

BOOK FIVE

OVER TRAILS OF YESTERDAY



STORIES OF
COLORFUL CHARACTERS

THAT LIVED

LABORED

LOVED

FOUGHT

AND DIED IN

THE GOLD AND
SILVER WEST



PUBLISHED BY THE HERMIT
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The Hermit of Arbor-Villa
F. E. Gimlett

CONTENTS



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



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CONTENTS



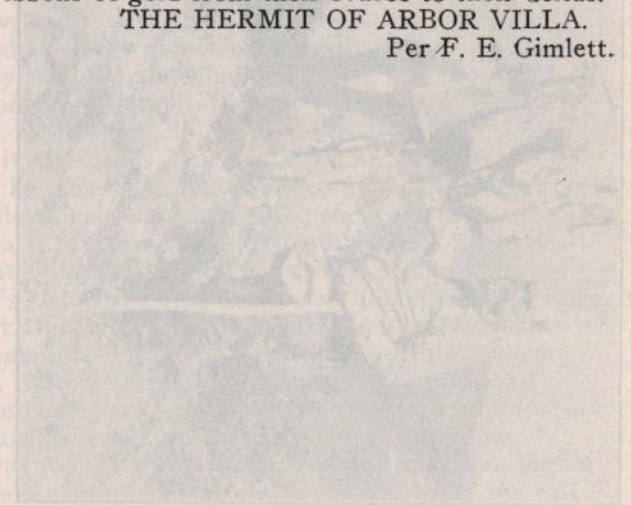
The Old Sourdough, A Builder of Dreams	5
Leadville In All Its Glory, and Satan Holds the Sotlight	7
The Farcial Show at Washington	42
The Plaint of the Modern Miss, or Femininity on the Rampage	47
Over Trails of Today—Meeting of N. A. H. Society	49
A Letter to U. S. Treasurer	52
Wyoming, Buffalo Bill and Me	56
Me and the Denver and Rio Grande	63

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 maskuerade 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 sandIs of the Golden Arkansas, Platte and Colorado rivers veritably ribbons of gold from their source to their deltas.

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





Mountains no barrier to a soldier of chance, nature deals, the prospector plays the cards, win, lose or draw.

THE OLD SOURDOUGH, A BUILDER OF DREAMS

This one I speak of came West where brave men dare
Back in the days of '79, we met at Junction City square
Energy and faith of youth, shown in his eager face
A smile of confidence, the whiskers could not erase.
So as brother adventurers we sat and whittled away
Exchanged confidences, where from, and why did we stray
Yes, we were neighbors, in Indiana and Illinois state
For me no ties, for him a wife and babies still wait.
'Twas the same old story, just a short time 'twould be
Until home again, with much silver and gold he'd be
So he told me his dream, to come true in some near day
Always believing, until that hair was thin and gray.
But revert to the moment with jackass packed to go
Cane in hand he passed on, with hope, face all aglow
Yes, I met him often by camp fire, along tiny streams
Gold pan and shovel, prospecting new lodes and seams
The letters come and go for those first few years
Then become far between, from those he held so dear
One day I found him, with a letter edged with black
Tears dimmed his eyes, "he really expected to go back."
The dream lost its lustre, gold and silver its allure
For she the recipient, her passing her could ill endure
From this time on, steps became slow, eyes became dim
He cared not now, if the dream, ever proved real to him.
Just around another ridge, alongside that other peak
Perhaps lay the gold and silver, he came West to seek
Letters from sons, daughters, they too cease to come
Then later, from grandchildren, one or two, then non.
The story is ended, his jackass passed on long before
To friends he was loyal, none expected or asked for more
With trmulous, calloused hand, he penciled one last note
Enclosing a tin type of her, the inspiration of his hope.
The humility, the pathos and constancy of him I praise
From man's riches from no man's toll he expected to raise
His life but a poem, an idyl on which men build dreams
For true nobility, honor, perserverance are his it seems.
So today I follow the trails, that dreams hath blazed
Earth's vampires that toil not, stand ashamed and amazed
A life of fortitude, solitude attained not his desire
Uncouth, ragged on earth, but passed to a kingdom higher.
Now I pass the mounds of stone, there he awaits the call
Builder of dreams, nary headstone marks the great or small
Dark nights in fancy I hear movements of the old gold pan
Muffled sound of pick and shovel, of this now extinct man.

—The Hermit of Arbor Villa

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

this one short-coming in Anna, I am satisfied I would not have lost 20 years of my life chasing a Will of the Wisp, back and forth over the Rocky Mountains.

A Well Earned Tribute

A tribute is always due those old fashioned hard working boarding house women, and they are just as much entitled to honor in the building up of the Gold and Silver West as any man, and but for them and their generous habit and confidence in grubstaking the old sourdough, many of the mines would never have been discovered, and a tribute goes for the old general storekeeper too, and while many of them prospered on the thousand of grubstakes, many others went broke still owning millions of shares or interests in worthless mine prospects.

