

Remembrances of South Park

*By George W. Champion**

South Park in Park County has an area of approximately 1,500 square miles, extending west from the foot of Kenosha Pass for about twenty-five miles and from the range north of Jefferson to about sixty miles south, and a view of the Park from Kenosha Pass in the summer when the meadows are green and especially in the fall of the year when the aspen trees are in color, is a most beautiful sight.

I was born in South Park in 1884, at the Herman Litmer Ranch, about a mile north of Jefferson. Apparently Mother was staying with the Litmers at that time. Soon after I was born, perhaps a year or two, Mother and Father moved to Denver. My first schooling was in Denver.

In 1890, we moved back to Jefferson. I was a little over six years old at that time and went to school at Jefferson, finishing the eighth grade there.

My Father, George Champion, was engaged in the mercantile business in Jefferson, having the general store and post office. The population of Jefferson was never large and probably never exceeded seventy-five to eighty permanent residents. But, the general store, saloon, blacksmith shop, and harness shop drew a constant flow of business from the surrounding ranches whose industry was hay and cattle. At that time there were some nice horses raised, but very few sheep and hogs.

Father was also agent for the South Park Hay Company, an association formed by the ranchers. He supervised the selling and shipping of most all of the hay, for which in those days, there was a very good market. There was a large hay warehouse at the north edge of town on the leg of the railroad wye, and during the haying season and throughout most of the winter shipments were numerous.

It may surprise some to learn that there was once a cheese factory in Jefferson. It was formed by several of the ranchers, and the product was known as South Park Full Cream Cheese. Father also was agent for this company. He supervised production, shipping, and finances. The ranch members of the company supplied the milk for the factory. A regular cheese maker was employed to run the factory.

If I remember right, the factory started production in 1892. But something went wrong, and in about two years the factory folded up. The equipment was sold and shipped away.

*George W. Champion, a member of the Rocky Mountain Railway Club, has a home in Denver, Colo., and spends his summers in a cabin in South Park. Upon the request of Mrs. Erlon Smith, former president of the Volunteers of the State Historical Society, Mr. Champion prepared this manuscript of his early remembrances of the South Park area.—*Editor.*

About the same year the cheese factory started up, a stage-line was inaugurated to haul mail and passengers from Jefferson over Georgia Pass to Swandyke, on Middle Swan Creek, and on to Breckenridge, leaving Jefferson about one o'clock in the afternoon and returning the next morning before noon.

This project was originated by W. R. Head, an early settler and rancher of South Park, whose ranch house, barns, and the like, were situated almost in town. He furnished the stage, horses, and driver. Although he was an old stage driver himself, having driven a stage through South Park before the advent of the railroad, he never drove his stage to Breckenridge. He always hired a driver. The stage used four horses which were changed every day upon their return to Jefferson.

There was considerable mining activity in the Swan and Breckenridge districts those days, and although I do not really know, I doubt very much if the stage run was a financial success, for they could run only during the summer months as the winter snows made the Georgia Pass road impassable during the winter and early spring. But I do know that the stage run did not last more than about two years.

In January, 1893, the community was shocked upon hearing of an explosion in the King Coal mines that took the lives of twenty-five miners.¹ The King mines were about ten miles southwest of Jefferson. Shortly after the explosion I visited the town of King.

Father sent me along with a businessman from Denver. I was to look after the horses and buggy while the man went from place to place transacting his business. My remembrance is that the town seemed very quiet. The mine had resumed operation. The cleaning up after the explosion had been completed, as near as I could tell, although no doubt there was still some cleanup work to be done down in the mine.

A number of the miners killed in the explosion were buried in the Como² cemetery. A special train was provided by the railroad to convey the dead to Como. A large tombstone marks the grave plot and is inscribed in Italian. (There were many Italians working in the King mines.)

About two years later, everyone was very much alarmed over an incident that happened some fifteen miles down the Tarryall, south of Jefferson, at a schoolhouse. It was called the

¹ Twenty-seven miners were killed in a terrific mine explosion at King, the site of the Union Pacific coal mines. The disaster was caused by a premature shot which blew out the tamping which ignited with dust, causing a "dust" explosion. About 100 miners were at work in various parts of the mine and the others not caught hurried to the surface.—*Creede Candle*, Jan. 20, 1893. King, Park County, once a coal-mining camp, probably was named for C. W. King, bookkeeper for the South Park Coal Company. King had extensive holdings near Tarryall and was much interested in the development of the country.—*Denver Times*, December 31, 1895.

² Como was built by the Denver & South Park Railway Company; laid out in 1879 by George W. Lechner, one of the oldest and most progressive citizens of Park County. It was originally known as the Stubbs ranch, and until the passage of the railway through the park was an important stage station. The town, mainly occupied by coal miners, was named for Lake Como in Italy.—*Hall's History of Colorado*, Vol. IV, p. 267.



George W. Champion in Como Cabin

Bordenville School, I think. The school was attended by children from neighboring ranches.

On one particular Saturday, the school board, composed of three prominent ranchers, was having a board meeting. Suddenly a rancher by the name of Benjamin Radcliff [also spelled Ratcliffe] appeared and shot down all three of the school board members. He killed two outright and mortally wounded the third. After the shooting Radcliff rode on horseback to Fairplay and gave himself up to the county sheriff. Everybody throughout the Park was very much worked up over the affair. There was some talk around Jefferson of a lynch party, although it was not carried out.

The members of the school board were Sam Taylor and L. F. McCurdy, killed outright; George D. Wyatt, who, although mortally wounded, crawled to the schoolhouse door and attracted the attention of someone driving by.

Radcliff had not let his children attend school and was provoked at the school board for insisting that he do so.³ This particular board meeting was for the purpose of devising some way or means of getting Radcliff's children to attend school. The tragedy was quite a shock to everyone around Jefferson.

³ The murders occurred on May 6, 1895. There were several versions of the affair. One was stated in the *Daily News*, Denver, May 8, 1895, as follows: "Como, Colo., May 6—Ben Ratcliffe today shot and killed Samuel Taylor, Lincoln F. McCurdy and George D. Wyatt, in a heated discussion in the school house located on the ranch of Charles Dunbar on Michigan Creek, seven miles from Jefferson, in Tarryall district and ten miles from this place. . . . Ratcliffe rode to Como where he surrendered to Deputy Sheriff J. A. Link and was taken to the jail at Fairplay."



Como and South Park

Radcliff was tried and sentenced to hang at the State Penitentiary.

There was another tragedy a year or so later that also shocked the residents of Jefferson quite a lot. That was the murder of Uplide Vallie, who owned a ranch about a mile south of town. Mr. Vallie was station agent for the railroad company at Jefferson and did very little ranch work himself, always had a hired man to look after the ranch. During haying season he hired many more hands for the haying.

After the station work was finished in the evening, Mr. Vallie would always walk down to the ranch through the field, and back to the station in the morning. One evening he was somewhat late walking home. He never got there. He was way-laid somewhere in the field and his body was found on October 9, 1901. But when he was found, it seemed to be rather a mystery as to who was responsible for the murder. I was young at this time and did not grasp the particulars of the affair. But I do remember that the county authorities went to work on the case and finally found that a former employe of Mr. Vallie, and Vallie's wife, had plotted the murder.⁴

It seems like there were some pretty wild times around Jefferson in those days. There were some pretty tough customers among the ranch hands and the cowboys, for the cattle business was rather brisk. Some of the boys used to come to town; some would get drunk, and I have seen several times when they rode their horses right into the saloon. But there were no shooting scrapes that I recall. It seemed like most of the boys just wanted to spend their money; some to get drunk, and blow off steam, others just to play cards and have a good time.

An occasional dance was always a drawing card for many of the boys, although we had no original dance hall until after the cheese factory went out of business. It was then fixed up for a community meeting place and the floor finished off for dancing.

There was no orchestra and music was furnished by whatever was available—violin, guitar and piano most of the time. I remember an old violin player that used to play for the dances. He was a colored man and worked at the charcoal kilns at Dake, on the east side of Kenosha Pass. Everyone called him "Nigger Jim." I don't remember ever hearing his last name. But he sure liked to play the fiddle and seemed to enjoy coming to Jefferson to play. He was always willing to come whenever the folks sent word to him.

⁴Uplide Vallie, a rich rancher at Jefferson, was found murdered near his residence at eight o'clock on the morning of October 9, 1901. . . . "Ulay Baker, a former employe of Vallie, was arrested for the crime and a year or so later sent to the penitentiary. In the meantime, however, Mrs. Vallie was brought to Denver by deputy sheriffs and questioned by Sheriff Jones, it being supposed that she was either the murderess or an accomplice to the crime. She is said to have feigned insanity. . . . The case against her dragged along. . . . Mrs. Vallie was also again arrested, charged with murder and her bond placed at \$10,000." After a long jury trial she was acquitted.—*Denver Times*, Jan. 14, 1904.

Before we had the old cheese factory for a community hall most of our entertainment was held in the little school building. Church service was also held there, perhaps once or twice a month, which was about as often as the Rev. Father Dyer could make it. Mr. Dyer always stayed at our house when he came to Jefferson. Mother always had a place for him, and we all enjoyed his short visits and liked to listen to him talk. I remember him as a very kind and pleasant man. At that time he was getting along in years.

I drove a horse and buggy to take him several times to Como or Fairplay, after his short stay at Jefferson. He seemed to be continually on the move and he visited most all the small towns throughout Park and Summit Counties, sometimes going by train but most of the time by horse and buggy. Someone always helped him from place to place.

"Father" Dyer, as he was known, had many thrilling experiences. His book, *The Snowshoe Itinerant*, is worthwhile reading. There was a small mining camp on the west side of Boreas Pass in Indiana Gulch that was called Dyersville⁵ after Father Dyer who had some early mineral discoveries in that locality. As a boy I never had the opportunity to visit Dyersville, but Father Dyer and my parents often spoke of it. The remains of the buildings and the old mine dumps can still be seen (1962). They are just a short distance off the old Denver and Leadville stage road, down through Indiana Gulch, a jeep road now.

During the summer months I used to spend a lot of time fishing along Jefferson Creek by myself or with some of the other boys, and we also went horseback riding a lot as most all the boys had a saddle horse. We would ride out to one ranch or another to watch the haying operations, or just ride over the surrounding hills, often taking a lunch and riding all day.

In the winter we did a lot of skating on the ice of Jefferson Creek. The ice there was always pretty good, and many times we had skating parties that took place out in some of the hay fields where the water had run over the field and made a large area of ice. Most everyone, young and old, seemed to turn out for these events. All had a lot of fun and a real good time. We did very little skiing or sledding for there were no hills close by suitable for coasting. Most all of the ranchers, and a few of the townspeople, had horse-drawn sleighs or bobsleds those days, and I have enjoyed many sleigh and bobsled rides.

I used to spend quite a lot of my leisure time at the town blacksmith shop. The shop seemed always to be busy, shoeing horses, mostly during the summer, and repairing wagons, haymowers, etc., during the winter when horseshoeing was slack.

