

BOOK EIGHT

# OVER TRAILS OF YESTERDAY



STORIES OF

COLORFUL CHARACTERS

THAT LIVED

LABORED

LOVED

FOUGHT

AND DIED IN

## THE GOLD AND SILVER WEST



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The Hermit of Arbor-Villa  
F. E. Gimlet



DEDICATED TO THE TRAIL  
BLAZERS AND BUILDERS OF  
THE GOLD AND SILVER WEST



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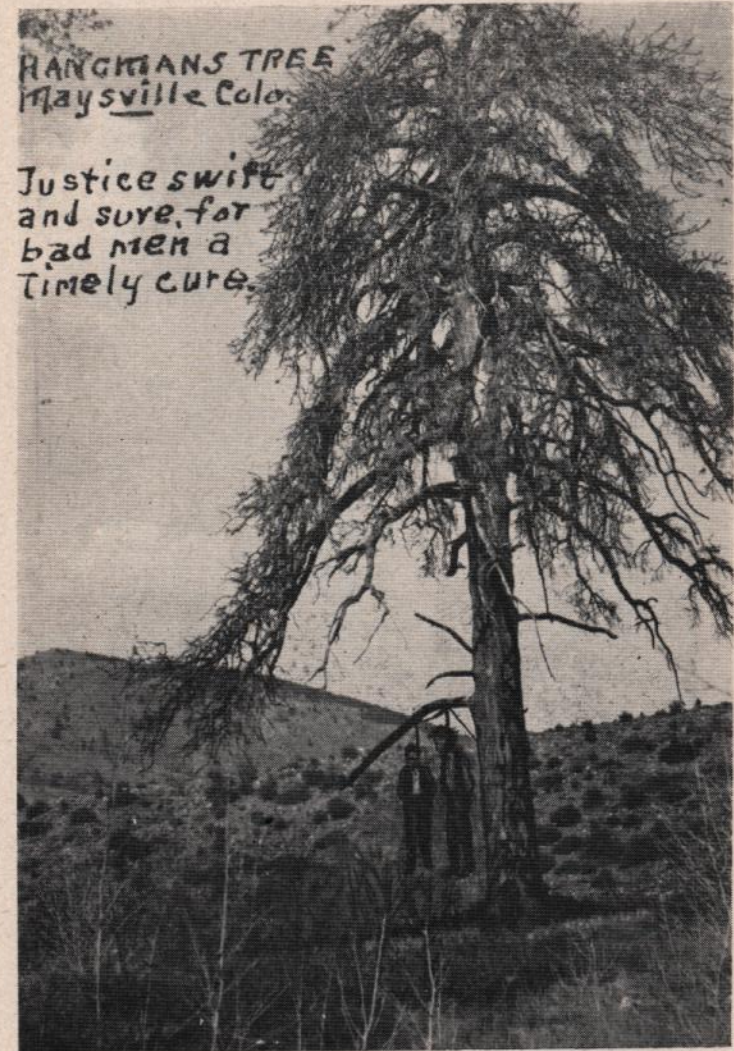
## INTRODUCTION

The writer attempts to pay tribute and eulogize those great characters that blazed and built the trails, added to the glamour, that made the GOLD AND SILVER WEST what it used to be and what it is today. The stories, the characters and their past are true to life and real names omitted only when there are descendants left behind. The heroes and heroines, renegades and bandits, bad men and wicked women carried on under no masquerade and to call them such caused no comment while living and certainly would be no insult after they are dead. I would extoll their virtues, record their works on the walls of the tunnels and shafts beside our mighty peaks. Their errors I will let drift on with the shifting sands of the Golden Arkansas, Platte and Colorado rivers veritably ribbons of gold from their source to the deltas.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA  
Per F. E. Gimlett.

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HANGMAN'S TREE. From this self-same limb many a man hung until he was dead, dead, dead.



An oasis on the  
trails of yesterday

HOME IN THE ROCKIES, Peace and content abide more often in log cabin than  
castle.

## WANTED

Wanted just a little old log cabin  
With grassy sod and pole lagged roof  
A clean dirt floor beneath the feet  
Chinked and daubed, and weather-proof.

With one or two tiny paned windows  
To leave in sunshine, keep out rain  
No curtains to keep out the sunlight  
Or moonlight through window pane.

No hydrant in the yard to freeze  
No hose to spring so many leaks  
So when sprinkling grassy lawn  
Drive my neighbor's into the street.

I want a deep old-fashioned well  
An old oaken bucket hanging there  
Cup ready to sip cold clear water  
Drawn from the sands, pure as air.

I want no bathroom, with tile or basin  
Nor tub with leaky tap and dirty streak  
To forever keep repairing and scrubbing  
Life is far too short, its rest I seek.

I want no fancy polished steel range  
With water-back to freeze and burst  
No hot water tank or kitchen sink  
These modern do-dads sure brot a curse.

I want no electric washer or telephone  
To scour, polish and keep in repair  
No vacuum sweeper or infernal radio  
Making night hidious with unmusical air.

I want no screen doors a slamming  
To open and shut the live-long day  
Just plain door with latch string  
For friends who are welcome always.

I want none of these to vex my mind  
As I sit on a bench beside the door  
I've reached the top of life's Divide  
'Tis peace and happiness I implore.

So if you know of such a little cabin  
Built on this God's footstool of ours  
Relay the location, so old-timer, can  
Enjoy freedom before life really sours.



Ghost town of the past. It lives only in memory of those that survive.

## "Maysville"

### In The Days of Seventy Nine

#### Once dubbed "Crazy Camp"

Once the metropolis of Chaffee County, Colorado, and destined to be the commercial and smelting center, not only for the district, but the whole upper Arkansas Valley. In our trek across the plains to the new Eldorado of the West, our companions we met up with on the road, knew of this great City and talked incessantly of the booming town and its great possibilities. It was laid out in a well protected spot near the foot of tall stately Mt. Shavano, one of Colorado's 14 thousand foot peaks, right beside the clear sparkling waters of the South Arkansas river and the Junction of the North Fork.

#### Caution Cast Aside

Corner lots were already selling for 500 dollars, while dwelling sites could still be had for the nominal sum of \$50. The founders of the City, "and notwithstanding the whole area was not over 200 acres in extent," dreamed it might at sometime be the Capital of the State, for here in truth were the prospects for more gold and silver riches than that possessed by King Croesus himself. Here we find a City with pure water supplied free by the North Fork, Middlefork, Lake Fork, South Fork, Foose's Gulch and Green's Gulch streams, all tributaries of the South Arkansas River, so who could doubt that the great Billins Mine, The Michigan, Hunka Dorry, Bon Ton, Hugh Boone, Virginia, Copper King, Thunderbolt, Bob Ingersol and 36-30, to say nothing of the hundreds of Mines along the Divide, would prove to be Bonanzas. Little wonder they should feel elated over the prospects of future greatness, of the new-made town.

#### Life, Life, Everywhere

The sky above at that early date was full of wild pigeons, cirrion crows and buzzards, I wondered at the latter until brought to my mind, that along the lost trails and mines amid the vastness of the Rockies, reposed the carcasses of thousands of prospectors and their packasses, providing plenty food for these birds of prey, as well as supply the carnivorous animals their meat at times. Fresh meat for the populace at the time was no great problem, for deer and bear would stop in front of the cabin door, and there it was delivered to one on its own foot power, to say nothing about fish in the streams for the taking, no laws to say don't touch

"MAYSVILLE"  
IN THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-NINE

until the 12th of October, and don't do it then without a 7 dollar license (and what prospector ever had 7 dollars). Yes, wild life was plentiful in spite of the predatory creatures, grouse, rabbits in great numbers were to be found in the timber, and mountain quail were numerous high up on the peaks.

Yes, human life itself was cheap, every man the captain of his soul but not entirely the master of his fate, for one must not only labor but must produce essential things as well. None were concerned whether mere man lived or died, and his absence caused no noticeable flurry. Things were moving so fast and furious that when one was out of sight he was in truth out of mind, and again one could not add to his own many worries, which with trying to find a mine, trying to find enough sowbelly and beans while trying to find a mine, brought plenty trials and tribulations of their own.

**Smelters Take the Spotlight**

The Erie and Philadelphia Smelter was under construction in the East end of town, a remnant of the slag pile marks the spot, while at the West end the Partridge smelter was getting ready to blow in, a small slag pile is still in evidence and part of the old stack now reposes in a field of the Wolfrom ranch. A third smelter was still on the heavy wagons powered by 12 span of mules ready for unloading, when for some cause or other there arose a doubt as to the feasibility of the location, and later it was carried on to a more promising district. The new wagon road was in the building from the 36-30 and Bob Ingersol mines, while the main road was being extended West to the town of Arbourville, Junction City, Chaffee City, Columbus and over the Divide to Whitepine and Tomichi. In those good old days we thought of everything in big terms, that's why we added City to the names of our towns, even tho many of them were but clusters of cabins.

**Gateways to Opportunity Closed**

But even here at Maysville as far back as the 79's, we find the fences to opportunity closed, and at the toll gate stands a man with two six-shooters demanding his tithe before passing through, and just beyond to the West lies riches unknown, but this once free frontier is now closed by the ironed and locked gate at the steep and narrow canon walls, and none can pass without paying tribute of 25¢ for man, 50¢ for man and beast and 1 dollar for team and wagon. Yes,

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opportunity was to be had for a price, but then it was just over the hill, while now it is a thousand miles away with many gates barring the way to individual freedom, and the guardians demanding too heavy a toll. If democracy is to stay alive in America, if that promise of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is to endure, then we must add to the 4 freedoms of press and worship, freedom from fear and want, the freedom of opportunity, otherwise rugged individualism will pass from the earth, and with it goes incentive, initiative and the right to free thinking.

**Progress Comes Slow**

Well I remember when we advanced from the old wooden wheelbarrow to the steel ones, then to the steel ore car and any mine equipped with one of these late inventions was envied by those that could not afford these modern do-dads, and the extravagance was the talk of the town for weeks after. Yes, life was simple and our work was done with simple tools with man, jackass and horse power as the extreme in motive equipment. The old man-power windlass was soon replaced by the horse whim and my what a stride that was. Yes, times have changed when a man with but a pick, shovel and set of drills could extract with his two hands carloads of ore, a great comparison with to-day when it now takes thousands of dollars worth of equipment for preliminary work and that much more for organization, penalties and taxes.

**Speed Limit Six Miles Per Hour**

The stage coaches were galloping back and forth through the streets, the ore and freight wagons were rolling in from the Little Charm, Monarch and Bob Ingersol mines, and the silver bars were being brought in daily from the Columbus for shipment via the old Wells-Fargo express line. Truly a cloud of dust blotted out the blue of the sky but what cared we for dirt, which after all was of the good clean wholesome gold and silver dust variety, and flavored but lightly with a tang of horse manure. My first impression of Maysville as I climbed out of the 4-foot high wagon box, was that I had reached an earthly Paradise and as we filed into the Venable hotel the Billins band gave us an impromptu serenade.

**Pearls Among Swine, Sometimes**

Inside the hotel a little auburn headed girl with a steel anklet brace addressed me thusly, "little man come along with me and I'll show you the wash basin," that stood out-

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side the door, with the old familiar roller towel nearby. I dropped the old oaken bucket in the well and drew forth the clean sparkling water, and with much soap, soon removed the heavy dust covering, and by leaving considerable on the towel made myself fairly presentable. To call me little man sure upset my dignity when I was a full two heads taller than she, and was even then equipped with two pistols in holsters strapped to my belt. It surely cooled my importance and I was inclined to resent the implication, here was I, a great big man from the wild and woolly state of Wyoming and she called me little, but here and now I want to pay tribute to that little girl, Hattie Venable, one of the finest, cheerful and most patient characters I have ever known in spite of her affliction. Her works toward social betterment in the churches and Sunday schools at Maysville, and later Salida, and now in Pueblo, are outstanding and her good deeds are recorded in the archives of the still existing institutions.

**Hysteria Overcomes Sound Judgment**

The excitement within the hotel was contagious and what with the band playing quick step music and some lady singing "Good Bye My Lover Good Bye," I could hardly apply myself to eating dinner but rather wanted to dance, "you know that old reckless feeling" that comes over one in the presence of gay ladies on the prowl and hoping for a smile from one of the dizzy dames. We knew then the railroad was working its way up the valley with Maysville as its first objective and really reaching there in the early eighties, the arrival in the City of the first train was heralded with a great celebration, and it seems strange as I think back that the roundhouse was here, and the little passenger trains with a few scattered freights run back and forth several times a day to Salida, a little tank town down the valley.

**Indians on the Warpath**

Now comes the disturbing news that the Ute Indians are on the warpath, and now we find in times of stress like this, the populace gather together for mutual protection against an outside enemy, when at peace they fight one another. From over the range prospectors are streaming back to town with word that the ranches of the settlers are being put to the torch, the women led away to captivity while the men are massacred and scalped by the hundreds without mercy, while prospectors, even far back in the Mountains are murdered from ambush. Guards are hastily

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thrown out along the Divide from Leadville to the San Juans, the old musket loaders and Sharps rifle cleaned and loaded for action. I doubted the wisdom of the rations doled out to the guards, sowbelly, beans, flour, 1 plug tobacco, and 1 gallon whisky, and from observation I don't think any man has ever proved very effective or dependable while saturated with booze, and if the Indians had decided to break over the hill I don't think they would have met with much opposition from the jug imbibing sentinels, and so it is to-day in America, while we are engaged in this global war, the greatest in all history, I doubt the wisdom of dealing out booze unlimited, that will effect a modern nervous man's ability and efficiency much more, now that he is a part of a high-power machine, and a turn toward more sobriety will turn the war much quicker in our favor, and I am doubly sure we will eventually win our military battle anyway, but am not so sure we will not lose the moral and economic battle on the home front and find ourselves the most corrupt and drunken Nation in the World.