Stories That Never Die

This is to be a story of Leadville, and Stella DeChance the gold digger is just as much a part of that City as the 15,000 gold and silver diggers that mined in the hills thereabout. Now that supper is over I am on my way down town richer by \$3 (not yet in my pocket), straight as the needle on the compass my trail leads me to the Colisium Variety Theatre, and Stella DeChance, and while I am older than she in years, and not experience, I'm greeted in the usual way as Honey Boy, and I'll admit that first kiss of the evening was fresh and genuine and always carried a powerful kick, the last one that came about 2 a. m., was flat and I imagined it seemed somewhat tainted and tasteless, and with no more thrill than one passed out by these modern promiscuous kissing gals of today. But if any man be inclined to chase after a star, one must be satisfied with the leavings, knowing her career comes first, and will likely be always her first love, yet someday if one be patient enough he may inherit the dregs.

Judge Not Lest Ye Be Judged

In referring to the old time dance hall and Variety theatre performers and habitues, I attempt to extoll their virtues, and answering criticism I confess to the belief that I

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

could find more virtues among them, than could now be found in habitues and performers in the honky-tonks, beer dumps and night clubs of today, and I draw these conclusions by 60 years of observation in both periods.

If Walls Could Speak

The theatre was what we thought right up to date, brightly lighted with oil lamps, those on the walls and footlights equipped with shiny reflectors, while hanging from the ceiling was a chandelier with about 24 lamps, these too equipped with down shades, the whole ornamented by myriads of shiny crystals, reflecting the colors of the rainbow on the parquet below, keeping these in order was pretty much a one man's job. The old roll curtain depicted a street scene of a city, with great tall buildings (3 and 4 stories) the old beer-bellied cop, familiar organ grinder and monkey, swanky dressed shirted, plug hatted men, and flashily dressed females with gorgeous feathered hats, promenading or riding down the street in shiny open carriages, powered by high stepping horses, well the scene was appealing, and I remember the desire of my life at one time, was to gain riches enough to afford a plug hat and a pair of black horses.

Where Seats Come High

There were rows of boxes around the balcony where one could lure (or rather be lured) and the girls would give you a little loving, set on your lap if one would buy and continue to buy beer at \$1 a bottle, and champaign at \$5, and those boxes were usually filled by the saps and suckers, the rough and polished, rich and poor. Many plug hats and Prince Albert coats of the upper crust, accompanied by ladies (I presume) heavy veiled were noticeable, all were grist at the gold diggers mill, and lest many of these old hypocrites still living be inclined to forget and criticize, I have their names stored away in memory's archives.

Where The Lowly Meet

My seat was about four rows back in the pit, and here one could also buy beer or whiskey by the drink from the girls at two-bits a throw, and could enjoy the privilege of

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

them sitting on your lap for an instant. Of course this was just the pikers section that gave one no social prestige, but never forget time was money to those entertainers, and your two-bits bought but a minute of their time, regardless of the location.

Hours Pass Too Slow

I wonder now how I could sit through the long six hour shows night after night, yet this I did know that love in the good old days was constant and vital, with one grand and and glorious feeling, a long lasting anticipation and not a momentary infatuation as it is today. Now the whole audience sits tense with interest as the curtain rises and soon I'll hear that sweet old refrain, "Someday I'm coming back to you, When fame and fortune lay at my feet, And when the world holds no more appeal, I'll return, my heart yours to ever keep.

Fools And Money Part

Amide much applause and a shower of gold and silver coins, she makes her way off the stage and down the aisle, and does my heart beat with pride as she whispers, "Sonny Boy, I'm in love with only you and gold, I know your love will keep but gold and silver and opportunity waits for no man or maid," and what a wise thought from a gal yet in her teens. Well honey you just keep digging for our gold and silver and I'll keep digging for mine, and with this parting shot gives me a smile that never fades, a pat on the cheek, and again answers the curtain call. Of course I'm jealous and wonder what I get by living in a fools paradise, but what chance has true love anyway in competition with fools and money.

Time Does Pass On

Days run into weeks, weeks into months, I've already located the Stella DeChane in Big Evans gulch and old man DeChane has the Silver Horde on Sugar Loaf, yet when I tell her the pay streak is but 10 feet away, she just smiles and each night takes in more riches than her old man and me will ever dig out.

Yes questionable women of the good old days and 90 per

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

cent of modern women with their tears, smiles, songs, perfidy, deception and intrigue are the devils (innocent or are they) disciples, and instead of making a heaven on earth, they have filled more graveyards with their victims than all the wars in history, and with this parting broadside I'll be on with my story.

The Silver King

I had seen my boss Haw Tabor many times at the mine and in the city, and now that the new Tabor Theatre was finished I would see him and Augusta (Baby Doe not yet in the picture) as great an attraction as the shows themselves, that were appearing nightly at the new show house. Edwin Robinson smoking a big black cigar (if he had four more inches in height) was Tabor all over again, as he never failed to greet a friend with the usual handshake, smile, and pat on the back. Haw Tabor was possessed with a pleasing personality and was one of the greatest men in other respects, for he not only helped build up the Gold and Silver West in fact, but also built up its historical value with the aid of Augusta and Baby Doe) more than any other man we know, and in my way of thinking he would under the domination of his first wife, have not only attained but kept great riches far beyond mere man's imagination. Then again only by men that sow and scatter seed and dollars, can the people reap a harvest of grain and dollars. So truly Tabor did sow, and the state did get the benefit of the reaping, and for this we owe him an everlasting tribute.

