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Pioneer Struggles for a Colorado Road Across the Rockies

By L. R. Hafen

When the "Pikes Peakers" first came to the section of the central West that since has become Colorado, no trail led directly westward from the vicinity of Denver. Trails a plenty led across the prairies to the eastward, but if one were to continue toward the Pacific, circuitous detours to the north or to the south must be made to avoid the wall of the Rocky Mountains. This situation was thrust to the fore especially in 1861, for in this year an act of Congress provided for the first daily overland mail to California.

A million dollar mail contract! This was the greatest thing of its kind in pre-Civil War days. After years of struggle on the part of Westerners, Congress had at length enacted the desired measure.¹ A daily mail in stage coaches and a semi-weekly pony express were to cross the continent from the "Big Muddy" to the "Golden Gate." Though the law did not designate the route it stipulated that Denver and Salt Lake City must be supplied either by the main line or by branches.

The great overland mail bill was enacted March 2, 1861, just two days after the Territory of Colorado had been created. Denver was three years old. Now to the embryo state and its infant metropolis came an opportunity to be placed upon the main western thoroughfare of the nation, if a practicable pass could be found through the central Rockies. Could such a pass be found? Upon this, much depended. The daily stage coach and the pony express were great institutions in their day; the overland telegraph was already building; and these were but precursors of the "Pacific Railroad" that was soon to follow. Would Colorado and Denver secure these state building agencies or would the "Pikes Peakers" be passed by in favor of the emigrant road via South Pass (Wyoming)?

The slow semi-monthly mail heretofore serving Salt Lake City followed the North Platte and South Pass, scarcely touching

¹L. R. Hafen, *The Overland Mail, 1849-1869* (in press.)

Colorado, but the new mail contractors expressed themselves as anxious to take a more direct central route. They were convinced that the best practical road beyond Denver was along the Cherokee Trail.² Upon leaving the South Platte this route followed up the Cache la Poudre, over the Laramie Plains, around the Medicine Bow Range, westward across the North Platte, over the divide at Bridger's Pass, along Bitter Creek and thence to the intersection with the Oregon Trail near Fort Bridger. In April, 1861, John S. Jones, a director of the mail company who was in Colorado, made a definite proposition to the residents of Denver.³ The mail company would run its main line via Denver if the citizens here would agree to build the stations from this point northwestward along the Cherokee Trail to Fort Bridger. But the people of Denver and especially those in the mining camps immediately westward were desirous of having the line follow not along the Cherokee Trail, but up Clear Creek and thus serve the central portion of Colorado. They insisted that a practicable pass could be found in this direction; whereupon, interest now centered in an attempt to discover a route over the "Snowy Range."

A mass meeting, held in Denver on the last day of April, defined the undertaking as the construction of "a great international highway. . . . through the heart of Colorado Territory."⁴ The various towns immediately affected subscribed men and money for an exploring expedition, and on May 6, 1861, the party under Captain E. L. Berthoud, a civil engineer of Golden, assembled at Empire City to seek out a feasible pass and practicable route across the Rockies. This same day saw the arrival at Denver of Bela M. Hughes and William H. Russell, president and past-president respectively, of the "Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company," who had come out to select a mail route for their company and to superintend its equipment.⁵ With the arrival two days later of the old scout and

guide Jim Bridger, they were ready to lay out the route over the Cherokee Trail. The enthusiasm of Coloradoans for a more direct route, however, was such that Hughes and Russell directed Bridger, together with Captain Emory and Tim Goodale, to join the Berthoud party and seek a practicable route westward across the range.

On May 10, 1861, the party of ten men left Empire City and ascended the valley of Clear Creek. Nine miles out they bivouacked at "Camp Bridger" (named by the party in honor of the old scout). The following day Berthoud and two others undertook an ascent of the range to the north of their camp, but after hours of climbing were forced to give up the attempt. The next day Bridger, Goodale, and Emory left for Tarryall in South Park to seek a feasible pass through the mountains in that region. The remaining seven men now divided into two parties, each to follow a branch of Clear Creek. Berthoud took the north fork, and when it branched, again took the north fork. Describing his further travel he writes:

"Scrambling, jumping and clambering over snowy cliffs at 11 a. m. we reached the summit almost exhausted. In about two minutes walk on the summit we found that by the merest chance we had hit a low spot on the range, and at our feet, and flowing northwest was a small stream running about fourteen miles through an open, unbroken park. . . .

"Looking east and seeing another small creek heading in the range, we determined to follow the summit of the range toward the high mountains at the head of Fall River. After traveling about four miles we found to our satisfaction that the creek we had noticed started from a low, even and well-defined pass which led from a small branch of Clear Creek about one mile east of our camp. After further examination and completely satisfied that the result we aimed at was attained, and that we probably now had found what seemed to be a pass lower than any other point in the Rocky Mountain range north of the 36th parallel of latitude, we retraced our steps and returned to camp exhausted and hungry."⁶

The next four days were spent in making reconnaissances of the main range and blazing a pack trail to the new pass. The best route was found to be up Hoopes' Creek (named for T.

²The Cherokee Trail was so named for a party of emigrants from Arkansas (made up of whites and of Cherokee Indians), who took this route on their way to California in 1849. See the *Little Rock (Arkansas) Gazette* of July 26, 1849; *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, vol. III, 110; *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, vol. XII, 363. Jim Bridger led Captain Stansbury over a portion of the trail in 1850.

³*Rocky Mountain News*, April 24, 1861.

⁴*Ibid.*, May 1, 1861.

⁵*Ibid.*, May 6, 1861. General Hughes returned to the East May 11th, but Russell spent a month in Colorado Territory, visiting South Park and the Clear Creek mining camps. On May 30th a grand ball was given in honor of Russell at Golden. Delegations from the surrounding towns attended the affair and during the afternoon and evening speeches were given by the newly arrived Governor Gilpin and other leading citizens.

⁶*Rocky Mountain News*, June 4, 1861. It is asserted by Frank Hall (in the *Denver Post* of June 30, 1903) that Berthoud Pass was discovered from the summit of Ball's Mountain in September, 1860, by John Graves, H. C. Cowles, Judge Nicholls and H. C. Huff. Mr. Hall quotes editor Driver of the *Middle Park Times*. (This information was called to the writer's attention by E. C. McMechen.)

Hoopes of Idaho Springs), which heads in the pass. Upon reaching the summit May 17th, the men climbed a high peak adjoining the new trail and raised the American flag. A month before, Major Anderson at Fort Sumpter had been forced to lower that flag. These pathfinders, like most other Coloradoans, were patriots; they unfurled the Stars and Stripes on the crest of the continent and called the rugged peak that supported it, "Mount Anderson."

News of the discovery of Berthoud Pass and a practical route over the range was quickly carried to Denver. Whereupon, W. H. Russell took a coach to Empire City, from which point he examined the proposed route. Russell was convinced that the route was feasible, and in accordance with this view, made investments in city lots and mining claims at Idaho Springs.⁷ He now hurried to the States by a special coach which established a new record of three days and twenty-one hours from Denver to Leavenworth.⁸ Upon his arrival a meeting of the Board of Directors of the mail company was held wherein it was decided to "dispatch Major Bridger and E. L. Berthoud immediately to review, locate, and mark out this proposed new road from Denver to Great Salt Lake City."⁹

On July 6th the Berthoud-Bridger expedition left Denver as ordered. From Hot Sulphur Springs the party turned north-westward to the headwaters of Yampa River and followed the stream to near the mouth of Little Snake River.¹⁰ Here they turned southwest to the White and followed it to the Green. After ferrying Green River they went up the Uinta, crossed the Wasatch Range, descended Provo River to Provo, and thence continued to Salt Lake City.¹¹ Upon the return journey distances were measured and some improvements in route made. Berthoud reported that "beyond a shadow of doubt a good wagon road of easy, practicable grade . . . can be quickly and cheaply built to Provo." He gave the distance as 426 $\frac{5}{8}$ miles, and the estimated cost of a first class road as \$100,000.¹²

In the meantime, however, the first of July had arrived, the date when the daily overland mail service had to be inaugurated.