⁵ Dyersville, Summit County, ghost town about ten miles north of Breckenridge, was named for "Father" John L. Dyer, Methodist missionary, called the "Snowshoe Itinerant." Dyer, who in 1861 preached and carried mail through the mountains to mining camps, stopped to preach wherever men would listen. Dyer spent the years 1881-82 in this locality, known as the Warrior's Mark District, in developing his mining property — "Place Names in Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVII, No. 5 (September, 1940), 196.

I was always fascinated by the blacksmithing, watching the operations of forging and fitting of the horseshoes, and watching the sparks fly from the various welding jobs.

The blacksmith shop was owned and operated by a German whose name was Jacob Weiss. He always had a hired man as helper, and at one time they made up several new wagons. Two or three were ore wagons, extra heavy, much heavier than the ranch wagons. They were nice looking wagons, too, after being painted.

The little Fremont School, five or six miles northwest of Jefferson, for the convenience of some of the ranches in that vicinity, deserves some mention. The school was named after a small hill close by which was called Fremont Mound. Col. John C. Fremont was supposed to have had a conflict there with a band of Ute Indians, in the early days, and I guess he did, for many Indian artifacts have been found in the vicinity. Also there have been found some old canteens, pieces of army clothing and buttons, also an old army rifle or two.⁶

I visited the mound on several occasions; have seen the rock fortifications that were constructed on top of the mound, but have never been successful in finding any artifacts of any kind.

In November, 1898, Father decided to dispose of his interests in the store at Jefferson and to go into the mercantile business in Como with my Uncle Dave Gwinn, as partner. So in December we moved to Como.

There was a great deal of snow that year. The roads were all snow packed and our household goods had to be transported by teams and bobsleds. Father and Uncle Dave had purchased the store in Como from G. M. Ohler, who also owned several houses in Como and a ranch in the north end of South Park. Father rented a house from Mr. Ohler, and this same house is now owned by Mr. Jim McCool, although I am quite sure there were perhaps two or more owners before Mr. McCool purchased it.

I won't easily forget that famous moving day for it was a cold day. I was riding my horse, herding the old milk cow along, and although it was only a seven-mile trip, it seemed longer before we reached Como and got the old cow, the saddle horse, and the other horse and buggy put away. My younger brother, Clarence, and I were kept pretty busy taking care of everything and it seemed like there was no end of things to be done.

⁶ Fremont and his men traversed South Park in 1844 on their return from the Pacific Coast. Upon entering the Park they found Utes and Arapahoes waging a stiff battle. Fremont wrote in his journal on June 29: "Either party which we might meet, victorious or defeated, was certain to fall upon us; and, gearing up immediately, we kept close along the pines of the ridge, having it between us and the (Ute) village, and keeping the scouts on the summit, to give us notice of the approach of the Indians. As we passed by the village, which was immediately below us, horsemen were galloping to and fro. We continued to press on, and, crossing another fork, which came in from the right, after having made fifteen miles from the village, fortified ourselves strongly in the pines, a short distance from the river. " Brevet Captain J. C. Fremont, *Report of The Exploring Expedition to The Rocky Mountains in the year 1842, and to Oregon and North California in the years 1843-44*, (Washington: Gales and Seaton, 1845), 286-87.



COMO, COLORADO

Upper: Rowe Street, the main street.
Lower: Railroad Hotel and Depot.

Como was a pretty busy town at that time. It was just a railroad town, but with railroaders, near-by ranchers and miners from the Tarryall district, the mercantile business thrived. The store also maintained a butcher shop, along with other business, and a slaughter house down in the gulch below town. Most of the beef was bought from various ranches, driven in, and processed at the slaughter house. Other meats were shipped in by railroad.

I started to school soon after our move to Como and had to review eighth grade that term. The following two years I made it through the ninth and tenth grades.

The winter of 1898-1899 was a very severe winter. The railroad was repeatedly being blocked with snow and at one time was completely shut down, being blocked with snow for a period of about seventy-five days, from early February to about the middle of April. The railroad shops were almost completely shut down for several weeks, only a few men retained to keep stationary boilers going and various equipment inside the shop from freezing.

Merchandise and mail for Como, Breckenridge and Dillon were transported by teams and bobsleds from Grant, which seemed to be as far as the trains from Denver could get. Convoys of teams and bobsleds worked back and forth over Boreas Pass, carrying produce and mail. I distinctly remember one convoy on its return trip from Breckenridge carrying a few passengers. They had had some trouble on the Pass, probably caused by drifted snow. One of the passengers got impatient and wanted to get to Como, and, although the crew of the convoy protested, set out to walk to Como. A day or two later he was found along the trail frozen to death. I remember viewing the canvas-wrapped body in the bed of a bobsled when the convoy arrived at the livery stable in Como.

This was surely a real tough winter, although residents of Como did not suffer to any extent that I remember. Supplies were rationed somewhat. Everyone seemed to carry on and make the best of things. I remember a couple of issues of the Como newspaper, *The Como Record*, coming out printed on the back of some wallpaper that was available—this for lack of newsprint paper. Everyone seemed to take it as quite a joke.

The snow really piled up around Como that winter and coasting, skiing, and skating were excellent. We were able to coast on our sleds from the immediate vicinity of the school-house for nearly a half mile, down through town and across the railroad tracks and as far as the bottom of the gulch below town.

We were finally forbidden to coast that far during school hours as some of us were frequently late getting back to school. Como Lake provided good ice skating most of the winter as the snow was usually blown off, and a small pond down in the gulch below the railroad hotel offered a skating place and



Colorado and Southern R.R. near Como

was used by many. Skiing down the mountain toward Como was quite a thrill. We all made our skis—of any material we could find that was suitable—for it was impossible to purchase any ready-made skis.

During the summer months when I was not at school I was often called upon to help in printing the *Como Record*. I also worked at the store from time to time, helping out in various ways, sometimes assisting at driving in the beef with the saddle horses; also, the butchering at the slaughter house.

By the time we moved to Como there was very little mining to speak of at Hamilton, which was just a mile north of Como, with the exception of a few Chinamen that stayed on after the main placer ground was worked out. This was known as the Peabody Placer and previously employed quite a number of Chinamen, some of them staying on for a few years for what little gold they might accumulate from around the old workings.

At one time there were quite a number of buildings at Hamilton. Some were frame of native lumber, but mostly log buildings and the Chinamen's shacks were made of logs, rocks or most anything that would provide shelter. The immense Denver and Leadville stage station log barn, as well as the other original buildings and cabins were torn down and destroyed by a placer mining company which later worked over a great deal of ground by more modern methods. There is nothing remaining at present of the once bustling little town of Hamilton.

After finishing the tenth grade in 1901, I spent most of the summer working at the store. Father finally asked me if I wanted to go to Denver to school or keep working. Going to Denver to attend school did not appeal to me as I had made up my mind to go railroading, so told him what I had in mind. He said he would see what he could do about getting me work in the railroad shop, as he did not approve of the idea of me going out on the road.

He eventually made arrangements with the master mechanic at the shop for me to start work as a machinist's apprentice. Hence, on September 1, 1901, I started work in the railroad shops. Ever since moving to Como, the railroad, engines, etc., fascinated me and I spent a great deal of my spare time around the shops and engines. I was sure thrilled with the opportunity to go to railroading, even though it was in the shops. (A few years later I had an opportunity to go out on the road.)

I was seventeen years of age at this time and was supposed to serve four years' apprenticeship. That seemed like a long time at the start, but the years soon slipped away. Wages were nothing to brag about in those days. I was paid 5¢ an hour for a ten-hour day the first year; after the first year, I received 2½¢ per hour raise every six months, with the exception of the fourth year, and then, 17½¢ an hour for the full year until my

apprenticeship was completed. Even full-fledged machinists were not paid very high wages at that time. Top wages, if I remember right, were 30¢ per hour.

During my apprenticeship I was very fortunate in having the opportunity to work at various other jobs besides the machine and erecting work which was done in the main shop. I was often called upon to fire up engines, call engine crews, also to do various other jobs, and sometimes I worked as clerk in the master mechanic's office, in the event of the regular clerk being off on leave.

On my time off on Sundays or holidays, I often rode a helper engine to Boreas and return, or perhaps to Kenosha and return, and in doing so I had the opportunity to learn how to fire an engine on the road and even how to run one. Most of the engine men were fine fellows and were always willing to show and explain things to me. I sure enjoyed these trips, and sometimes I would take a helper trip in the evening after regular working hours at the shop.

At this time Como had a population of about 500. There were two general stores, a bakery, a shoeshop, two Chinese laundries, a clothing store and post office, drugstore, two restaurants, two rooming houses, a printing office, three saloons, and, at one time, four poolhalls, a livery and feed stable, the railroad hotel, also the railroad library and barber shop.

A year or so before our family moved to Como, the mines at King closed down, and the little town of perhaps 200 population was slowly dwindling away. Some of the buildings were moved to Como and what were left were finally torn down and moved away. By 1902, there was very little left of the once active coal mining town of King.

After completing my apprenticeship in the fall of 1904, I decided to leave Como and seek employment on some other railroad. But I returned to Como in 1908, to work again in the old narrow gauge shop. In the meantime, I had married one of my old schoolmates at Como, Mayme Delaney, whose father was owner and proprietor of the Turf Exchange Saloon in Como.

I could notice quite a change in the operation of the railroad at that time, also in the management of the railroad shops. The lading of the railroad had fallen off considerably and in about another year repair work in the shop had been curtailed. Quite a number of the old employees that I had previously known had gone, and the working force was rather small compared to what it had been a few years previous.

Quite a few of the engine men had also left the road and the company was a little short of engine crews. I was called a number of times to make trips on the road firing. The last trip I made I was called as pilot for the rotary snowplow, on December 31, 1909.

This trip was to Pitkin through Alpine tunnel, and it was about a week before I got back to Como. This was the last time the rotary plow ever went through the Alpine Tunnel, as it closed in the fall of that same year on account of a cave-in.

After this trip, I decided that I could do better elsewhere so I left Como and moved to Denver and obtained employment on another railroad in January, 1910.

Many years have gone by since these memorable events, and it might be fitting to say at this time that I was eventually destined to return to Como and South Park.

In 1949, the old Delaney residence in Como was destroyed by fire, and several years later the vacant lot was given to me. I decided to build a cabin on it for use in the summer months.

Como is more or less a ghost town now, but I s'ill love it and enjoy spending the summers there where I can look out across the old South Park.

* * *

The Winter of "The Big Snow"

In Kokomo, Colorado

The original of the following letter, written by Mattie Walker Neve (Mrs. Pete F. Neve) of Kokomo, Colorado, recently was presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado by her daughters, Mrs. Isabel McDonald and Mrs. Mary Riordan of Denver. Mattie Walker, a native of Kansas, came to Colorado in 1877. Her father, Thomas Franklin Walker, a Civil War Veteran from Illinois, was a blacksmith in Kokomo for many years. Mrs. Neve taught school in Kokomo for five years. Her letter gives an "inside" view of the winter of 1899.—*Editor*.