The Lowly Exalts, Yet Envy The Great

We were, to be sure, much disturbed over Haw's behavior but his popularity kept him on the move here and there, and if Leadville had its way, he could have his choice as governor, senator or even president. The laxity in Tabor's deportment was magnified many times, because he was the greatest character in western history. While thousands of others were more prone to wickedness than he, they escaped criticism for of course they were not front page headliners. Yes human like I would pity rather than censure Tabor's transgressions, they were due more to that obsessive desire to be the father of more children (boys preferred) to carry on the

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

Tabor Empire, than anything else.

A Dream Then A Reality

The Printer Boy Mine located in 1868 was still producing and with the addition of a mill was destined to extract other millions. The medium of exchange prior to 1875 was the usual pinch of gold, but now that Wells Fargo Express Company were on the job our medium was bright and shiny gold and silver coins. Yes things were changing from the time when Augusta Tabor on the many trips to Denver used to find it necessary to carry 20 pounds of gold dust, in her well stuffed bustle and padded bosom to avoid robbery by the bandits, and so the much maligned bustle was a useful as well as ornamental appendage, in spite of the comments made about them to the contrary. The Homestake on the Continental Divide which was a steady producer in the 70's with ore rich enough to transport part way by bull team to St. Louis for smelting, soon erected the St. Louis smelter in California gulch in conjunction with the Printer Boy, under the management of Edwin Harrison (from whom Harrison Avenue derived its name) and actually at one time freighting the lead for flux from Galena, Illinois, while just on the hill above, and yet unknown, lay deposits of the finest lead fluxing ore in the nation. But this has now all changed with the new discoveries. The La Plata was now in the building, followed by the Union, Bi-Metallic, American and numerous others. The big placer ditch built by Uncle Billy Stevens was already abandoned and everybody was soon lode digging, instead of placer mining, as a matter of fact placer miners (now including a number of Chinese) was looked down upon, and had the same social standing to a lode miner, as the sheepmen to the cattlemen.

Mechanical Power Moves In

Machinery for many new mines and smelters was arriving daily and being unloaded at the foot of Harrison Ave., and ore from the Highlnd Mary, Camp Bird, The Champion on the main range and the \$4,000 a ton ore from the Gordon on Mt. Elbert, each load accompanied by two armed guards was piling up in readiness for the blow in of the smelters. Yes gold and silver was being found everywhere, causing so much ex-

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

citement that the population seemed eternally on the move. The rich Ruby Mine just over the Divide, and the town and mines of Independence were of great prominence at the moment, while the Mollie Gibson and Smuggler at Aspen were making history, turning out pure silver.

Beggary To Riches Overnight

The Robert Lee producing \$118,000 worth of ore in one single day held the record, and was a big enough event to warrant the parade of several brass bands as the shipment was hauled with banners flying down Harrison Avenue to the smelters. But now came the miners strike of 1880 that retarded activities somewhat. The Chysolite and Little Pittsburgh were already on the wane for lack of money for development, so this set back gave the owners time for a look around, lack of proper development seemed to be the need of most mines in Leadville at that time, as the owners were intent on extracting big dividends, without new necessary prospecting.

There was much unjust criticism of Tabor's activities during this strike, but up to this time there was no standard wage, and the forming of the Tabor guards and the calling of the National Guard was necessary to prevent what might have been a much bloodier labor war.

Six Guns In Control

The usual killings were made each night and 'twas not uncommon to see one or more men hanging on a cross-arm at the foot of Harrison, or on State or Chestnut. Yes life was cheap, the theft of 30 cents or the jumping of a claim, or even finding 5 aces in a games of poker was sufficient motive, while no one paid any attention to the hundreds of shots fired throughout the night that often claimed victims. Leadville's graveyard was filled with headboards with a common epitaph "Died with boots on, name unknown." What a bedlam and what a futile effort to sleep while the hammers and saws, including the shouts of the drunken mob, were going continuously night and day, even when the weather was sometimes far below zero.

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

Patience Without End

Still more interested in other things than gold and silver, the next night finds me again in my usual seat in the Bull Pit (later to be greeted with a hasty smack behind the scenes) but as the shower of gold and silver coins met her first appearance, I realized at the moment, when one hitches his wagon to a star he better have more than a thin thread of love to get there, but later she assures me that I'm still the favorite, and with this small encouragement I must remain content.

Night Shift Desired

I had kept hoping for a change to night shift and now it's here. Change day finally arrives and now for sure my guiding (or was it misguiding) star and I, could promenade Harrison Avenue, window shopping. It was a great treat for me and the lady, but resulting in a headache for yours truly, and while the purchase of a new dress was left to my approval, but here too I had sense enough to approve the one she had already selected. Well Sonny Boy it won't be long now the way money is pouring in, and squeezing my hand tighter, we planned on building a beautiful two-room modern log cabin on the hill, with hanging lamps and dangling crystals, real store carpet and factory made chairs, and honey while you whisper in my ear how much you love me, I'll be mixing up a real pan of dough gods with my little two hands that will fairly melt in your mouth, I wondered if she should, would or could.

