. Drought conditions in 1934 prevented any real recovery, and the only visible comfort to the company was a moderate reduction in the size of the deficit which still exceeded \$850,000 in 1934.<sup>118</sup> Not until 1935 did conditions improve, partly resulting from an upturn in general business conditions and partly because of some increase in agricultural production. Even passenger traffic revived slightly, stimulated by the use of air conditioned equipment and Civilian Transportation Corps movements. On the other hand, the restoration of regular wage rates and the increased cost of fuel and operations kept only net income at a figure slightly over a million dollars.

Obviously, the time was not propitious for meeting the maturity of the Refunding and Extension Mortgage which became due on May 1, 1935. As of that date, bonds in the face amount of \$28,978,900 were outstanding. To meet this maturity, therefore, arrangements were made, upon the authority of the L.C.C. and on consent of the general mortgage bondholders, to extend the maturity date to May 1, 1945. At the same time the Reconstruction Finance Corporation agreed to buy the greater part of the outstanding issue.<sup>119</sup>

The next five years were a constant struggle to regain business and to keep abreast of rising costs. Poor crops and rate reductions instituted by trucks and water competitors were in part offset by higher agricultural prices and the effect of the

<sup>114</sup>*Ibid.*, 1930, p. 20; 1931, pp. 4, 12-15.

<sup>115</sup>*Ibid.*, 1932, pp. 6-7.

<sup>116</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 14.

<sup>117</sup>C.B.&Q. "Statement of Auditor's Expenditures," *loc. cit.*

<sup>118</sup>*Ibid.*; C&S *AR*, 1933, pp. 6-7; 1934, p. 14.

<sup>119</sup>C&S *AR*, 1935, pp. 3, 7-9, 11-12.

introduction, on October 1, 1936, of the Sam Houston Zephyr.<sup>120</sup> This stainless steel train making a daily round trip between Fort Worth, Dallas and Houston was not only the first diesel power streamliner in Texas but in the entire Southwest. So successful was its operation that in the summer of the next year the Rock Island introduced a companion train, the Texas Rocket.<sup>121</sup> An increase of 116 per cent in passenger revenue on the Burlington-Rock Island in 1937 was attributed almost wholly to these new trains. Their effect on revenues was augmented by increasingly good crops, particularly in Texas. Although wages of both train service and non-operating employees were increased effective August 1, and prices of fuel and other materials continued to rise, nevertheless the C. & S. ended up in the black for the third successive year.<sup>122</sup>

Contrary to all reasonable expectations, the next three years witnessed a succession of deficits despite energetic moves by the company. In 1939, for example, the Colorado and Southern joined the Santa Fe, Rock Island, and Rio Grande in erecting the ultra-modern Denver Market and Produce Terminal, and in the same year made application to the I.C.C. to lease the Fort Worth road and thereby enjoy the economies that could be effected by unified operations.<sup>123</sup> In August, 1940, an event that would have mightily cheered old Governor Evans occurred when the Colorado and Southern and Fort Worth put the Texas Zephyr into operation between Denver and Dallas. Running time was cut more than eight hours and passenger revenues responded accordingly.

In many ways, however, 1940 was a critical year. Opposition, centering largely in Fort Worth, to the lease of the Texas road by the C. & S. mounted, and the Commission's decision to rehear the case foreshadowed the eventual denial of the proposal. Even more serious was the year's deficit of over \$1,000,000. Although, as the company pointed out, substantial economies had been effected over the past decade, the financial condition of the company was cause for "considerable concern."<sup>124</sup> Even though 1941 witnessed an encouraging rise in gross, the advantage was almost wholly offset by wage increases and a sharp rise in taxes. No dividends had been paid on the common stock since 1930, and the last payment on the two preferred stock issues was in 1931;<sup>125</sup> the situation had now reached the point where it was impossible to pay bond interest due in November, 1941. Accordingly, the company promulgated a debt readjustment plan acceptable to

<sup>120</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 7-11; S. G. Reed, *op. cit.*, p. 404.

<sup>121</sup>S. G. Reed, *op. cit.*, p. 404.

<sup>122</sup>C.B.&Q. "Auditor of Expenditure Statement," loc. cit.; C&S AR 1937, pp. 7-13.

<sup>123</sup>C&S AR, 1939, p. 10.

<sup>124</sup>*Ibid.*, 1940, pp. 3-12.

<sup>125</sup>Moody's, *op. cit.*, p. 714.

the R.F.C. which held the first, or Refunding and Extension, mortgage due in 1945. Under its provisions, the maturity of these bonds was to be extended to 1955, and total interest on both that and the General Mortgage (of 1930) was reduced to 4 per cent. Of this, only 2½ per cent was "fixed" interest on Refunding and Extension bonds, and only 1½ per cent on the General Mortgage bonds; the rest was to be paid only if earned. After setting aside a capital improvement fund, any balance was to be applied to debt retirement, and the Burlington, as principal stockholder, agreed to vote no dividends during the life of the plan.



THE TEXAS ZEPHYR, PLACED IN SERVICE AUGUST 20, 1940.

The proposal, it should be noted, did not alter the capital structure of the company, shrink invested principal of bondholders, or disturb liens or collateral. Nor did it change any of the several classes of capital stock. It made possible, however, a reduction in fixed charges from over \$2,000,000 to under \$1,000,000, an amount which experience indicated could be paid with reasonable certainty.<sup>126</sup> On August 31, 1942, the I.C.C. granted all necessary authorizations to the C. & S. to carry out the plan,<sup>127</sup>

<sup>126</sup>C&S AR, 1941, pp. 12-13.