**The Vigilantes Are Here**

Now the vigilantes take over and local martial law prevails with a thoroughly panicky people milling about. The committee's first act was a well ordered, and executed blackout, made effective by dousing all the candle and oil lamps at 8 p. m., including outside camp fires, and many wakeful eyes were alert through the night for the slightest disturbance. Here we find a total 100% blackout, even the officers and wardens carrying neither bullseye lanterns or candle doing their dangerous work entirely by starlight. In haste the Committee selected Jerome Clarke Wheeler to make the trip to Denver via the South Park stage road with a plea to the Governor for guns, ammunition and as many soldiers as he could spare. This ride goes down in history, and bests that of Paul Revere in point of distance and fastest time made for the 175 miles, covered in less than 24 hours, with 6 relays of horses, 4 dropping dead in the harness. Yes, the plea brought results as Clarke returned with 75 Springfield rifles and 2 thousand rounds of ammunition, apportioned them among the citizenry with instructions as usual to save the last bullet for the women in case of a successful raid and massacre.

**Lights Again Draw the Moth to the Flame**

Now the scare has passed, the square oil lamps on the corner posts and over the doors of the amusement houses

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are once again lit up, the populace takes up the regular routine with time to kill one another, eat, drink and be merry, and it was not an idle jest for many of them did die before the tomorrow. Again it is day time all the time and there is no night in Maysville. The banjo and guitar tinkles to the sound of shuffling feet, and in a few places the sound of an organ lends solemnity to one's feelings, and come to think of it, the organ because of its connection with churches and spiritual things, was seldom seen in the regular knock-down and drag-out institutions, but were quite often found at the stage stations where the bar room, dining room, living room and waiting room were combined in one. Yes, they were considered more or less a sacred instrument, and the piano not arriving because of transportation difficulties, the early music of questionable resorts was by banjo, accordian, guitar and fiddle.

**Dangers Soon Forgotten**

All in all there was much joy in simple living, and well I remember the first Fourth of July celebration and what a treat it would be if mine eyes could but once again see an aggregation of honest to God women dressed in long billowy skirts, high necked waists, and what a world of modesty and mystery was wrapped up in that beautiful feminine package of silk, satin and calico as they flittered here and there dispensing coffee, cake and home made venison mince pie. An improvised grandstand and dance floor was erected near the schoolhouse, where we danced the old square dances of swing your partner, alaman left, lift those feet and do your best, and now the Swedish nightengale (not Jenny Lind) but Swede Anna of the Central Theatre regaled us with those beautiful songs, "Oh Susanna," and "Carry Me Back To Old Virginia," accompanied by the Billins band, and the notes in that still night air would echo back and forth across the narrow valley fading away to a whisper, in the wee hours of the morn.

Yes, harmony, melody and poetry in song, in great contrast with to-day when mad musicians in a maddening world, keep people in a constant state of hysteria with discordant notes, harmony murdered in cold blood, melody assassinated without mercy and poetry of song mutilated by a bunch of voodoo sorcerers aided and abetted by torch and blues singers, "screwball music dispensers by any name." Sanity you may believe will never be returned or practiced in America, until music again comes to sooth, and not shat-

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ter the nerves of a much too drunken people.

**Vices Win in Battle Over Virtues**

We wondered then and we wonder now why people must live in a constant state of hysteria and even today in spite of all our high price effort to assimilate intelligence in a Nation with plenty for all, we fight among ourselves over the distribution. We are even now debating the question of whether 85% of our citizens are qualified to vote, but take this message from the philosopher of the Rockies, any man who cannot resist acquiring the habits, and suffering the effects of the 4 great vices, smoking, drinking, gambling and adultery proves him to be neither master of his soul or captain of his fate, and by lacking these virtues, he is not qualified to dictate policies of stable government, or lead a people to a higher standard of morals and living, and after 70 years of a worth-while struggle against natures obstructive forces, I'm weary and tired of fighting rats that infest our Country, and you may believe that if America is to die, look to old King Booze as its destroyer, for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, with its creed of live and let live cannot exist in peace and harmony with intemperance at the helm.

**Church Bells a Ringing**

This first night in boom town, like each night thereafter for a few short years came to an end, as I was awakened early in the morning by the 6 o'clock whistle at the Erie-Philadelphia and Partridge smelter, for as you know a smelter continues a 24-hour day operation 365 days a year, and respects neither Sundays or holidays. It seemed I had no more than turned over to sleep again than the Ding-dong, Ding-dong, of the church and Sunday school bell broke the stillness of the morning, insisting that thou sluggard arise and prepare for worship. It appeared in these early days men and women were more spiritually inclined, and there was more respect showed for the sabbath, church and men of the cloth. Soon the elite among the populace dressed in their best Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, with Bible under arm, and the ladies with open parasols to keep that dainty complexion free from sunburn, filed into the churches. Cyclone Pete with his long Texas steer waxed mustachio was there, a real he-man in spite of the rough exterior, and strange it was to find him attired in a clean blue denim shirt, as with nervous mien he seats himself at the edge of the bench (no pews) in close proximity to a knot hole in the



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floor, so he could expectorate tobacco juice, and thus avoid the danger of soiling some fine lady's silk or otherwise trailing skirt. His eyes roved from preacher to Swede Anna on the far side of the church, and as I later learned there were but two great loves in Cyclone's life, old Kentucky Bourbon and Anna, and tho it never happened, I believe if she were sure he would have forsaken the jug (which he promised to do), Anna might have taken him for better or worse, now with Emma Wolfrom, at the organ they sing "Blessed Be The Tie That Binds," it seemed appropriate for the occasion, all taking part, perhaps with not too much harmony, but plenty volume.

**Dynamite in Skirts and Church**

Here for the first time I was to meet up with the Three Dolls, such beauty and carriage, such hair, curves, and three pairs of dancing blue, brown and black eyes, including seductive natural tinted, untainted and unpainted lips. How was I just in from the wilds of Elk Mountains near Medicine Bow, Wyoming, to know anything about women, and how was I to know that I too (like thousands before me) was to fall madly in love with the one in the brown eyes, and innocence abroad, how was I to know the three Dolls carried T.N.T. in every move and were to be thereafter such a dangerous distraction up and down the valley, and as destructive to peace of mind as so many tons of dynamite. Yes. I soon learned of Si Parker's jump from danger point in the Canyon because of Blue Eyes, and I heard later of the many other suicides over these same blue eyes and I knew of the many duels, particularly between McLeash and Santon over Brown Eyes and the fights and battles of the rejected suitors over Black Eyes, but not knowing of these things quick enough, sure I entered where angels feared to tread, and look at the wrecks the sirens left behind them. It has been said that civilization advances or declines because of well directed or misdirected power of women, this we must accept, but it is still men that do the building under the inspiration of women, but in the good old days inspiration came not from beautiful face, undraped figure or keen intelligence, but from an enlarged bust measure of not less than 40 inch circumference.

**Men Worship the Invisible**

It was hoped for, and presumed that these bubbies (always hidden) were of that solid, stand alone, firm rubbery texture, and never of the drooping variety. These



Dolly

Dolleta

Dollinda

Gold diggers of the gold and silver West, dynamite yes — but inspiring man to dig for gold.

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ornaments prominently outlined no doubt did furnish the old prospector with the incentive and initiative to dig down the Peaks in search of the ever elusive Gold and Silver, which in turn was presented to the holder of these attractions- But fair always to femininity men did excuse, pity and sympathize with those unfortunates (be they wives or sweet-hearts) that were only blessed with the soft drooping pairs, knowing "that as mothers" it came thru wear and tear of feeding a coming generation, but there was no pity extended for those with padded or artificial plastic bell shaped and sharp pointed nipples, a danger to any man who might bow low to inhale the fragrant scent of a corsage at the bust line.

So far back in our lonely cabins on the Mountain sides our dreams revolved on those magnetic come hither womanly perfections, it was above all, the topic of conversation, so I was not surprised when my partner (the best catch in the valley) fell madly in love with Dolly, never once did he speak of her many other virtues and married her solely because of those two outstanding protrusions, but as ever May and December seldom make a go of matrimony and when once upon a time the Mrs. decided to attend a dance against her Lord and master's will, the husband "in spirit of revenge" carried from the love nest her trunk and thousand dollar wardrobe (which he himself so generously provided) and all was soon reduced to ashes on the bonfire. A hasty action on his part I always thought, and no deterrent so far as Dolly was concerned, for there was another thousand males ready to pay her court.

**When Will Fool Men Know Dynamite**

So passed Dolly, Dollinda, and Dolleta up and down the valleys of the Arkansaw, and while they were not too welcome guests at the sewing and quilting bees (because of jealous females) they did add grace, manners and give life to the dances at the Old Jackson Hotel at Poncha Springs, and how Dolleta could tinkle the keys of the old square piano and without the clear soprano voice of Dollinda no party could be a success at the Maysville or Arbourville school-houses, while the halls over the Wade Coburn Livery Stable at Junction City and the Silver Dollar saloon at Columbus City, including the Old Eureka Hall at Chaffee City (Monarch) would have been gloomy indeed but for the charm, intoxicating perfume and bantering conversation of Dolly, and but for the three Dolls, no high-class affair at Max Dickman's Opera House in Salida could have been a success,

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now all have faded from the picture (including the Dolls) except the Jackson Hotel at Poncha. Yes, dynamite in every step and now to wonder at the gullibility of men when just 6 protruding, just right feminine bubbies could inspire them to tear down Mountains, build cities, highways and make wrecks of men, all because of fool man's inability to know true values when he sees them.

But only through visions and imagination where achievements made, and few ever in reality saw for himself the two come hither magnets he worked so hard to possess, for regardless of what perfection woman possessed in the good old days, man married, not so much for love as out of curiosity, and to attain for himself the treasure he had so long dreamed about, and again I say women being modestly attired, men of the old school were not vulgar minded, were not tempted to keep eyes turned hellward as now, but were focused up toward heaven. The Turks, and the Moors had a cure for all this by keeping feminine spontaneous combustion well veiled, so weak man need not be tempted by the beauty or songs of the temptress. True every feminine movement has a meaning of its own, beware the magnetism of eyes that dance, lips that quiver, beauty and form that vibrates and honeyed voice that hypnotizes, and listen to the males (still under the sirens lure) gasp in horror (poor saps) when one would speak up to save man from these Jezebells. So take it from the Hermit, that woman was never born who can be happy or content when free, then at least in defense of man and Nation enslave her again in that domicile of domestic servitude, and shackle her well with chains of children's arms about her limbs, and entwine the baby fingers round her neck, then she be as nature decreed, a bird in a gilded cage and happy because she cannot escape.

**Strong Minds and Iron Wills Rule**

Maysville was a well ordered and governed City under Police Chiefs Bob Kerr, Bill Shaw and Mat Dolphin and at one time boasted much of its 3 churches and one Union Sunday school. In the latter was housed a bell, and because of its beautiful tone and 65% silver content, 'twas much desired and well guarded by all the citizenry else it would have disappeared. It was the gift of two lawyers, twin brothers from the East, and it is still doing service in the present two-room schoolhouse (which used to be four) although the Methodist church at Salida did once aspire for

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its possession. The City boasted of a strong two-room jail, as I recollect. It was built of 2x6s spiked together flat wise, one on top of the other, while the heavy ironed doors facing main street no doubt made many bad men hesitate in committing acts that might place them behind those bars. However, on one occasion they held no terrors and were no protection against the mob on the outside, who demanded two prisoners slated for summary execution without the formality of a trial, but rather than have his City bastille destroyed the Chief of Police forthwith handed over the keys on demand.

**No Matter What, Look For the Woman**

Into this City of great possibilities came tripping a demure little maid adorned with two great long braids of hair reaching to the waist, and tied with a double bow of gorgeous silk ribbon. She came from the far East to accept the job (not position) as school marm in the log cabin school house (ritzy 4-room one not yet built) to teach those wild and woolly offspring of bewhiskered men, and beautiful, but modest 42-inch busted women, 'ritin', readin' and 'rithmetic. But fate takes a hand with much competition among the males, that created great demand for sweet smelling hair oil, and much time given to waxing those stylish long spreading mustachios, but only one outstanding gallant seemed to bask in the lady's smile. So our genial stage driver and man about town, living in a daze, gave less thoughts to the curves on the canon road and more thoughts to curves elsewhere. But here again it seemed to matter not whether a man be drunk with love or whiskey, that good sense of stage horses always delivered the passengers safely at their destination. One of the greatest social events of the City took place at the Venable Hotel where the reception was held and the wedding feast was served to hundreds of guests. Here and now I pay tribute to Mort Shonyo, who could untangle animated horse power amidst 24 kicking hoofs with more ease, than the modern young mechanic can separate two dead 90-horse power motors after a head-on collision.

**Life Cheap and Mourners Few**

Following the custom of boom mining towns many tragedies occurred. One shooting scrape in the Miners Delight saloon and dance hall, one wounded man taken to the Feather hotel and his would-be slayer calling later to see if he had done a good job (which he did), and when on his

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IN THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-NINE

way back down stairs a shot in the back from the victim's friends, made two killings for the day and balanced the account. A number of other strangers and bad men were shot and hung by the police and vigilantes, but as most everybody was strangers, there was no great how-de-do about small matters like this. At Maysville on Highway 50 the National East and West route, dubbed the Ghost Highway of The Rockies by the Hermit, there stands on old pine tree. Woodmen spared that tree, whether from sentiment or superstitious fear, has never been determined, but it stands as a mute reminder of vengeance as dealt out by men of the good old days. But now nature and father time has taken a hand and with a thunderbolt from the sky this monument is soon to be eliminated as a reminder of a grisly past. On the strong, now dead limb of this tree, justice demanded an eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth, life for life, and where as many as two at a time were hung on different occasions, and many rope marks are still visible.