More Sincerity Preferred

I have thought many times since if there were less slush, gush and mush, less honey this and that, less sweetie pie, and lovey dovey, and all the other inane baby artifices the gals use to bewitch the males, courtship and marriage might last longer, for say what you will any real man soon gets sickened on over sweetened rations. I could and did listen for days, but even in a fool's paradise there is home limitation but in spite of all this loves prattle, I could feel a little doubt as we walked hand in hand back up the street, she to her job at the theatre and I to the muck stick at the Matchless. My old

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

friend Loco Bill would cheer me up by calling to mind the many objections of matrimony, and stressed the dark side particularly about walking the floor with a crying baby, changing diapers and with that insatiable old wood stove calling for more and more hours of work sawing wood, this gloomy picture did cool my ardor somewhat, so when after two months as the star attraction at the Grand Central, Comique, Palace, Odeon, Carbonate and Coliseum Theatres, she informed me of the unexpected by me, but expected notice of her departure to other fields, I was better prepared, so I thought, to endure the separation, with her promise, 'twould not be long.

Lonely In A Crowd

For youth in the big city of Leadville there was no time, even big men only received attention by some overt act or achievement, and as I came down off the hill from the Matchless as day was breaking in the east, I felt an infinitesimal part of the community. The world outside looked small to me, and appeared as if it might be surrounded by Leadville, but at least within its confines was the axis of all my hopes and desires. No my inspiration did not come from the gold and silver in the hills, but a glimpse of heaven came from a pair of laughing eyes and smiling face, for on that very afternoon was I not chosen to escort the light of my life on a buggy ride down the valley, and had I not already engaged the vehicle, a newly painted buggy with a high stepping, prancing bay horse from Allen's livery at \$2 per hour, not bad at that, with hay at \$130 per ton and oats at 30 cents per pound. It might seem strange with a thousand feminine faces to choose from, only one could furnish the necessary inspiration, and it happened to be one Stella DeChane, she who also held the destiny of a thousand other fool men in the palm of her hand. Talk of gamblers in the game of cards, how about the gamblers in the game of love with a thousand contestants to one prize. Truly the game seemed not worth the effort, yet when I drove up in front of the Clarendon with that swanky outfit and saw that vision of beauty completely encased in silks, satins, ruffles and ribbons, with great wide hat ornamented with ostrich feathers, doubts were immediately dispelled, the gold and silver from the hills forgotten and for the next two hours no king felt greater. Tying the horse to the hitching rail on our return she invited me to her

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

room, and here under the watchful eye of the maid and with door wide open, I was allowed to bask in paradise. Veritably gold and silver coins and jewelry were lying about everywhere, thousands of dollars in value, with myriads of silk and satin dresses scattered about, and that odor of perfume so heavy it knocked me koko. My eyes bugged out at so much carelessness, the wealth in that room for a few nights performances at the theatres was greater than I could acquire in a year's work. It was true in the good old days no bandit would attempt to steal from a woman under these circumstances, yet the same man would hold up and kill a male for a dollar. Perhaps it was all right to hitch my wagon to a star but when that star is surrounded with jewels and money, I doubt the wisdom of hoping, with such small chances for success.

Love Akin To Inanity

Gloomy feelings were injected in the atmosphere when she told me she was scheduled to appear at the theatre in the then booming town of Junction City, and from there to everywhere, for after all she was the state's darling and had no immediate life of her own. But she was all mine so she said, and with a good night kiss (and still there are fools that say kisses have no meaning) I left with jumpy heart and my feet could hardly navigate. The day of departure came and as she stepped in the last stage coach from Leadville to the south, she extended that lovely face outside the coach door and through a blur (call it tears if you like) gave me a fond goodbye, with the final words, "Someday I'm coming back to you." But did she? Days passed slowly and still I preferred the night shift, this gave me time for sleep and a few hours work on the Stella DeChane. Yes, it's true a drowning man will grab at straws, hope was the straw, and I worked with feverish zeal to uncover the pay streak, and fully expected to discover a new Matchless. Yes the moth is ever seeking the flame, and with so darned many flames around, it is the moth that always gets singed, and perhaps I was to be no exception.

A Letter Dispels Doubt

Several days later sure enough came a letter, well scented with that familiar perfume, and well I knew I was the en-

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

vy of every man in camp, while the waiter gals, sympathetic before, now stick up their noses with disgust (or was it pique). The letter was written with pencil and covered several pages, describing in detail the excitement to be found, and laid much stress on the fine uniforms of the bands and the fine orchestras of fiddles, banjos, cellos and guitars (damnable sax still unknown) and with the same old phrase "someday I'm coming back to you," and with a series of Xes, and the final admonition that I was to remain content until our trails would cross once again. Hastily penciling a reply to the light of my life then walking on down to the end of Harrison Ave., overlooking California gulch, I set me down on the trying stone and forthwith dropped into a state of utter abandonment, surely the bottom had dropped out of my dream, and I was in thoughts, alone in a city of 50,000 souls. There were many new arrivals at the theatres and dance halls every day, beautiful full 40 inch busted girls, yet I declined the numerous invitations to become better acquainted, feeling it was better to be loved by one gold digger rather than to play sucker to other gold diggers, this saved me much financial embarrassment. Yes, absent love has its compensations and in tying to one gal, and waiting for her yes or no, consumes much of ones life, and thereby does keep him out of deviltry.