⁷*Rocky Mountain News*, June 10, 1861.

⁸*Leavenworth Conservative*, June 11, 1861.

⁹Letter of W. H. Russell dated June 13, 1861, published in the *News* of June 19, 1861.

¹⁰The route of this expedition through Colorado is shown in my "Map of Early Forts, Trails and Battlefields of Colorado," in *Municipal Facts* (Denver), March-April, 1925.

¹¹Berthoud's letter dated Salt Lake City, August 4th, published in the *Rocky Mountain News*, August 19, 1861.

¹²*Rocky Mountain News*, October 12, 1861. Berthoud's report gives a table of distances.

Inasmuch as stations had not been built on the Cherokee Trail and the Berthoud Pass route was not yet fully explored, the mail company had no choice but to commence the service upon the old emigrant and stage route via South Pass. In so doing Denver was left off the main line, and General Larimer's city lots in Denver and Russell's holdings at Idaho Springs fell in the market. The daily overland stage coach continued to amble up the North Platte and raised no dust on Blake Street, Denver, nor sent its rumbling echo along the canyon of Clear Creek.

Though temporarily side-tracked, Coloradoans did not give up hope. Their western route would yet be taken. So thoroughly convinced of this were certain persons that they sought from the Territorial legislature the grant of the right of way over the Berthoud Pass route. Though it was rumored that these applicants had no intention of building a road but merely intended to extort money from the Overland Mail Company that had surveyed and explored the route,¹³ still they received the grant under the law providing for the "Colorado and Pacific, Wagon, Telegraph, and Railroad Company."¹⁴ Just how this was effected is best explained by connecting it with another important incident in Colorado history. The location of the Territorial capital was to be determined by this same first legislature. Since certain representatives from southern Colorado desired the location of the capital in their section while other delegates of the people were interested in securing the charter for the wagon road company above mentioned, the usual legislative log-rolling was resorted to. Though the pork was lean and the pieces few in the barrel of a Territory with but 25,000 population, hands were none the less eager, and eventually Colorado City was designated the Capital while the right of way over Berthoud Pass was given to a sham corporation.¹⁵ As was predicted the company built no road over Berthoud Pass and in the course of events the telegraph line followed the path of the Pony Express over South

¹³*Rocky Mountain News*, October 30, 1861; April 23, 1862.

¹⁴Colorado Territorial *Session Laws*, Act approved November 6, 1861. Twenty-one prominent men were listed as the incorporators and the capital stock was fixed at \$500,000. The route described in the law is of interest both as to the course taken and as to the geographical names employed.

¹⁵Denver *Commonwealth*, July 31, 1862. The *News* of the same date blames Governor Gilpin for not having vetoed the bill incorporating the company, and calls attention to the facts that J. Gilpin, brother of the first Governor, was one of the incorporators, and that the meetings of the company were held in the Governor's office. See also article by F. J. Stanton in the *News* of May 8, 1862. Stanton contends that the grant of a charter to the company was a "grievous outrage" and a "great drawback to the development of the route." He states also that the company's charter has no legal existence inasmuch as the Express Company had a charter from the Kansas legislature for the same route which takes precedence over the grant made by the Colorado legislature.

Pass, while the stage coach pursued its old course up the North Platte and along the Sweetwater.

Undaunted, the pioneers and their newspapers kept up the agitation for the adoption of this western course. It was necessary, they contended, to advertise the route and build a road upon it and then, undoubtedly, all the emigration would come to or through Colorado. "Open this wagon road and the telegraph and railroad will follow it as sure as the sun rises and sets," said a Denver newspaper.¹⁶

Early in June Governor Evans, Engineer F. M. Case, W. N. Byers, and others set out for Berthoud Pass to study its availability as a wagon road and railroad route. The grade was admittedly very steep, but it was thought to be practicable. Thereupon Governor Evans called a meeting at the Denver City Hall at which the matter was discussed, and a subscription was started to provide for a thorough study of the route.¹⁷ Engineer Case volunteered to conduct the survey. On the very day that he and his party left Denver, word came that Congress had passed the Pacific Railroad Bill, providing for the first trans-continental railway. Denver was jubilant at the glorious news. A prophetic newspaper exclaimed, "Denver will yet be the great half-way station between New York and San Francisco."¹⁸

Later in July Engineer Case returned from his survey with a report that was rather disappointing. He found the grade of Clear Creek too steep to be followed with the maximum grade allowed for the railroad (116 feet to the mile.) The altitude of the pass was determined to be 11,495 feet (later measurements make it 11,306 feet), and the presence of snow in summer indicated that a tunnel would be necessary.¹⁹ The railroad and overland mail projects via Berthoud Pass were given somewhat of a chill and were postponed.

About this time (July, 1862) a change was effected in the overland mail route which brought the main line through a portion of Colorado. Ben Holladay, who had bought out the bankrupt "Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company,"²⁰ was responsible for this diversion. The course he

adopted left the old line at Julesburg, followed up the South Platte to the present site of Greeley, and thence followed the Cherokee Trail to Fort Bridger.²¹ Denver was still off the main line and was supplied by a tri-weekly branch from Latham (at the mouth of Cache la Poudre.) However, that isolation did not long continue. Soon after the territorial legislature had granted a charter to Holladay's "Overland Stage Line,"²² a further improvement was instituted for the Colorado settlers. Denver was to be put on the main line. On September 3rd Ben Holladay, "the Napoleon of the Plains," wrote the *Rocky Mountain News*:

"Permit me, through your columns, to return my thanks for the liberal charter granted to the Overland Stage Line by the legislature of Colorado, and also for the generous support extended to the line by the citizens. In view of these facts, I have instructed my agents to change the route from its present course, to one bearing via Denver to Laporte, so that hereafter you will have the great through mails passing direct through your city. I am happy to announce that the new route to Salt Lake City realizes the most favorable expectations and is already in such fine running order that I was enabled to make the trip from Salt Lake City to Latham in four days.

Ben Holladay, Prop'r. Overland Stage Co."²³

The first through coach from the west reached Denver on September 12th, and the Camp Weld Artillery with its Fort Donelson pieces fired a grand salute in honor of the Overland Stage. The daily mail from the East now came along the "cut-off" road which left the Platte in the vicinity of present Fort Morgan and followed an almost direct course to Denver. From this point the line ran northward, skirting the foothills of the Front Range, to the intersection with the old route at Laporte. The modern highway from Denver to Laramie, Wyoming, follows almost in the very tracks cut by the overland stage more than sixty years ago.²⁴

Denver now had the daily overland mail but not a direct westward highway via Berthoud Pass. Further efforts must be made to realize this pioneer hope. One of the men most confident of the ultimate selection of the Berthoud Pass route was W. H.

¹⁶*Rocky Mountain News*, May 27, 1862. See also the issues of April 10, April 22, and May 8, 1862. The Committee on Territories in Congress reported in favor of an appropriation of \$22,500 for a wagon road from Denver to Camp Crittenden (Utah Territory), but evidently the measure was not enacted.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, June 27, July 1, 1862. An editorial in the *News* of November 24, 1859, had advocated a route via Platte Canyon, South Park, and down the Colorado River to the Great Basin, for a Pacific Railroad. In January, 1861, Captain McAleer was surveying a railroad route from Denver to Gregory's Diggings (Central City)—*News* of January 9, 1861.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, July 1, 1862.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, July 24, 1862. Report of F. M. Case.