K[okomo] Jan 19

Dear little Sister that is to be:—

Paul has told me that you have promised to come and make your home with us in this snowy region and that you are to be my own little sister at last.

No! I am sure you will not be lonely here in this "little mining camp" for you will find that the people are not the savages they are supposed to be. The miners, I must say, are quite civilized and as a rule very nice respectable men. I have spent most of my life in mining camps I have known but one miner that was unable to read and write while I have known many who were educated.

You asked me to tell you about the "Winter of the Blockade" well I will but you must not think such a winter common for it isn't. Usually there are four or five feet of snow and we may not have a train for a day or two but that isn't bad, you know. This you must remember is only in the mountainous part of Colorado. For my part I really enjoy the winter.



Upper: Kokomo, Colorado
Lower: Kokomo, Winter of 1899

This camp¹ is situated in Summit Co. half way between L[eadville] and B[reckenridge] and has an altitude of 10,618 feet and is I believe the center of the snow region of this state.

Well the famous winter 1899 commenced as other winters do. That is, large feathery flakes of snow fell until K[okomo] was a city of whiteness. The wind would blow occasionally and heap the snow into great drifts but this was nothing uncommon for this place and passed almost unnoticed.

The inhabitants noted nothing unusual until Jan. then the snow fell and the wind blew continually. The trains ran as usual till the 17th of that month and the train then left K[okomo] and was seen there no more until the 27th of April. If it had been known at the time, that, it was to be the last train for over three months, I often wonder how many passengers would have been carried away that evening.

For a while things went on in the same old way, provision was plentiful, the mines were being worked, the ore was dumped into bins, on platforms and every available place. The trains and good weather were expected soon.

Still the snow fell bye and bye provision was not so plentiful and delicacies were scarce yet no one was uneasy.

No mail was received but there were many good books in the town (A book agent once said "It is surprising the number of good books one will find in these little mining camps and where there are no libraries too.") The works of Dickens, Hugo, Scott, Elliott, Milton, Shakespear and others went the rounds and were eagerly read.

At last there was neither fresh meat nor dainties to be had at any price and one would really leave the table hungry and fuel was becoming very scarce. There was no coal and wood was hard to get as it could not be brought from the mountain without first making roads through the snow.

The heads of the people when walking the streets were brought to a level with the tops of two story houses. An observer ignorant of the depth of snow would have wondered how those tall people managed to dwell in houses that were built so low.

I remember one night we heard a trampling in the snow overhead and on looking, found a burro had unconsciously made his way to the very house top and there he stood looking calmly about him.

A little girl who had been absent from school when asked for an excuse replied:—"Our front door has not been shoveled

¹ Kokomo (101 population), Summit County, the highest incorporated town in Colorado (10,618 feet altitude), was founded by A. C. Smith, July 8, 1878, and is said to have had a population of 2,000, with 250 homes established, when but six months old. The post office was established during the week ending May 3, 1879. In October, 1881, the town was destroyed by fire. At this time there was a small village, Recken, in the valley just below Kokomo, and after the fire the two villages were merged under the latter name. Kokomo means "young grandmother," and was the name of an Indian village on the site of the present Indiana city for which the Colorado town was named.—"Place Names in Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. 5, No. 3, p. 195.



Mountain House Hotel
Kokomo, Colorado, 1899

out this winter and the snow drifted so bad last night that we couldn't get out the back door, until someone came and shoveled us out this morning, and, then it was too late for school. So I didn't come." The excuse was accepted. The snow was shoveled from windows and there were snow steps which looked like marble, leading down to the doors. At the entrances and street crossings in B[reckenridge] there were no steps but long snow tunnels and deep cuts. This showed a difference in tastes you see.

The snow continued to fall and the wind to blow, but there would be days now and then when the sun shone and on such days the mountains standing like enormous white walls and the whiteness underfoot reflected the light. The effect was as dazzling as the reflection from an immense mirror, on these days one was forced to wear dark glasses and heavy veils to protect the face and eyes.

On a clear night when the moon shone the view was magnificent. It was as a scene hewn from purest marble. Over the trees were thrown white mantles that gleamed and glistened in the moonlight as if sprinkled with diamonds. O! If I, as an artist had been able to transfer that scene to canvas and named it Frozen Beauty the picture would rival the work of old masters and my name would be handed down for ages. But no scene like that can live on canvas.

I began to be haunted by the dreadful fear that the snow would continue to fall till the valley was filled to the very peaks and this would form a mass of snow and ice that no summer's sun could thaw and the people of this little camp, like the inhabitants of Pompeii, might in long years after be dug from this tomb and the mode of their lives be decided by the houses, machinery and implements of trade found here.

Now you must not think of us as lonely captives in a snowy prison. There was church. The services were conducted by a religious miner. Miners are not noted for church going but they are kind hearted and generous to a fault and respect the religious views of others. We read many good books and went to card parties. You must not condemn us for playing cards. There are few lectures or plays in a mining camp, so card playing is the chief amusement, nothing is farther removed from gambling than this. The play is fair, and the conversation pure and intellectual. Books, all the latest topics and mining news are the subjects of discussion. I think there is no nicer way of spending an evening. I am sure you will agree with me after being present at a few such parties.

The telegraph wires were soon down and thus all means of communication destroyed. So it was finely arranged to have the letters carried twice a week from L[eadville] a distance of about twenty miles on snowshoes. The mail carrier would bring a newspaper with him, and this paper was considered public property and was read by all.

As time went on the food supply was most exhausted. The cattle suffered terribly and some were killed and still no trains came.

At last hunger forced the men to go for food. A road was made through the snow to the nearest shipping point and supplies were brought to the snowy prison and the hungry prisoners were fed. The mines were all "shut down" at last as there was no fuel or "dumping room, for the ore." And time passed slowly for the idle men but God was kind to us. We had neither sickness nor death in our "little camp" that winter.

Word came that the rotary would be here the 27th of April. So I went with others to friends, whose house stood near the track. Well the rotary came about dark. It was throwing the snow high above the housetops and as it neared us we went into the house and closed the doors, and extinguished the lamps in case the roof gave way there would be no danger of fire.

The din made by the falling snow and the rattle of the breaking glass was deafening. In my terror I scrambled under the bed I was expecting the house to come down and bury us beneath its load of snow but nothing of the kind happened. After the noise ceased I heard someone say, "Where are the matches?" So now I made all haste to get from under the bed before lamps were lighted, but my hair was caught on the bed springs and it seemed as though my scalp would be torn from my head in my efforts to escape and just think it wouldn't even be romantic to be scalped in this way. I finally managed to escape and stood arranging my hair when the lamps were lighted. I had been most dreadfully frightened and fully expected those present to cry out that my hair had turned perfectly white. When they failed to do so I thought it was on account of their own excitement I managed to peep into a mirror and was greatly relieved to find my hair still dark.

The glass fronts were broken in the houses standing near the railroad track and the houses nearly buried in the snow. But the company payed for the glass and the snow was shoveled away.

The next morning dawned clear and the blockade of our town was ended. The rotary reached B[reckenridge] a few days later.

Are you wondering if we had a flood when the snow melted? No it went so gradually that we were not bothered with high water.

There was a little incident in the mine today. The mine is an incline you know, and has a pitch of 30 degrees. The men sometimes ride down on the tram car as it saves them a walk of 600 feet. This morning there was no steam in the boiler when the men wanted to go down. They all walked but one. He thought that he would ride any way and as it happened there had been water spilled on the brake of the car and was now frozen so the brake was useless. The car started. The brake

failed to do its part. The man and car went crashing down the incline at a terrific rate. The car did not leave the track for 250 ft. It then jumped the track and the man was flung with great force from it but he escaped without serious injury. The men in the mine found places of safety when they heard the car coming so all was well.

O Thyra I didn't mean to write a whole book when I comenced this letter but it looks as though I have one well begun. Paul starts back for you next week.

Good bye With love from Eve.

What The Newspapers Said

Items gleaned from various sources by Alice W. Wallace of the State Historian's office:

Kokomo Tied Up By Snow Storm. All traffic on the Denver & Rio Grande and South Park is stopped.

Trains 1 and 2 of the South Park are snowed in on Boreas Hill. A freight train is stuck at Kokomo with two engines, in over ten feet of snow. The train is on the main line and the snow is piling up to the coach roof. There is but little hope of relief, as there are no rotary plows on this line.

This is the fiercest storm for more than ten years, and will snow Kokomo in, it is thought likely, for some time.

At 8:15 the blizzard was fiercer than ever. The snow is from four to seven feet deep on a level.—*Denver Republican*, November 20, 1898. Snowslides are reported along the line of both roads.

Snow At Leadville. After a month of fine weather, Leadville is in the midst of a big snowstorm. It has been snowing since midnight and there is now over a foot of snow on the ground.—*Denver Evening Post*, January 16, 1899.

Shut Off By The Snow. Breckenridge, Kokomo, Fairplay, Alma, Dillon, Frisco, and Jefferson are in a Risky Situation. *Food to be Sent in by Stage.*

Leadville Never Had Such A Siege In Its History—Work on the Hill Has to be Suspended Entirely—The Midland Has Abandoned Two of its Denver Trains—All the Mountain Roads Have Delays and the South Park May Be Blocked until April.

... for nearly a week it has stormed and blown on the high line. From Kokomo comes a report that there is a succession of snow slides on the road in both directions. Between Frisco and Wheeler there were ten slides yesterday and three more were reported this morning. A Rio Grande engine near Climax that jumped the track on Friday had completely disappeared. At Kokomo there is a fear that a snowslide on Jacque Mountain such as occurred in 1880 will sweep away the town.—*Denver Evening Post*, Monday, January 30, 1899, via *Denver, South Park and Pacific* by Kindig, Haley and Poor.

The Winter of the Deep Snow

By CARL FULTON

Another manuscript describing the "winter of the deep snow" came to the State Historical Society from Dr. Carl Melzer of the University of Denver, with the following comment: "Grubbing around in my pack-rat's nest of sixty years' accumulation, I ran into the enclosed recently. I had long ago forgotten of its existence. I was Superintendent of Schools at Breckenridge during 1932 and 1933, and made friends with some most interesting characters in Summit County. One such was Carl Fulton, who was then running a most modest little hotel called the Fulton House. A lonely man then living in the past, he regaled my eager ears with many tales of his youth. Once, he fished out a thing that he had written in longhand of the famous snow of 1898-1899 that isolated Breckenridge from the world for many months. He seemed happy that I should like it well enough to ask for permission to make a copy. This, with spelling and grammar unmolested, is it. Other than in Valley Brook Cemetery in Breckenridge, I wonder who is around now to recall that winter?"—*Editor*.