No Peace At Any Price

So this was Leadville with 118 lawyers and 119 saloons, trouble and lawyers go hand in hand, and I wondered what the odd saloon did for protection. But here we also find four preachers and priests to minister to the needs of 50,000 souls and in the call for funds to erect the churches, none were more generous than the saloon keeper and the sporting fraternity, and when I chided Sandy McIntosh of the Last Chance saloon, the destroyer of manhood, as to his liberality toward building churches for the saving of manhood, he passed this remark, that he was not concerned about their preaching, just so long as they did no converting.

Truly these few men of the cloth had little material to work on and their time was occupied mostly in christening, marrying and administering the obsequies to the dead, yet with so little encouragement we owe them great tribute in sticking to the job regardless of the odds, though sinners saved were few. Leadville the two-mile high city now dubbed

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

the Cloudy City, where the blue sky was blotted out, not by clouds altogether but in reality more by the smoke from smelter stacks, mines, and the dust and dirt from the thousands of heavy ore wagons, freighters and stage coaches continually passing up and down the valley, and from the hills round about, I don't know about the proverbial peck of dirt but I am sure of this, in walking up and down any Leadville street in boom days, the peck was consumed each day and perhaps this dust was responsible for the high mortality, but I still think it was caused by too little sleep, and burning the candle at both ends.

Lost In The Crowd

The surge of the crowd carries one along on Chestnut and State streets, hundreds of men were sitting on the old board walks with feet in the gutter and bowed heads bemoaning the loss of money via the gold diggers, booze and gambling routes. Dead men lay for hours longside the ramshackle buildings, so common a spectacle it was not even noticed or commented on, though the ghouls soon cleaned the body of six-shooters, watch and wallet (if the victim were fortunate enough to possess these requisites). The neglect of caring for the dead, was no fault or reflection on the police, for they were needed everywhere at the same time, and naturally there never was enough of them to always be at the proper place at the proper time.

Exit The Stage Coach

The fight between the Rio Grande and Santa Fe for the rights through the Rayol Gorge was settled in favor of the Rio Grande, and the grading crews and tracks now reached Leadville in the 1880's. The old stage coaches and freight wagons were slated to be laid aside, and were entitled to a long deserved rest. The community, now the largest city in Colorado, was all agog for the big day when Leadville would be connected with civilization by these ribbons of steel, the construction tents were at Malta just a few miles below fast-disappearing Ora City, and on my off hour I would watch the graders at work. My old friend, Tim Sheehan, who was cook in the big tent, invited me to be his guest for dinner, and boy, if I could just once again connect up with a slice of

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

that railroad cake, fully 6 inches thick with solid yellow center and well baked in two-foot square pans, and here again if you would see hungry men at work, you should have gone into the big eating tent and watched that food disappear, and come to think of it, flies were no deterrent and were coaxed hither by the proximity of the horse and mule corrals nearby.

The Passing of Time

Now again, after 60 years of time, my footsteps lead me up and down Harrison Avenue toward the same old trysting stone, and while there I will reminisce and dwell on a romance that never died, bewail the fate of Leadville in its gloom, and lament the passing of the glory of the Gold and Silver West.

Old Trails Still Open

So as I wandered past the Deleware, the Quincy and other old landmarks, past the old Tabor Opera House (now the Elks Lodge) on by, where the Clarendon once stood and where only memories, the old stone step, and the vacant lot remain to mark the spot. The old Rocky Mountain Hotel (now the Mount View) with the rotting wide board walk still in evidence, now the domicile of Anna Fullerton. The old frame building stands aslant and leans periously to the North, and it too, like its lone occupant, appears tired of its long service, yet hesitates to give up the fight. The 35 bedrooms still filled with antique beds and bureaus, mattresses, bedding and sheets (unoccupied for 16 years) with heavy covering of dust, are mute reminders of good old days, while the old sofa in the cobwebby office, covered with cow hide, hairy side up, waits in vain for other occupants that at one time were willing, and did pay \$5 for its use for one night as a bed on different occasions. Yes, ever ready to acclaim the virtues of any old timers and minimize their sins, I trust Leadville will care for Anna who laboriously waddles about on two crutches, once an active part of Leadville, for 'twas such as she that gave so much aid to the old sourdoughs and received so little in return for it. Yes, here and now I pay a tribute to the oldest resident on Harrison Avenue, a still living reminder of the 1880's.