²⁰Bought at public auction March 21, 1862, for \$100,000.

²¹An admirable piece of work upon the identification of this route, along with other western trails, has been done by A. B. Hulbert (Professor of History, Colorado College) in his *Crown Collection of American Maps*, Series IV.

²²Colorado Territorial *Session Laws*. Act approved August 14, 1862. The grant was for ten years.

²³*Rocky Mountain News*, September 11, 1862.

²⁴An interesting description of the route from Denver to Salt Lake City was given in the *News* (November 13, 1862) by Edward Bliss, one of the editors, who accompanied B. M. Hughes over the line.

Russell, "father of the Pony Express," and originator of the Berthoud-Bridger expedition of 1861. After his mail company became bankrupt Russell came to Denver and interested local capital in the project of a toll road leading from the valley of Clear Creek across the Rocky Mountains to Middle Park. In the autumn of 1862 he organized the "Clear Creek and Hot Sulphur Springs Wagon Road Company" and work commenced.²⁵ The work was suspended in December but was resumed the following spring.

Another road company, composed of W. A. H. Loveland, "Uncle" Smith, Altman and others, in the spring of 1863 was building a road up Clear Creek canyon to connect with Russell's road over the range. This road, immediately west of Golden, was pushed with vigor, and when the first coach came over it on August 30th the Denver *Commonwealth* commented as follows: "Those who remember the old road over the hill north of Golden Gate up which it took seventeen yokes of oxen to haul one sack of flour, will after traveling over this one, acknowledge the march of improvement."²⁶ However, the "Clear Creek Road" did not prove to be practicable and was soon abandoned.

During the summer of 1863 progress was made on Russell's road but winter snows again fell before the grading reached the summit of the divide. In the following spring his company was incorporated by the Territorial legislature as the "Denver and Pacific Wagon Road Company,"²⁷ but little or no work was done during the year.

The "Colorado and Pacific, Wagon, Telegraph, and Railroad Company," formed in 1861, still held its grant over Berthoud Pass, but inasmuch as it had done nothing to develop its right-of-way, the legislature, on February 10, 1865, repealed the law which had created the "bogus" corporation. The same legislature granted to Ben Holladay, B. M. Hughes and associates the right-of-way for a road from Denver to the western boundary of the state via Boulder Pass.²⁸ B. M. Hughes was elected president of this "Overland Wagon Road Company" in April and the new

²⁵*Rocky Mountain News*, November 6, 1862. The company was composed of W. H. Russell, H. C. Cowles, J. S. Seaton, W. M. Slaughter, A. S. Lincoln, H. D. Sherwood, C. C. Bangs, and W. E. Sisty. It was launched with a capital stock of \$6,000, but this sum was later increased. A new pass south of Berthoud's was explored (see *News* of October 2, 1862), over which the road was to be built. This was named "Vasquez Pass" in honor of Louis Vasquez, the fur trader, after whom Vasquez Creek (present Clear Creek) was originally named.

²⁶*Denver Commonwealth*, September 3, 1863. See also the issues of March 5th, and July 16, 1863, for description of the road.

²⁷Act approved March 10, 1864. The incorporators were W. H. Russell, W. A. H. Loveland, Amos Steck, John Armour and Wilson E. Sisty. The charter was to run for fifty years.

²⁸Colorado Territorial Session Laws, Act approved, February 10, 1865.

executive immediately set out for Salt Lake City to lead the party that was to work out a feasible road eastward. An engineer of the Union Pacific was to accompany Hughes, for the railroad company was interested in a direct practicable route fully as much as was the "Overland Stage Company."²⁹

On June 3, 1865, the party left Salt Lake City accompanied by Colonel Johns of the California Volunteers with 150 men and 22 wagons. The route followed was that explored by Berthoud and Bridger in 1861. Nearly four months were consumed in selecting the route and making it passable for wagons.

On October 4th Hughes wrote: "I have adopted the Berthoud Pass and will complete the road over it in May and the whole road by June next. All reports about our abandoning the road and its not being eligible, are utterly false."³⁰ With the abolition in 1865 of the spurious corporation that had held the right of way over Berthoud Pass from 1861 to 1865, the field was again clear for actual development over this route. Subsequently, by a legislative enactment of February 5, 1866, the Holladay and Hughes "Overland Wagon Road Company" was authorized to build a road over Berthoud Pass from the west to connect with Russell's "Denver and Pacific Wagon Road" which approached the pass from the east.³¹ Despite these authorizations and good intentions the road was not finished or used as anticipated. It was not until the following decade that the first road was built over Berthoud Pass,³² and the railroad project was delayed to an even later date.

Silences are often eloquent. It became evident that the railroad officials did not look with favor upon the proposed route. The decision of the railroad engineers naturally had its effect upon stage coach men, who in the middle sixties were already singing their swan song. What need to break a new highway if the railroad was not to follow it? In 1866 and 1867 the railroad track was rapidly laid westward, and when it passed to the

²⁹Letter of B. M. Hughes dated Salt Lake City, June 2d, and printed in the *Rocky Mountain News* of June 15, 1865.

³⁰*Ibid.*, October 26, 1865.

³¹The law also authorized Holladay's company to buy out Russell's company and succeed to the latter's charter rights.

A Territorial law of February 6, 1866, incorporated J. Q. A. Rollins and associates as the "Middle Park and South Boulder Wagon Road Company" with a right of way over South Boulder (Rollins Pass).

The following year John S. Jones and others formed the "Colorado and California Wagon Road Company" and received a legislative grant (January 11, 1867) for a toll road over "Jones Pass." Starting from the end of the completed portion of Russell's road at the "Big Bend," Jones continued the work and carried the road over Jones Pass (south of Berthoud.) A trail branched off from this road and crossed Berthoud Pass.

³²William Cushman, a banker of Georgetown, organized a company and completed the first road over Berthoud Pass in the fall of 1874. (Information from Frank S. Byers.)

north of Colorado in 1868 the dream of Colorado pioneers was well-nigh blasted.

The years again brought hope, and reviving ambitions bore fruit. Today the pioneer dream is being realized. With the motor car and the surfaced highway Berthoud Pass has come into its own. It has become a driveway westward and an avenue through Colorado's scenic wonderland. The smoothly gliding car follows the trail blazed by Berthoud and Bridger sixty-five years ago. And the pioneers' hope of direct rail communication westward also is being fulfilled. The Moffat Tunnel is a modified and delayed, yet glorious, realization of the railroad dream of the sixties.

Now, today:

"Yes, we're crossing the Rockies, but we can do it in high. This grade does not exceed five per cent.

"Look back now into that deep gorgeous valley of Clear Creek. Nearly straight below us, where the canyon forks, Old Jim Bridger and Captain Berthoud parked in 1861. That thin streak on the opposite side of this little valley may be the old trail of Captain Berthoud, or perhaps it's 'Pony Express' Russell's wagon road. Look at the grade. They didn't mind steep climbing in the sixties.

"How densely wooded the mountain is—pale green patches of aspen and brownish green masses of fir and pine. Isn't that air exhilarating and the pine-murmuring enchanting?

"Yes, this is Berthoud Pass, on the crest of the continent. Ahead is the valley of Frazer River, Middle Park and the great Colorado of the West. Behind, is Clear Creek valley and the mining region that brought out pioneers. Yonder is the peak on which our patriots raised the Stars and Stripes at the outbreak of the Civil War.

"If I were poet or prophet I believe I could discover the shadows of Berthoud and Bridger, Russell and Hughes somewhere about this peak or pass, and surely they will stand at the west portal to hail the train as it breaks from the tunnel beneath James Peak."