<sup>127</sup>C&S AR, 1942, pp. 11-12; The McLaughlin Act, approved October 16, 1942, provided that interest and debt maturity adjustments, meeting statutory standards, could be put into effect if approved by more than 75 per cent of all affected creditors. Consequently, on November 9, 1942, the company filed a petition under this act in the District Court of the United States for the District of Colorado, and on December 15, 1942, received permission from that Court to proceed under the terms of the Act (*Ibid.*). In effect, this meant that the plan could become legally effective when approved by 75 rather than 85 per cent of the General Mortgage bondholders, as at first suggested.



and the company began at once to solicit the assents of the general mortgage bondholders.<sup>128</sup> By March, 1943, the necessary assents were secured and the Court declared the plan in effect, retroactive as of November 1, 1941.<sup>129</sup> Owing partly to its operation, and partly to the fact that increased earnings during the war period produced funds which under the plan's provisions were applied to debt retirement, the fixed obligations of the Colorado and Southern were reduced from about 48 million in 1941 to approximately 27 million by the end of 1947.<sup>130</sup>

#### *Wartime and Postwar Experience, 1942-48*

Although this statesmanlike plan of debt readjustment unquestionably averted bankruptcy and removed one major obstacle to financial rehabilitation, the prospects of earning a substantial net income during World War II were adversely affected by steady increases in wages and the lag in rate increases.<sup>131</sup> Meanwhile, taxes rose even more rapidly than wages. Payments of slightly over \$700,000 in 1942 exceeded \$1,600,000 in the next year and topped two million in 1944; in the following year they were still above the 1943 level.<sup>132</sup> Had it not been for the rapidly growing traffic resulting from the nation's participation in World War II the situation would have been desperate. But beginning in 1942 the volume of freight and passenger movements mounted rapidly both on the Colorado and Southern and on its Texas subsidiaries. Shippers, employees, and management alike cooperated smoothly in handling the increased burden, although the shortage of manpower was already beginning to make itself felt.<sup>133</sup> Agricultural production in the system's territory reached record levels, and there was a steadily mounting movement of cattle and hogs in addition to the increases in manufactured articles of war supplies. Troop movements were particularly heavy, not only because the main lines served a number of large military establishments, but because by its very location the Colorado and Southern Lines offered the most direct link between the Gulf and the Northwest.<sup>134</sup> Naturally, all efforts were concentrated on adjusting the plant to heavy traffic requirements and securing adequate manpower.

Despite the fact that the company had abandoned some 520 miles of unproductive railroad between 1917 and 1943,<sup>135</sup> existing

<sup>128</sup>Contemporary memoranda in possession of the author.

<sup>129</sup>C&S AR, 1942, pp. 11-12.

<sup>130</sup>H. W. Johnson (Vice-President and Comptroller, C.B.&Q. R.R. Co.) to author October 9, 1948.

<sup>131</sup>C&S AR, 1941, p. 9; 1942, p. 13; 1943, p. 12.

<sup>132</sup>C.B.&Q. "Auditor of Expenditures Statements," *loc. cit.* December, 1948.

<sup>133</sup>C&S AR, 1942, p. 10.

<sup>134</sup>C&S Annual Reports for: 1942, pp. 10, 15; 1943, pp. 10, 12-13; 1944, pp. 7-8, 11; 1945, pp. 5-8.

<sup>135</sup>C.B.&Q. "Auditor of Capital Expenditures," Memorandum to author November 1, 1948.

trackage was so strategically located and in such sound condition that transportation requirements were generally met promptly. On August 25, 1943, the very last remaining segment of narrow gauge lines, running 13½ miles between Climax and Leadville, was widened to standard gauge so that essential shipments of molybdenum could reach the nation's processing plants without losing valuable time.<sup>136</sup> Two years later the yards at Denver were enlarged to accommodate mounting traffic.<sup>137</sup> Throughout the war years, the brilliant and dependable performance of Zephyr trains



C. & S. NARROW GAUGE TRAIN (CLIMAX—LEADVILLE LINE) ON ITS FINAL RUN, AUGUST 25, 1943.

and locomotives proved to be highly important in the rapid movement of war materials and troops.<sup>138</sup> Shippers, thoroughly aware of the absolute necessity of prompt loading and unloading, lent their unqualified cooperation. Similarly, the employees, both through individual effort and through their teaching of inexperienced assistants, contributed greatly to the war effort. As the manpower situation grew increasingly acute, hundreds of women relieved the situation by working in stations, round houses, shops, store houses, and at other jobs which in normal times were considered man's work. Furthermore, under an agreement between the State departments of the United States and Mexico, several hundred Mexican nationals were imported for limited periods to

<sup>136</sup>C&S AR, 1943, p. 10.

<sup>137</sup>C.B.&Q. "Auditor of Expenditures Statement," *loc. cit.*

<sup>138</sup>C&S AR, 1944, p. 7.

help with track work and in the shops.<sup>139</sup> Despite the fact that more than 500 regular employees of the Colorado and Southern Lines entered military service, the system carried the load not only efficiently but safely, as attested by the fact that the Colorado and Southern received the National Safety Award in 1941 and again in 1944.<sup>140</sup>

As a result of the wartime situation, the Colorado and Southern reported substantial net income for the four years 1942-45, although at no time did the figures approach the record returns of 1926-29, owing to the reduction of freight rates over the intervening period and the increased costs of operating the property.<sup>141</sup> Despite favorable farming conditions in the first post-war year of 1946 and the 5 per cent interim freight rate increase in June of that year, the system's payroll was increased over \$1,800,000 as a result of further wage increases granted after the short-lived strike in May.<sup>142</sup> As a result, Colorado and Southern's net income dropped to the paltry sum of \$7,901. In the following year, however, a long delayed increase in freight rates of approximately 17.6 per cent became effective, and despite another boost in wages, favorable agricultural conditions and a consequent upturn in traffic resulted in the modest net income of approximately \$380,000.<sup>143</sup> Taxes exceeded a million and a half for the Colorado and Southern alone in 1947, however. Another dark cloud appeared on the horizon when the Internal Revenue Agent in Charge, Denver, Colorado, in September, 1946, proposed to assess against the Colorado and Southern and its subsidiaries additional income and excess profits taxes for the years 1940-1943, aggregating over \$3,000,000, exclusive of the statutory interest at 6 per cent. The Revenue Agent's report did not deal with subsequent years, but the methods used indicated that huge claims would be asserted for such years.<sup>144</sup> The matter is under consideration by the Special Court which approved the Colorado and Southern's Plan of Adjustment, as this paper is written.