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

Memory Alone Can Reconstruct

Next door to the old hotel nothing remains of the Pap Wyman's saloon, dance and gambling hall, but the few remaining foundation stones at the rear, while of the Coliseum there is no trace. Well I remember the poker game with five aces in the deck, minus two players when the smoke cleared away, and the duel of Healy and Murdock over Daisy O'Dell at the Comique. "What price one kiss?" Two dead men! Even the old bank vault at the foot of Harrison could not escape the highway devasteers, and what I thought was to be an everlasting monument to Leadville has disappeared from the picture. Truly hundreds of millions had at times passed through those old vault doors.

One outstanding event in the annals of Leadville was the party given by Mollie May at her mansion on West Fifth Street. It was an invitation affair, and open only to the stags and elite of the city. To be invited to the bacchanalian feast placed one in the "Who's Who," was considered a great honor, and by attending, ones social standing was forever fixed as a member of the upper crust, and you may believe the great and illustrious was there in force, to view for many, and for the first time, Mollie May's famous fifty thousand dollar solid silver service.

A Colorful Event

The orchestra of Art Morrencic and the Metropolitan Opera Star, abducted from the opera completing their week's show at the Tabor Theatre by the lure of easy dollars, was on hand to dispense music and song, while champagne, wine and gin was flowing like water, with colored waiters in full dress suits to do the serving. A solid silver candelabrum with 12 lighted candles was placed in center of the two 20-foot tables, with full complement of solid silver plates and eating utensils. Soup bowls were of silver, with white Bavarian china coffee cups set in silver holders. Never in the history of Leadville was such a feast tendered to a selected crowd, and while no one ever questioned the courage of these diners, yet you may believe they shuddered, quailed and shrank, and an element of gloomy silence prevailed as the soup was ladeled from the solid silver chamber mug, this a part of the bedroom bowl and pitcher silver set.

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

Not Always As It Seems

Did they refuse to partake? No, gentlemen that they were, and with the watchful eye of a hundred fellow diners upon them they dare not welch, and in spite of the ugly rumors that the mug had seen much service they did partake therefrom. Brave they were, accepting their portion including (words censored and deleted) the piece de resistance, with wry faces, depressed spirit and in truth with not too much relish or gusto. So here you find he men among men, and women (God bless their designing little hearts) let them believe it, and as usual in the proper time was to make monkeys of them all.

Under the Spell of Mesmerism

Mollie May bedected in silk, satin and jewels, set in gold and silver, radiant in all her splendor, was a gracious hostess and reminded one of Queen Elizabeth at the court of St. James. So passed an event that cost the donor \$20 a plate, the height of extravagance in that day of simple living, but now only chicken feed compared to the \$100 a plate dinners given by the political parties of modern America. Mollie May herself has long since passed from the picture, but the hunt for the silver service has gone on and on by collectors, but only a few pieces have been recovered to tell the story, the balance no doubt has been scattered to the four corners of the world and much of it is even now in silver dollars, or reposing in bars in the vaults at West Point. Suffice to say Mollie May knew more about Leadville and profited much from its great mines and miners, and the knowledge acquired came through contact with great strong men, who as always were weak and but putty in deceptive woman's hands.

A Contrast in Femininity

In contrast to Moille May we step across Harrison Avenue to East Fifth Street and here in a wretched tumble-down shack we find Mary Cleary, "The Washerwoman?" who, in spite of seven small Clearys under feet and hanging to her skirts, did the laundry for the miners on the hill. If, as they say, the meek shall inherit the earth, then Mary will certainly come in for her share. Of course there was a

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

Clearly and for years he wandered with Judas (his jackass) to his prospects (mines, she called them), at the head of Ten-Mile, and like all prospectors, he told her and she believed it), the idea that riches untold was but 10 feet ahead, but like prospectors the world over, he did not know, or failed to define which 10 feet it was, so it was up to Mary to bend over the washboard and tub, washing, scrubbing, rubbing and ironing for 30 long years.

A Glamour Gal of the Washtub

There never was a headline in the four daily papers extolling her virtues or commending her work, her name was unknown, praises unsung and deeds unrecorded, but real and lasting glory is not always to the swiftest, most publicised or glamourized, and for her results she proudly points to her brood of Americans, displays a solid gold set, with diamond engagement and wedding rings, including bracelets, ear pendants and necklace, saved from the gold and silver dirt left in the sediment of the washtub and melted down in the crucible of the assayer's furnace at Leadville. God knows Mary got no citation as an angel of cleanliness (next to Godliness) on this earth, but if Justice prevails in heaven (which I think it does) she will be leading the parade ahead of the parasitic glamour gals as they pass through St. Peter's pearly gate.