I was prospecting in Swandyke, Colo, Sumit Co, Colorado 16 miles from Breckenridge. I had owned the mining claims there since 1890 had been working them ever summer for 3 or 4 months each year and going out to work in the mines for wages for a grub stake. So the winter of 1898 and 1899 I decided to stay and work all winter. The summer of 1898 I had bought a stamp-mill it was a small one had a 5 stamps of 250# drop and a 30 horsepower boiler and 30 horse steam-engine and a 4 ft by 8 ft copper plate and my battery was lined with copper could handle about 5 tons in 24 hours it was free-milling and in a porphyry dike was about 25 ft wide and would run in gold from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per ton. I had a small streak on the foot wall about 6 in wide that would go about \$30.00 per ton so I decided to work the small streak by itself as I had to sack it and pack on jacks and to try and make some quick money as it was late in August when I got it ready to run and the mill had cost \$5000.00 by the time I got it ready to run. and as I had to pack on jacks and the altitude was over 13,000 ft high where the mine was and we had lots of snow in that altitude in October I wanted to get as much ore as I could down to the mill so I could run as long as possible I had 32 head of jacks and carried from 200# to 300# to the jack and made 3 trips per day. but the snow came about the 15 of September so I had to take the jacks down to the valley for the winter. jacks is no good in snow.

The ore I run went a little better than \$20.00 to the ton. I worked at the mill and mine till the 27 day of November we had fine weather after our first snow in September I had taken up the first of September one beef, one ton of potatoes 8 or 10 cases of canned goods a lot of flour sugar and other stuff ever thing I needed to run till the first of June as we could not get a team up in the winter. we had to use snow-shoes to go to work and travel around camp. We got a long fine till the

afternoon of November 27, 1898 it started to snow and by 9 o'clock the morning of the 28 it was 5 feet deep on a level and it snowed ever day and night till the 20 of February we staid till the middle of December and had to get out, snow-slides was getting to be too coming and not safe for us to stay So we unloaded our bedding and put it on our back and snowed-shoe to Breckenridge we found the railroad was blocked with snow they had about 100 men and 4 engines and a rotary snow-plow they had to open it up. they got as far as Breckenridge and run out of coal and had to go back to Como, had a hard time to get back as it was snowing all the time. and in a few days they tried it again but they never got back to Breckenridge for 94 days. the snow got to a depth of 20 ft on the level Breckenridge had a population of about 1500 people then. to feed had 5 grocery stores and 7 saloons 2 Butcher shops 2 drug stores 2 dry goods stores 2 blacksmith-shops and 3 restaurants lots of mines was working a 5 sawmills was running they all had to shut down the ore and lumber shipped to Leadville and Denver.

The stores had a good stock on hand when the trains stop running. but it soon run out and what cows was hear they Butcher and eat was fine horses to but they had no hay to feed them and could not get them out Was 4 or 5 small teams left in town to haul wood for the people we would tramp a road to the timber in the afternoon then it would be freezing and by 3 in the morning it would hold a team up so we could haul wood on the crust from 3 in the morning till 12 noon, that way they had fuel, the next summer I was up in the woods and the stumps was 20 to 25 ft. high so you can see how deep the snow was. the middle of March the stores ran out of supplies and had to get grub. so they had to brake the roads to Como 21 miles and it took about 15 days to do that Como is in South Park they raised lots of hay and have lots of horses so the people of Breckenridge buried teams from them and they got grub in that way the railroad did not open up to Breckenridge till the last of May or first of June. So in January I went to Frisco a mining camp 10 miles from Breckenridge. I worked there in the mine they was doing development work so had nothing to ship so we could work all winter. but the later part of April we ran out of powder so we went to Como on snow-shoes and hand sleds and hauled the powder over the divide, Como is on the eastern slope and Breckenridge is on the western slope I staid and work at Frisco till the first of June, then I went back to Swandyke had to go up on snow-shoes.

I wanted to get things ready for summer. when I got to Swandyke I found that the snow-slide come down and had carried my mill a way it had taken it from one side of the mountain across a deep gulch and left it on the other side of the mountain all torn to pieces and ruined and I had lost my \$5000.00. They was lots of people wanted to get in to Swandyke so we started to shovel the wagon-roads out over to Jefferson

a bot 17 miles over the contental-divide. Jefferson is in Soth park, Park Co. over 100 men shoveling and we did not get the roaid open to Swandyke till first of July the first stage that come over it was on the 4th of July the snow was at least 20 ft. on both sides of the road and did not goe off that sumer. the stage coch had six horse on it loded with peopel and a mong them was my Father from Ohio I had not seen him since 1882. he staid in Swandyke that sumer and helped me work my mining property. along in september we went to work up on the Brilent mine on top of the Continal divide a bout 14,000 ft. high we lived on the Park Co side of the montain at the head of Halls valey we had some good oar it net us a bout \$55.00 per Ton was doing very well with it. but on the 22 day of October 1899 my Father, H. J. Fulton and Gorge Sunderling went to Montzuma a but 7 miles from our camp. thay had to cross the range and it was on Sunday morning a fine day the sun was shining fine, I had inted to goe with them as they did not know the contry very well. but that Saterday night a man from Leadville come over to look at a mine a bout 3 miles from our camp, he did not know whear the mine was so he wanted me to goe with him, I was a fraid thay might get lost and thought I should goe with them, but thay thought they could make all O.K. and I desided to goe with the man and showe him the property as I was the only one there that knowe whear it was so I and he a started for the mine and Father and Gorge Sunderling started for Montezuma. I and the man got to the mine all write and went back in. We had cantles for lights and it was an old mine and had worked for years and had lots of stopes and drifts the name of the mine was the Caisheare at the head of the Snake river in Sumit Co Colorado way a bove timber line we was in the mine for a bout 5 ours as it was a big one and took lots of tome to see it. Well we got back to daylight at bout 3 oclock that afternon and when we got out we found a blizard one as bad as I ever saw wea had to shovel the snow from the moth of the tunel it had blown full of snow.

First thing whean I got out and saw the storm was of Father and Gorge and wanted to goe to look for them but I had the other man on my hands and he could not find the way back to camp and it was blowing so hard and the snow fling so thick yu couldent see 5 ft from you and we had to cross the montain to get to camp and on top the wind blowed so hard that wea could not stand up we had to croll for ½ mile could not stan up. Well we finly got to camp way after dark. We had left 4 or 5 mean at camp and they had giv us up as lost and couldnot see how I had found the cabins. well the way I did was I staid high up on the montain side I now that the gulch started high up and very deep and our camp was in it I know if I got started in it I could not miss the camp it was at timber line or very nowar I nowed if I was in the right gulch I could

not pass it. the only thing that I was a fraid of if I was in therong one and the man that was with me wanted to give up and lay down and I had to fight with him all the time to keep him going well, we had some hot coffie and a few hot drinks of whiskey and somthing to eat and I was ready to goe a gain. I started and wanted to goe to look for Father and Gorge but had to give it up the snow was a bout 5 ft deep and still snowing and blowing I had snow-shoes whin I started the next time I desided to stay in camp that night and try it the next day. I had a bout desided that maby the storm had started before they had left Montzuma. and if they stayed thare that thay was all right, so monday morning the hole of us gong to look for them. but monday morning it was still a blisard and gusty was very bad. So we did not get started till Winsday morning som of the men went in diffent driction. I started for Montzuma to see if they had left for home Sunday and fond out that thay had ever man in Montzuma turned out to look for them Wea loked all of that day and did not get any trase of them so I went back camp that night and toald the boys that thay was lost the next day we all went to look for them we looked for them all that day and did not get any trace of them.

The Breckenridge Bulletin, November 4, 1899 said:

The report reached here yesterday that the father of Carl Fulton of Swandyke, was lost between Montezuma and that place. Mr. Fulton left Montezuma about 12 days ago to go over the range on foot, and has not been heard from since. A searching party is out looking for the body.

And on December 23, 1899, and weekly until February 3, 1900, the following appeared in the *Breckenridge Bulletin*:

\$25 Reward. The undersigned will pay the above sum for the recovery of the body of H. J. Fulton, lost October 22, 1899, between Montezuma and the Whale mine. This reward good till February 1st, 1900. Address Carl Fulton, Swandyke, Colorado.

According to Carl P. Fulton, 4208 South Elati, Denver, son of the author of this article, his grandfather's body was found in June, 1900, and is buried in the family plot in Valley Brook Cemetery, Breckenridge, Colorado.

Byron Leander Carr Community and State Builder

By SELETHA BROWN*

All thirty-nine men who formed Colorado's Constitutional Convention of 1876 were exceptional men—leaders of community thought. One of the most forceful of these leaders was Byron Leander Carr, a one-armed veteran of the Civil War who forged to the front within five years after his arrival in the West.

On April 21, 1871, twenty-nine-year-old Carr and a companion, Charles E. Day, arrived in the newly-platted town of Longmont, Colorado, having walked fifty miles across the sagebrush and cactus prairie from Greeley to join the growing Chicago Colony.

Carr and Day formed a partnership and found a cubbyhole on Main Street where they could hang out their shingle of "Attorneys at Law." In the *Hand Book of Colorado*, published September 15, 1872, the following advertisement appeared:

(B. L. CARR) (C. E. DAY)

CARR & DAY
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS
General Business agents for the
CHICAGO COLORADO COLONY
LONGMONT, COLORADO

Information given in regard to land in this vicinity.

Conveyancing done with neatness and accuracy.

Five hundred town lots and twenty thousand acres of valuable farm land for sale in parcels, and at prices which cannot fail to suit customers.

While the partners worked to establish themselves in the founding community, Carr sought additional income. He learned that a combination schoolhouse and town hall was being completed—a frame structure twenty-four by forty feet, located on the west side of Main Street in the 500 block, and that the citizens were searching for a schoolmaster.

Carr proposed to organize and teach this school. He gave his qualifications as follows: Born September 11, 1842, and reared on a farm near North Haverhill, New Hampshire, the youngest, and only son, of John and Susan Ryder Carr's seven children.¹ A graduate of Newbury Academy, Vermont; former principal of a high school in Waukegan, Illinois; a member of the Illinois bar; and "resigned as Superintendent of Lake

*Mrs. Seletha A. Brown of Longmont, Colo., author of many articles and stories and a member of the National League of American Pen Women, has contributed several articles on Colorado pioneers, to *The Colorado Magazine*. She has based her article on Byron Leander Carr upon memoirs, clippings and source material loaned to her by Mrs. Clarence Graves, granddaughter of Mr. Carr.—*Editor*.

¹ John Carr traced his ancestors to George Carr, ship's carpenter of *The Mayflower*. This carpenter had settled at Plymouth but later moved to Salisbury, Massachusetts, where generations of his descendants lived and died.

² While serving as superintendent of Lake County (Ill.) schools, Byron Carr read law with F. P. Ferry, who later became Governor of Washington State.

County Schools² to join my fortunes with the Territory of Colorado."

Records show that Byron L. Carr opened Longmont's first public school, June 15, 1871, for a term that ran into early August. Of this school the *Boulder County News*, Aug. 5, 1871, reported: "Their school (Longmont's) which closes this week, under the charge of Mr. B. L. Carr, is one which might deservedly, by many of our teachers, be taken as a model."

Mr. Carr had left his wife, Mary Lord Pease Carr, and three-year-old daughter in Chicago, and in September they joined him in Colorado.