**A Smile on the Face, Fear in the Heart**

The outstanding tragedy occurred when the mob hung two men for robbery and murder on this hangman's tree, a gruesome reminder of mob vengeance and as the story goes Shorty was nearly dead from fright, while Haggerty smiled in derision at their clumsy methods. As both hands were tied behind them with bailing wire, in their struggle against death Haggerty found a temporary footing on a knot of the tree, but one of the mob soon pried him loose to swing into space, but with a steady stream of oats to the last, Haggerty died game. It seems strange that in the stress of emotion when the odds are 100 to 1, so-called brave men were in at the death, but in the calm of the tomorrow's they are at with the world, would not harm a fly, and now totally indifferent to their part in the crime, they could hardly find enough among them to serve as pallbearers for the funeral they themselves helped create. Those forced smiles never came from the heart of condemned men, and both, even with a spirit of bravado were fearful and troubled, this could be detected when one asked the first one strung up how the next world looked, and if he were dead yet. It was all over in 15 minutes, but the bodies hung until next day, and sometime during the night some unscrupulous scoundrels stole the boots from their feet. Ethics decreed that all brave men be buried with their boots on, otherwise the affair was without honor, so some friends of the dead men

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hurriedly procured two pairs of old boots, thus allowing the victims the benefit of being interred in the manner befitting bad men of the good old days. Another peculiar tragedy occurred when the town jokester, carrying a lemon squeezer in his hip pocket, reached behind him with a "hands up" demand and without hesitation the one-legged fiddler pulled out his own six shooter and Sydney was dead.

My old friend, Joe Dunn, freight wagon driver for the North Fork mines didn't believe in haunts, oh no, although he always carried a rabbit's foot in his pockets to ward off evil spirits. Yet he declared when midnight's dark clouds were hanging low and the winds were drifting from Shavano's peak, gently sighing and moaning through the aspen groves he "hearn with his own ears" subdued voices, and "seed' with his own eyes strange doins around that aire tree. Right or wrong while I'm not supersitious (very) I was not going to visit the spot at night time to eliminate the doubt, and my feelings were shared by the general public as they always gave the locality a wide berth.

Yes, we in the old days had our moments when romance was in the air, but believe the old Hermit, that spot was not selected as a trysting place for love and to my knowledge there was never any petting done under the shade of that old pine tree.

**Maysville First and Only Circus**

Over these trails of yesterday came the first and only circus to Maysville in the upper South Arkansas valley, it arrived simultaneously with the railroad and caused plenty of excitement. The circus train consisted of 5 cars and the whole works could now be loaded in one of our modern freight cars, including the performers. So from Chaffee City (now Monarch) Columbus, Junction City (now Garfield) Arbourville, Shavano Town and Poncha Junction they came afoot, by jackass back, horseback, ox team, stagecoach, freight wagon, buckboard and by special train from Salida to see that circus, and what a day. The little park above town was full to overflowing with vehicles of every kind and description. The ladies both good and bad dressed in their Sunday go-to-meeting clothes of satin, silk and calico, with bustles like you never saw, "and it seemed the bigger the bustle the higher the social standing," but believe it or not, they looked more winsome and pretty those days than they do right now, and again with those wide hips, heavy busts, 17-inch waists, marvelous curves and hair reaching

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to the waist, to say nothing about those long trailing skirts held up daintily by kid gloved hand, no wonder those old-timers fought to the death over women that were women. And again I repeat (with exceptions) and with no reflection on misguided femininity, these puny, spindling, streamlined modern janes could not have held a job as pantry maid in a second class hotel, much less aspire to a position in the dance hall or theatre as entertainer, and certainly would not qualify as a wife of an old sourdough. Mind you no criticism intended, but just one of those things in the good old days that have passed, never to return, unless the old Hermit himself succeeds in his crusade of restoring honest gold and silver money, and restoring modest long-skirted women to that pedestal of alluriveness from which they have tumbled. Yes, by heavens, there is another thing missing to-day and that is mystery, and many of the old-timers used to tell me they had lived a lifetime and never saw a female ankle, much less a limb.

**Light Fingered Gentry in Evidence**

Well, next came the gamblers in Prince Albert coat and sombreros, bright hued neckties, sporting a real or imitation diamond scarf pin as big as a marble, and flashy vests, and the real professional was always known by the distinctive cut and color of this checkered garment. Then the old prospector, with whiskers reaching to the waist, all properly dyed, disinfected, and matted by the juice of good old climax or horseshoe plub tobacco. The mines round about declared a holiday, and the celebration really started about 6 a. m. in the surrounding towns on this eventful day, and talk about reckless drivers, we had them then the same as now, all over the road and off the road, and no wreckers to pick you up, everybody for himself and the devil get the hindmost. When we arrived at Maysville they were just putting up the main tent at the circus lot, there must have been three thousand people and at least a thousand horses, mules and packasses tied to the stakes, wagon wheels, rotten stumps and stone thereabouts, and when the band started playing you can imagine what happened, with the first toot of the horn and beat of the drum, those animals unaccustomed to such noise went into a panic, just turned everything upside down, topsy turvy, scattering buggies and wagons all over Maysville, and for ten years after that memorable day you could still see evidence of the stampede. The wagon makers and blacksmiths got more business from

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that one day circus than would have come to them through six months of ordinary wear and tear.

**Nerve the Price of Admission**

When the side show got going good, old Doc Bengé, McMannus, Munn Bros., and Moccasin Jim, all in a happy frame of mind, and following their usual nervy custom, wanted free passes, and with a few spouts from the six guns about the feet of the fat lady, and human skeleton, the argument stopped right there. This opened the tent flap for them and we all followed after, there was so much confusion nobody could see any show, the short skirt dancer, Tom Thumb, bearded lady and snake charmer, and even the snakes themselves, as well as the other freaks, were so nervous and excited they wouldn't stay put, much less do any performing. We didn't see any side show, and no loss there, as we hadn't paid any fare. From there we finally got in the big tent and it was sure filled to capacity and here Spike Murphy, Arizona Jim and Big Tex thought the clowns and hippodrome races were too slow, so in their playful way, began kicking up a little dust close to the performers heels with the six guns. This certainly added to the speed and such a race you never saw, the monkeys couldn't stay on the ponies or the riders on the horses, and with the lions roar, the tigers howl and the bears growl, the old elephant, camels, giraffe and horses went berserk, then it got to be a free-for-all. Everybody in but trying to get out, and it finally ended when the elephant went right through the band stand and stopped the music.

**Quiet Restored For the Moment**

After so long order was restored, the wounded taken to the hospital and everything going peaceful and quiet, with minds intent on watching the trapeze performers do their stuff, but when the bareback lady rider was to jump through the blazing hoop, the good-hearted boys in the simple appreciative way, led by one Cyclone Pete from up Shavano way started their applause by a fusilade of shots in the air. Then as it would be now, the act was misconstrued and the lady got nervous, never did get through the hoop, in fact, couldn't stay on the horse, and the circus ended right there amid discord and confusion. Nobody went out the entrance, but broke through anywhere. Such a wreck you never saw, and so ended the first and last circus that came to Maysville town and certainly proved to be three circuses within a circus.

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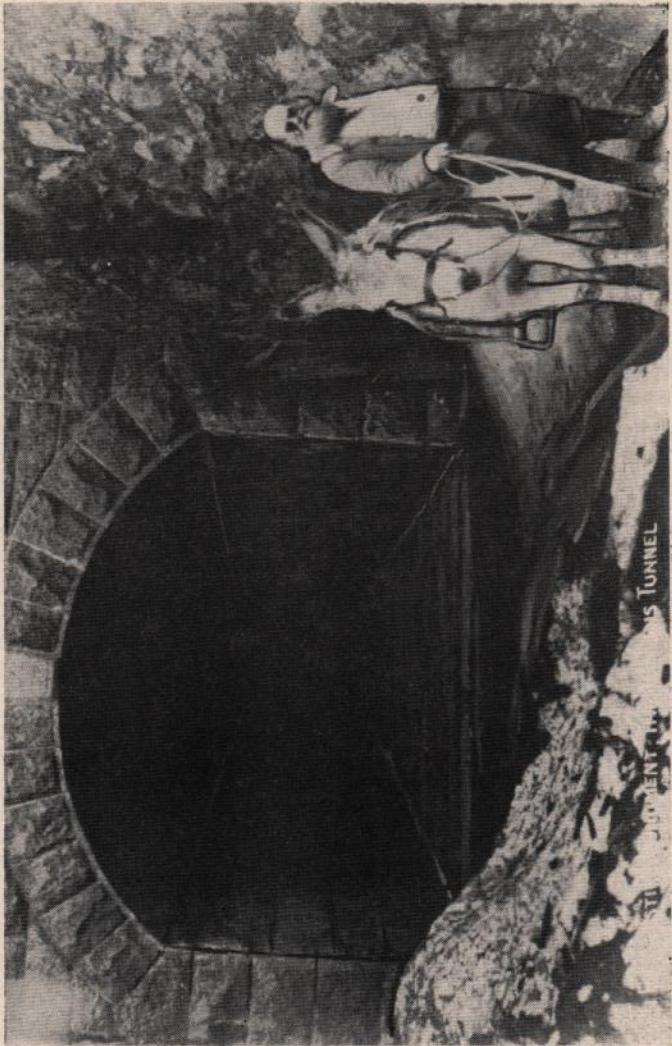
**Speed Demons on the Rampage**

Now even to-day you moderns talk much about drunken drivers and speed demons. You should have seen the wrecks along those one-way mountain roads. It took a full week for the doctor and repair men to pick up the parts of men, jackasses, horses and vehicles, but I still say those were the good old days, and right here I want to pay tribute to Jim Salee, sheriff, and Chicago Jim, chief of police of Junction City. There were a few killings during the day, but they opened up the jail doors, turned the prisoners loose on probation, so that nothing should mar the festivities of the day or dampen the spirits of the crowd, and yet two ungrateful whelps that were to be hanged next day, abused the privilege and made their getaway, stealing two fine horses, thus adding to their previous crimes. We pay tribute to Mort Shonyo, Wade Coburn and Angus Kennedy, for they were horsemen, and upside down or inside out, when they finally got those horses caught and hitched, they stayed hitched, and the credit of restoring order out of chaos goes to them, and Old Doc Bengé (a horse doctor at that) we owe him a tribute while he never did let business interfere with pleasure, or would not practice on circus day, he certainly was an artist with a hand saw and butcher knife, when it came to amputations. Quite often the patient died after the operation, but always due to other complications. As far as I know this is the only authentic account of the first circus in our valley, and up to the last few years the old ring was still visible. For sentiment, history and old times sake the ring should be restored, and the event recorded for posterity.

**The Trails We Leave Behind Us**

And to the builders, I eulogize Mort Shonyo, a great man who believed in Chaffee County, earned and invested every dollar in home enterprise and he and others like him have not been replaced by soldiers of chance who might be inclined toward constructive efforts.

At this time I would give honorable mention to Dr. O'Connor, once chief surgeon to the Denver and Rio Grande, and the Israel Brothers, once postmasters and U. S. Marshal, natives of Maysville, and who achieved success in their respective lines. Now a tribute to John Billins, who donated one million dollars to North Fork, Maysville and Chaffee County, and who to-day enjoys the distinction of having the greatest and most enduring monument erected to his memory than any other citizen in the county, so at the head



The BILLINS TUNNEL, A work of art high above timberline, a monument enduring to the end of time.

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of the North Fork high above timberline still stands the dream of John Billins, rusted boiler and compressor still stand inside the rock built fallen structure, the big tunnel was expected to cut bodies of rich ore at great depth, and even to-day, the great big granite archway at the portal has chiseled in the key stone, these letters, "PRIDE OF THE WEST." A perfect piece of construction it was, that will last until the end of time, and as long as posterity comes and goes we can see a monument that will be a fitting tribute to an old pioneer that believed in visions, and proved his faith with constructive evidence. So Maysville prospered much as the distributing point for this venture, and profited by the million dollar investment, while the Billins band added much to the City's popularity and glory.

### The Tenacity of the Pioneer

Then the Jay family, who with great faith stayed with the City until the last dog was dead, and I bring to mind Annie, a beautiful woman on her coal black steed, Satan, whom none could ride but she, the pride of the valley and the envy of every other woman, a picture on memory's negative never to be forgotten. And now a tribute to Ad Jay, a pioneer in the sawmill business. It was he, with a lifetime of honest work, who delivered honest values for honest dollars that made it possible, and provided homes for hundreds of citizens of Chaffee County. He was a product of the good old days, a builder of harmony and good fellowship. Every gulch in the valley has heard the hum of his saw that delivered honest lumber at 10 dollars per thousand, and no stumpage, no tax, no labels, no kiln dried and surfaced, just real rough and solid material to suit the pocketbook and desires of real rugged people. This in great contrast to our present price of 40 dollars per thousand feet and up, this high price brought about by taxes, stumpage, scaling, blueprinting, labeling and surfacing to a flimsy thinness, but suitable for modern gypsies that would live in miniature houses on wheels, or knock down structures. No, give me a stable home of rough texture where we can raise men and women of character and physique, rather than a race of anemic, cream-puffed, pencil-pushers and swivel chair addicts.

### Foundations of Permanence

An outstanding family in the history of the valley was that of the Wolfroms, settling just West and above the canyon where the Public Service power station now stands. Here

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along with his cattle raising he raised a family of 11 children. To look at the small acreage on the hillside one would wonder how this family could exist, but in addition to his family, stock growing and farming qualifications, he was also an able carpenter and the best fiddler in the valley, but adding to his weakness, he was a persistent prospector and like others of this breed (and I'm for 'em) put more in the Highland Mary Mine than he ever extracted therefrom. A hardy pioneer of the old West and regardless if the dance be at Columbus, Chaffee City, Junction City, Maysville, Poncha, Missouri, Dobbie or Sand Park, or if the weather be 40 below zero and ground covered with 4 feet of snow, the old gent would be there. Wolfrom and all of his girls were musical and from early days he always had a girl to play the organ, and "believe it or not" every one of those girls were also talented and masters in the art of milking a cow, which made them doubly attractive to the many swains intent on settling down amid Gods green acres. The children, nine girls and two boys, were well divided in point of years, so first came Lan, then Belle, who played the organ until married, then came Stella, Minnie, Clara, Lizzie, Emma, Anna, Maggie and Lulu and before each girl married, she had served about 3 years at the organ, accompanying the old mans' fiddle, and but for the Wolfrom family there would have been few dances, churches, Sunday schools or public schools at Maysville.