Burning Life's Candle At Both Ends

Troube, trouble and excitement all about us, truly few know how to live, so as innocent bystanders in the dance hall (where novices shouldn't have been), the writer with fifty other participants and spectators was herded together and jailed (considered a disgrace at that time but an honor now), and the regular jail being overcrowded, we were confined in the cellar of the Topic Saloon, just adjoining the police magistrate's office, but glory be, as we milled around on an inspection trip we found barrels upon barrels of good old bourbon and casks of wine, with spigot and rubber hose already attached. As we were already in bad with the law it was not a much greater crime to indulge in what the Gods had provided, and soon the whole aggregaton was on a hillarious and glorious singing drunk. The judge and bailif, also

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

curious as to the reason for the merrymaking, and to the contents of those various barrels, soon joined the happy party sampling the several exhibits, with the result they too became somewhat unsteady in mind and on feet, burped over with generosity, dismissing the charge of drunk and disorderly, with but a reprimand to be more law-abiding in the future. What fools these mortals be, here with the wealth of Croesus all about us, we knew not how to use it intelligently, and did but waste effort, time and lives on wine, women, song and discord.

The Great Pass On With Praise Unsung

After many years of hardship and sacrifice in the placer mining of California Gulch, let it be said when deeds and not folly was publicised in the press a woman made the headlines as Colorado's outstanding character, but now stepping out of the picture was Augusta Tabor, dubbed the Gold Queen by the miners on the 1860's, and stepping into the picture of Leadville in the 1880's, came one Baby (Elizabeth) Doe, and by a peculiar quirk of man's mind, this dusty blonde piece of feminine dynamite was to capture Tabor's heart and become Silver Queen. Let this be said, Baby herself demanded respect of all, and if for no other reason they did pay her homage as Tabor's consort. Let us who are above suspicion and not within temptation, be careful to withhold criticism for it is human to err, and to forgive divine, and in the final analysis how many of us would have escaped the censure of the mob (with ten million as the lure) and criticism of the great becomes a daily habit, and those that succeed are as always under the scrutiny of millions not so fortunate, curious and envious people.

Baby The Star Attraction

So the triangle grew, and with it Leadville the hub of the gold and silver west. And the state of Colorado profited greatly thereby. For over 60 years never a day has passed that Baby Doe's name, virtues or sins is not the center of conversation, not only in the west but the nation itself. While she suffered social ostracism, she was ever faithful and a martyr to the end in her lonely vigil of the Matchless mine. Her sacrifice and tragic death in the shack on the old mine dump



From a Cinderella in fancy to a Silver Queen in fact, and tho but a rag, a bone, a hank of hair, (beautiful ne'er less) was she that upset the conventions of state and nation.

The story as old as time immortalizing women as wise and men as ever, but pawns in designing feminine hands.

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

has erased all bitterness, and lone women that she always was, never for a minute did she plead for aid, ask for sympathy, or abandon the last tryst and request of Tabor's "Baby take care of the Matchless and some day it will take care of you." Tho the Matchless never came back as a producer, has never after its period of boom extraction, given to Baby Doe riches or even bread and butter, but not-with-standing, it has given her an award as the world's most colorful character and talked about woman (her greatest desire) and her story and the mine will be to Colorado the greatest attraction and monument the state will ever know.

Time Erases Trails and Trailblazers

The years have passed and with reminiscing thoughts and willing feet me and my partner (Samson) follow the trails of yesterday up Harrison Avenue, and up the hill around the corner of 7th street, and by the now abandoned Coronado mine where once upon a time miners and militia withstood a siege by a rival organization for two months, surrendering only when fire had razed the mine buildings. We amble up the hill deep in meditation, and in time will arrive at the Matchless Mine, every foot of the trail sanctified by the invisible footsteps, long erased by the storms of time, but to me, in fancy I can discern familiar footprints plain as day, because of being so firmly anchored and imprinted in the archives of memory's cells.

Along this trail in the 1880's passed Haw Tabor and Augusta his consort "The Gold Queen." She well earned the title as dealer, buyer and transporter of gold dust and nuggets, while serving as storekeeper in the log cabin in California and Buckskin gulch. It was she the early prospectors trusted to convey their gold to Denver, and remember while she profited much from these transactions, reigned as queen and banker 20 years before Leadville was born, she received little results from the millions of silver in the Matchless. Later over this same trail passed Baby Doe "The Silver Queen" in shiny painted, silver trimmed carriage behind a pair of prancing bays and liveried coachmen. She was garbed as befitted a queen in silks, satin, gold, silver and jeweled ornaments, and tripping along this same now nearly obliterated grass covered trail passed a maid in her teens, Gold Dollar (Elizabeth Lily) first daughter of Tabor, a princes in carriage, chilled



Silver Dollar greets President Teddy Roosevelt. Poor little Silver with the cards stacked against her from the start and nary a hand to guide her.

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

as to heart, haughty with disdain, this same maid who was to renounce the family name, forever deny an unwelcome parentage and vanishing from old familiar haunts (yet still alive) tho now lost in the maze of 135 million people, who speaks of, yet knows not her name, and even friends and acquaintances know no more she or her whereabouts.