When a second school term was opened in October, Mr. Carr found the fame of his school had spread. Pupils came by horseback and wagon from as far away as fifteen miles. The population of the town also had increased, so Mrs. Carr, an experienced teacher, was hired to teach the primary grades while Mr. Carr continued to instruct the upper grades. At the same time, after school hours, evenings and on Saturdays, energetic Mr. Carr carried on a full share of the partnership of Carr and Day.

Carr's pupils and the townspeople did not learn the full extent of his military record for many years. They knew he was one of "The Boys in Blue" who had fought with distinction, been incarcerated in Libby Prison, and had lost his right arm to the shoulder as the result of battle wounds.³ They admired his forceful diction, integrity, and forthrightness. When a "Home Guard" was organized, Carr was asked to take charge of the drilling and became "Colonel Carr" for all of Boulder County.

The Supreme Court of Colorado admitted Colonel Carr to the practice of law in Colorado in May, 1872, and that fall, having resigned as schoolmaster, he was elected District Attorney of the Second Judicial District, comprising Gilpin, Clear Creek, Boulder, Jefferson, and Larimer Counties. Eleven years later, Carr was admitted by the United States Supreme Court to the Circuit Court for the District of Colorado.

With all his other duties, Colonel Carr consented to serve as secretary of Longmont's first school district, organized in October, 1871. He was one who presented a petition of incorporation for the town of Longmont to the County Com-

³ One week after Ft. Sumter was fired upon in April, 1861, Carr left his academic studies to join the Second New Hampshire Cavalry. His unit was attached to the Army of the Potomac, where he saw service during the Seven Days' Campaign around Richmond, Cedar Mountain, the Second Battle of Bull Run, Chantilly, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and finally Appomattox.—Jerome Smiley, *Semi-Centennial History of the State of Colorado*, Vol. II, 1913, p. 214. On June 18, 1863, Carr was captured near Middleburg, Va., and taken to Libby, then to Belle Isle prison. Fellow prisoners testified that: "Carr never lost heart nor the magnificent nerve that distinguished him. He was a constant source of comfort to those who lacked his physical vigor." In October, he was paroled to Annapolis, later exchanged and rejoined his regiment. He was promoted to Sergeant-Major and twice wounded. At Milford (1864), he lost a thumb from a gunshot wound. He returned to battle and at Appomattox, the day before General Lee surrendered, Carr received another wound that resulted in the amputation of his right arm.

missioners of Boulder County. The incorporation was ordered on January 7, 1873.

Mining and irrigation were developing industries in the Territory and many litigations arose. Many innovations had to be made on the common law doctrine of riparian rights. Carr soon became a recognized expert on mining law and was said to have had no superior in the West when it came to irrigation laws and their interpretation.

All these experiences made Byron L. Carr the logical choice as a delegate to Colorado's Constitutional Convention. Since this Convention is recorded in *The Colorado Magazine*, for January, 1940,⁴ we need only outline Colonel Carr's important role by naming the committees on which he served during the Convention and in the following Legislature: Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs and a member of the Committees on Education, Mines and Mining, Agriculture, and Revision and Adjustment. His unbiased judgments and persuasive arguments won the adoption of many of his ideas.

His next service for the new State was to serve as Brigadier-General of the First Division of the National Guard of Colorado.

Colonel Carr never lost touch with the home folk of Longmont. He had helped organize the St. Vrain Lodge No. 32, A. F. & A. M., and the McPherson Post No. 6, Grand Army of the Republic. Later he served as Department Commander of Colorado and Wyoming and as a member of the National Executive Council of the Administration of the G.A.R., and as Grand Commander of the 25th Triennial Conclave of Grand Encampment held in Denver in 1892.

Longmont had a "Great Fire" in 1879, which destroyed a block of business establishments, including Beckwith's Press building and printing equipment. The next morning a throw sheet appeared on the town's doorsteps, telling of the fire loss, and announcing the organization of the Ledger Printing Company that proposed to publish a weekly newspaper, *The Longmont Ledger*, "Republican in principle and devoted to the best interests of Longmont and Boulder County."

⁴ Dr. Colin B. Goodykoontz, author of "Some Controversial Questions Before the Colorado Constitutional Convention of 1876," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVII, No. 1 (January, 1940), pp. 4-5, says in regard to the discussion on the Preamble: "The Preamble first proposed followed closely the wording of that of the Constitution of the United States. When an effort was made to introduce the name of God, one of the delegates reminded the Convention that there was no reference to the Deity in the Constitution of the United States and said that if such formal mention were made in the Colorado Constitution he was not sure "whether it would be a compliment to God or to ourselves." The people took a hand in the debate: seven petitions, carrying over five hundred names, came in from persons who wanted some recognition of the Deity in the Constitution. After one such petition was presented, Mr. Byron Carr of Boulder County, apparently irritated by the popular pressure that was being exerted in connection with this and other religious issues, suggested that a Committee on Theological Affairs be named; a few days later another delegate, Mr. Henry R. Crosby of La Plata, suggested that such petitions be referred to a new Committee on Waste Baskets. As finally adopted, with only four dissenting votes, the Preamble recognized the existence of God in these words: "We, the people of Colorado, with profound reverence for the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, *** do ordain and establish this Constitution. ***"—Editor.

The September 12, 1879 issue, Volume I, issue 1, stated: "The Ledger Printing Company, having purchased the office and entire outfit of the *Valley Home and Farm*, with this issue now makes its bow to the public." No editor or owner is credited for more than a year.



State Hist. Soc. Library
Byron Leander Carr

This supports a memoir read at the annual meeting of the Grafton and Coos Bar Association at Woodville, N. H. (1900), that stated: "Byron L. Carr founded, owned and edited for a considerable time Longmont's first newspaper."

Charles Boynton, former editor of *The Ledger*, also wrote, "Gen. Carr was founder of *The Longmont Ledger* and was its editor and chief owner for over a year, and since that time this paper owes him many a favor for his unselfish interest in its prosperity."

In the autumn of 1894, General Carr ran on the Republican ticket and was elected Attorney General of Colorado. At the end of that term he was nominated by a fusion ticket of Silver Republicans and Democrats and was swept back into office.

For some years he held the record of being the only Attorney General of Colorado to have been elected for two successive terms.

The complete report of Attorney General Carr to Governor Albert W. McIntire for his first term was published in a 264-page, leather-bound book. A study of its contents reveals Carr's amazing energy and the scope of his office.

Sixty-one cases were brought to final judgment; sixteen others, briefed; and fourteen, filed. He rendered twenty-one opinions for the Governor, in addition to a host of opinions for other state officers. Governor McIntire sent him to Walsenburg to assist the District Attorney in an examination of the "Italian Massacre"—a case of mob violence—before a grand jury. He also went to Washington, D. C., to press the State's claim for \$100,000 as a refund from the government for having quelled "charges of the Federal Government," Indians who left their reservations, and, as the white settlers thought, threatened another "Meeker Massacre" on the Western Slope.

General Carr wrote that he thought one of his most important decisions, involving important legal propositions, was the acceptance of certificate of brands as admissible evidence of ownership. "With this," he wrote, "larceny of cattle became a more dangerous occupation."

Mrs. Carr, christened Mary Lord Pease, daughter of Eliphalet Pease of Maine, brought to the West a perceptive mind, schooled beyond the average of her time. She spoke with a precise speech, and her conduct was directed by a stern conscience and a sense of fitness. She assisted her husband in all of his endeavors but the great enthusiasm of her life was patriotic endeavor.

When the Women's Relief Corps was organized in Denver (1883) as an auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic, Mrs. Carr became a charter member. In 1901 she was elected national president of that organization.

According to a clipping taken from the report of the G.A.R. Encampment of 1884, at Colorado Springs, when General Carr was Department Commander, Mrs. Carr contributed much to her husband's career: "The estimable wife of General Carr spent the entire four days of the reunion in camp, receiving lady and gentlemen callers. Those who did themselves the honor to call at General and Mrs. Carr's tent were courteously treated, and made to feel that the wife is a most worthy companion of a most worthy man and commander."

The Carrs had two children: Susie, who was born at her maternal grandfather's home in Thorndyke, Maine, before the couple came to Colorado; and Gerome B., who was born in Longmont and was eleven years younger than his sister.

The year before Carr was elected Attorney General, his daughter married handsome Louis Preston McGwire, a school teacher from Ireton, Iowa, who had taught at Loveland, Colo-

rado, just prior to his marriage. The young couple spent a year in Iowa, then returned to Longmont.

Carr, ever the indulgent parent, had a two-storied house built for his daughter and son-in-law, just across the street from his own colonial residence at 416 Sixth Avenue. McGwire, who was said to have had a natural gift of oratory enhanced by college training, began "reading law" and took part in political "stumping" for his father-in-law.

According to Attorney Gray Secor, whose father was a law partner of Carr, the Attorney General-elect told McGwire that he'd hire him as private secretary to the Attorney General if only he knew shorthand.

"Lou, as we all called McGwire," says Mr. Secor, "went to Denver and took twelve lessons in shorthand, and such was his aptitude and cleverness, he became proficient as a secretary. When Carr took over the office at the State House, Lou was appointed secretary, and my father, Frank P. Secor, served as Assistant Counsel until he tendered his resignation to become County Judge of Boulder County."

There were many who expected General Carr would be nominated and elected Governor of Colorado in 1898, but Carr was a strong contender for "free silver" and "gold bugs" were in ascendancy. Carr's name was by-passed, as his loyal supporters felt, for the time being.

Before General Carr's last term as Attorney General expired, he went to Longmont to look after business interests and was drenched by a chill rain. He contracted "la grippe" that soon went into pneumonia. This weakened his condition and in March, 1899, he suffered a stroke. His physician recommended a sojourn at a health spa.

Mrs. McGwire and Gerome Carr arranged to accompany their father to Mineral Wells, Texas, where he planned to spend several months taking hot baths and recuperating. But they had been at the spa only a few days when the General developed tonsillitis, then diphtheria. The patriot passed away just twenty-eight years to the day after he arrived in the Chicago Colony, on April 21, 1899.

Colorado citizens of today owe a debt of gratitude to Byron Leander Carr and the other thirty-eight compatriots who so ably launched our Territorial brig upon the waters of Statehood.



Eliza Pickrell Routt, 1876
 Courtesy of Lila Routt Collins (Mrs. Adelbert C. Karbach, Jr.), a
 granddaughter of Eliza Pickrell Routt and John L. Routt.