**Clinging to Memories**

So this family of great promise, prolific in point of numbers, kept the faith and held on until the 3rd generation, but even hope can die by starvation, and thus as the mines all proved to be duds, or at least have not proven otherwise, even today, the family scatters to the four corners of the earth. So just prior to the departure was held the grand reunion of the clan, and on this last event, the floor in the Union Sunday school building collapsed, precipitating the whole aggregation into the cellar with no fatalities resulting, so Jim, with the tenacity of all prospectors, the lone survivor of the Wolfrom family, still has his mine in the Canyon. He still believes he will uncover the mother lode in just another foot, and who knows, perhaps he will, it has been done before. Maysville as one of the new towns of the West had many great characters, among whom were the Morey Bros. with mine properties, the Bay State and Missouri Boy on Taylor peak up Cree Camp way, and it so

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East End of Colorado Avenue.

Maysville, Colorado.

Board, per Week, \$6.00; per Day, \$1.50. Lodging, 35 cts.

[over.]

## ALTITUDES AND DISTANCES

### Distances From Maysville To

### Altitudes of Cities

Poncha .....	6	Maysville .....	8,200
South Arkansas .....	12	Arbourville .....	8,700
Buena Vista .....	38	'Garfield' Junction .....	9,450
Arbourville .....	4	Chaffee City .....	9,780
Junction "Garfield" .....	6½	Monarch Pass .....	10,010
Chaffee City .....	8	Alma .....	10,044
Tumichi City, Trail .....	17	Montezuma .....	10,295
White Pine, Trail .....	18	Fairplay .....	9,964
Shavano City, Trail .....	12	Breckenridge .....	9,674
Sage, via stage .....	16	Central City .....	8,300
Leadville .....	86	Lake City .....	8,550
Canon City .....	68	Rosita .....	8,500
Pueblo .....	109	Georgetown .....	8,400
Colorado Springs .....	154	Silver Cliff .....	8,000
Denver .....	229	Manitou .....	6,297
Cheyenne .....	334	Del Norte .....	7,750
Silver Cliff .....	102	Saguache .....	7,745
Pike's Peak .....	164	Idaho Springs .....	7,500
Lake City, Utah .....	359	Colorado Springs .....	6,023
Santa Fe, N.M. ....	413	Trinidad .....	5,005
Kansas City .....	727	Golden .....	5,729
St. Louis .....	1005	Boulder .....	5,536
Lake City, Colo. ....	105	Denver .....	5,224
Silverton, Colo. ....	150	Canon City .....	5,260
Chicago .....	1215	Pueblo .....	4,400
Boston .....	2206	Leadville .....	10,200
Pitkin, Colo., Trail ..	39		
Gunnison City, R.R. ....	60		
Bonanza City .....	29		
Hutchinson, Kans. ....	520		

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happened in this first blackout, Ed, among others, was chosen warden to enforce the rules. Men of this character and sound judgment was so much a permanent part of the old West as old Mt. Aetna, Shavano and Monumental themselves, and for years after, when old age kept creeping on, Ed Morey could not be pried from his old stamping ground in the mountains he loved so well, and today at Arbor-Villa stands the last camp ground he occupied each summer for 50 years. To him no castle held greater attraction, and to people it should teach a lesson of persistence, remaining a marker to now confused people, how man lived in simple state and content in the good old days, and lived by his efforts alone, and not from Uncle Sam's barren cupboards as we are doing now.

**Tribute Paid When Tribute Due**

Now a word of tribute to Swede Anna, but not her consort, he who prayed long and loud that he might connect up with a job, but being addicted to fine raiment with a habit of smoking fancy, high price cigars and drinking bubbling spirits, it must, of course, be a position of sufficient remuneration and carry social prestige enough to be attractive, but again he overlooked the code of ethics of the West, whereby no man was to live by the efforts of any woman. It was he who was to be breadwinner, so when Jimmy was served notice that unless he connected with a muck stick on the Copper Queen Mine by 7 a.m. on a certain morning, he was not to see the sun go down again in Maysville town. Yes, that code of man being provider, whether it took 8, 10, 12 or 14 hours work per day was correct, for even in those days, men as dumb as they were, knew if women once got out of the corral of domestic servitude, she would as proven, be forever out of control. Yes, woman was created only to supply the inspiration and look to the perpetuation of the race, and man could do the rest. God indeed decreed that women were to be creatures of impulse, controlled by emotions that hung by a hair-spring trigger, she was born to be unhappy, and it matters not if she be free or chained in the domestic cave, she is still unhappy. But poor Anna pined and grieved over the loss of that piece of male tripe, and faced a future with heart and soul as chilly to the warm advances of other males, as the icelandic peaks of her native land. She wept in silence and alone, and tho she stayed in the community, no man ever found a small niche in Anna's heart. All the males gave up in despair ex-

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cept Cyclone Pete, who remained her slave to the last. But think of her most as popular singer at the Central and later as washerwoman for the district, and like all true Westerners near the top of Missouri peak, she had a prospect, every dollar of her surplus earnings went into the Expectation Mine, and on another day as I passed that way I paid particular attention to the drill hole marks on the tunnel walls, and counted the cost of that monument in dollars and hours of toil. She certainly did her bit for the County, a better prospector than many a man, and at what a cost of labor over the wash tub as she staked someone year after year, to do the annual assessment work on this would be gold mine near the skies.

**While Romancing, Time Stands Still**

Comes the closing prayer on another day and members file out the church door. Cyclone timed his movements to connect up with Anna as they stepped out into the sunlight. "How about a stroll," says Pete. "Don't care if I do," says Anna, and they are soon stepping ties along the railroad track. They climb the little hill to old Indian stone head, with gentle hands Cyclone helped her to a seat on the old chiefs pate, where with both feet resting on old Geronimo's frost cracked nose, these two tough old birds, in point of experience, but young in romantic years, talked of the weather as even you and I, but their thoughts were of other things, so near and yet so far away. They wander on up to lookout point settling down under the 300 year old lightning scarred tree. They look down on a real City of that day, that will in truth be a ghost town tomorrow. Romance in the rough. "Anna, why not forget that no count guy Jimmie, pack up your duds, we'll get the preacher to say the words, and you'll be a lady with a home of your own in Shavano, town, and soon as I strike it on the Only Chance. I'll dress you in silks and sables." She listened intent, Pete of all her admirers was the only one to speak of marriage, she doubted both the prospectors chances of finding a mine, failing in this he could hardly fulfill his many promises. "Pete, someday perhaps, but not just now." And that day might have come had not Pete succumbed to pneumonia. They buried him amid the small pines on the rocky knoll close by his cabin door in Shavano town with Anna the only mourner to shed a tear. Yes, she did forget Jimmy, and she now sleeps alone in the abandoned graveyard above Monarch. Only the voice of the wind is heard as it sighs and murmurs through the





DOCTOR FINLA McCLURE, the super prospector of the West, has left his mark (prospect) atop our highest peaks.

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silver spruce, but if I know my stuff, it carries a message of spiritual telepathy between two souls that died with but a single thought, for Anna never forgot that Cyclone promised to make her a lady.

### **Great Men Few and Far Between**

One other outstanding character in the life of the boom towns, along the valleys of the South Arkansas and Arkansas rivers was Dr. Finla McClure, and as I tread over the trails of yesterday, I know his footsteps once passed that way, and I think of him as a benefactor to the people with little or no remuneration, and his reward certainly did not come from earth, so we will hope he received just compensation in heaven. Every trail to every mine is closely interwoven with the life of some particular man, so the trail to the Mason Mine atop of Clover Mountain was blazed and built by Dr. Finla McClure.

### **Men of Tempered Steel**

My acquaintance with the Dr. began in the early 1880s, under circumstances hard to forget. In a free-for-all fight in a Junction City (now Garfield) saloon, a miner had his throat cut, the Dr. was on the spot with no instruments or anesthetics, but was equal to the occasion. Calling to the bartender for darning needle and twine, and with the help of 4 men to hold the patient down he sewed the gash together, "and it proved to be a successful operation."

### **By Faith Ye Shall Know Them**

In my 40 years of contact, the Dr. was sold on his faith in the Mason Mine, and everything else that pertained to Chaffee County. His early years was spent in the west end of the County, bringing life into the world and answering calls to the sick and distressed. The going was hard, sometimes on foot, snowshoes, jackass or horse, but he always got there, and between times, always digging and plugging away, and shipping some ore, it's possible that some part of the silver dollar jingling in your pocket, came from this man's labor from the mine.

### **The Silver Mine in the Sky**

The Mason at an altitude of 13,000 feet, was not accessible to the timid, it took strong men, under the direction of a superman, to defy the elements, and to extract from mother earth (eternally frozen) the ores for the jack trains to carry down the winding and precipitous mountain trail, at times in a raging blizzard 40 below zero, and wind with a velocity of 75 miles per hour, every ass a mov-

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ing ball of ice, that took a sledge hammer application to unload.

**Fearful Men Found Wanting**

Here an event took place that was to shame the writer and others. Most all the residents of the district was in debt to the Doctor and on many occasions they would work for him in any capacity to pay the obligation, among these was one Peg Leg Thompson and even the handicap of wooden leg did not deter him from going jack back to the Mason Mine atop the Continental Divide, here at times and alone he worked to the best of his ability. Myself and others were working the Atlantic and Pacific 3 miles down in the valley from the Mason, when at about 5 p. m. along comes the Dr. jack back on his way to the mine, nothing unusual about this only it was a great risk to even try to buck the drifting snow covered trail and get to destination before dark, a greater surprise was to see him retracting his steps, stopping at the cabin on his way to Salida, explaining that Peg Leg was in need, had not been able to urinate for several days and he, "the Dr." found it necessary to get the instruments for catheterizing and every hour delay might be too late. If we at the cabin had been a little more human, two of us would have made our way to the mine, but after a hard days work, energy is at low ebb, so we did nothing, but were we surprised and ashamed when back the Dr. came with medicine kit at 12 midnight astride a tired old jack on his way to the mine.

**It's Human to Talk Much — Do Little**

Just from courtesy one of us should have insisted on accompanying him on his hazardous journey, but again we were silent. It must have been about 2 a. m. that we were awakened by the braying of the jackass high up on the mountain side. A snow storm was raging and we speculated on what had happened. We were sure the jackass had fallen from the trail down the mountain side but did the Dr. go with him? Had we been men we would have started then to go on the 3 mile stretch but hesitated and kept deferring while at intervals came the agonizing bray of the donkey in distress. This continued until daylight when far up and below the horseshoe trail we could discern the jackass stuck in the deep snow drift. Now we were alarmed, ate breakfast in a hurry and started, but looking up we saw the Dr. come around windy point, proof that he had made the mine, saved his patient and was on the way back.

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**Man's Endurance Beyond Understanding**

No other man in the County or State could have suffered the hardship and endured the strain of 2 round trips from Salida to the Mason in the dead of night and total time of 18 hours, the distance 92 miles via buggy and jackass. Yes, we were ashamed, and could only excuse ourselves by the fact there were no lives lost.

During the winter of 1885 when the Mt. Etna, Taylor Mt., and Clover Mt. slides covered the roads and trails to a depth of 50 feet with ice, rocks and timber, and with the same stroke, wiped the town of Columbus from the map, and thru many subsequent years the Mason operated and produced more or less wealth.

After the Dr. moved to Salida and added the office of Mayor to his already over burdened activities, he seemed more alert and forever on the move. A new baby, or a case of pneumonia in Salida in the morning, and extracting a sack of ore from the Mason in the afternoon.

I want to impress on the people of Chaffee County what they owe to the memory of Dr. McClure for the thousands of lives he brought in the world and the thousands of lives he saved, with the first and last installment still unpaid, and as a tribute to a constructive and productive trail blazer and greatest prospector ever known, let's place a monument in the Public Park to honor one of the greatest men Colorado ever knew.

My eyes now turn toward Shavano, and there on the very top of the Peak lies the Alaska Mines, veritable gold mines in the sky. Gold and silver can be found lying about most anywhere in the Rockies, but it must still be of sufficient quantity and quality to make the mining of it profitable. So still standing to-day atop the lofty peak 14 thousand feet high is the cabins and trails, tunnels and shafts of the Alaska Mines. Gold, gold all around you but again the streak is not wide enough or rich enough to make one a King Midas, so the jack trains have passed from the trails, the jack puncher Mark McCoy sits down to rest for the last time on the tip of the angels wings, and from that painless sleep never awakens. All is silent, the winds with drifting snow, whispers "sleep on, sleep on tired one," and gently murmurs a soft lullaby as snow sifts from the rugged cliffs and covers very quietly, thus not disturbing the sleeper. He is soon tucked in, inch by inch, foot by foot, in a down of fluffy whiteness, and soon only the projecting crags are visible on

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the surface of the angels wing. The faithful pack animals hear not the voice of their master, wonder why they must await long for the sometime harsh and sometime gentle words of the puncher, then turn about on the snow filled trail, but the two leaders loaded with timber cannot face about and they are soon floundering in the deep snow below the trail and die along with the sleeper above. The other animals now without a leader follow the faintly visible tracks back to timberline miles below, here too, there is no one to unload their pack, and they drift down the valley and are soon tangled with the barb wire fences, there to die from weariness and starvation. Only a couple were found and saved from this ill fated expedition which might be titled, "The Last Trip of Mark McCoy," or "To Heaven via the Angel's Wing."

**One Man's Loss Another Man's Gain**

This venture of Dr. McClure's, like tens of thousands of other mining attempts was unprofitable in dollars, but always the lure of bright yellow gold and shiny white silver drew them like a magnet to the Gold and Silver West. Want a gold mine? Well, here is one for the asking, and believe the old prospector, the only honest gambling game in the world is mining, and whether you win or lose, it has given you something in life "a dream that never dies," and without such dreams, no man has ever really lived or enjoyed to the fullest, life itself.

**A Tribute to a Friend—Dr. McClure**

A moment's thought  
To friends of old  
Who have gone before  
Ere their story's told.

I call to fading mind  
As I walk the age old trail  
One of the greatest of men  
That knew not the word fail.

No mountain trail too steep  
Or stage road too rough  
To answer the call of distress  
When the going was tough.

In sunshine or rain  
Through snow or sleet  
This man never knew  
Of the word defeat.

Sometimes afoot or by snowshoe  
Old buggy or lone engine would do  
Or astride a horse mebbe  
And jackass would serve often too.

But he never failed  
When misfortune came your way  
To do for your's and you  
Over trails of yesterday.