Photographing the Colorado Rockies Fifty Years Ago¹ FOR THE U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEYS

By W. H. Jackson

Kodakery, using the term as synonymous with out-of-doors photography in general, is nearly universal at the present time. Particularly is this so for the tourist, the surveyor or engineer, and the explorer, who are almost invariably equipped with a camera that is hardly more burdensome than a note book, with which pictorial record is quickly and efficiently made of everything of interest. This has been made possible, during the past forty-odd years, by improvements in the chemistry and mechanics of photography, whereby, besides great simplification in operation, we have also the coloring of nature and the portrayal of objects in motion.

Before the present era of facile photography—fifty or more years ago, it was quite different in actual practice, and there are not many who know, or fully realize, how onerous were the conditions imposed upon the old-time photographer. Then, the so-called “wet plate” was in general use, involving a complex process of many operations, and requiring practice and experience to attain the necessary manipulative skill. It was so messy chemically, and encumbered with so much apparatus that there is little wonder that photography was rarely the hobby of amateurs and that the making of pictures by this means was almost wholly the work of professionals.

It was my good fortune to be the photographer of the U. S. Geological Survey of the Territories (Hayden's) from 1870 until 1879. The first three years of my service in this capacity were employed in exploration work in Wyoming, Idaho and Montana. The three years following I was engaged in traveling through the Colorado Rockies, except for overlapping trips into Utah, New Mexico and Arizona.

I had accumulated but little experience in landscape work before undertaking survey photography; such as it was, having been acquired in making negatives along the Union Pacific Railway during the construction years of 1868 and 1869. Three years of rather strenuous work, however, with the Survey in the northern territories had rounded out my experience so that when I came

¹Mr. Jackson has an interesting article in “The Trail” of February, 1926, on daguerreotyping and its use, by Carvalho, on the Fremont Expedition of 1853.—Ed.

to Colorado I was about at my best, not only in the particular kind of photography required but also in the usages of camp life and of travel in uncharted regions.

Up to this time I had worked along with the main body of the Survey, under the direction of its chief but was now provided with a separate outfit, to be officially known as the Photographic Division and given *carte blanche* within designated areas as to character and extent of the photographic work to be done. In the organization of this Division, two packers and a cook, besides myself, were to be permanent features. I never had a professional assistant, but as there were generally two or more extra members assigned to the party each season—botanists, entomologists or other collectors with occasionally a young man with no other prescribed duties than to be useful—I had all the help needed. On our first expedition I had with me Coulter, the botanist; Lieut. Carpenter (on leave of absence), entomologist; and a young son of Senator Cole of California. The next year Coulter and two young men from Washington made up our quota to seven, while for 1875 Barber, special correspondent for the *New York Herald*, was the only additional member.

The "wet plate process" was, briefly, making on the spot the sensitive plate for each exposure. This required a portable "dark room" (box or tent) to work in, and nearly all the material and appliances ordinarily used by the sedentary photographer in his "gallery"—all of which had to be condensed within our very limited carrying capacity. The preliminary planning to provide well balanced supplies was a matter of some care, as, once afield, there was slight possibility of making good any deficiency.

My first outfitting was for three series of negatives, 11x14, 5x8 and stereoscopic. The glass alone—some 400 pieces, was no inconsiderable item, while the collodions, silver nitrates, iron sulphates and a score or two of other chemicals and articles, made up in bulk what they lacked in weight. My dark tent was made of white canvas lined with orange calico and supported over a folding tripod, being just large enough to crawl into on my knees. At other times I used a folding box, set up on a short tripod, that opened like a trunk lid with an attached hood into which I inserted the upper half of my body.

A working outfit of cameras and enough material for a day's work, made a light, convenient pack. With good photographic subjects along the trail from one camp to another, the photo mule would be dropped out while the view was made, and then he



Upper—Photographing the High Places.

Lower—The Photographic Division.

jog-trotted along to overtake the train again. Sometimes there were so many of these diversions, frequently some distance from the trail, that we did not reach camp until long after the others, occasionally, not until far into the night. As the loading and unloading on these side trips devolved almost entirely upon me, I eventually became an expert packer.

More frequently, however, a lay-over camp was made where good grazing, as well as good scenery, were near at hand and side-trips made therefrom. In either case the regular procedure after locating a point of view was to bring up the pack mule as near as possible and quickly unload. While I was setting up the camera

and making the final focal adjustments the assistant arranged the dark tent, being careful to make it light-tight all around its contact with the ground, and place inside the bath-holder and the bottles of collodion, developer and fixing solution, with a cup of water from the rubber water-bags that are always attached to the pack for use when a natural source of supply is not at hand. With everything ready I took one of the plates inside the tent and proceeded first, to flow it with collodion, which, when "set" was immersed in the silver bath until the proper chemical reaction had taken place, when it was placed in the plate-holder ready for exposure,—an operation that usually took about five minutes. In some instances the camera was placed so far from any possible location for the dark-tent that there was a long interval between the coating and the development of the plate. Wet blotting paper against the back of the plate with a wet towel and the focussing cloth around the holder would keep the plate sufficiently moist for development for half an hour at least. With the exposure made and back to the tent, the plate was flooded with the developer by a dexterous sweep, the image appearing almost immediately. It was then well rinsed and "fixed" with the cyanide solution equally quick in action, and finally was taken outside for more thorough washing. After drying spontaneously, or by artificial heat, the plate was put in a grooved box and when back in camp was varnished and packed securely for further transportation.

When hard pressed for time, I have made a negative in fifteen minutes, from the time the first rope was thrown from the pack to the final repacking. Ordinarily, however, half an hour was little enough time to do the work well. Thirty-two good negatives is the largest number I ever made in one day and this was possible only, in a region like that including the Garden of the Gods and Monument Park.

We broke camp early for the '73 expedition—the 24th of May. We were the first of the four divisions to leave the rendezvous at Miers Fisher's ranch on the Clear Creek bottoms. Going first to Estes Park we skirted the range southward, bucking our way frequently through deep snow in the timber, trying to reach good view points. We succeeded finally in getting Arapaho and neighboring peaks from back of Ward, and the James Peak region from near Central City, but it involved a lot of hard work for men and animals.

Gray's Peak was the next important point, where we found less snow and little difficulty in reaching the higher summits.

Cutting across the foot-hills on our way to the plains, we took in the Chicago Lakes on the way and continued on to Ute Pass and across South Park to the group of mountain peaks back of Fairplay. After working the region from Hoosier Pass to Buffalo Peaks, we made a short cut over the range to Twin Lakes and from there up to the foot of LaPlata Mountain, on Lake Creek, where we stopped for three days to make a panorama from the summit of the mountain. When we were descending this peak I had a mishap that bothered me a good bit for a while. There were three of us, each packing some portion of the apparatus, mine being mainly, the bath-holder with its content of silver bath. In making my way over the rough, broken rock-fields my footing gave way and I fell heavily on my back, cracking the holder so badly that the solution was entirely lost. Repeated efforts to make permanent repairs proving fruitless I finally discarded it and used a flat tray, which while inconvenient to handle in my small tent, was as serviceable as the old dipping bath.

Crossing the range over to the headwaters of the Gunnison we gradually made our way into the heart of the Elk Mountain region where for nearly a week I had a busy time depicting its grand as well as picturesque scenery. In leaving this place I had another mishap. Our camp on Rock Creek was at the bottom of a deep gulch, or canyon, the climb out being very steep. While the train was worrying its way up the mountain, the mule carrying my boxes of 11x14 glass and negatives, slipped its pack and both boxes went tumbling down the hill, one of them breaking open and spilling the plates all over the rocks. An inventory of the damage showed that the loss was almost entirely among the plates made from LaPlata and Mount Lincoln. The season was getting late and storm clouds were threatening through the mountains, but in face of these handicaps, I made good all losses.

Our season's work being practically completed with the Holy Cross well photographed, we started at once on the return, crossing Mosquito Pass into South Park and thence direct to Denver, stopping long enough only to retake the panoramic negatives that were broken over in the Elk Mountains.