First Ladies of Colorado--- Eliza Pickrell Routt

(Governor John L. Routt—1875-1879; 1891-1893)

By HELEN CANNON*

Mrs. John L. Routt was thrice First Lady of Colorado and has the distinction of being the last Territorial First Lady and the first State First Lady, since two of her husband's three terms of office coincided with the admission of Colorado to statehood. She was an extraordinarily capable woman with a commanding personality and bearing. A natural-born leader, she has been called, for she possessed in a marked degree those traits that make for successful and effective leadership: ambition, fixity of purpose, untiring energy, a well-trained and vigorous mind with strong likes and dislikes, excellent executive ability, a gift for public speaking, and the ability to win the esteem of her associates. For twenty-five years, from 1875-1900, she was a leader in Denver society and in many of the important institutions and organizations of the city and state. She performed her varied roles with dignity, efficiency, and a sensitive awareness of her responsibilities and the opportunities her position afforded for service to others. Governor John L. Routt has been described by a Colorado historian as a strong man who served his state well, and fully merited the honor and distinction which the Colorado people conferred upon him. The same could well be said of his second wife, Eliza Pickrell Routt.

Eliza Franklin Pickrell was born in Springfield, Illinois, on January 30, 1839, the youngest of three children of Benjamin Franklin Pickrell and Mary Ann Elkin Pickrell. Both her paternal and maternal grandparents, the Pickrells and the Elkins, migrated from Kentucky to the rich farm lands of Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1831 and 1825, respectively, and became prosperous and substantial farmers. Her father was born in Kentucky and was twenty years old when he accompanied his parents to Illinois in 1831. He died on August 28, 1838, at the age of twenty-seven, leaving his twenty-year-old wife with the care of their two infant sons (William T., born March 6, 1836; and Francis M., born October 11, 1837) and the not-yet-born Eliza Franklin. Four years later in 1842, her mother died after having married in 1840 Abner Riddle of Sangamon County and borne him a son, Hamilton R. Riddle, on December 9, 1841.

The orphaned Eliza was reared by her grandfather and grandmother, William Fletcher Elkin and Elizabeth Edmonson

*Copyright by Helen Cannon, 1963. This is the sixth in a series of articles on First Ladies of Colorado being written by Miss Helen Cannon, Associate Professor of Home Economics, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.—*Editor*.

Constant Elkin, who lived in Springfield until 1867 when they moved to Decatur, Illinois. Beside his farm interests, William Fletcher Elkin was elected a representative from Sangamon County to the Illinois Legislature in 1828, 1836, and again in 1838; he served as sheriff of Sangamon County from 1840-1844; and in September 1861, he was appointed Register of the United States Land Office in Springfield, a position he held until 1872.

Unfortunately, there is no record of Eliza's life with her grandparents in Springfield and Decatur until the date of May 21, 1874, when she married at the age of thirty-five, in Decatur, John L. Routt. The ceremony was performed by Elder John W. Tyler of the Christian Church at the residence of her uncle by marriage, Edward A. Jones, one and one-half miles north of the city. According to a local paper, it was a small wedding "conducted in a quiet manner, without parade or display."¹ At the time of their marriage, John L. Routt was Second Assistant Postmaster-General living in Washington, D. C., and a widower of forty-eight with five children, two sons and three daughters, ranging in age from twenty-seven to six.² He likewise was a native Kentuckian who had migrated to McLean County, Illinois, as a boy of ten with his widowed mother. He was educated in the public schools of Bloomington as a builder and machinist, but after the Civil War through his friendship with President Grant, he was appointed to a number of governmental posts in Illinois and Washington, and finally to the coveted governorship of the Territory of Colorado in February 1875.

Governor and Mrs. Routt and the family arrived in Denver on March 21, 1875, and the Governor was inaugurated on March 30th as the eighth and last territorial governor of Colorado. He had been appointed and assumed his duties with the tacit understanding between the Territory and Washington that it was to be the end of the abominable system of territorial government and the beginning of the final movement for Colorado's statehood. His honorable and efficient management of the affairs of the government and his personal popularity with both political parties did indeed hasten statehood for Colorado and won for him the office of first state governor in November 1876. At the end of his term of office in January 1879, he declined the nomination of the Republican Party for another term.

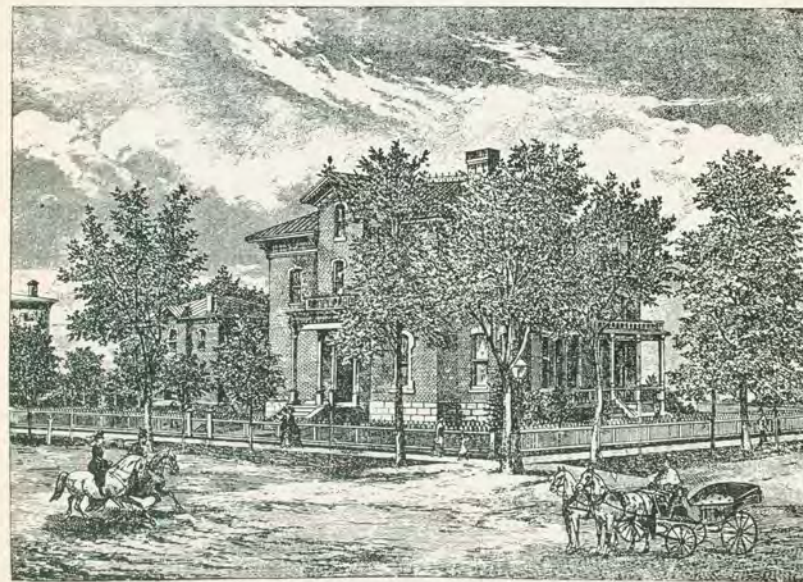
Before leaving the governor's office, John Routt had purchased a mine in Leadville, Colorado, called "Morning Star," for \$10,000.00 (more money than he then had). According to newspaper accounts, he often slipped away from his duties

¹ *Daily Republican*, May 21, 1874, Decatur, Illinois.

² Francis C. (Frank), born July 28, 1847; Emma L., born October 12, 1850; John H., born November 4, 1862 or 1863; Julia Minnie, born December 1, 1866; Birdie May, born April 6, 1868.

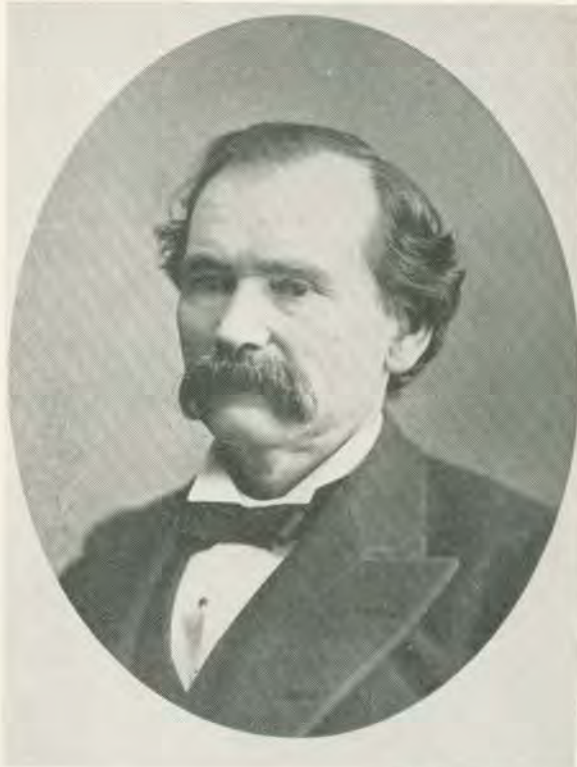
as governor, donned the blue jeans of the West, and worked his own mine, sleeping at night on a blanket on the floor of a log cabin along with his fellow miners. Morning Star came in brightly in April 1879, yielding for its owner between that date and April 1880 over \$500,000.00. On the latter date, he sold his interest for \$1,000,000.00. This venture, along with other mining interests and cattle ranching, made John Routt a very rich man.

During Governor Routt's first two administrations, temporary residences had served as the executive mansion. The first yields from Morning Star went to the purchase in September 1879 of the Charles B. Kountze mansion on Fourteenth and Welton Streets as a permanent family home. After the birth of her first and only child, Lila Elkin Routt, on November 11, 1880, Mrs. Routt turned her attention to the remodeling and redecorating of the house, making it adequate and suitable for the elaborate official entertaining for which it was destined during the next two decades. It served as the city executive mansion during John Routt's term as Mayor of Denver from 1883-1885, and as the state executive mansion during his third term as governor from 1891-1893. Both Governor and Mrs. Routt were noted for their extensive, democratic, and non-partisan hospitality. "Jonny" Routt, as the Governor was called, enjoyed sharing his good fortune and he kept open-house for his many friends and constituents, even those in the back



Home of Governor and Mrs. John L. Routt,
Fourteenth and Welton Sts., Denver,
Executive Mansion in 1891-1893.

districts of the state. Though Mrs. Routt sometimes tightened the purse-strings of the overly generous Governor, she likewise was a frequent and lavish entertainer. Her affairs were always unquestionably correct with strict observance of the proprieties and conventionalities of her social position.



State Hist. Soc. Liby.
Governor John L. Routt, 1876

One of the activities for which Mrs. Routt is particularly noted in the annals of Colorado women's organization is her work for the cause of woman suffrage. When it became certain that Colorado would be admitted to statehood, the proponents of woman suffrage were successful in getting a provision in the State Constitution permitting the enactment of a law to extend the franchise to women. The First General Assembly of the state enacted such a measure to be submitted to the electors in the general election of October 2, 1877. The Colorado Woman Suffrage Association of which Mrs. Routt was an active member brought to the state to present the cause to the people such outstanding national leaders as Susan B. Anthony

and Lucy Stone. Governor Routt toured the state and mounted the platforms with these women and other prominent state workers, including Mrs. Routt, but the law was defeated. The cause lay dormant for over a decade until the third Routt administration in 1891-1893. This time the National American Woman Suffrage Association sent Carrie Chapman Catt to Colorado to assist the Colorado Equal Suffrage Association³ in its campaign strategy which included the organization of the state into leagues. Mrs. Routt was elected president of the Denver Equal Suffrage League, composed of over one hundred women. This time when the question was put before the voters in the election of November 7, 1893, it carried with a small majority. Governor Davis H. Waite proclaimed the right of franchise for qualified Colorado women on December 2, 1893, the second state in the Union to grant political equality to its women. To Mrs. Routt went the privilege of being the first registered woman voter in the city of Denver and reputedly in the state. The battle won, the members of the Colorado Equal Suffrage Association voted to perpetuate the association as a political study club under the name of the Colorado Non-Partisan Equal Suffrage Association. Mrs. Routt was president of this organization in 1894-95.

The victorious suffragists, now anxious to test their mettle and justify the confidence of their supporters, sought and won a number of appointments to governmental offices and boards. It was only natural that Mrs. John L. Routt was so honored. Governor Waite appointed her to the State Board of Agriculture, the governing body of the State Agricultural College at Fort Collins, Colorado, for a term of eight years from 1894-1903, and she was reappointed by Governor Albert W. McIntire for another term of four years from 1903-1907. In this position, Mrs. Routt in June 1894 was instrumental in getting the Board to pass a motion calling for the establishment of a Department of Domestic Economy. She made an intensive study of the efficacy, procedure, and curriculum of the Department of Household Economy in Kansas State Agricultural College, and at the Board meeting on June 5, 1895, recommended the establishment of such a department in the Colorado State Agricultural College. According to the minutes of December 12, 1895, Mrs. Routt reported that the department had been established, that the Horticulture Building (the present Music Building) had been given over to its use, and that Miss Theodosia Ammons⁴ had been named the first head of the Department of Domestic Economy. Mrs. Routt continued her strong support of the newly established department and was influential in securing the gift of the Simon Guggenheim Hall of Household Arts into which the department moved in September 1910 and

³ The Colorado Woman Suffrage Association of 1877 was reactivated under the name of the Colorado Equal Suffrage Association, April, 1890.