Now I stand atop Shavano's peak  
Once part of a great man's domain  
His mine a marker to remind all  
Only human values remain.

"MAYSVILLE"  
IN THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-NINE

**The Irristible Trails of the Past**

Again my feet leads me along what was once the streets and alleys of the booming town of Maysville, nothing remains but an old shack or two, strange that of the 5 towns in the upper valley, Columbus, Chaffee City, (Monarch) Junction City (Garfield) Arbourville and Maysville, only one,, Junction City was destroyed by fire, the other removed board by board, log by log to build up Salida and farm houses thereabout, until nothing remains to mark these spots of former glory and activity. The dump of the Copper Queen stands out on the Mountain side a lonely sentinel to remind one of days that were, when 12 thousand people passed by and abided in the new ghost towns of yesterday. The rumblings and chuck of the wagon wheels with their cargoes of gold and silver have passed from sight, and the tracks along the old board walks have been erased by the elements of time. The hangman's tree has died and like the victims, that once swung from its branches, it too, lies now fallen to earth, so for posterity, only the picture and story henceforth can pick out the spot. Immanuel Cope, a last survivor with his thousand dollar bag of gold, treads no more the byways of the old town, and while poverty often stalked his footsteps, he refused to part with his gold, but a thief finally cashed in the results of his hard earned labor, and now at this stage of the game I firmly believe any man married to a hobby, if it be not essential to the well being of life, is far on the way to insanity, thus we are faced with the fact that genius sometimes rates but 10% while the other 90% of man becomes slave to crack-pot theories. But of the mine and its riches no man knows, and with the departure of Immanuel from this life he carried the secret with him. I wander out into the suburbs up the North Fork way, and I pass the location of old Joe Watson's cabin. Joe too, had a mine and carried with him a sack or poke of rich coarse gold, he never seemed to be without money and as he passed on over the Divide, he also left no clue, so other soldiers of chance might discover the LOST GOLD MINE, and in spite of all efforts, it still remains a mystery that defies the work of man to learn of its whereabouts. But some day a prospector, fortune teller or seer with divining rods will uncover the treasure, or even old Jack Frost himself might pry from old Shavano's mighty peak another great slide, that will bare what has long been suspected as the rich-

**"MAYSVILLE"**  
**IN THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-NINE**

est mine in the valley, until then, the LOST GOLD MINE will be one of Chaffee County's greatest unsolved mysteries.

**Where the Valley Meets the Mountain**

Now on the Page ranch now covered by landslide, then take the long steep trail to the peak of Shavano. I pass the tumbled down half-way station, nothing there but a few rotted logs and rusty tin cans as evidence that man once passed that way, as I am nearing the top close by the angels wing lie the whitened bones of the jackasses, broken saddles and sticks of timber mark the trail unused for more than 40 years, and now, after many weary hours of climbing I finally reach the top. The sky between the fast moving clouds is the clearest of blue, the carrion crows and buzzards have left the scene for there are now no more living or dead prospectors and their packasses lying among the nooks and crannies of the mountain peaks, and valleys, even the tangled brush covered hillsides contain not enough wild life to provide the hungry birds and carnivorous animals with food. The winds comes at me with a velocity that nearly takes me off my feet as I stand and look about me from the saddle of the peak, far across on the Main Range I see the Mason on Clover Peak, the Wilson on Monarch Peak, the Pinnacle on Mt. Aetna, and the Gold King on Lime Peak at Maysville, and right under my feet stands the Alaska Mine abandoned and forgotten, the dreams of Dr. Finla McClure. By a peculiar quirk of nature Doc wanted his mines near the sky, and I am quite sure he never received one dollar back for each 100 he invested, but I wonder that people grieve at the loss of a few dollars in mines, when the loss of each of these dollars provided the lots and homes still standing in Salida town. Still true, it is not the dollars one extracts from a community that counts, but the dollars that one leaves there, and if Dr. McClure had actually been paid in dollars for services rendered and dollars invested, he would have been the richest man in the community without any earnings from his mines, but as the greatest prospector known, he desired riches from mother earth, rather than from poverty stricken nature's children.

**Nature's Forces Repressed But Never Licked**

So as I walk back through the corridors of the mine I find the archives that tell of the venture, the rusty hard steel, broken and rotted hammer handles we find discarded with

**"MAYSVILLE"**  
**IN THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-NINE**

the hammer and pick near by. These tools were simple and the work was done by hand labor and not machines, which is the order of to-day. To you, a stranger, the hieroglyphics and chisel marks are not decipherable, to me who knows the prospector's code, I can read about the dream, and can by the last few rounds see that the dreamer has been forced to count this as but another failure. Truly one can weep at the rise and fall of a great man's vision. As I venture outside the wind greets me with a deluge of small stones that cut my face unmercifully, which means begone from my domain. It soon recognizes me as one of that rugged profession, "the prospector," and settles down, "still defiant" into a gentle breeze. Far away to the West as far as eye can reach are the feint trails made by the pioneers of yesterday and I doubt if they will ever be travelled again. As I reach the narrow ridge my adversary challenges me with a howl and roar, and for a few minutes does bar my trail but 'tis useless, for it was thus we have battled for 70 years, and when recognizing a worthy contender it whimpers, sinking to a gentle hush as it plays around my feet and through my whiskers. Yes, my worthy antagonist and his allies, the snows, rains, and blizzards, even jack frost himself, honors me for the time being. Welcoming me as one of the few last remaining trail blazers of the West, but nature and his forces will still be there on the morrow guarding the Gold Mine in the sky, and well they know the prospector will have gone from the scene perhaps forever.

**A Deceptive Friend At Best**

As I leave the top of the Peak, skirting the ridges to the West, the wind, to hurry my departure, comes at me in gusts and great force with a huff and puff and determination to blow me from the point. In the lulls I dodge from protecting rock to rock, and one must meet its changing moods, and so through life nature's destructive aides, snow, rain, hail, gravel, rock and snow slides, has fought my every move. It was a force to defend one against, as it piled up the snow in great drifts, that broke away and came tumbling down the Mountains in great snowslides wiping out cabins and burying the old prospectors under an avalanche of stone and ice, and if this did not do the trick old jack frost, would from time to time pry away the great stones from the Peak, and these would come tumbling down and bury mine and all under its landslides and boulders. The wind is now abating

"MAYSVILLE"  
IN THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-NINE

but well it knows that some day I too among the tens of thousands old prospectors gone before, will fall before the impact, and then again nature's forces will again reign over the Gold Mine atop the peak.

I'm skirting the divide at the head of Jennings gulch, far below me in Brown's creek I see the workings of the Peerless mine, Schulke's dream for 60 years, there is no life about the place and well I know the dreamer will never again step foot on the spot, where a life-time of earnings will pass to some other man. Now I drop into North Fork Park, follow a trail leading me to the abandoned Billins tunnel at timberline, the year has been extremely dry and even streams high in the mountain were too warm for drinking, but well I knew when I reached the tunnel and walked inside a half mile I would find ice cold water gushing forth, and without light I traversed the distance, not a cave or rock had fallen in the 60 years to obstruct my way, and again I thanked such men as John Billins, the builder of dreams, as I slaked my thirst far beneath the mountain peak.

My trail now leads me down the valley and I soon enter the old town of Shavano, a few tumble down cabins still line the streets, where to gain possession of a lot, all one need do is grade his portion of the street, this gave him perpetual title to free water, and free access to worlds of wood on the hillside. Cleyone Pete's cabin still stands and the walls of the tavern sway in the wind ready to fall to earth again. Shavano was the high spot in the community where the Maysvilleites were prone to picnic and enjoy recreation, none but men could enter within the tavern and ladies (if they be) must content themselves without, sipping on ice cold lemonade. The by-laws of the City still promise to give away free lots to those who comply with the rule of grading one's own street, and even now while the whole valley has gone back to the primitive, if one would seek peace and quiet, here would be the place to find it. For companions one would have only the ghosts of the past and I can assure you they would be neighborly ghosts and harm not even a fly.

On down the valley I reach the cascades, here Old Man Huffman (not old then) dammed the river and from the crudest of materials built the first saw mill, run by 7 ft. saw blade on cam rods. How effective this proved to be, only he could say, but as I tried to locate the spot only a home-made

"MAYSVILLE" CRAZY CAMP IN THE  
DAYS OF SEVENTY-NINE

belt wheel could be found, and so we repeat, So fleet the works of man, back to the earth again, ancient and Holy things fade away like a dream.

It is but a step to Maysville town, not a light can I see, truly 'tis the land of solitude and in three days trip I have seen nary the sight of a human. So Maysville as a City began to decline after the railroad extended its lines to Chaffee City. The Billins tunnel also closed, while the smelters could not find the proper flux for successful operation. So began the rise and fall of Maysville, with a boom life of but a few years duration, and as we know, one man's loss is another man's gain and thus many of Salida's homes today are built from the wreck of Maysville town. So passes the glory of a city from greatness to oblivion, a ghost city of the yesterdays, and to-day as I walk the mile long deserted street, only three monuments are left standing, the old Anderson home, the lower part of the once two-story schoolhouse, and Fred Shelmos house at the bridge. On the hill lies the old graveyard containing the bones of the good and bad pioneers of the good old days. The sleepers mostly forgotten, but fortunately the highway ghouliteers leave their souls rest in peace to await the call of Gabriel.



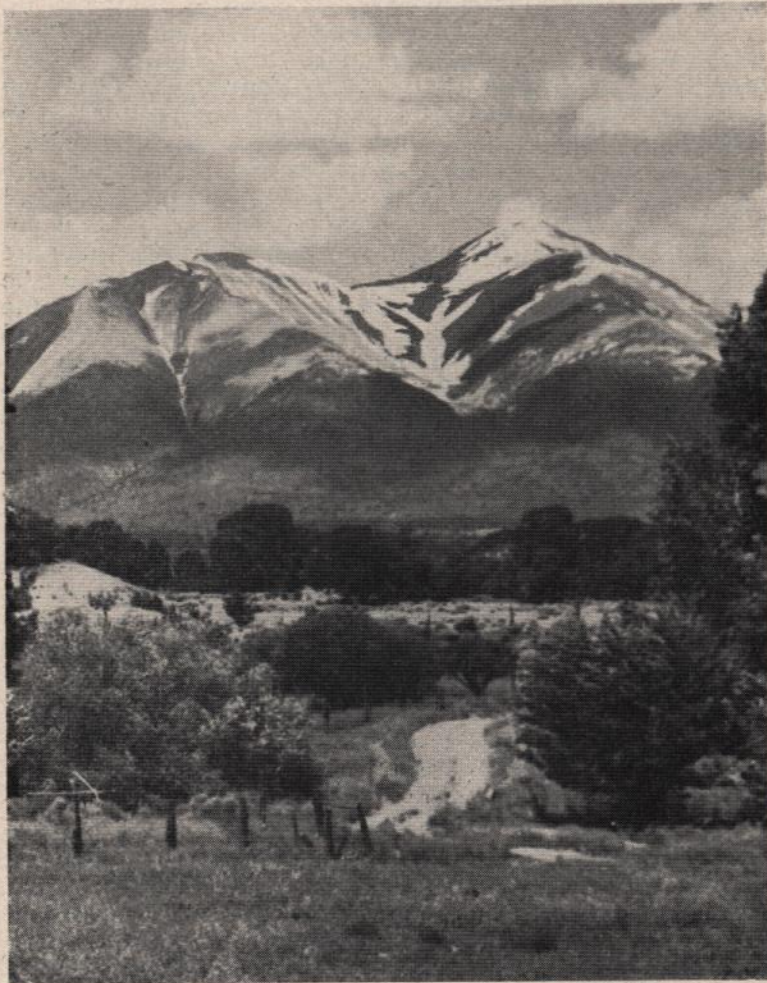
**MAYSVILLE BUT A MEMORY**

The sound of the axe and saw are heard no more  
The wagons and stages travels not your streets  
Sixty years of time erases much from memory's cells  
Yet tales of its glory and greatness I now repeat  
A picture of the City, visible only to mine eye  
The negative forever lost to you now passing bye.

**THE HERMIT OPINES**

Money saved creates machines of industry  
Necessity of man to labor keeps it operating.

Increases of money or goods to one group  
Decreases money and goods to another group.



SHAVANO PEAK, the Angel of Shavano. She stands today as a thousand years ago, the guardian of a gold mine in the sky.

## MOUNT SHAVANO AN ANGEL GUARDS THY GOLDEN PEAK

As Thee looks down on our fair City, sees what's taken place.  
SHAVANO—Methinks I see a scowl on thy age worn august face  
Judge not too severely. 'Tis true we have neglected many things  
And comprehend not the signs, omens of the Angels snowy wings  
Eternally, mystically pointing to the North and South I know  
To Spanish treasure, gold and silver in hill and valley below.

SHAPANO—The legend of a golden treasure buried, to my mind  
Lies somewhere still undiscovered, for lucky men to find.  
The gold that nature planted, a stones throw from your top  
Waits for men of daring, that minor obstructions cannot stop.  
I lament, bewail, loss of initiative and faith of yesterday  
That to-day's indifference and disillusion has taken away.

SHAVANO—You were not forsaken, fifty and more odd years ago.  
Twenty thousand people lived around you in camp fire glow.  
Real men (like ants in a hill) digging and doing their best  
Extracting the wealth of Midas, from nature's treasure chest.  
And now for miles in the distance, as far as eyes can see  
Not a sign of life anywhere, all gone hence, many to eternity.

SHAVANO—Despairingly I stand again on top thy massive peak  
Yet know it is folly to mourn longer, for those I would seek.  
Never again see the engine smoke, on the old South Park line,  
Hear the whistle on Billings tunnel, or the Hunky Dora mine.  
Mountains and hills around you, the valley beneath your feet  
Deserted by all humans, a picture of devastation is complete.

SHAVANO—On Thy snowy steep slope, passed the trails of old  
Along which passed the sourdough on his search for gold,  
Defying winters blizzard, to swing a pick with hope and joy,  
Yet on the tip of the angels wing sleeps the soul of McCoy.  
What more could human want, so near to the heavens on high  
An angel standing guard, with arm extending to the blue sky?