### *Epilogue*

Even a summary investigation of the Colorado and Southern's heritage and history discloses a railroad whose roots are sunk deep in the development of Colorado. Somehow it survived its tempestuous childhood and adolescence during the stormy years when the only rule was survival of the fittest. Envisioned in its early days as a link between the Rockies and the Gulf, it

eventually translated that dream into reality. Since then it has shared the booms and depressions of a region specialized in its products and yet relying on dependable transportation for survival and growth. During its decade of independence, it made the natural mistake of expanding on the assumption that railroads would continue to enjoy a monopoly of overland transportation, only to find in the following decades that the highways and pipe lines rendered this assumption false. In more recent years it has sought to lay a more substantial basis for future prosperity by encouraging a widely diversified agricultural economy, putting its financial structure on a sounder base and streamlining its plant both in respect to size and in respect to the quality of roadbed and equipment. Many of these changes have, perhaps, passed unnoticed, because except for the spectacular Zephyrs, they have attracted no such attention as the raucous Golden-Denver feud or John Evans' impassioned speeches. But quietly, constantly, the Colorado and Southern goes about its business as a citizen of Colorado whose lot is irrevocably cast with the Rocky Mountain State.

<sup>139</sup>C&S AR, 1944, p. 8.

<sup>140</sup>Ibid., 1945, p. 10.

<sup>141</sup>Ibid., 1944, p. 7; CB&Q Auditor of Expenditures Statement, *loc. cit.*

<sup>142</sup>C&S AR, 1946, p. 10.

<sup>143</sup>Ibid., 1947, p. 4.

<sup>144</sup>Ibid., 1947, p. 11.

## Early Days in Silver Cliff

JOSEPH M. POWARS\*

I was born at Rock Island, Illinois, March 2, 1871. My father died when I was about two years old and left my mother, a woman in middle age, with four young children, of which I was the youngest. There was ample funds, but a great lack of experience and judgment on the part of our mother, for such a sudden change. The family consisted of three boys and one girl.

Our father was a very good provider and took full charge and responsibility of providing a good home and raising his family. He was what was known as a "river man"—ran steamboats up and down the Mississippi River and was everything from purser or clerk to captain and overseer. He was known from St. Paul to New Orleans as "Captain Powars." Mark Twain was at one time a member of his crew. He piloted the first boat up to St. Paul, then the head of navigation, after the dam at Keokuk was finished.

It soon became apparent that the older children would have to help mother with current expenses, as with the passing of our father all cash income stopped and it was some time before a suitable settlement of his property could be made. One brother found employment in the railroad business and finally landed at

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\*Mr. Powars now lives in Swink, Colorado.—Ed.

Texarkana, Arkansas. My sister married a young doctor in Rock Island and with my other brother moved to Colorado to make their fortunes. Being the youngest I had to stay for a while with my mother in Rock Island.

All arrangements were finally completed and one morning mother and I took a steamboat at Rock Island and started down the Mississippi River on our way to Colorado.

Our first stop, for a visit, was at Keokuk, Iowa, where Major Amos Stickney, an army engineer and relative of the family, was in charge of the Keokuk canal, which was built by the government around the Des Moines Rapids. We took the next boat for St. Louis, where we stayed with friends for a visit, then went to Texarkana to see my brother, then to Arkadelphia to see more friends. We were in that country about six weeks before returning to St. Louis to begin our trip to our future home in Colorado.

Mother and I boarded the train at St. Louis with sleeping car accommodations to Pueblo and a ticket good to Canon City. We changed cars twice, once at Kansas City and again at Pueblo. It took about three days and three nights to make the trip. I did not see any Indians, buffalo or deer and not much of anything else on the trip.

When we arrived at Canon City we were bunched into a Concord stage coach, pulled by six fine dappled grey horses weighing about 1,400 lbs. each, along with a show troupe of about six persons, and a small suckling pig which was the star of the show and carried in the arms of one of the actors. It died before we had gone very far. Every inch of space in the stage was filled with passengers or baggage.

We started up Grape Creek, through Grape Creek Canon, and around Horseshoe Bend to the half-way house where we stopped to rest the horses and get lunch. In a short time we were on our way to our destination. After going a little way we, who were shut in and could not see out, felt the stage going faster and faster, the bumps closer and closer together and the riding much rougher. Suddenly the stage came to a complete stop. Those who could see out saw two horses lying on the ground and learned that the team had gotten out of control and had been running away. By some very skillful handling the driver had managed to throw one of the horses down and in falling he had managed to pull down the horse behind him, with the result that his hips were badly cut by the sharp shoes on the horse behind him. This is the way they had to stop runaways in those days. They got the horses up and ready to go again. Upon looking around a bit they discovered we were within less than one hundred feet from the

edge of a canon when we stopped. If we had gone over we would all have been killed and the stage wrecked.

We arrived in Silver Cliff about four in the afternoon and found a wide awake town of about 7,000 people, with a city water works, hard surfaced streets, a fine hotel (the Powell House), two ore mills, an opera house, a daily newspaper, and many places of business in very active operation. We were met at the Powell House stage station by my brother and sister and taken to their house near the outskirts of the town. I said I would like to take a walk to the mountains to limber up my legs, which were stiff from our long ride in the stage, and that I would be back in time for supper. I was then informed that the mountains were 15 or 20 miles away and with what snow there was on the ground I would be lucky if I ever got back; so I did not go. The mountains had looked to me, a tenderfoot, to be about two blocks away.

Everybody in Silver Cliff was on their toes in those days. The day James A. Garfield was shot in the railway station at Washington (it happened in the morning) and after the arrival of the stage about four that afternoon with the news, the local paper got out a special edition and put it in the hands of newsboys to circulate. They were about the size of hand bills and sold for 25 cents each. I made quite a stake selling them. We arrived in Silver Cliff on about my tenth birthday.

The dwelling houses were mostly made of pine lumber—the boards running straight up and down, the cracks battened by melted down and fluted out tin cans on the outside. On the inside, boards were put on in the same way, covered with cheesecloth and the cheesecloth covered with wallpaper. They were two and three room affairs but kept very neat and clean.

Out of many of these meager appearing houses would come ladies dressed in the most expensive clothes, silk dresses and seal-skin coats, to attend any social function or church. Men emerged in tall hats and long full-dress coats.

There was no coal in Silver Cliff, so almost everyone had wood burning stoves and burned pitch-pine wood, which makes a much hotter fire than coal. It took a lot of it, but there was always plenty to be had, so everyone was comfortable.

There was no public school at that time but a large private school operated by Mrs. Carstarphen, wife of the surveyor general of Colorado.

The only church that I can remember was the Episcopal church. They had a very fine Sunday School, but had some trouble getting ministers and were often without one. At such a time members of the congregation would take turns reading the serv-

ices from the prayer book and sermons which noted ministers had written and published.