⁴ A sister of Elias M. Ammons, Governor of Colorado, 1913-1915.



At Colorado State College of Agriculture,
Fort Collins, Colo.

Upper: The Department of Domestic Economy, 1895.
Lower: A Sewing Class, 1900.

which still houses the department under the name of the School of Home Economics. On the landing of the stairway leading to the second floor are two stained glass windows dedicated to the memory of Theodosia Ammons and Eliza P. Routt.

Many other institutions and organizations in the city of Denver benefited from Mrs. Routt's talents and energy. She was an active member and a liberal supporter of the Central Christian Church which she joined by letter from Decatur, Illinois, on September 5, 1875. She was a charter and life member of the Denver Orphan's Home Association⁵ and elected to the first Board of Managers in January 1881, an office she held many years. She was also a founder and charter member



The Department of Domestic Economy, 1895.
Colorado State College of Agriculture,
Fort Collins, Colo.

of the Woman's Home Club organized in 1877 to provide a suitable residence for working girls and women. This club later re-incorporated as a branch of the national Y.W.C.A. Mrs. Routt worked to obtain and was a contributor to the organization's present Residence Building on the corner of Sherman Street and Eighteenth Avenue, built in 1899. For twenty-three years, from 1884-1907, she was a member of the Fortnightly Club, Denver's oldest women's literary club, founded in 1881. When Colorado Woman's College was founded in 1888, she was elected on the first Board of Trustees on November 12, 1888. And both she and her daughter, Lila Elkin Routt, were charter members of the Colorado Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, founded on March 10, 1904.⁶ Their membership

⁵ The name was changed to The Denver Children's Home Association in 1962.

⁶ *Lineage Book*, National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Vol. 47, p. 259.

was through their Revolutionary War ancestor, Archibald Edmondson⁷ (1734-87) who enlisted in 1776 from Calvert County, Maryland, in Captain John Brook's Company of the Flying Camp.

In May 1900, after having served their state and city with untiring devotion for twenty-five years, Governor and Mrs. Routt, accompanied by their daughter, Lila, went to Europe for a residence of two years with the hope that the change would benefit the Governor's failing health. They traveled extensively on the Continent but made their home in Paris where Lila studied music. On their return to Denver in June 1902, they took an apartment at the Metropole Hotel and never again occupied their home at 1355 Welton Street, though it was still in the ownership of some of the Routt heirs when demolished in 1909. In 1905, Governor Routt again took residence in another country for his health, this time in Puerto Rico as the guest of his son-in-law, Charles V. Hartzell, Secretary of the Province. Because of her own failing health, Mrs. Routt did not accompany him.

Eliza Pickrell Routt died on March 22, 1907, at the age of sixty-eight in the home of her daughter, Lila Routt Collins (Mrs. Edward Welles Collins), at 1720 Sherman Street, Denver, Colorado. The immediate cause of her death was dropsy, but she had been afflicted with diabetes since 1898. Five months later, Governor Routt, who had been seriously ill for many months before Mrs. Routt's death, died on August 13, 1907, likewise at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Collins. Both funeral services were held in the Central Christian Church and the burials were in Riverside Cemetery, Denver. Mrs. Collins died on June 30, 1947, and is buried on the family lot in Riverside Cemetery as are four of the five children of Governor Routt and his first wife, Hester Ann Woodson: Francis C. (Frank), died May 2, 1912; John H., died September 21, 1913; Julia Minnie (Mrs. Charles V. Hartzell), died August 10, 1890; and Birdie May (Mrs. William H. Bryant), died June 14, 1915. Emma L. Routt (Mrs. Frederick A. Butler) died March 15, 1922, and is buried in Oakland, California.

⁷ Spelled Edmonson, *Colorado Genealogist*, Vol. XIX (July 1958), p. 69.

The Chinese School of the Central Presbyterian Church of Denver

Later known as The Oriental Mission.

By HELEN WEBSTER*

The Denver of today [1920] bears faint resemblance to the pioneer town of the early 1870's which then stood, a growing supply point, on the far outermost border of Western civilization.

But already the important lines of business enterprise had been established by substantial, far-sighted business leaders, among them Mr. James A. Chain, who, with a partner [S. B. Hardy] had opened the first bookstore.

His wife, Mrs. Helen Henderson Chain, speedily became known as a lady of charming personality and as a gifted artist, being for many years the teacher of art at Denver University—at that time a young but ambitious institution. Also, for 20 years she was the beloved Superintendent of the Primary Department of the Sunday School at the Central Presbyterian Church of which church Mr. Chain was a leading elder.

She was a woman of deep and tender sympathies, sensitive always to another's needs and at all times quietly active in every good work.

Chinese laborers were at that time admitted to this country in large numbers, and a colony of considerable size had found its way to Denver. They had established themselves in quarters in the lower part of the city, which in imitation of a similar locality in San Francisco, was promptly named Chinatown, and soon attracted many visitors curious to know how the strange-looking newcomers lived.

Some Eastern friends visiting Mrs. Chain begged her to take them through the district and with her husband's consent she went. Guided by a policeman who was familiar with the precinct, they toured the strange, foreign-looking quarter that seemed to lack all the comforts and necessities of right living.

To the others the trip had been an interesting adventure, but not so to Mrs. Chain. She returned deeply impressed by the hard conditions and the apparent hopelessness of betterment, since the inmates were wholly ignorant of our language and ways and knew not how to effect any change, while the forlorn despairing look on their frightened faces revealed their state of constant apprehension. Moved by compassion and sympathy, she set herself to discover some way to bring relief but could think of none, and quite naturally she poured out the story of her experience, her desire and its problems to her husband that evening, sure of his mutual interest and of his ability to solve her difficulty.

*Through the courtesy of the Central Presbyterian Church of Denver we have been permitted to publish this article.—*Editor.*

After a full discussion of needs, of ways and means and methods, he said, "There is a small room at the back of the store beside the alley entrance, it is used for storage only, and I can spare it as well as not. I'll clear it out tomorrow, put in a table, chairs and some First Readers, and you may have it for a schoolroom to teach the poor fellows to read and speak English of evenings. (Six o'clock closing was unthought of in those days.) It will at least let them know they have some friends."

The scheme was carried out next day as planned and in the afternoon Mrs. Chain again visited Chinatown to give her invitation of free instructions, using a book and expressive gestures to enable the Chinese to understand her meaning. At evening she waited in the little room but no one came either that night or the next—so again she carried her invitation, but for some days it brought no response, yet every night she waited there. Stores were open until 9:00 o'clock, or later, in those days.

At last two Chinese appeared, accepted her instruction but watched with evident suspicion her every movement, not having been accustomed to gracious treatment from Americans. The next evening they repeated their visit, following that, they brought two more, and finally, convinced that kindness only was intended, suddenly the place could not contain those who eagerly crowded in.

Mr. Chain then placed the matter before the church session, urging that the work be taken up under the supervision of the church and after much discussion pro and con, the Chinese School of the Central Presbyterian Church was established in the year 1875 or 1876—though it may possibly have been earlier.

This account of its origin was given the writer by Mrs. Chain herself some years before they started upon their last and fatal voyage that was meant to be a tour around the world, but ended when the great, strong, sea-going steamer in which they took passage from Yokohama to Hong Kong, was literally torn to pieces by a terrible typhoon in the China Sea. Of the large number on board, only one, a sailor, survived to tell the story.

The Mission was conducted for about ten years under the direction of Mr. Edward Stoddard, whose interest became so strong that he determined to learn the Chinese language in order that he might the better be able to understand and help "the boys." He went to Shanghai giving, I was told, an entire year to the earnest study of the language and customs of the people, returning in the belief that he was well equipped to carry on his work efficiently.

Imagine the shock of his disappointment when he discovered that the tongue of North China which he had so eagerly and laboriously acquired was wholly unknown to the southern province of Canton from which these boys had come.

But the work at Central Church continued just the same in spite of all handicaps, enlisting earnest workers from the Foreign Missionary society, and others who later became interested.

There was a Sunday School, meeting at the same hour as the Main School, and also a class two or three evenings of each week.

The records of those days cannot now be found, but I recall having glanced through those of the Sunday School secretary on one occasion more than thirty years ago, which showed an attendance of sixty or seventy in the early days of the work, the numbers attending the week-day evening school being much less on account of the employment followed, most of the boys having to work of evenings.

The purpose of the work was, of course, to enable them by means of some knowledge of English to alleviate, if possible, the hard conditions under which they lived, to free their minds from the so evident terror that oppressed them, to bring perchance some brightness into their miserable unhappy lives, but most of all to give them knowledge of the Saviour. But because of the constant shift of their population, because their language was unknown and impossible to acquire, and because English could be so slowly acquired by them, the most desired results were long delayed.

Literature was later acquired—a very beautifully bound Bible in the Mandarin language—that of the official class of Northern China (which not one of these boys could read). Abundant copies of both Bibles and New Testaments in the vernacular of Southern China, also a number of English-Chinese dictionaries, having the words in English, the definitions in Chinese, were acquired. A number of readers also were obtained, giving in parallel columns, sentences, phrases, etc., etc., such as would be of most value to them, in both languages, while the closing chapters contained simple but important religious instruction (in both languages) and the Lord's Prayer—the last, recited in concert in Chinese, forming the closing number of every weekday and Sabbath service. Occasionally a newcomer, persuaded in his own mind that "China wol(r)ship 'all light' Melican 'ligion no good," would refuse to stand with the rest, would wind his watch, move his chair about, or even talk aloud as the rest recited the prayer.

Sometimes this called forth a low-spoken, sharp word from the interpreter, or a gentle touch of the Superintendent's hand brought him to his feet, but in brief time he conformed with the rest and recited fervently with reverently bowed head—or with uplifted face and closed eyes, and rapt expression.

This reader, and I think the dictionary also, was prepared by Rev. Ira M. Condit, D.D., living in San Francisco, retired after a long and eventful service as a missionary in China, but continuing his interest in the Chinese, and his service for them

on this side to the end. (He was still living, though very feeble, in 1906. His niece, Miss Adella Condit, a teacher in the Denver Public Schools, could no doubt give interesting information regarding him and his work.)

Gospel hymns—some copies having the words in both languages—together with copies of the most evangelical of those hymns, printed upon muslin in Chinese characters (sometimes if not always by the boys themselves) were used at every service, these last being suspended upon a frame beside the organ, and from which the boys, directed by a pointer in the hands of the interpreter (or best singer) and singing with the spirit at least, made a joyful noise, each following his own understanding of the tune, though steered along the right path so far as might be, by the organ and the voices of the teachers, who from copies in English sang their loudest—yet often ending abruptly in a burst of laughter and much chattering from the boys themselves when they realized that each was singing his own *different* tune.