SHAVANO—Forever watch over us weaklings, remove that frown,  
The five thousand still survive in good old Salida twon.  
No incentive but to wander, up and down the crowded street,  
Just like so many herds of poor, neglected, forgotten sheep.  
Who cares, Shavano, of the riches buried in thy mighty peak?  
We're satisfied with leisure, moderns on more treasure seek.

SHAVANO—You and I, sad and alone, mark the passing of time  
And I too am leaving you in solitude, invincible and sublime.  
So long, old timer, I'm on my way over the old familiar trail,  
Down the mountain side, through the valley, o'er hill and dale.  
Well I know in the distance of twenty long miles and more  
I will not meet one human soul, until I reach my cabin door.

—THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

## **The Madonna Mine**

### **By Dam "The Mother Lode"**

Thus said an old prospector as we turn memory's pages back 60 years and more, and follow another trail to another mine, via Chaffee City (Monarch) Colorado, up to Monarch Park, along the cemetery, not through it as the highway now runs, on by the Silent Friend Mine, the Wilson Mine and alongside the steep slopes of Monarch Mountain, and we reach Zero, discovered and first located by Nick Creede, and later by George L. Smith (our first County school superintendent) and Mark Gray, under the name of the Madonna, Cherubim and Seraphim, part of the holdings, and generally called THE MADONNA MINE. First discovered by Creede in 1878, who on sampling the deposit, found but six ounces of silver per ton, told his two prospector friends they might have it, throw off his location stakes and put their's on, and just due to the fact that the ore contained so little silver, the 40% of lead content (base metal) mattered not a dam to Creede, who was looking for silver and gold (precious metals) first, last and all the time.

#### **A Gift of Millions Sans the Scratch of a Pen**

So Creede, who later discovered the Amethyst mine and founded the town of Creede where as Cy Warman once said, it was day time all the time, and there was no night in Creede, gave away millions. Smith and Gray sold for the pitiful sum of ten thousand, (they too giving away millions), Davis and McDonald who later sold for 20 thousand, they too lost millions. The loss by these three prior owners of millions thus created the foundation of the Eilers fortune, proving that one man's loss is another man's gain, and that whether an individual wins or loses in the mining game, the venture always adds to the wealth of any community.

#### **Simplicity Has Its Limitations**

The Madonna Co. conceived the idea of a smelter in 1880, the first in the South Arkansas valley, for at that time the railroad had not yet reached Salida and the ore could not be hauled profitably to Canon City, the nearest railroad station. After several attempts at smelting, the owners called in Antoine Eilers, a chemist and metallurgist of some note, to remedy the fault. After a thorough test, Mr. Eilers declared the flux necessary for successful operation, could not be had in sufficient variety at Monarch, he then made an offer to buy, which was accepted and proceeded to build

## **THE MADONNA MINE**

### **BY DAM "THE MOTHER LODE"**

the Colorado Smelter at Pueblo, which handled the entire output of the mine for nearly 40 years.

#### **Men and Mule Power Build the Railroad Grades**

At this early day the railroad in 1881 reached Maysville, where for two more years the ore wagons unloaded after the 10 mile trip from the mine, with a guarantee by the management of 150 tons of ore per day for five years, the railroad was extended to Monarch. To overcome a rise in elevation of two thousand feet in the short distance of ten miles was quite an engineering feat, but with the most perfect S and another Z (switch back) they reached the foot of the hill, and at this same time a rail tram was installed from No. 2 level, and under the management of Charley Mitchell and Jimmy McCune, the mine produced 20 carloads of ore per day, up and until the panic of 1893. One solid piece of galena and silver ore weighing 14,000 lbs., (7 tons), was with much difficulty mined and transported to Pueblo, and for many years was an exhibit in the Mineral Palace there. The mine was worked to a depth of 2,000 feet and from a point of safety there were very few fatalities considering tons of ore mined. The old-timers Locke and Davis were killed by bad air, one or two more by caves, other accidents claimed two or three more, several were leaded, and poor old Jimmy himself succumbed to the dread disease, pneumonia.

#### **Nature Calls a Halt at the Opportune Time**

I wonder now what might have happened if the mine had continued working 100%, for long before this they would have used up every stick of timber in the valley, and as it was, there were more trees or forests inside the Madonna mine in terms of board feet, than remains standing in the mountains round about. The natural cavern at Carlsbad is certainly awe inspiring, but the man made cavern in the Madonna is larger and more gloomy, and with the addition of a pipe organ and choir, and the dim lights of 400 miner's candles casting shadows through the void, one could imagine being in a great cathedral, for surely one must ever be imbued with solemn thoughts at the immensity of man's and the creator's work.

#### **A Mountain Resting on Square Sets**

Great timbers were criss-crossed here and there and everywhere and the fate of 400 men depended on, and the weight of a mountain rested on this scaffold of timber. Every level square setted 20 sets wide, 16 sets high and 52 sets long.

THE MADONNA MINE  
BY DAM "THE MOTHER LODE"

The ore was easily mined, in fact, too easy, and until the appearance of Jimmy McCune, the mountain was hard to hold. The miners on night shift were producing so much in so few hours of work, they and the night shift bosses connived to quit about 11 p.m., sneak home, thus enjoying a good night's sleep at the Company's expense, but Charley Mitchell, always diligent in the Company's behalf, hid along the trail and counted the guilty one by one as they passed by, and all were much surprised to get an invitation to the office for their time next day.

**Humane Actions Costly in Dollars**

Companies are not always without a heart and soul, as evidenced by calling out the entire force of 450 men for two days at a cost of 2,500 dollars just to dig Pat Rourke from the snowslide, after an attempt, or rather a successful ride on a shovel from the Zero road, to the town below. Truly sentiment gets the upper hand at times, for after all, Pat would have kept well preserved until spring, and then old sol himself would do the moving of snow at no expense. A tribute is due those waitresses (hashers we called them), that served that army of men in the big boarding house on the hill, and let it be known that some of our proudest and most aristocratic families in the State, can trace their family tree back to those queens of the dining hall, and should be mighty proud of it. Ten hours work a day for a three dollar pay, and everybody had money, and always too tired to raise the deivel in useless play, in great contrast to our short hour day, big pay, raising hell in every way.

**A Dream of the 1878 Not Yet Finished**

We must bear in mind this fact, that metal, coal and oil when once exhausted is gone forever and the mines at some time are finished and naught remains but great holes in the earth, but the Madonna has not yet reached this stage and even after the extraction of 40 million there is no doubt that many more million are still left in this deserted underground City with its 50 miles of streets and alleys (drifts, tunnels and corridors), for zinc at that time in history was of no value, while now it is as valuable as lead, "if not more so." Don Valdez who is still with us, had charge of the mine for many years, until Burton Bros. took possession, then again for many years the mine was a big producer, until they reached No. 6 and water level. At this level was found the richest ore in the mine, running as high as 5 thousand per ton in gold and silver, but here nature takes a hand and says

THE MADONNA MINE  
BY DAM "THE MOTHER LODE"

thus far and no farther as the shaft reached 300 feet below the tunnel level and struck a tremendous flow of water, submerging many pumps that are still buried under a lake of water. There are two things in the mining game that cannot be conquered profitably, and that is shovelling snow, and pumping water, and sooner or later closes down most of the mines in the Rocky Mountain region.

**Silver Slain By Judas Iscariots in Congress**

The silver panic of 1893 was a tragic period, the smelters would not guarantee any certain price for silver, and refused to accept some grades of ore at all. The management offered to continue further operations at a reduction of 50 cts. in wage which the miners refused, so 450 men were then called to the office for their last pay check. No advance for loss of job, no annuities, no pensions, no full pay holiday, no workmen's unemployment insurance, not even a free ride out of camp on a freight train. As a result 2 thousand people in the Monarch district alone were to be scattered to the four corners of the Nation, even as far away as Alaska.

**For Lack of Wisdom—Poverty Takes Its Toll**

The debacle was tragic and complete, and there were literally thousands of deserted widows and children, wives and sweethearts that were separated never to come together again. For five long years the jobless men travelled the mniing states in search of employment, many died in the interim and many never had enough money to send for loved ones. It was not unusual to see women and children dressed in the cast-off underwear of husbands, resurrected from the rag bag, so the families left alone and in want existed as best they could in a log cabin or shack, and as week after week and months passed by they were forced to tear down the house, room by room for fuel, and towards the last were even burning the furniture. No story of mine can convey the suffering and sorrow to you pampered, petted and well fed joy-riding citizens of to-day, but in spite of it all they continued to live, and the County survived, but the Madonna Mine never came back to its former glory.

**Old Age Would Retrieve the Past**

Again I am travelling over the Old Mine Trails of Yesterday, through the valley of devastation to Monarch Pass, then along the old timber road that leads me high up on Monarch Mountain. Now and then I pass the timberjacks cabin of tumbled down logs, each year the bottom ones rot out lowering the structure inch by inch and soon it will be



THE MADONNA MINE  
BY DAM "THE MOTHER LODGE"

but part of the earth again. I note the many old stumps standing about with sometimes a heart rotted butt of a log nearby, the only markers the woodsmen left behind them. For my fireplace I collect a few chips the symbols of the woodsmen creed that are left in protected spots, they are held together in clusters and remind one of a scroll, uniform axe score marks proving him to be an artist in his profession, by showing only the keen edge of a perfect tool, and many a time I have seen the old timberjacks shaving with a double bitted or broad axe with cutting edge keen as any razor, thus saving much time and a trip to the barber 10 miles away.

**Looking Back Over the Years**

This trail I am following leads me back to the Old Mine once again and I recognize now and then a familiar marker along the dim outlines of this fast fading path. They say curiosity always brings back the criminal to the scene of his crime, the mature man yearns to revisit the scenes of his childhood, while the aged always dwelling on the past goes back to recover a token or revive a memory, "when boy met gal," and 'twas springtime when young man's fancy takes time to fall madly in love with one Mamie (the hasher) at the great big boarding house on the hill.

Boy was she sweet with that combination of kitchen smell so appealing to heart and stomach, that alluring natural body odor neutralized with a seductive irresistible perfume (man bait) that no man could resist, and while I lost her to the other fellow, big hearted and generous creature that she was, promised to be a sister, and if I would bide my time for 18 years until her daughter grew up, I could call her mother. Did I wait? I did not, but I never forgot and can point out the exact spot where we once plighted our troth and exchanged the first kiss. Mamie and the other gals have long since disappeared from the scene and I presume woman like Mamie had even forgotten the incident. It is natural for age to do much day dreaming and as I sit down to rest on a hallowed spot, I see a quick stepping figure in calico, a queen in truth, as she passes back and forth along the dining tables in the big boarding house on the hill, she pauses back of my seat to slip me an extra choice morsel of food. Sure I was selfish and envious of those smiles she gave to those roughneck miners, and I would if I could, ban them the privilege of looking at the love light of my life, but predatory as femininity always is, I think

THE MADONNA MINE  
BY DAM "THE MOTHER LODGE"

she intended and did keep me insanely jealous.

**To Recapture the Past, Age Neglects the Present**

The present is obscure for the moment as mind and memory revert to the past as I see her tripping over the ties to the old tram house, a rendezvous for love, and as I reach out to embrace this vision my head contacts an invincible object and down I tumble from the trysting stone with a bump on my head as big as an apple. Now fully awake. I realize to grasp that which has past is impossible, and by this incident you may know it was not just the gaping hole of the Old Mine that brought me back, but still unwilling to forget an ideal and thinking to keep memory alive I might find just a wee bit of a calico dress, or remnant of a dainty little shoe that belonged to an angel I once loved on the Old Madonna Hill. The boarding and bunk house has gone the way of many other old shrines. I seek and search with no success until I feel depressed, but behold a few yards away I see the wreck of the toilet house, (back houses the vulgar called them). The walls were still lined with yellowed, layer after layer of the old Denver Tribune, and here on a faded sheet 1883 I find the autographs (in own handwriting) of all those girls that worked on the hill, and among them greatest of all Mamie Benson, truly these old libraries, outhouses, backhouses, privy's, waterclosets, "toilets to the refined," and "crappers of the vulgar," holds the records of history, and wherever you find them on sandy deserts, chico covered prairies or through the Mountains of gold and silver West, they hold the autographs of the world's greatest woman. Woman from the day they are born are the bane of men, bring so much joy through life, but what a world of headaches they leave behind. Still there are those who will say to forget and it is useless to dwell on or try to enjoy the estacy's of the past, but the events of the past are but stepping stones to the future, and you may be sure as we tread them up and up, there comes a time in life when we must retrace our steps and go down again to that foundation of simplicity, rather than continue to rise to that top-heavy point in life where the whole fallacious structure must collapse.

Once again I sit atop the projecting cliffs above the old upper tram terminal, the heavy cable still winds around the bull wheel. It has never moved for 40 years and seems glad to rest and rust after safely lowering 40 million dollars down the hill. To the east lies the abandoned Eclipse Mine and

THE MADONNA MINE  
BY DAM "THE MOTHER LODE"

to the West the Wilson and Silent Friend, they like all abandoned holes in the ground appear silent and forbidding, like the ancient openings to the catacombs of Rome, only herein the miner cleaved out the gold and silver ore, and in those empty crypts lie the finished dreams of some man that came true.

For the want of a nail the Empire was lost and for the want of a match a miner was lost in 3 middle stope amid a hundred manholes and ore chutes. To-day the memory is very vivid as the miner happened to be myself and as the shift ended it was every man for himself and the devil get the hindmost, and as they are scrambled to get from the dingy dark of the Mountain out into daylight and down the hill to home. I was to learn the lesson for the first time to never be without a match and candle, in this particular case I still held the unlit candle that had been blown out by a heavy draft, so there was no alternative but to try and find my way down the stope and out of the mine by sense of feel. The manholes and chutes were cribbed, constructed much the same, and in the dark (and I say dark) one could not tell which was which. Can't say that I was scared exactly, but in my bewilderment I found what I thought was a manhole but in climbing down 100 feet it proved to be otherwise, so it was climb up again and make another attempt. The danger came from the fact that a loose timber or stone might catapult one to the bottom, but a greater danger came from the chance of some one dropping a load or ore down the chute, but that I am still here to tell the story proves after four hours and many unsuccessful attempts I finally found the right opening, reached the level below and by walking the rails found my way, not to daylight, but pitch dark, so what seemed eternity before reaching safety one man's life hung in the balance because of the lack of one little match.