The finest lot of people lived in Silver Cliff and the Wet Mountain valley that ever lived in any place. They could do most anything. Sure, there were a lot of gamblers and saloon keepers but they were outnumbered three to one and kept in their place.

There was no railroad into Silver Cliff during the boom. Many attempts were made to build one but the roads were always washed out by spring floods and summer rains. One was finally built as far as Westcliffe, but it got there in time to take more people out of Silver Cliff than it brought in. Most everything was brought in over the Grape Creek route.

Silver Cliff had the champion fire department in the state. Settlers who purchased lots in town were required to build a claim shanty on each lot. Many of these were never used and many were abandoned. The fire department would set fire to one of these abandoned shanties and see how quickly they could put it out.

Silver Cliff had the usual mining camp fire which cleaned out much of the business section, which was never rebuilt. This fire was quite different from the ones that burned the shanties. It was a big job. The firemen did very well with it, however, and saved the whole town from being destroyed. The mines began to play out shortly after the fire and the people began to pull out.

My brother had a book, stationery and candy store, but when things began to slip he sold out and started a transfer line between Silver Cliff, Canon City and Pueblo. One day while in Pueblo he was offered a job with the Wells Fargo & Co. Express in Kansas City, Missouri. He took the job and with mother and me moved to Kansas City. My sister, her family and husband, Dr. G. W. Lawrence, moved to Colorado Springs.

We lived in Kansas City and other places in eastern Kansas and Oklahoma for some time. I finally got old enough to go to work and got a job with Wells Fargo. My brother and I went through the opening of the Cherokee Strip in the employ of the Express Company. At Perry, Oklahoma, I was the first agent after the opening. The Land Office was located at Perry then. Plenty of wild life around there. We worked around that part of the country for some time and were returned to Colorado, my brother as superintendent of the Colorado-New Mexico division of Wells Fargo with headquarters in Denver and I as cashier at Cripple Creek, where I had many more exciting experiences during the boom days of that wonderful camp.

## A Colorado Centenarian

SELETHA A. BROWN

"I was such a puny child, folks thought I wouldn't live to see my tenth birthday, and here I've passed my hundredth one," Millie Ann Webb remarked with a smile. "Never been hospitalized in my life. Haven't had a serious illness in the last thirty years."<sup>1</sup>

The trim figured woman sat on the davenport in her farm home, looking out over the broad acres of her farm, which is located about forty miles due north of Denver, and two miles south of Mead, Colorado. Here is land that has been tilled by a Webb for seventy-five years.

"My parents, Samuel Perry Kerby and Mary Frances Percy, were married on February 18, 1848," continued Mrs. Webb. "They set up housekeeping on a ten-acre tract in Schuyler County, Missouri. There I was born on December 5, 1848, and given the name of Mildred Ann, though I've always been called Millie. Just recall! That was the year gold was discovered in California and James Polk was rounding out his term as President of the United States. No wonder it seems long ago!

"But I come of sturdy and adventurous stock. My Grandfather Kerby, and two brothers, had come early to America. Grandfather gradually migrated west as the country was settled, and he was the sire of twenty-six children. Now, when my children meet anyone by the name of Kerby, they like to inquire, 'Did your great-grandfather, or a great uncle, have twenty-six children?' If the answer is 'yes,' they feel they have met kinfolk.

"My father followed the trade of his father and kinsmen, by working as a woodcarver and cabinet maker. He was considered the finest maker of oxen yokes in his part of the country. Yokes made by him were balanced and thus evenly distributed the 'pull' of the load."

Mrs. Webb's daughter, Barbara Austin, brought a miniature yoke for us to examine. "Grandfather Kerby carved these to scale, complete with removable pins," she explained. "When he was past eighty he made one of these for each of his six daughters."

The yoke was beautifully executed, carved from black walnut which had grown on Mr. Kerby's farm, and polished with hand rubbing.

<sup>1</sup>Mrs. Webb died on March 8, 1949, not long after this interview was obtained. Mrs. Brown, the interviewer, lives in Longmont.—Ed.

"You should have seen Father split rails!" Mrs. Webb exclaimed. "He was as famous in his part of the country for rail splitting as Abe Lincoln was in Illinois. They used to pile logs in cords and then have contests to see who could split the most rails in a given length of time. It was not unusual for Father to split as many rails in a half-day as others did in a day. Oh, there was power and rhythm in Father's shoulders when he lifted the ax and let it fall!"

During those early childhood days of Millie Ann, the Kerbys lived in a sort of double house with an open gallery connecting the two units. An aunt and uncle, Sally and Adolphus Stevens lived in the other part. Their daughter, Melissa, about two years older than Millie Ann, acted as guardian and playmate of tiny Millie.



*Link Studios*

MRS. MILLIE ANN KERBY WEBB

"When Melissa was about seven Aunt Sally began to teach her to knit," Mrs. Webb related. "Although I was only five I said I wanted to learn also. Mother thought I was too tiny and would just waste the yarn, which was all spun at home. But Aunt Sally said, 'let her try.' Father whittled me a pair of smooth needles and I began knitting a scarf. It was uneven, so I raveled it out, washed the yarn, and hanked it again by wrapping it from my hand to crooked elbow, back and forth. After I repeated the entire procedure three times I announced that I was going to knit Father a pair of striped mittens. Melissa was still struggling with her first scarf."

"Again Mother insisted that I was too small to undertake anything so difficult. Aunt Sally started a mitten and turned it over to me. How I struggled over that red and blue yarn! But I kept at it until at last it was done, the thumb in place, the end narrowed. The second mitten showed I learned my lesson well, it never had to be raveled and the stripes ran straight down the back of the mitten.

"I wish I knew how many things I've knit since then! It must run into the thousands. Once when I was older I had a sore foot, and had to stay off of my feet for several months. A storekeeper furnished the wool and I knit socks by the bushel basketful. I was paid half the selling price of the socks which I think was about four cents a pair. Land, in those days, everything was knit by hand, even suspenders."

Millie's mother was a very fine tailoress, and was often persuaded to make a suit or jerkin for some man whose wife was not so skilled. Once she made a wedding suit for a neighbor. Millie recalls the black material was taken to a village where a man cut the pattern and then her mother made the suit. "And do you know that suit served that man during his lifetime and he was laid away in it when he was over sixty," Millie added. "Since I was the eldest of eleven children I was soon helping mother with her sewing, taking as tiny a stitch as she did. I also spun linen and woolen threads."