We did not get away from Denver on the '74 expedition until July 21st, two months later than the year before, though we had a longer route mapped out before us. Going first to Middle Park we worked southward, branching off here and there, until finally we reached Baker's Park in the heart of the "San Juan" early in September. Making a camp on the bench back of Howards-

ville, and leaving the two boys and cook in charge, Ingersoll and I, with the two packers, were away most of the time on side trips, one being the "First Official Visit to the Cliff Ruins" of the Mesa Verde. (The Colorado Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 4, May, 1924.) The homeward journey to Denver was down the Rio Grande, over the Sangre de Cristo Mountains through Mosca Pass and then along the foot-hills to our destination.

Passing over many incidents of our experiences, which if detailed would fill a volume, I will relate two or three only which remain most clearly impressed on my memory.

We traveled "light" so far as the photographic outfit was concerned, using only a 5x8 camera, and in place of the tent of the previous year had a folding box that was more handy for working small plates. This served every purpose until, one cold morning, our pack mule "Johnnie", in a bucking spree, turned a somersault squarely on top of it, and the only thing that was not smashed was the cloth hood. A carpenter in Silverton made good the damage, however.

One of our objectives in going south was to be at the Los Pinos Indian Agency at the time of one of the annuity distributions, for the purpose of obtaining photographs of the Indians. We came upon them first, in some sixty or seventy tepees, on the Cochetopa at the junction of the Los Pinos. Making our purpose known to the Agent he assured us of his co-operation and in due time arranged an interview with Chief Ouray who was domiciled in an adobe house within the Agency square. A little later we found him at home reclining on a rude couch covered with Navajo blankets of which there were a great many covering other couches. The furnishing otherwise was simply a chair and a stool with a few colored prints decorating the walls in addition to many articles of beaded buckskin wearing apparel. The interview was quite a long one, Ouray asking many questions about our work and travels and why we wanted to photograph his Indians. Inasmuch as we came from Washington he took it for granted that we knew something about the recent curtailment of the reservation. At the end he promised to say a good word for us to the other chiefs and to sit for his own portrait. Bearing in mind the adage to "strike while the iron is hot" we extemporized an open air studio on the porch of the Agent's residence and began operations by making individual sittings of the Agent's family; then came Ouray arrayed in his bravest attire of beaded buckskin accompanied by his young

and comely wife, Chipeta, equally resplendent in buckskin and beads. Heavy rains cut off any further portrait work for that day.

Next morning we went down among the tepees. Began operations by having a preliminary pow-wow with some of the head men. After passing the pipe around, with a whiff or two from each one in the circle, and an interval of cogitation, a lively discussion followed, mostly in their own tongue, in which it soon became apparent that the "Medicine Men" had worked up an antagonism to our project, leading to a general expression on the part of those present that it was "no bueno"—Shavano, Guerro and some others protesting against the making of any pictures. Notwithstanding this opposition I set up my camera and dark box in front of Piah's tepee, ready for business, as he had earlier in the day promised to stand for his picture and to get others to do the same. With his assistance we got together a few groups and were going finely until a down-pour of rain stopped any further work.

Then came Issue Day. We anticipated great results from the crowds that would be on hand for their rations—flour, sugar and many other things, with "beef on the hoof." We began by photographing groupings of tepees and ponies and then with the connivance of the Agent's wife made a negative of Piah's papoose on its cradle board. We tried to get his squaw to pose, but Piah got wind of it and ordered her away from the building. He was in quite a different humor from the day before and his good nature was now turned to hostility. Planting my camera on the Agency porch to take in the whole assemblage on the issuing ground and preparing to make an exposure, Piah, with half a dozen others rode up in front of me, protesting vehemently, pulling at the tripod legs and occasionally throwing a blanket over both camera and myself, all the time declaring that "Indian no sabe picture—make'm heap sick—all die—pony die—pappoose die." His idea seemed to be that there was no harm in making single pictures of the men, but I must not include the squaws, papposes or ponies. Defeated in this quarter, for a mounted delegation followed me closely, I went into the cook house intending to make a picture out of the doorway, but when the camera was set, one of the Indians tried to ride his horse through the door on to me, and failing in that, remained before it with a blanket over his arm effectually blocking the view.

There seemed to be so much antagonism that we gave up any further attempts, particularly as heavy clouds threatened the

usual afternoon storm, but even after I had packed up, Piah demanded that I destroy the plates already made, at the same time trying to snatch the plate box from my hands. A little argument convinced him this was going too far and he left us, but in all this controversy neither the Agent nor Ouray was in evidence anywhere—probably very busy elsewhere.

The rest of the day we looked on at the distribution. The issue of beef was particularly novel and thrilling. Mounted and armed Indians were drawn up in line and as the cattle were liberated, one by one, from the corral, allowing the bovine a fair start, each little group pursued its assigned steer as if hunting buffalo, popping away with rifle and pistol until it was brought down. By the time that nearly twenty such groups were scattered over the field it made a lively scene, reminiscent of a wilder life on the plains. It would have been a fine subject for a "movie."

On our return from Mesa Verde we met Wilson's party just in from the headwaters of the San Miguel and they were so enthusiastic about the scenery over there that we decided to make one more side trip before starting homeward. It was getting late for mountain work, the thermometer frequently dropping to 15 or 20 degrees at night and equinoctial storms impending, but the sky was clear and we thought we could make it by a quick trip, although a 12,400 feet pass intervened.

With two others besides myself and two light packs we started up Mineral Creek and made our first night's camp well up towards the divide. The next morning everything was white with frost, which under the warm rays of the sun turned into water that was freely showered upon us as we rode through the willows along the trail. Passing through belts of timber where the soil was terribly boggy, we finally emerged into the open above timberline and were soon on the summit, picking our way along a tortuous trail among larger rocks. Halting briefly to take in the glorious view of mountain peaks on either side, resplendent in bands of red and yellow sandstone alternating with lines of volcanic gray, with a little lake, sparkling like a gem in its russet setting, 3,000 feet below, we hurried on, dropping over 2,000 feet in the first mile, and then skirting the lake, passed beyond and camped high up on the opposite side where we had a commanding view of lake and mountains. Heavy clouds began to drift over the mountains back of us, however, and we had time to make two negatives only when it began to rain. It gradually turned to sleet, putting a stop to any further work. It rained and snowed throughout the

night, and the fire went out, as no one cared to get up and replenish it. We had no tents but were comfortable enough under the canvas covers of our blankets. There were other things, however, that kept us awake most of the night. First, a mountain lion came out on the rocks above our camp and filled the air with blood-curdling cries, and secondly, wolves, or coyotes were heard among our animals with serious apprehensions of cut picket ropes with a possibility of being left afoot. The night passed with no greater trouble, and when we looked out from under our snow laden blankets at daylight it was a wintry world we gazed upon—valleys and mountain peaks draped with a solid mantle of white. Everything was damp and soggy and it was a long time before a fire was under way, but a few ounces of collodion from my chemical box helped it along wonderfully. Clouds hung low over all the mountain peaks until well along in the forenoon when they broke away sufficiently for me to make a few negatives. They soon closed in again, however, darker than before, warning us that it would be a wise move to get back over the range as soon as possible. We packed up with a sleety rain falling that soon turned to snow and by the time we were passing around the shores of the lake it was so dense that we could hardly see the length of our little train of five animals. As we toiled upwards slowly, the snow became deeper until, upon reaching the summit, it was up to our knees, covering the rocks as with a blanket and obliterating all traces of the trail. Reaching our former camping place a generous fire of quaking-asp logs was ample compensation for the fatigues of the day.