Far down in the valley below I view the devastating army of highway graders at work, old trails are fast disappearing and soon desecrators will erase every last vantage of the work monuments and markers created by the builders of long ago. There is but a cabin or two left in Chaffee City (Monarch) and the only evidence of the colony of human ants that once abided therein is the great hole in the Mountain side thousands of feet deep. The residents of the once thriving City of the living has passed into the City of the dead, and now progress decrees this too is to be uprooted and the skeletons of the occupants scattered far and wide.

THE MADONNA MINE  
BY DAM "THE MOTHER LODE"

Only gloom and loneliness are my companions on the trail back home. I pass levels Nos. 1-2-3-4-5- and 6, at each portal the wild mountain rat is sole guardian of the old mine and while they say a rat always deserts a sinking ship and caving mine, they have an intuition that here, in the hard rock entry is safety. I look at these 4-legged rodents with hostility, but know far more dangerous to peace and life are the 2-legged rats that invest the City slums and slink along the highways and byways of America. My trail leads me past the Chaffee City graveyard and here I look for the last time at the mounds of the old pioneers, the builders of the Madonna Mine, the extractors of that same gold and silver now buried in the Kentucky hills. It's true, man is but short lived at best and few leave behind them even a scroll, tho his creation live on for a thousand years and more. We respect his work, but his bones are to be ruthlessly removed and souls awakened from 60 years of peaceful slumber.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust and bones to build the highway grade so I take one last look at the fallen headboards, stone markers, rotted fences and sunken mounds that once connected the historical past with the indifferent present, and no more are there to be any reminders of a colorful yesterday, to recall memory's, so fancy may dwell now and then, on the happenings of the good old days.

Only a few of the old mine diggers survive, among whom are Bert Shelmo and Tom Penrose, others have passed over the divide and proud I am to say that none ever received a pension they did not pay for, and few were buried in pauper graves.

The Colorado Smelter has gone. Two generations of the Eilers have passed on but the fortune is still on earth for the benefit of those that live after. Now in the years to come some brave soldier of chance may again reopen the old mine and believe it or not, great treasures will again flow forth to enrich our valley, State and Nation.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

# A Message To Congress

## On

### Dangers Besetting Our Nation

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Committee, and my Senators. You note I speak of you as my Senators, for what you may or may not do, affects me far back on the highest peaks of the Rockies.

You may pay no heed to what I have to say, may not believe in it, but the fact that I am permitted to express it, proves that democracy "tho badly battered," still lives in America.

I am versed only in basic English, the Old Sourdoughs vocabulary of 500 words and hope that you may understand its meaning.

It is fitting and proper that any man that would appear before Congress, should properly introduce himself, and state his purpose in appearing before that body of men, "supposedly of superior intellect."

The speaker — F. E. Gimlet, classifies himself as one of the very few 100% Americans left in America, with the honor of being allowed to appear before both State and National Representatives to plead his cause, and without hindrance, help or benefit of class pressure groups, without coercion or suggestion from any subversives to speak against, or in their behalf, and here simply as the unofficial spokesman for 146 million people.

To clarify my position as one of the few 100% Americans left in America, I claim this distinction. In a lifetime of endeavor I have never yet bought a job or paid tribute to hold one, never received a promise or 10 cts. for my vote, never appeared before a legislative body as a member of any un-American group, using pressure and begging for class privilege with a bludgeon of controlled votes under my shirt. I am the loneliest man in Washington and for the identity and to shake the hand of one other kindred soul, I offer to any man on this floor a Mariner Eccles phony 5 dollar note "providing" I do not prove to him in 3 minutes he is not 100% American, and to qualify he need only to say, and act Americanism by advocating, practicing and proving a philosophy of living and let live, a policy of all for one and one for all. To further prove my exclusiveness as an 100% American, for 3 weeks I have attended the hearings before

## A MESSAGE TO CONGRESS ON DANGERS BESETTING OUR NATION

this committee, but never yet heard one speak.

There is and should be something distinctive in being a real American. Anyone not dominated by greed, prejudice, superstition or racial hatred should qualify. While most of us realize that the preservation of life is the first law of nature, we have now changed that axiom to read, that self interest is the first law of present man, and if he can by some racket or graft acquire enough of this world's goods in one days work and sweat, to last him a lifetime, he will do it, though it might bring starvation to thousands, but this comes far from rating him as a 100% American.

I thank you gentlemen for the privilege of appearing again as the unofficial spokesman for the 80 million victims (outside the gimme clan) who are at the mercy of the pressure and favored groups, and in the victim's behalf, I ask for new legislation to ameliorate their condition.

As one of the 600 dollar a year underdogs I too oppose the many legislative bills proposed to curb labor, but not for the same reason as my friends Green, Murray, Lewis, Whitney, Ruthers and Dubinsky, but because the bills are not broad or restrictive enough against all collective groups.

Asking labor leaders to suggest or support a remedy for curbing union activities is about as sensible as having the leader of the vigilantes in the good old days asking the victim what kind of a rope he wanted to be hung with.

I have heard many witnesses testify as to democracy within the collective groups but never a word about democracy in America, to ignore a democracy of 146 million might bring about a condition that will destroy all the legal, moral and constitutional rights of individuals, and all free enterprise.

I hear much testimony from collective groups and even committee men themselves against any legislation that might weaken labors gains, and I want it distinctly understood that all so-called union labors gains, has come from the losses of unorganized labor, already much lower paid, than those of union groups demanding more.

Was much concerned as Murray suggested that organized labor and organized big business sit down at the table and iron out their differences. May God forbid that such should happen unless the victims also be at the conference, and I, as one of the victims want no 15 thousand dollar a year man to represent me, for those so secure in job and remuneration are inclined to lose sympathy with the less

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secure and under privileged.

Again some labor leaders suggest that labor share in profits, with this I am in accord, providing they also share in the losses, and now is the time to remind them that 19 out of 20 ventures, in every cycle of 20 years failed, so by all means let them share both profits and losses.

And again I am heartily in accord with the idea of out of bed to factory and mine, and back into bed pay, by all means give them this privilege providing the employers first reduce the hourly pay 33%.

I do not readily forgive the leaders of pressure groups and get mighty tired of being pushed around. I would chide any man for blind allegiance to the false Gods of ists, isms and man, forgetting the real God, Country and neighbor, and I do hold Lewis responsible for adding 5 dollars per ton to my coal bill in just 4 years time. Neither do I countenance Ruther's act of increasing the price of a pick-up car 100%, (that now I can never buy) nor do I excuse Whitney and the Big Four for raising the freight on my ore to a prohibitive figure, and Murray I would not ignore with his advance of 600% on steel, nor do I overlook Tobin and Beck that dictates who and who shall not enter business for a livelihood, and I cannot overlook the stockmen's union who went on strike and closed down every butcher shop in the U. S. A. for 30 days and the Farmer's Union is not above suspicion with his high-jacking methods, nor the Veterans' several unions for unfair demands on Congress.

Well, I know that fanatical, Hitler like leaders of hyphenated groups, shed no tears for me and my ilk, "tho once one of the clan" for the low state and the decline in our incomes. Yes, I stand for labor (not hyphenated) but if I must forever after be dominated and abused by the Tsars (leaders) of un-American groups, I will prefer a National dictator who rules by the purge and bayonet, rather than by the fists, brass knucks, clubs, thugs and goon squads "racketters by any name." Yes, I'm a union man and belong to the one union of the 48 United States of America, and stand for the laws they enact.

Of course, I don't expect any leader of groups or employer with a racket, depending on pressure methods, government dole, bonus, gift or handout to agree with me, no more than my friend Moccasin Jim, "the stage robber" listened to my remonstrance against stage robbing with this retort, "Frank, this is my racket and meal ticket, and noth-

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ing you can say will divert me from my purpose. So said Jim, who was diverted within the year with a bullet through the brain, and so will these despotic groups die by the hand of retribution.

I would remind you that the States or United States Government owes no man a dime, but they do owe them protection and opportunity, but if for humane reasons alone, they would care for the sick, the aged, cripples, widows, orphans, unemployed or unfortunates and grant them a pension or made work allowance sufficient to keep them alive, then never let it be in the way of a luxury sum that would and does kill incentive, initiative and ambition in the individual.

History has proven that when any man hooks himself to a Government or Civil Service tit he hangs on to it forever, even tho the tit itself goes dry. As an example while looking for some wild meat for appeasing a hungry belly I came upon a marmot, and with undue haste shot the animal, but to my dismay I found still holding to the tits 5 pups even tho the mother was dead. I did not disturb the carcass but next day I passed that way again and found the 5 dead pups still mouthing the tits of the lifeless form, and like we barnacles, never loose our hold, even tho the Treasury tit has been milked dry.

I rebel at the discriminatory special class legislation passed by Congress. Why for instance, should the railroad workers union enjoy luxury pensions, free travel rights that is charged to me any my group in increased freight and passenger rates? Why should union Civil Service workers enjoy attractive pensions and full paid holidays that is charged back to me in higher taxes? Why should the union Military personal (many never in line of battle) enjoy luxury pensions and emoluments that is again charged back to me in taxes? Sometimes disbursed under the name of retirement, in fact, why any retirement, allotment, allowance, bonus or subsidy to any man? I grant Government owes the cripples from war everlasting care, but owes nothing to anyone for being just subject to call, or for serving in the army, in fact, who isn't subject to call in state of emergency, either by Sheriff posse, vigilantes, National Guard or Federal army? This is a duty any man owes his Country, and as a fighter in the Indian wars, with one son in World War I and grandson in World War II, we fought more in defense of our own kin and home than we did for country, then why

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all this clamor about patriotism and special renumeration, which is not due us, anymore than it is due the common soldier of industry, and I fear for the well being of the States and Government when cluttered up with so much dead wood and unproductive units in the shape of parasites on the body politic, and I doubt the ability of the producers (already in minority) standing up under the load.

To me democracy is easily defined, the definition not found in Webster's, but in the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States of America, and is just a matter of living and let live, and not just a luxury living for me and to hell with the living of my fellowmen. Hence, many Americans have lived in luxury by looting the U. S. Treasury, and the individual, City, County and State profited greatly thereby. But payday is now really just around the corner and if honor, principle and integrity mean anything to the people we will pay back the loot we stole in honest dollars, the same as we received, and will not repudiate or pay with worthless, deflated money now or soon to be in circulation.

The various pension unions demands has now become a cancerous growth on both industry and Government, and I now touch on this pension racket that is doing so much to plague the States and National Congress. At this time there are hundreds of unionized pension groups asking for a bigger, better and more extravagant pension than the liberal one the rank and file are now enjoying. It is no disgrace to accept a pension, no more so than a retirement allotment, allowance, bonus, overpaid salary "or what have you," and right at this time we find thousands of our former members of States and National Congress on the pension rolls, mingling with the common herd and satisfied with their meagre portion.

Again I reiterate, Government or State owes no man a dollar and if perchance they do grant "for humane reasons alone," dollars for pensions, why be so undemocratic and discriminatory as to establish and pay these classified pressure groups luxury pensions which is the antithesis of truly democratic principles. Thus I ask for the elimination of all class pensions and a payment to pensioners of what production can provide, without taxing the worker beyond his ability to pay. I would refer to the preamble in the Declaration of Independence wherein, "I quote these words," we hold self-evident all men are created free and equal, by no stretch of

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the imagination is this true, either mentally, physically or with equal opportunity, but I and 146 million other humans accept without equivocation this statement as true, and the best percent yet devised by men. But in so doing I also state when we have run the gauntlet of life, reached the peak of our endeavors, and ready to speedily pass down the other side, then for the 95% of us that made the venture in life's hazards and failed, then once again "so far as Government is concerned" we should receive free and equal pensions, and when after a few years we pass to our maker, then again "so far as Government is concerned" we should be buried free and equal, in the same kind of grave, with the same ceremony and "befitting marker" as extended to the millions of our soldiers that lie buried across the seven seas, or within the borders of our own Nation. This is all and more than Government owes any man, for it is we the people that Government must lean on, and never the duty of Government to support us.

I would pass to you a few thoughts of an individual American, and if any of my Congressmen here care to go into detail, I will be glad to give what aid I can, in the way of suggestions toward correcting many of our legislative ills, because as you know I have no axe to grind, make no demands and expect no personal reward. I would speak of the dignity, prestige, honor and respect due this body and criticise those citizens who elect you to this position to legislate for them, and then join some pressure group to coerce, intimidate and direct your actions toward class legislation. If leaders of these groups are to indirectly dominate your acts, why have representatives at all, and as for me, if I must be dominated by these despotic leaders of undemocratic clans, I would choose a National Dictator, who tho ruthless, would rule more favorably, even at the bayonet point.

As you know my crusade is ever in the defense of and in the circulation and perpetuation of honest money, but when I find my dollar reduced to a 7 ct. value in the short space of 65 years, I know, and so do you, that there is something radically wrong with our monetary setup, and as you know, nothing will be done in this session of both States and National Congress that does not depend on and enter into the matter of money.

Due to collective class unionism this dollar I hold in hand "the same dollar we have had for 150 years," has now

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been degraded in just 65 years to 7 cts. and with the per capita tax increase of 1900%, and the commodity increase of 1300% in essentials of life it leaves us treading on dangerous ground, and if you pass any bills that adds to cost of Government of commodities, or increases taxation, you degrade the dollar still further, on the other hand, if you legislate to make Government less costly you add to the value of this dollar.

I am sorry that our National leaders saw fit to increase their salaries, emoluments and provide themselves with special pensions, this act encouraged others in demanding more, adding greatly to inflation and making my crusade more hopeless toward establishing gold and silver money. I have heard from members in both this and the State Congress, that to get good men we must pay higher salaries, this statement is the reflection on the ability of past and present legislators and officials who have served us in the past 150 years with less, and sometimes no monetary return at all. You must use some other argument to vindicate yourselves and remember you as our leaders must set an example toward economy and stopping this run away inflation, by not asking for an increase in remuneration which only adds fuel to the fire, and I would have you understand, I would increase your wages by a system of deflation of living costs which would add greater value to your dollar.