Childhood was not all work, however. Millie recalls one of the nicest things about her childhood were visits to the home of her Grandfather Percy. He was a preacher and gardener of note. How Millie enjoyed sitting under his rose arbor in the summer, listening to his sonorous voice read from the Bible or tell stories which pointed a moral. Many of the psalms and Bible quotations she recalls today, she learned at her grandfather's knee. He taught her the A B C's and instilled a love of trees and flowers.

People of today take reading as a matter of course, and it is hard to realize how few could read, or how little there was to read eighty-five or ninety-five years ago.

"My mother could read and write," Millie said. "Sometimes newspapers did not arrive for three or four months at a time, and somehow or other those containing the President's inaugural address seemed most important. When the papers came containing this message the neighbors would come to Mother asking, 'what did the President say?' Mother would have the address memorized and repeat it word for word, holding her listeners spellbound. While she recited, her hands were busy with sewing or knitting.

"Folks often brought letters or documents for Mother to read to them. This was especially true during the Civil War. Many

a letter Mother read at that time contained the first news a family had heard of a soldier in two or three years.

"Of course, I recall the Civil War!" Mrs. Webb exclaimed. "Our part of the country was overrun with Bush-Whackers, those who shot able-bodied men who were not in the army, and confiscated their property. Even though Mother was ill with a cancerous sore in her chest at this time, and our negro help had run away, Father felt he must 'join up'."

Millie Ann was only twelve and still slight in stature when her father enlisted. She was often plagued with chills and ague. But she was determined to take her place as the eldest child in keeping things "ago in'" while her father was away. To this end she enlisted her younger brothers and sisters. Small boys planted and hoed potatoes when shown how. Younger sisters mixed the herbs for the poultice which Millie applied to her mother's chest every few hours night and day. Above all, her mother must not be neglected!

Another worry was the cow. It must be hidden from the Bush-Whackers, yet where there was forage. Only by saving the cow could the littlest ones be kept healthy.

Once, during the war years, Mr. Kerby was given a furlough that he might help with spring planting. He had feared his wife might be dead but he found her much improved in health. The children had managed so well under Millie's direction that he returned to soldiering with a lighter heart.

"With Father's praise ringing in my ears I determined to do even more," Mrs. Webb related. "I told Mother that I was going to set up the loom and weave some cloth for the children's clothes. War or no war, we weren't going threadbare.

"At that time we were living in just a one-room log house. Mother contended she didn't know where we'd find room for the loom, and besides it was too heavy for me to set up.

"I moved the beds, placing brick under the heads and feet of some so that a trundle bed could be moved underneath. I scrubbed the floors and then went to a neighbor for help. 'Come and help me set up the loom,' I begged, 'and I'll weave some wool for you.'

"When it was finally together, Mother sat in a rocker and showed me how to draw the warp over the loom. My legs were so short I had to stand to reach the treadle when I began to weave. My short arms made it harder to pass the shuttel, but I was determined. From that time until Father returned from war I spent every moment I could at the loom."

When Millie Ann was sixteen she decided she must become a wage earner. She went to a nearby village and found employment in an inn, then later in a woolen mill which friends established.

In the early seventies the spirit of "go west" invaded Schuyler County like an epidemic. Millie's aunt, Sue Percy Sumpter, crossed the prairies in a covered wagon and settled in Longmont, Colorado. An uncle, Benton Kerby, soon followed, settling near where the town of Berthoud was established. In the summer of 1880, Millie Ann accompanied her friend, Mrs. Neeley, on a long tedious train trip to the west.

Thus in July, 1880, she arrived in Longmont, Colorado, spending her first night in the historic hotel run by Mrs. A. N. Allen. After that she spent some time visiting in the homes of her aunt and uncle.

"While visiting Uncle Benton, his daughter, Rena, decided to give a picnic to entertain me," Mrs. Webb told. "She invited quite a group of young people and got Uncle Kerby to take us some twelve or fifteen miles away to the St. Vrain river. We went in the covered wagon, but because the day was so beautiful we persuaded Uncle Benton to let us ride with the cover rolled and tied to the last hoop. No fences, and only a farm or two, blocked our cross-country ride to the river.

"Just as we finished our picnic dinner, a mountain shower began drenching the spot. What a scramble there was to get the cover on the wagon and the picnic gathered up. Of course, we were drenched to the skin!

"Two young men came riding by, and seeing our plight stopped to help us with the wagon cover. Uncle Benton and Rena had met the men sometime before at a school-house pie social. They introduced them as Ben Webb and Billy Mulligan.

"'You folks better come to my house, about two and a half miles up the road,' said Mr. Webb. 'My renter's wife, Mrs. Kerns, will find you some dry things while you dry your wet clothes.'

"We drove the wagon into his yard and trooped into Mrs. Kerns' kitchen. As so often happened, the excitement had given me a sick headache," Mrs. Webb related. "Because I was new, and frail in appearance, everyone made over me. They 'doctored' my head and put me to bed."

However, Millie Ann had taken quite a liking to the bachelor, Ben Webb. No headache was going to keep her down. After about an hour she arose and began making her most careful toilet.

Now Millie was always considered a neat dresser. To this day she requires a white frilly collar on all her frocks and house



dresses. As a young lady in Missouri, her brothers delighted in her company on horseback rides where she rode side-saddle. Her hat never blew off, nor were her clothes always coming apart in the middle as so many girls' did, the brothers often explained.

About four o'clock on the day of the picnic, Ben Webb left his corn plowing and came to his house "to get a drink, and see how the company was getting along," he said. His eyes danced with pleasure as Millie Ann stepped onto the porch where he was holding the dipper and speaking with Benton Kerby.

"I had learned that Mr. Webb was supporting irrigation for the west, that he had helped to survey the Highland ditch and was its first superintendent," Mrs. Webb said. "I asked him questions about the ditch. I admired all the trees he had on his place and was real curious about a lake that was forming from seepage about a half mile away.

"Mr. Webb replied, 'Land! if I thought the lake was pretty from the house, I ought to see it close up. Shucks, the plowing could wait a day.' He told me to get my bonnet and we'd go inspect the lake."

It must have been a most happy excursion because when they returned toward evening Ben walked across the road to his neighbor, Billy Mulligan. "Billy, I want you to come over tonight, 'cause my wife's over there."