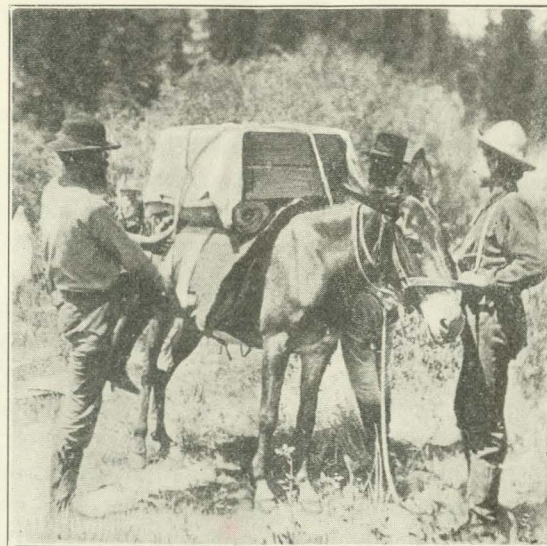
For 1875 we outfitted in Denver, as usual, and proceeded to Baker's Park where plans were completed for a continuation of our photographic work among the ancient ruins lying beyond the Mesa Verde and McElmo regions. Going first to Parrot City (one small frame house constituted the "city" as I remember) we picked up Harry Lee, one of the LaPlata miners, as guide, and from there journeyed down the San Juan to where the Rio de Chelly enters it and then turned southward to the Hopi Pueblos in Arizona. Returning the same way we traveled north to the region beyond the Sierra Abajo, returning to our starting point by way of the Montezuma Canyon. This entire trip was replete with many novel and interesting experiences and adventures that must be passed over briefly and more detailed mention made of two or three incidents only.

We had a busy time along the San Juan discovering and

photographing the old homes of the Cliff Dwellers, crossing and recrossing as some particular find was located. At the confluence of the Chelly we began to experience the discomforts of an August sun on desert lands, our thermometer registering 140 deg. when placed in the sand whereon we were camped, and 88 deg. in the center of the swiftly moving river. This high temperature made photography irksome, to say the least, that is, the dark-room part of it. A few miles up the Chelly we found an important cliff-town ruin under towering sandstone bluffs with a south-western exposure. The best time for work was when the sun beat in on these rocks the strongest, and, although I placed my developing box well up in the shadow of the cave I found the heat so oppressive when wrapped up in less than a cubic yard of breathing space, that I had to be very careful that the streams of perspiration from my face did not spoil my plate.

The lower courses of the Chelly were perfectly dry, but not far from this cliff ruin we made our camp by a spring of good cool water coming out of the rocks in a most unlikely place, now known as Whisky Spring, the name being derived from an incident that happened while we were preparing to leave. In our train was a sore-backed horse that carried a very light load on a saw-buck saddle, one item of which was a small keg of whisky carefully conserved to neutralize the effects of bad water. The keg just fitted inside the cross-trees of the saddle. While this was being put in place something unusual happened, causing the horse to make a bucking-jump, scattering the small articles of his load here and there. The keg, however, remained attached, by its handle, to one of the sling ropes which was just long enough to trail it at his heels. "Bally" went on a stampede with the keg bounding along after him. When the cork came out there was a liberal sprinkling of the precious fluid over sand hills and dusty sage, dispensing an aroma that was extremely aggravating to the pursuing packers because of their failure to round up the horse until the keg was as dry as the desert about us.

Leaving the larger part of the outfit to recuperate in the grassy vales of the Canyon Bonito, three of us, with two light packs continued on to the Hopi Pueblos, 120 miles away. It was the time of early green corn and along the upper Chelly, where there were scanty tricklings of water in its sandy wash, we passed through many Navajo corn fields with accompanying groups of extemporized hogans, their occupants awaiting the annual harvest. Declining importunities to linger for some of their ceremonial dances



Packing the Large Camera.

we left them with saddle bags filled with the succulent ears cooked in their own wrappings.

Our limited time for photographing was concentrated on the "Seven Cities" of the high mesas, after which we made quick time back to the San Juan, jog-trotting over the hot sands and rocks, forty miles a day.

With our return to Baker's Park I turned my attention to an ambitious photographic undertaking, intended to feature the 1875 work, and that was to make a series of 20x24 plates. This was something unheard of so far in the annals of mountain photography under similar conditions,—a useless expenditure of energy and material, viewed in the light of modern methods of enlargement; but, fifty years ago there were no such methods.

It was something of a problem to carry a camera of that size over the trails we had to contend with, which because of its bulk was made a top pack on the aparejo, another pack mule being required for the glass and other adjuncts for operating. For dark-work room I had a tent, built on the same lines as the one I used in '73, but on a proportionately larger scale, and for the silver sensitizing bath, a wooden tray. We took this outfit over some of the hardest trails in the San Juan; up Lake Fork, to the San Miguel and finally over Mosquito and Argentine passes on our way back to Denver by way of Georgetown.

For every plate made there was some unique experience well worth relating, but the story of how we photographed Uncompagre Mountain is typical of all.

From our camp above Lake City we began the ascent a little below Henson Creek. The trail was very steep and the bulky camera perched on the top of an aparejo was an awkward load on a forty-five degree grade. When well up the mountain where small trees obstructed the trail "Old Mag." lost her balance, and rolling backwards was saved from greater disaster by lodging between some trees. With difficulty, in a ticklish situation, the camera was released from the pack and carried to a practicable loading place, and then the mule, with more difficulty, was put on her feet without tumbling still further down the grade. Getting well up towards timberline we made a temporary camp from which I prospected for the best point of view and Bill went out with his gun for game. Returning later, I found that Bill had brought in a mountain sheep but had gone in search of our animals, which had pulled up their picket pins and taken the back track. He did not return until next morning, the stock having gone all the way to the camp above Lake City.

The point selected for a close-up view was about three hours from where we camped and well above timberline. By the time I had the tent pitched and the camera in place, clouds obscured the sun and high winds were sweeping over the bare plateaus. I made only one exposure which turned out poorly—too much wind for the long timing required. Giving up the attempt for that day we cached the whole outfit under the rocks and went down about 1,500 feet to where a fire could be made for an all night camp. It was raining nearly all this time but the morning came in clear and we were soon back to where the apparatus had been left. (This was the 4th of July, by the way.) We had time to secure one fairly good negative only when the winds and the clouds became more aggressive than before, bringing occasional light flurries of snow that hastened our return to the home camp.

In closing I want to contribute my bit of appreciation of the work of those other pioneer photographers of the early seventies, who in their day penetrated many of the then remote places in the Colorado Rockies and brought back excellent reproductions of its beauties and wonders for the local demand. Among those I have in mind, the names of Collier and Martin from Denver, and of Guernsey and Thurlow of Colorado Springs stand out quite clearly as the makers of pictures that were a credit to themselves and to the country.