Panics and depression have affected my life greatly and memory is very vivid as I dwell on the panic of 1893 and my trip with Coxey's army on the march to Washington. I hope never again to see the misery, poverty, distress and tragedy of the millions set out of their homes, business and farms by the foreclosure of mortgages and this brings me to warn you "that the power to tax is the power to destroy," morals, incentive, initiative and material wealth, and so I hope never again to see, as in the 1930's, millions of my friends and neighbors being set out of their homes, farms, factories and business. "not by mortgage foreclosures," but by tax defaults, and this in spite of the tax moratoriums, penalty and interest abatements, and God knows if we had not at the same time began to loot the U. S. Treasury, the results would have been calamitous, and may be yet, blame this also on the collective groups.

The I. Q. conducted by the army still shows, in spite of our advanced education that 85% of our military forces, "this also a cross section of the general public" are endowed with

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less than 13-year-old mentalities, also proving that common man up to now, knew his limitations and selected "what he thought" brainier men than himself to think for him, represent him, and enact laws beneficial for him and all concerned. To give any man, group or sect, benefits not allowed to others is undemocratic and should be discontinued, in fact, if representative government is to function properly, no leader or lobbyist speaking for the interest of special groups should be allowed a hearing before any Congressional body.

Now that we are forced to sober up after the greatest drunken spending spree in American history, our problem is to not ask for new legislation so much as to correct the errors made by former spending legislators during the past 16 years, in fact, it would be wise to consider every piece of legislation enacted as unsound during the time of looting the U. S. Treasury, and now we must, and can ignore everything but the 275 Billion steal, the results of that will stay with us forever and a day. I am afraid the people are bogged down in the mire of hopeless confusion and are speechless and silent by so much propaganda and abuse, and perhaps our representatives find themselves floundering in the quicksands of complexities with no hope of relief, but face the issue we must, so I am proposing the following 17 points as a starter—Viz:

- We must, destroy monopolies in restraint of trade, of every kind and description.
- We must, abolish picket lines as unethical, dangerous, undemocratic and unnecessary.
- We must, repeal the unemployment compensation act, that now taxes an employer to pay an employee wages for being idle instead of laboring. What mockery of legislation that makes loafers, with billions of days work begging to be done.
- We must, not increase taxes but reduce, why set millions of people out of homes because of luxurious salaries and over-manned and useless bureaus.
- We must, outlaw maintenance of union membership clause and closed shop clause in contracts.
- We must, amend the 40-hour week in favor of a 56-hour week with no time and half and double time pay for

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Sunday and holidays.

- We must, forbid the check off system of collecting dues as an un-American practice, why furnish the rope for industry to hang themselves?
- We must, give protection and opportunity for every man and industry, and once again have law and order prevail.
- We must, do away entirely with the retroactive racket of settling disputes in wage advances but never in declines.
- We must, never float government bonds under any pretext whatever, and acquire funds by taxation only.
- We must, as people, respect and honor Representatives of **our own choosing**, and must obey the laws enacted by them.
- We must, abolish seniority in all its phases, why hold the best workman or brainiest individual back, when merit alone should advance his position, let men be paid and hold jobs according to ability.
- We must, repeal the damnable, inequitable sales tax of every description in City, State and Nation, why tax a beggar when the States and Government must give him the money to pay it with. Base all taxes on net income and reduce the exemption in all brackets.
- We must, stop increasing real and excise taxes, the power to tax is the power to destroy, not only material wealth, but morals, incentive and ambition, let us not drop again into those conditions of the 1930's when the Counties of 8 mid Western States owned over half the taxable property by tax default.
- We must, quit looting the U. S. Treasury for the benefit of individual, City, County or State.
- We must, forbid any State, City, Government or public utility employees from joining any union, or taking part in strikes under any pretense whatever.
- We must, "we and you" our representatives stop this inflationary spiral, by not asking for higher salaries and emoluments, and rather begin to deflate by a more equitable distribution of dollars and opportunity.

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Because of the greed of collective pressure groups you have given away the U. S. Treasury and have made near paupers and serfs out of 80 million American people, and now I suggest in order for the Nation to bring about a parity between its dollars and values, that this committee sanction an act to compel Congress through Government edit at 7 a. m. on a certain morning soon, to discount bonds, stocks, commodities, wages, salaries, mortgages, interest, taxation 10%, with a capital tax on money of the same amount, and repeat this act for 9 successive years which will restore the dollar to 100 cts., reduce the obligations of Government 90%, and no man will be the poorer by the change. I ask this in defense of posterity, who are letting we of the present generation sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. so far as their liberty and future are concerned.

I trust none of my listeners take offense from my remarks, they are general and not personal, and but the opinion of one of the few remaining 100% Americans left in America.

THE OLD PROSPECTOR,  
F. E. GIMLETT.

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THE HERMIT OPINES

Those who work little and waste a lot  
Must as ever be content with naught.

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To squander time watching other play  
Leaves little to provide for rainy day.

# Over Trails Of Yesterday

## A Story Of

### Romance Mystery And Hidden Gold

For 200 years the lure or illusion of gold and silver brought adventurers across the 7 seas, turned their thoughts from the old world to the new, carried them from the East to the West, and the scriptural story, of a celestial home in the sky, with its pearly gates, silver chariots and streets of gold led them thitherward, with angelic women (God bless 'em) with their modesty, mystery, sincerity, simplicity, chastity, honesty and exclusiveness, were the guiding stars that lured mens' eyes ever upward toward heaven, while the sirens with their lures and wiles led them downward, on to hell. Truly, in the good old days, both virute and depravity were glamorized, but ne'er the twain did ever meet or speak. We were always taught by the old-timers, prospectors and gamblers that good women were akin to the angels, and it was from my friend Moccasin Jim (the gentleman bandit) that I learned most about femininity. He said that a kiss from any womans' lips was the key to her bedroom. We believed it then, and I believe it now, with reservations, yet here and now I would have you know, that men were real he-men in those days, and did not always use the keys, even if fortunate enough to secure one, but when they did, they generally led to the bridal chamber.

'Twas true that the old-fashioned woman with her long dresses, long tresses, "some" padded busts, over-stuffed bustles, seven petticoats, corsets and several other unmentionable what nots, were ever a dark, deep mystery, and that mystery never to be unravelled until after marriage. Yes, woman with her modesty, grace, allurivenéss and charm were ever captivating, and 'twas beyond the power of man to resist, and yet only by her consent was he permitted any familiarity, but I say to you in all sincerity, most marriages in the good old days came about through curiosity, rather than love.

Speaking for myself, I did not know until I was well along in manhood that those angelic females had ankles or legs, or that they were supposed to add to their attraction, and even while lifting them to the side saddle in those long riding habits, we never as much as got a glimpse of their underpinning. I would hear people speak now and then of

# OVER TRAILS OF YESTERDAY

## A STORY OF

### ROMANCE, MYSTERY AND HIDDEN GOLD

limbs, and this I know, anything that even resembled feminine underthings were never mentioned between sexes, never conspicuous, and never hung on the clothesline until after nightfall to avoid prying male eyes. Yes, saintly women were modest to the 90th degree, as exemplified by my old partner on the Madonna Mine, who once told me confidentially that he had been married 30 years, the father of three children and up to then could not tell whether his wife was well-shaped, knock-kneed, skinny or bow-legged, that he never gazed on her undraped form. "So much for modesty" and now with this preamble, I will go on with a simple human life story, that came and went while travelling over trails of yesterday, a true story of hidden gold, mystery romance and "what price one kiss" with a thrill, a flavor, a yearning, heartache and regret that endured for 49 years of time.

We turn back memory's pages to the year 1892 in the new gold mining camp of Cripple Creek, and still in its day of stage coaches and freight wagons, and that day considered lost if we awakened and found no man hanging from the cross arm, or dead from the bark of the six gun, still in that day, when women were called saintly and considered akin to the angels.

'Twas springtime when a young man's fancy took time to love a real gal of the gold and silver West. Beautiful eyes, beautiful hair, beautiful face and ravishing smile. Yes, all this along with cupid-bow lips and honeyed voice, but only she and the Gods knew if she possessed a beautiful and perfect figure. The man prayed, as they arm in arm walked down the old board walks, that a friendly wind might whip up her skirts just a little and let him see a couple dainty ankles, but the wind never blew. He prayed again as they wandered over the mountain trails that she might stumble on a projecting stone and display two shapely calves, but she was too sure-footed, and yes, villain that he was (or was he), prayed as he took her horseback riding, while lifting her gently (long riding habit and all) to the side saddle, that the horse might shy and unseat (not hurt) her, and expose as he fully believed a beautiful pair of limbs, but the horse was too tame. Yes, fate was against him and his prayers went unanswered, but he could not bring himself to hastily marry with the mystery unsolved, so conceived a plot, directed by an element of love and a world of curio-



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sity, to attain his desire.

During this period of suspense, and to add to his dilemma and determination, an incident occurred to further bewilder and make him doubly cautious in seeking a mate. His partner, Slim Roberts, was also at the time sparking a sweet little gal, but Slim, being more impetuous than he, ups and marries her on the spur of the moment, and the very next day they were double jacking on the Gold King mine shaft, he missed the drill completely, with an additional loss of two inches of skin from the drill holders knuckles, his partner passed that off, but on the next miss he called the turn and said "out with it Slim." In a few words he advised his partner that he was terribly disappointed and disillusioned, for on the wedding night after the sweet little gal had modestly removed those 16 articles of mystery (impedimenta) she stood exposing well proportioned but a pair of extremely bowed legs, caused as you know by the heavy napkins on babies, and too early attempts at walking. That was, we'll admit a terrible mistake made by mothers in the good old days, for at the time we knew nothing about rubber diapers or panties that are now displayed in every drug store and filling station window. But I'll add, we old-timers were all gamblers in nature's game of chance in the search for gold, silver and romance, and while Slim was disappointed and temporarily broken hearted, he stuck to his bargain to the end and there are several million 'Slims' alive in the U.S.A. to prove my point.

Now with the gal's birthday near, her fiancée intended to kill two birds with one stone, so he made to order at a cost of 50 bucks, a pair of beautiful garters with a \$5 dollar gold piece set in each solid gold buckle and presented her with them, such gifts acceptable only after engagement. He fully believed that out of gratitude, love or pride she would at the proper time daintily and modestly lift that skirt, so he might see those ornaments in place, and thus satisfy his curiosity as to whether she possessed along with a curvaceous form, a beautiful pair of limbs (legs to you), or not, and further mystery was to be solved by the divine right of marriage vows, if that be the only alternative.

Call it love or call it curiosity if you will, but on one night in question he hitched old Dobbin (one of a team) to a buggy and took that gal to the show in the Opera House next to the Palace Hotel on the corner of Bennett Ave. and Second

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ROMANCE, MYSTERY AND HIDDEN GOLD

Street. They enjoyed the show (a love story) as only lovers could, but in driving home with the reins in one hand, his other arm around her waist (sometimes permissible), she sat rigid as a telephone pole, and with just about as much movement, all excuseable considering there was just about 16 pieces of wearing apparel, including tightly laced corset, between him and animated flesh, and youth like, ever impetuous with an obsession not to be denied, he wanted to kiss that gal and became bold to the point of insistence. You who have driven a one horse buggy over narrow one-way mountain roads, and that horse of a team used to following the off or near rut, know the difficulty whereof he speaks of keeping the horse in the middle of the road.

His maid also knew, had heard the story perhaps from her mother's lips and believed herself that a woman's kiss was the key to matrimony or disgrace, and woman like, even on the defensive (even if so inclined,) knew this was not the time or place for kisses to be freely given, but in desperation and with the fear of upsetting every minute and fearful of the result, she consented under duress to one kiss, with the promise that he would never speak to her again. Well at the moment, he would have promised anything, even to a slice of the moon and a few stars thrown in, for he did not think she intended to hold him to that promise. You men of today have my sympathy, for you will never know the ecstasy of a kiss from natural tinted, unpainted, untainted lips. The man himself will vouch for the extreme length of that kiss, and the terrific cost thereof. Fate now takes a hand once again and their trails separate as she and her family move far away to the Silver San Juan.

Now and then he would hear of this gal as still a maid, then as wife, and later as a mother with several children, and a half century later as a widow. Fate again decrees that their trails must cross once more. Remembering well the promise made, yet he could not resist the urge to call her once again at her home in Los Angeles, and ask that he be released from that promise and speak to her once more. She assented, and you may believe his heart was all a flutter as he walked into that Union Station rendezvous, and saw coming toward him a still beautiful, modern dressed, snow-white-haired lady, with the same laughing hypnotic eyes. He was stunned for the moment and unprepared for the transformation, as his eyes dropped from her face to

OVER TRAILS OF YESTERDAY  
A STORY OF  
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the hem of her modern short skirt, and there before him he saw dainty ankles, shapely calves and perfect pair of limbs. Knowing by woman's intuition of his desire to see those ornaments again, and admitting she always suspected an ulterior motive in his gift, she delicately and modestly raised her skirt a bare two inches "that dame fashion had already decreed should be knee length" and there once again after all those years of yearning, he saw for the second time, those shiny gold coin garters (now in place) with a glitter and radiance that held the gazer speechless. She confessed she really did not intend to hold him to that promise and woman like waited for him to break the silence which she herself imposed, while he waited for her to speak first and break the ice, but proving that woman's "no", may mean "yes", or vice versa.

True it was but water over the wheel at this late date, and the back wash of 49 years of time had left scars that could not be erased. You may believe the lady and he are still friends, else he would not have got the loan of those garters to show Congress once again, how beautiful gold and silver coins gleam and glitter after 50 years of constant wear. But here and now, he tells the world, and a United States Government, that they may threaten until hell freezes over, before they get possession of those two shiny gold coins, to bury in that hole in the hills of Kentucky.

So the prospector dreams of the lips he has kissed,  
The lips he has missed, on beautiful faces that appear,  
Then fade from sight, like the myriad and tiny lights  
Of ships, that pass in the night.

The Hermit of Arbor-Villa.