Of course, Ben still had to do his courting. He and Millie were married in Longmont, Colorado, in February, 1881. The bride wore a plum colored silk dress and a purple velvet hat trimmed in gold colored piping and a golden ostrich plume. One of her daughters maintains today it was the prettiest hat she ever saw.

What did one do for a honeymoon in 1881? Well, there was an eight-mile buggy ride from town to the country home with a warm buffalo robe tucked tight about the bride and groom, and the horses needing little attention, they knew the way home. There was the coming across the door sill of the five-room frame house, still smelling of freshly-sawed rafters and pine wainscoting. A home more dear by the fact that the groom had done the building himself.

"We had a wonderful honeymoon here on the farm," Mrs. Webb declared. "Ben put up shelves just the right height for his little 'shortie.' I hemmed dishtowels with Ben exclaiming over my tiny stitches. And oh, the pies, cakes, and bread we baked! Ben had been raised in rocky New England where most of his victuals had been beans and brown bread. Years of batching and eating with indifferent renters had given him a great appre-

ciation of fine food. What fun it was to show my skill at 'southern cookin'! How his praise rang in my ears!"

Ben's farm was a tree claim on which he had planted over ten thousand trees in order to acquire title to the land. At the time of his marriage, besides a large ash grove, there were four acres of cherries, a small apple orchard, and plums, pears, grapes, currants, and gooseberries ready to bear. Millie Ann set a high value on these fruits and spent many summer and fall hours drying and preserving them. In those first years of marriage, the mason jar was not in common use. Preserves were placed in stone jars of quart, half-gallon and gallon size, with their stone lids sealed in place with red sealing wax.

The house stood away from all these trees and the yard was a scramble of cactus and sagebrush when Mrs. Webb arrived as a bride. While Ben worked the field, she grubbed out the cactus and burned the sage. Then they had a representative of a Denver nursery plan a landscaped arrangement of shade trees and shrubs. Today more than thirty giant silver poplars dwarf the two-story house, and lilacs still sway from bushes that the Webbs planted in that long ago summer.

In the drought of the late eighties these trees were threatened. Every inch of irrigation water was carefully husbanded that field crops might be saved.

"I asked Ben if the crops couldn't spare enough water to irrigate the trees just once," Mrs. Webb told. "He thought he didn't dare take it from the corn.

"I was sick about the trees. Then I had an idea. The rag-rug carpet! It hadn't been washed for a long time and certainly needed it. I started in on a housecleaning spree. I washed the living room carpet and rugs from the bedrooms. By hand and in the tub, of course! My, what a lot of water they needed! Every drop of wash and rinse water was emptied around the trees. I even dug a little trench from the clothes line so that the dripping water from the drying rugs would run to some shrubs. But I saved almost every one!"

Yes, she saved the yard planting for that summer and for many years to come these were her special project. The older Webb children tell that one of their earliest recollections is of the slight figure of "Ma," moving through the evening twilight, a heavy pail in each hand, carrying water to first one tree, then another.

When the grass needed mowing among these trees, Mrs. Webb took the men's scythe on many an occasion and trimmed the fourth-acre yard. No wonder this yard was the favorite of the pioneer community for neighborhood gatherings. For years,

it was the custom for day school terms or Sabbath School exercises to terminate with a strawberry, watermelon, or pie social in the Webb yard.

Within twelve years of her marriage, Mrs. Webb had given birth to eight healthy babies, Walter, Frances, Ralph, Edmund, Myron, Hazel, Charles Perry and Barbara. Charles Perry died when eleven months old of spinal meningitis. Walter, the first born, died at the age of eight from diphtheria. At that time, Mrs. Webb was confined to her bed by the birth of Hazel. Mr. Webb grieved about this. In telling the children of it in later years, he always concluded:

"If your Ma had been able to be up, we could have saved little Walter. She is such a wonderful nurse."

Mrs. Webb has a picture on her wall which was taken in 1889 of a threshing machine which Mr. Webb and Mr. Mulligan owned. She could serve three meals a day to the threshing crew of fifteen or twenty men for as long as a week at a time without running out of supplies. Once the crew finished in the middle of the day and planned to move to the Mulligan farm at once. Knowing Mrs. Mulligan did not expect the crew until the next day, Millie Ann wrapped eight loaves of freshly-made bread and sent them along with the crew.

Slang names were prevalent in those days, too. There was one man who worked on the threshing crew who ate such enormous amounts of food, even for a thresher, that the men dubbed him Rubber Belly, behind his back. Imagine Mrs. Webb's chagrin when the man walked into the yard one day and her small son, Ralph, looked up and said, "Why, hello, Mr. Rubber Belly!"

Mr. Webb was the good provider, a man who planned wisely and executed diligently for the needs of his family. In little things he might become flustered. Once, Millie had a quilt drying on some chairs around the living room heater. The family was all in the kitchen having supper, when Mr. Webb stepped into the room.

"Millie, Millie," he shouted, "the quilt's on fire!" He seemed rooted to the spot.

Millie rushed into the room, grabbed the corners of the quilt and turned them over the blaze. Then she pushed the chair and burning quilt onto the back porch where a tub of washwater stood. By this time, Mr. Webb recovered enough to help her lift the chair, sliding the quilt into the water.

Although Mrs. Webb's formal schooling was scant, she was a very well read woman. As a girl she had read almost all of Dickens' novels. Her precocious memory retained these stories in

lifelike reality for years. Being of English descent, she felt an especial kinship with English nobility. The goings and comings of these people were often as real to her as the doings of her country neighbors. She read and re-read the life of Queen Victoria, and could speak of her as of an acquaintance of long years.

"One of the delights of our childhood was to have Ma tell us stories," Barbara told. "How she made those story people live! She should have been a literary woman. If children today had mothers who could tell stories like our mother did, they wouldn't have to worry about the 'comics.'"

When the older children were ready for high school the Webbs moved to Longmont. At first, Mr. Webb bought a place in the heart of the town's elite. There on swank Third avenue the six children created quite a commotion. They taught daughters of doctors and lawyers how to rope calves and ride astride the Webb pony. A preacher's son was inveigled into square dancing. All of which was considered very inappropriate in the early nineteen hundreds. What grand toboggan parties they had on Pratt hill that winter! What bonfire roasts in summer! Though the house was filled with all the neighborhood children, Mrs. Webb never fussed about their "muss and noise."