Another hymn would be selected, the melody played two or three times by the organist, and then all would joyously try again. Finally, one proudly appeared as a soloist—after long and patient drilling by his faithful teacher—which awakened slumbering ambitions in all the rest and thereafter discords and breakdowns became more rare.

A Chinese Y.M.C.A. meeting at the church on Sunday evenings was eventually organized among the boys, I have never known through whose instrumentation, but it was under the guidance of Chinese Y.M.C.A. headquarters in San Francisco. A framed copy of the by-laws in Chinese characters was placed upon the walls and the conduct of members was very carefully measured thereby—by those who were *not* members.

The effect of this Y.M.C.A. was immediately and astonishingly evident. It was understood that when one joined the organization it was with the same intention of becoming a Christian. Sometimes a boy (the boys of those days were anywhere between 25 and 50 years) would timidly say to his teacher, "Me go Y.M.C.A. last night," or to his interpreter—the one who knew English best and held the confidence of the rest—would mention the fact to the Superintendent. It was interesting to note the change in appearance, manner, and expression that by degrees took place. The downcast look and slovenly, slouching droop of the body disappeared and the boy stood erect. Then perfect neatness and cleanliness were attained, the shamefaced look of distrust and anxiety soon faded from the face, and there came a gentleness of expression, a poise in manner, a steadiness of feature, a clear, steadfast look of friendliness to the eyes telling of peace within, and those who observed were not surprised when notified somewhat later that Yee-, or Ah-, or Chin-, wished to be baptized at the next communion.

It was touching to see their unbounded confidence in their new friends, their childlike faith and belief in their good intentions, and truly, no one, however deeply imbued with skepticism, who watched the gradual transformation could doubt the divine origin of the Bible nor its power through the action of the Holy Spirit to transmute character.

The first converts were received into the Church Sept. 4, 1881. They were Chark Chong, Chock Ling and Yap Mau. The Church membership records show that sixty Chinese have been added to the roll—eleven of these by letter. That there were not many more was, I believe, due to the fact that very many who came to us remained too short a time to acquire a knowledge of the truth, though they understood and appreciated the kindness shown them and recognized it as the outcome of our religious belief.

The work was often hindered also by the lack of teachers. When invited to help, some would say, "Oh no, there's no fun in that!" or "Yes, I've plenty of time, but why should I? I'd get nothing for it." Then there was the irregular attendance of some who came, as they expressed it "When they'd nothing better to do," so could never be depended upon—would not notify the Superintendent of intended absence so that a substitute could be provided, yet always expecting to find the neglected pupil when they chose to attend. Others, again, refused to accept even temporarily an extra pupil at times when there was a shortage, or visitors would sit for an entire session, watching the work with apparent interest but utterly refusing to aid though the need was so plainly evident. The boys were sensitive—they were able to perceive the rebuff without knowledge of English—it was humiliating to them to receive such treatment, so it was not uncommon for one to declare, "I no teach, I go"—which he forthwith would proceed to do. Another would say, "My teach' no come, I no come." Or if invitation was given to bring their friends, someone would say, "You get um teach, then I bring." And so numbers would be lost to the work, and who may measure the value of those wasted opportunities of service, both to the boys and their "might-have-been" instructors. The Superintendent was held responsible for all deficiencies, met the criticisms from all sides with what excuses and explanations might be offered, and the grace that could be summoned, sought and prayed for helpers, at times handed in a resignation and these being refused—went on, for the work must not fall nor utterly fail.

And is not this the experience in every worth-while work that must be carried on gratuitously? What might not be accomplished for every crying cause if those who have the time, the means, the opportunity, were willing to lend a hand! And how shall they meet that sad sentence which someday will come to the indifferent, "Inasmuch as ye did it not"?

Faithful teachers were not forgotten by their one-time

pupils after better wages or business opportunities had called them from the city. Sometimes from one of these would come, months afterwards, a painfully written, phonetically spelled scrawl, informing "Dear Tech—I very wel now, hop you to. I go China now. Go by." In rare instances letters from those more advanced in English, returned from China, growing more and more incoherent as English words were forgotten, and within a brief time, entirely ceased, though messages were often sent in letters to Chinese friends still remaining here.

Some years after the work was begun at Central Church—I cannot tell just when—other churches fell into line. First, Evans' Chapel, now Grace M. E., formed a class, though later it was transferred to the Lawrence Street Methodist Church—now Trinity M. E.—probably because of its being more easily accessible to the boys.

The First Baptist then took up the work, followed by the Central Christian—at that time located near the foot of 17th and Broadway. Next came the Second Congregational, the same pupils attending all, so far as possible.

When the exclusion laws were passed, May 5, 1892, the Chinese residents of Denver were grieved and angry. Very many refused registration and returned to their own land, those who remained, filled with resentment at what they considered an injustice, declined so far as possible any friendly association with Americans. In consequence of this attitude, attendance at the Missions became greatly reduced.

Reliable authority had estimated the Chinese population of Denver as 900 or 1,000, and this in brief time dwindled to less than 300, and finally to 100.

One after another the various classes disbanded except the original one at Central Church, which has never discontinued although the number in attendance became discouragingly small—a mere handful—yet these were Christian boys and it seemed un-Christian to shut them out from their only source of Christian fellowship and place of meeting, so when the question of disbanding was at that time brought up, it was the manifestly unanimous opinion that the work should be continued, not only for the benefit of those few, but also for those former members who, returning to the city from time to time, sought the place with apparent joy and satisfaction in being *at home* again, and believing also that spiritual benefit must be imparted to those who desired to share the services. The events of the succeeding years give us rich cause for rejoicing that we were guided to this decision and enabled to continue steadfast.

The question may arise in some minds why, in those days of large attendance and protracted endeavor, was there not more generous fruitage and was the effort worth while? There were many obstacles to be overcome. The fixed habits of belief, customs, peculiar points of view, together with the strange

language—and all these from each side.

Then fear, suspicion, distrust on their part complicated the situation. They had many times encountered dishonesty and injustice in their dealings with Americans, had been treated with scorn, contempt and derision as well as personal abuse, oftentimes had met with attacks and personal injury, and knew not how nor where to seek redress. Their experience led them to believe every man's hand was against them. It was not surprising therefore that at first they should have questioned the motives of those who, in all friendliness, sought to give them a helping hand, or that they feared to yield their confidence—experience had taught them caution, then there were the firmly anchored Chinese superstitions. Further difficulties and discouragements lay in the fact that they were constantly changing about. Here today, by tomorrow they might be en route to some distant point that seemed to promise more substantial rewards for their labor. "Where are Chin and Chang and Chong today?" the Superintendent might ask of the interpreter. "Why Gee Long him say last night them go Pueblo"—or Salt Lake—or Texas, as the case might be—and they were seen no more. Turning, she might discover one or more wishful faces at the door—and if she approached them too quickly, they'd quite likely take to their heels.

Again while most teachers were willing to begin over again, hoping only that their lost pupils might find like opportunities and help where they had gone, the apparent futility of their effort to Christianize led others to drop out of the work and give their time to other service that might bring visible and more speedy results—"something that would really count," as they expressed it.

Others more thoughtful and observant noted the dawning intelligence in the stolid faces, the gleam of interest in the dull eyes, the relief, the confidence, even happiness or contentment revealed in their manner, their increasing neatness and cleanliness, the display of thoughtful consideration for others, and finally their shy efforts to respond to the kind words and interest of teachers, and these were glad to continue, believing the work to be truly worth while.

It became interesting to watch personality develop in what had seemed machine-like creatures, to discover unsuspected gifts in those who had appeared so stupid—as, for example, a teacher made a hasty, clumsy sketch in effort to make plainer to her dull, unpromising pupil something she was failing to make clear with words. To her astonishment, he took the pencil from her fingers and swiftly drew with artistic touch a graceful outline that far better represented what she had wished to express. She soon learned from him that in China his work had been to design and paint upon vases and dishes the quaint and curious decorations that characterize Chinese ware.

(To Be Concluded)

Colorado's Horses in Bronze

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING*

Colorado has five equestrian statues—two portray Kit Carson on horseback; one is of an Indian on the War Trail; one is of a broncho buster; and the fifth is of General William Jackson Palmer.

In Denver, in the triangle formed by Cheyenne Place, Broadway and West Colfax, stands the Pioneer Monument, dedicated in 1910. It is topped by a bronze horse with Kit Carson in the saddle. The first drawing by Sculptor Frederick MacMonnies portrayed an Indian warrior on his horse. When pioneers strenuously objected, Kit Carson was substituted.

This \$75,000 monument stands at the end of the famous Smoky Hill Trail, the immigrant and stage road which extended from the Missouri River to Denver in the days of the gold rush.

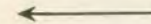
Alex Phimister Proctor, sculptor, created the bronze Indian and Horse called "On the War Trail," which is in Denver's Civic Center. "Big Beaver" or Jackson Sundown was the model for the statue. The horse was named "Satan." The splendid bronze work, costing \$15,000, was presented to the City of Denver by Stephen Knight in 1922.

Another bronze horseman in Denver's Civic Center also is the work of Alex Phimister Proctor. The rider, on a bucking horse, is called "Broncho Buster." Soon after Proctor began work on the statue, an officer of the law appeared to arrest the cowboy model for alleged murder. Proctor talked the officer into letting him finish the statue before making the arrest. The officer was understanding and agreed.

The Broncho Buster was presented to the City of Denver by J. K. Mullen and Stephen Knight in 1920.

General William Jackson Palmer, a founder of Colorado Springs, always preferred to ride horseback instead of riding in a buggy. He came to Colorado in 1869 as manager of construction on the Kansas Pacific Railroad and later was one of the incorporators of the Denver and Rio Grande. Citizens of Colorado Springs erected an equestrian statue in his honor in 1929, designed by Nathan D. Potter of New York City. The statute stands at E. Platte and North Nevada Avenues.

A bronze Christopher (Kit) Carson, with gun cradled in his arm, sits astride a Western pony in Kit Carson Park, Trinidad, Colorado. Famous scout, plainsman, and soldier, Kit Carson was born Dec. 24, 1809 in Kentucky. He died at Fort Lyons, Colorado, May 23, 1868. This statue was designed in 1912 by Augustus Lukeman and Frederick Roth of New York City.



Pioneer Statue. Kit Carson is the horseman. In Denver, at Colfax and Broadway.

O. Roach





Bucking Bronco
by Procter

West. Hist. Coll. Pub. Liby.

BRONCHO BUSTER



ON THE WAR PATH
by Procter

West. Hist. Coll. Pub. Liby.

ON THE WAR TRAIL, ALSO CALLED ON THE WAR PATH



Tru-Life Photo

KIT CARSON
Trinidad, Colo.



Stanley L. Payne

GENERAL WILLIAM JACKSON PALMER
Colorado Springs, Colo.