Hon. Elias M. Ammons

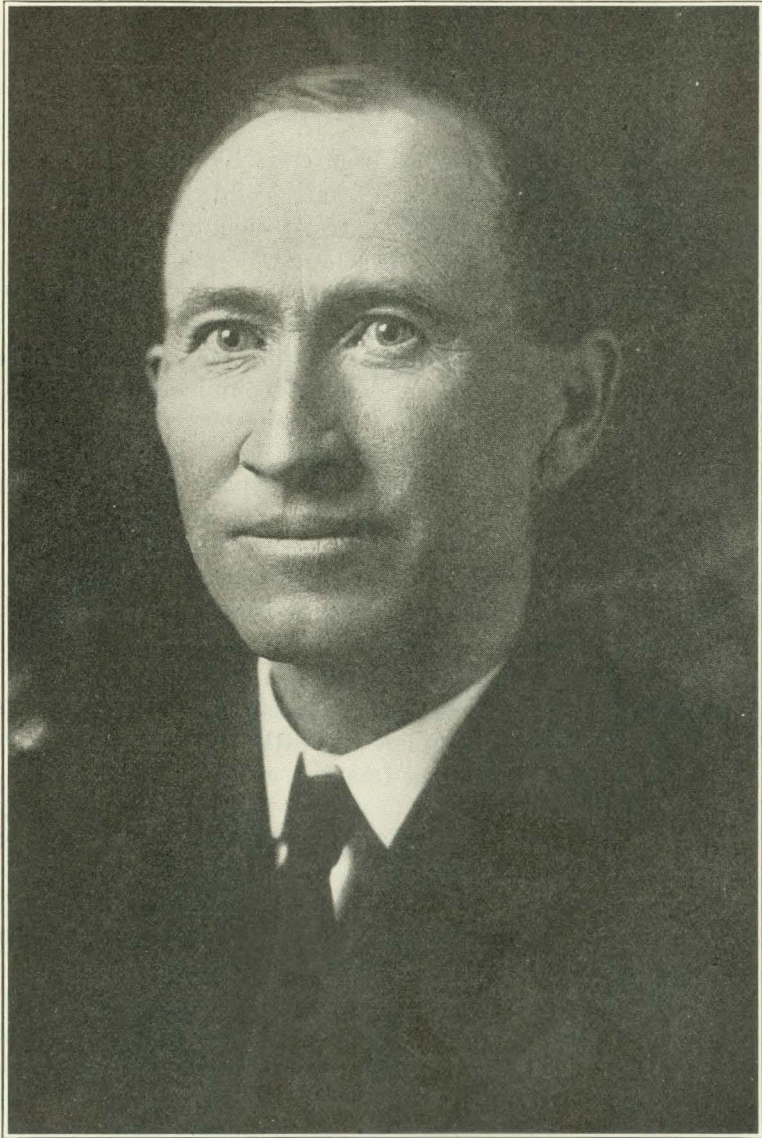
By A. J. Flynn

The death of Elias M. Ammons during the past year caused a vacancy in the presidency of the State Historical and Natural History Society.

The career of this man has been closely identified with the growth of Colorado for more than a half century. Born in North Carolina, in 1860, and tracing his ancestry back to the Revolutionary heroes of his native state, he came to Colorado in his boyhood days to take part in the struggles and triumphs of the land of his adoption. Deprived of educational advantages such as he longed for, he made the best of the situation, worked at odd jobs, purchased school books and enrolled as a pupil in the Arapahoe school building in 1875, and, in the memorable year when Colorado became a state, entered the Denver High School, graduating four years later. This was what is known as the East Denver High School of today. He engaged for a few years in various kinds of newspaper work, but impaired eyesight forced him to change his occupation. With Thomas F. Dawson, another newspaperman, and an honored curator of the State Historical Society at the time of his death, in 1923, Ammons engaged in the cattle business. From that time on until his death he was closely identified with that ever important branch of our state industries. He assisted in organizing the Colorado Cattle and Horse Growers' Association, and was a leading factor in promoting the National Western Stock Show.

He took an active part in politics and served in the state legislature for two terms. In 1912 he was elected governor of the state. This was one of the most stormy periods in Colorado history on account of violent strikes in the coal fields. Through those days of storm and stress, when many districts were under military control, Governor Ammons most creditably faced the situation, and endeavored to have justice administered to all interests. Just before the expiration of his term of office the strikes were called off, and the difficulties adjusted.

As already noticed, at the time of his death, May 20, 1925, he was serving the State Historical Society as president. His intense interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of Colorado bespoke his fitness for the place. He wished to see the stray fragments of history hitherto scattered here and there, gathered,



Hon. Elias M. Ammons.

and deposited in the archives of the State Museum for the benefit of future historians.

His business and political activities took him to every part of the state and he became acquainted with people in every walk of life. His sympathies for the less fortunate and less prosperous of his countrymen were unbounded, and he made many sacrifices in their behalf. In considering proposals for great community or state enterprises his first consideration was regarding the effects of such undertakings upon his hard-working taxpaying neighbors. An ardent advocate of those measures which would contribute to the growth and prosperity of the institutions about him, he never forgot the toiling thousands and their advantages and disadvantages. A patriot to the core, he was no less a typical commoner. When he passed away, all ranks of society mourned his loss.

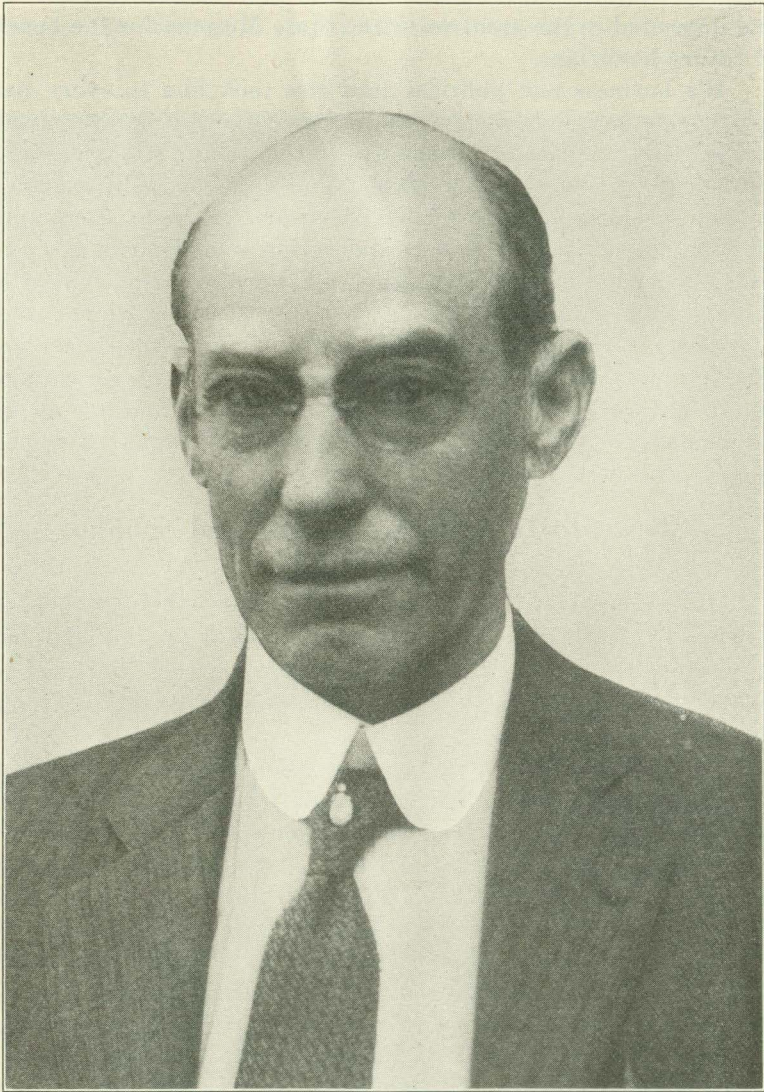
Ellsworth L. Bethel, Scientist and Scholar

By J. A. Jeancon

On the night of September 8, 1925, Ellsworth L. Bethel was stricken by death while riding home with his wife. He had been in poor health for some time as a result of overwork, but the end, which came so suddenly, was not anticipated by his wife and friends.

Mr. Bethel was born in Freeport, Ohio, in 1863. After completing his Public School education he attended Scio College, and later graduated, in 1886, from East Tennessee Wesleyan University, now called Grant Memorial University, at Athens, Tennessee. In 1888 he came to Colorado and until 1914 was a teacher in the Denver High Schools. In 1905 he received the degree of M.A. from the University of Denver. In 1910 he was sent to Central America by the United States Government, and upon his return he became a member of the University of Colorado Summer School Faculty. In 1917 he entered the Office of Plant Investigations, in Forest Pathology, as associate pathologist, with headquarters in Denver.