After about six months of "city life," Mr. Webb decided his family needed more room. He bought a ten-acre tract on North Collyer road, just outside of Longmont. Here the children were only a mile from the town academy, but had room for calves, chickens and pigs. There was room for the Sunday driving horse and a spacious garden. This made healthy chores for the boys and gave the girls an opportunity to can, preserve and sew.

Seven years later the Webbs returned to the original farm, where Mrs. Webb still retains her home.

Perhaps because of early childhood interest in her mother's inaugural readings, Millie Ann has always been interested in the politics of her country. Although she did not campaign for women's suffrage, she believed it to be every woman's birthright. When women of Colorado were given the right of franchise, she never missed an opportunity to vote. It was with great regret that she conceded she was not able to go to the polls in 1944, when she was 96.

Mrs. Webb tells how she used to put gatherings in the little girls' dresses by counting the threads from the top of the garment to the gathering row, as well as the threads between stitches. During World War I she knit dozens of socks and made regular trips to Longmont, acting as Red Cross assistant in teaching women to bind off toes and turn heels of socks. After her eighty-fifth birthday she turned to handwork more and more. Since that

time she has made three quilts of double Irish chain, two basket rings, and three wedding rings, doing all the quilting and binding by hand. These are for her six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Now that she has passed her hundredth birthday, she is content to turn the affairs of the farm over to her two sons, Edmund and Myron, and her son-in-law, O. Dean Austin. But she still feels that Barbara can take a little advice from her mother. Not long ago, another daughter, Frances Wren, came from Louisiana for a visit. Frances sat with sewing in her lap listening to an amusing incident which Barbara was telling. Mrs. Webb listened to the chatter for sometime; then she said, "Barby, if you don't stop your talking, Frances will never get her sewing finished. Let her alone."

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## The Curtain Rings Down on North Creede

MRS. A. H. MAJOR\*

A curtain of fire—the fire which laid waste every building but one between the Major store and the bridge at the lower end of the street—came at the close of a bright day in late May. Although Willow creek was bank full that night, there were no apprehensions as to a spring flood, as the spots on the snow shoe gave assurance that the snows were fairly well melted—the snow shoe being a mammoth rock slide of that shape on the mountain side facing Creede from across the Rio Grande.

When there has been an unusually heavy fall of snow in the high mountains during the winter months, the first warm days of spring bring a flood down the Willow creeks. In fact the creeks became raging torrents, doing a great deal of damage.

The high cribbings which hold the mine dumps are often undermined, letting the logs and dumps fall into the creek. Many miners used to lay off work at the mines, in time of high water, and give their time to saving buildings and bridges, buildings which had been built over the creek, their wives carrying hot coffee and sandwiches to them during the night. One year every bridge in Mineral County went out, owing to the river and all tributaries being out of bank.

Now, however, there are three good steel bridges over the Rio Grande in this county—but the Willow creeks continue to flood the canons almost every year. The sources of East and West Willow creeks are in the mountains far to the north, and many miles apart, whence they flow in a southerly and converging direction, uniting at the south end of North Creede on East Willow,

\*Mrs. Major, who still lives in Creede, has contributed to previous issues of this magazine.—Ed.

and continuing down the canon nearly a mile, to South Creede (once called Jimtown). Thence through the town and on to the Rio Grande, some two miles. Several lives have been lost in East Willow, and many thousands of dollars of damage done. The water begins to rise about six o'clock and reaches the crest about midnight, then is down to normal by morning. This is repeated night after night, till the snows in the high mountains are melted.

Water is much harder to fight than fire. The logs and debris keep coming down. The sinister sound of the big boulders crunching, grinding and rolling in the rushing black water is awe inspiring and little can be done about it. Many years ago a log flume was constructed through town to confine the water in its channel. This improvement necessitated the cutting of many large and stately pine trees which lined the canons, and destroying much of their beauty.

This old flume is so out of repair as to be useless. The Federal Government has now appropriated \$159,700 to construct a flume of concrete for flood control here.

So the first spots showing on the snow-shoe (boulders peeping through the thinning snow) are always a welcome sight.

Fire too was a constant menace in those early days in North Creede. All buildings were of wood structure, and no space between; kerosene lamps and candles for light, constituted an ever present fire danger.

The arc lights were \$1.00 each per night, so were not in general use, and at no time were there street lights in North Creede.

This last fire started at the lower end of the street, and was of incendiary origin—the flames carrying up the canon, the fire rapidly spreading from one building to the next.

There were many willing workers. People who had families and property to safeguard. But it was a losing fight. Buildings on both sides of the narrow street were soon ablaze. The fire company from Jimtown rushed up the canon and worked valiantly, but to no avail, until the greater part of North Creede was in flames.

As the fire swept nearer and nearer every minute, and there seemed no hope of stopping it, Mr. Major hastily threw the ledgers, day books, valuable papers and the currency on hand into a gunny bag, and running up the street tossed it over the fence into the tiny yard in front of the Joe Carlette home!

There were several thousand dollars in the safe at that time as the Major Company cashed the miner's checks—there being no bank in North Creede. The heavy iron safe in the store was not enclosed in a vault, so there was danger of the contents charring, if the building burned.

Just at this time some one yelled, "Where is Bill?" This family lived next door to the Major store. An industrious, home-loving family, and kindly neighbors, but, alas! Bill liked to look upon the red, red, wine occasionally—to say nothing of the Scotch and Rye!

A quiet unobtrusive sort of person as a rule, but when the stillness of the early morning hours was shattered by his none too melodious voice singing at the top of his lung power "I'm a Millionaire," the entire neighborhood was aware that Bill had again been imbibing too freely. He never sang at any other time. He never sang any other song, always "I'm a Millionaire." A male Trilby—a bottle of Scotch serving as Svengali!

As "time marches on" then as now, these impromptu concerts became more frequent until poor Bill was down and out for days at a time, and now this terrible fire found him in bed unable to help save his own home. Some neighbors pulled him out of bed and boosted him up on the corner of his roof, where he could lean against the adjoining building, which was a story higher, thus eliminating the danger of falling. He was told in the most vitriolic language what would happen to him if he didn't stay there and take the pails of water as they were handed to him, and pass them on to others to keep wet the blankets which had been spread on his roof. Bill stayed put till the fire was under control, then again sought the solace of the bottle.