He was particularly eminent as an authority on the rust fungi, especially the rust of western currants and gooseberries, and the foreign white-pine blister. His continued researches on various rusts of western forests, his remarkable familiarity with both the host plants and rusts of the region, enabled him to do unique work in tracing life histories of those rusts which in part of their life cycles attack trees. He was also engaged in studies of fungi which kill pine needles.



Ellsworth L. Bethel.

During a period of more than thirty years he gathered one of the most important collections of conifer specimens in the United States, as well as innumerable specimens of other plants that were of special value in his research work. As the author of many monographs he became an international authority upon such subjects as astronomy, mathematics, physics and natural history. Some of his most important papers are now in course of publication by the Federal Government.

He held many important offices in geographic, historical and forestry associations, and was, for fifteen years, Director of Natural History of the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado, as well as being a member of the Board of Directors of that institution during the same period. Amongst the many honors that he enjoyed were those of being elected a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences in 1920, and a Fellow of the American Geographical Society in 1921.

One of Mr. Bethel's most interesting traits was his constant desire to assist students of all classes and grades, and no greater tribute could be paid him than the love and respect manifested by the thousands who had been under his rule in the school room.

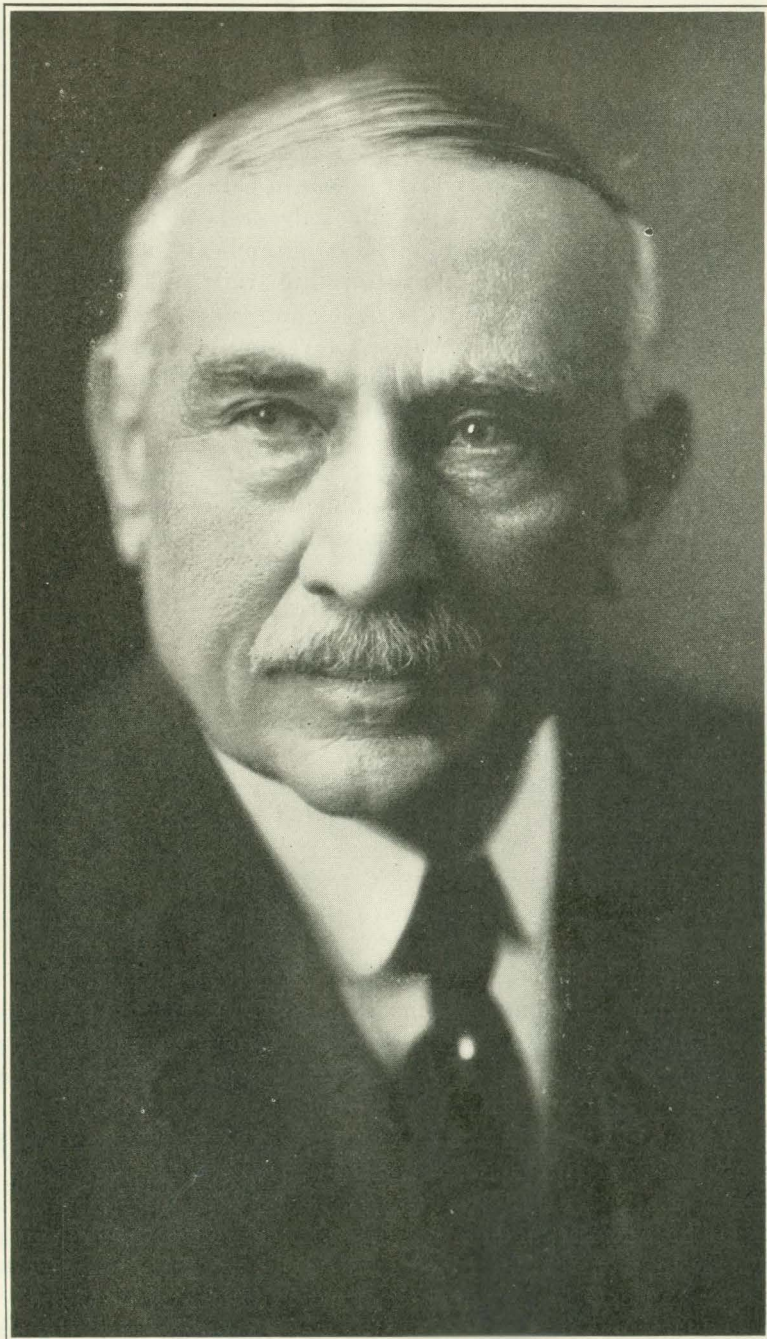
As a scientist he stood high in his chosen field, enjoying the confidence of his superiors in rank, and the respect of those who were working under him. His genial and thoughtful character gained for him a host of friends, and he will live long in the minds of the world as one who accomplished a successful work here.

Dr. James H. Baker

By A. J. Flynn

The rocky coasts and loamy farm lands of New England have furnished to the great growing West more than their quota of distinguished men and women. The influences of these pioneers and quasi-pioneers have been felt in every higher walk of life and in every nobler enterprise associated with the land of their adoption. From the northeast corner of that staid and more or less Puritanic region, came to Colorado, in 1875, a young man who was destined to become one of the truly eminent men of his chosen commonwealth. It was then a transitional period in the Rocky Mountain country—a time of unrest and uncertainty, a time of much discord and spasmodic danger. Remnants of wilder days still lingered. Men and women of sound principles and lofty ideals were needed to reinforce the too few peace-loving law-abiding earlier settlers.

James H. Baker, born on a farm in Harmony, Maine, in 1848, an attendant of the little red school house, a graduate of Bates College, a country-school teacher, principal of two classical New England academies, and a citizen carrying excellent recommendations from members of his own community, came directly to Denver and cast his fortunes among the educators of this city. The educational interests of Denver at that time were in the hands of Superintendent Aaron Gove. Amid those new and un-



James Hutchins Baker, LL.D.

conventional surroundings Mr. Baker was made principal of the Denver High School, with children under him of every nationality. The population of the city at that time consisted of fifteen thousand of exceedingly cosmopolitan individuals.

The High School, under Principal Baker, immediately presented a curriculum conforming closely with that of similar schools along the Atlantic seaboard. Heads of schools in smaller neighboring towns took in later days this pioneer institution as a model when secondary education was forcing its way, here and there, over the mountains and plains of Colorado territory.

Leaving this beacon light of learning in the hands of others after it had become thoroughly established, Principal Baker accepted the Presidency of the University of Colorado in 1892; and for twenty-two years devoted his energies to the development of this state institution. Under exceedingly discouraging circumstances he succeeded in raising this struggling, poorly attended, poorly equipped university into the rank held by the more noted institutions of the kind throughout the country.

In the year when he took charge of the State University, his Alma Mater conferred upon him the honorary degree LL.D. He had already become a leader in the educational circles of the state, and now his voice was heard and his abilities recognized in the great national councils. In the midst of arduous duties connected with local and national affairs he contributed to the world of thought several books and pamphlets relating to education and kindred subjects.

In 1914, President Baker withdrew from the regular work of the University, the Regents bestowed upon him the title, President-Emeritus, and the Trustees of the Carnegie Foundation recognizing the value of his services granted to him a retiring allowance. In excellent health he took up literary work and made some valuable contributions to the late war literature and to miscellaneous subjects.

Prompted by the semi-centennial anniversary of the admission of Colorado into the Union, the directors of the State Historical and Natural History Society engaged President Baker to become editor-in-chief of a history of Colorado to appear during the summer of the present year. He was to receive the assistance of a score or more of specialists in various fields. With this monumental work well under way he died on September 10, 1925, leaving this crowning work of his life to be finished by others.