Mr. Major was always expected to take the lead, as well as the responsibility, in fighting fire or flood. That night he had worked so hard from the first cry of fire—here, there, everywhere, directing, helping—and now that the fire was checked (by dynamiting buildings ahead of the flames)—the gunny-bag had been retrieved, our belongings, including the bicycles, had been returned from the flat cars, he was so overcome by the heat, the anxiety, and over-exertion that he fell with a heart attack.

A close and dear friend of Mr. Major's paid him this tribute recently. "He was a kind, courteous, efficient business man, and county official, and a dynamic figure in time of crisis."

Our son Finley's wheel was still on the platform. No one was paying any attention to the child, or noticed what he was doing till he jumped on his bike, and calling out "Bye mother, I'm going for Dr. McKibbin," and was gone like a flash. (The telephone company had not extended their lines to North Creede at that time.)

On my knees by my stricken husband, I could see the lad guiding his bike in and out and around the fallen timbers, some still blazing—timber which had fallen out on the street from the burned buildings on either side.

Just as he reached the foot of the street some one yelled, in panic-stricken tones, "the bridge is out!" It seemed ages, but of course was only a few seconds till another voice called out reassuringly, "the bridge is safe, I just crossed it." Life came again into my veins.

Finley called Dr. McKibbin, who rushed up the canon on his motoreycle, and came to Mr. Major. My husband recovered, and lived until February 19, 1935. Dr. McKibbin died a month later.

This was the last fire in North Creede. The area burned over that night was never rebuilt, the boom days had been over for some time—the days of the thousand dollar freight bills!

The volume of business transacted by the North Creede store in the "heyday" is certainly surprising. A freight bill for almost \$1,000.00 paid by the Major Company in 1892 was recently found in a box of old papers—the freight charges on a carload of Judson dynamite shipped from California.

J. Fitz Brind was the authorized resident agent for the Judson Co. up to 1894; his successor was J. B. Mayberry.

And now the ghost town era for North Creede was rapidly approaching.

And what of Bill? A few days later his wife ran out of their door shouting for some one to come—to come quickly, and see what was the matter with Willie, always "Willie" to her. He was in the throes of tremens. Sitting up in bed, face and eyes aflame with alcoholic fire, wildly gesticulating and begging them to "put out the fire, put out the fire." His terror could have been no greater had the fire been real, instead of a figment of his alcohol crazed brain.

The drinking bouts continued for years. Finally, one night a bar-tender put him out, evidently thinking he was not too intoxicated to reach home. But Bill fell by the wayside. He afterward said he was not wholly irrational when he fell, and that he registered a vow to God that if he reached home alive, he would never drink again! Some wag picked him up, and taking him down to South Creede, deposited him on the steps of the Catholic Church! When he regained consciousness the following morning, but was not quite rational, he thought he was in Heaven, but that St. Peter had pushed him through the wrong door, as he knew himself to be a good Methodist, not a Catholic! And unbelievable as it may seem, Bill was never known to drink again!

Today, only one of the original buildings of North Creede stands to mark the site of this once famous mining town, which Cy Warman describes in his famous poem:

#### CREEDE

Here's a land where all are equal  
Of high or lowly birth,  
A land where men make millions  
Dug from the dreary earth,  
Here meek and mild-eyed burros  
On mineral mountains feed  
It's day all day in the day time,  
And there is no night in Creede.

## My Recollections of William Gilpin

CLARENCE S. JACKSON\*

In 1887 my father, William H. Jackson, built our first home in Denver at 1430 Clarkson Street. The locality was sparsely settled—a few houses across the street and the residence of Jack Howland, the artist, on the corner of 14th. Mr. Appel, the clothier, had a fine residence on the corner of Colfax, and Wolfe Hall was just being built between 13th and 14th on Clarkson. As a boy of eleven I have very distinct recollections of how proud we were of our new home. We entertained many visitors, and friends of my father would drop in frequently.

My maternal grandmother came to visit us that year. She was a Gilpin—Louisa Gilpin—before she married Dr. Edward Painter, U. S. Agent for the Omaha Indians near Blair, Nebraska. Among the regular Sunday visitors was ex-Governor William Gilpin. He was about 68 years old at that time and we all had a slight suspicion that he was sweet on my grandmother (whose 2nd or 3rd cousin he was, I believe). But aside from the attentions he paid to her it was soon evident his frequent visits were primarily to expound his pet theory and hobby concerning a projected railroad from Vancouver to Alaska.

He had told his story to many politicians and prominent men, and if they did not exactly laugh at him they treated him with quiet and patient indulgence. Having exhausted all his prospects for interesting capital for promotion he somehow got the idea that my father might be of assistance with his fast growing business of advertising the West through pictures. Every Sunday the family, sitting on the porch, would glance down toward Colfax and see the slow-moving figure of the Governor trudging along with his cane toward our house.

We children, myself and two sisters, would be the first to spy him and shout: "Here comes the Governor. Now you've all got to listen to that old story again about the railroad to Alaska." My father would heave a sigh of resignation, get up and place a chair for him. My grandmother would say peevishly: "Oh dear, I hope he confines his talk to that old railroad scheme and doesn't bother me."

Presently he came up the steps with a cheery "How do you do, folks. Beautiful day, is it not?" and took his seat. He held onto his cane and rocked back and forth. We children greeted him courteously and then quietly disappeared into the house, only to

\*Mr. Jackson, son of the famous "Pioneer Photographer," has recently returned to Denver to live. His family is related to Governor William Gilpin.—Ed.

creep back when the story began, for we were really fascinated with the oft-told tale. The Governor's visit seldom lasted more than a half hour and most of the time was consumed in repeating what we had all heard so often. He would wax enthusiastic toward the close and his words would become vehement as he thumped his cane on the floor for emphasis. "There's Russia facing us—only 40 miles away—and Russia will one day be a country next in greatness to the United States. Why can't they see the importance of connecting Alaska by rail with California. What a strategic thing to do for the future," etc., etc.

Then he would become quiet and reminisce of the old days. Presently he would get up with a courteous "Good day to you all," step down to the sidewalk and soon disappear around the corner. As I remember him his hair was white and he had a goatee, similar to that worn by my own father in his latter years. He was slightly bent and walked slowly and haltingly. The great Alcan Highway of today is, I presume, a partial vindication of his dreams. Anyway, we all respected him and listened patiently whenever he came to visit us.