Where Princess Have Trod

Now passing along the very same trail with a smile on her face and joy in her heart, she too with a princess carriage a lovable being, with a world of filial affection, steps Silver Dollar (Rose Mary Echo) second daughter of Tabor. Poor Silver with malice toward none, kicked around, maligned, abused, neglected and ridiculed because of the stigma of the parents being handed down unto the 5th generation. Silver pretty as a picture, possessing a latent talent in several directions, but here again she was frustrated in every attempt she made to rise above her heritage. All she asked was a chance to stand on and be recognized for her own capabilities. In her earnest desire to succeed as a composer of songs, she received little encouragement and nobody cared, even in her efforts to be a journalist, nobody cared, and in her laudable attempt to be a writer she received little support, and nobody cared. The very title to her story "Star of Blood," pretty much reflected her life of defeatism and frustration, so Silver as she tramped the streets of Leadville, Denver and Chicago in thinning shoe soles and ragged dress, lamented and rebelled at her plight, and could see, as a child of misfortune she was to be forever damned, and for she and her welfare nobody cared. Yes opportunities from the wrong direction came her way but as failure after failure stalked her footsteps, she also cared not what happened to herself, so we find Silver born in the lap of luxury, swathed in fine raiment, and rocked in a silver cradle, dies a horrible death, neglected, forsaken, forgotten and alone in a dingy tenement back room, buried in an unknown grave in Chicago, and even here, nobody cared, not a friend or relative mourned at her bier. Yes Silver who never did anyone harm found peace at last, but it remains a sad commentary on the social and influential women of Colorado to have thus abused a defenseless maid, crucified her socially and financially for the sins of father and mother. Truly the people owe Silver Dollar a posthumous

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

apology and eulogy, for if ever a woman was scorned and stoned with contempt by an ungrateful populace, whose sins were far greater than her own, it was Silver.

Trails Hold Stories Untold

Many dreary years have passed, including most of 1935, and over this hallowed trail shuffles the faltering, feeble footsteps of Baby Doe once a proud beauty, now with amaciated body, furrowed face, clad in rags, worn out shoes encased in burlap sacking, with thin ragged shawl over all, to keep out winter's chilly blasts. She braves the wind as she passes around the corner of 7th street. Truly a lost soul asking nothing and rather spurning those who would befriend her.

With mind a little hazy and failing physically as the years were passing by, yet with faith unshaken, tho this was to be the last climb over the trails of yesterday, and the last day for a tired willing (yet not disillusioned) soul to guard the Matchless Mine. Yes she kept the faith until the last breath of life had passed away. On this day as I reach the mine I step with reverence through the shack door, for all about me is hallowed space, each object in view but part of the story. For many years she kept the old engine oiled and brasses polished, for as she so often said, tomorrow the Matchless will come to life again.

Old Mines Are Monuments To The Great

From the old mine dump I dig out a few overlooked chunks of silver ore, and I thought of the millions of dollars that has passed through Haw's and Baby Doe's hands, and it was this wealth alone that was responsible for the greatest tragedy and story ever known, yet proves that one man's loss is but other men's gain, while the possession of great riches is as always the root of all evil. But of this I am sure, the state should preserve this shrine intact and in perpetuity as the greatest monument left in the west, should erect a marker inscribed "HAW AND BABY /DOE TABOR," to honor both, one as the greatest builder, and the other as the greatest martyr to a trust ever recorded in history, a monument that is to be evermore a profitable investment, and to advertise a state's resources to a pleasure seeking, knowledge acquiring and adventurous world.

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

Old Trails But New Faces

And on another day my feet lead me from the Hermitage to Leadville, there to take part in the selection and coronation of a Silver Queen for Tabor day, and remembering a similar incident when we selected one in the 1880's, and fully expecting the rules for entry to follow a precedent, I carried my tape with me, thinking of course if Tabor days be properly reproduced, we would choose our queen as in the days of yore. Again I remember that at the time any girl with less than a 40 inch bust, 44 inch hip, and over a 20 inch waist was disqualified, but to my astonishment in looking over the contestants I could not see one that would measure 34. Well I admit my disappointment and just rolled up my tape and let the modern boys do the judging. Well, Haw or any other old timer now gone, would turn over in their graves at this desecration of an ideal, and even I could weep at the choosing of such a miniature (even though pretty) queen, and believe me I am wondering if these present day, stream-lined Lilliputs, both mentally and physically, are not a forerunner to the beginning of a decadent race. Yet there is still an element of sympathy and tolerance left in this modern 90 pound sample of perfection as she looked on this relic of the past with compassion, and did very graciously give him the first dance of the evening.

Modesty Or Pretense—Which

Leadville is still modestly minded in spirit in spite of its wild reputation and as I made ready to retire in my open truck on Harrison Avenue, I removed my outer garments and a policeman said I might be arrested for indecent exposure, but when I pointed out three gals promenading by in shorts, exposed back and front down to the waist, except for a surcingle (girdle) and some other do-dad around the bust, he said no more, but heavens what a night and hereafter if I sleep in Leadville, I will retire not earlier than 7:00 A. M.

Never Just The Same

Leadville is not the Leadville of 50 and 60 years ago. Some of the old landmarks are still standing, the most notable the old Tabor Hotel (now Vendome), the Tabor Opera House

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

(now Elks Club) and as I wandered through the old show-house I remembered the opening play of "Serious Family," with Jack Langhishe as leading man.

Now as I look back from the stage into that sepulchre gloom of the auditorium in fancy I can see in the shadowy crypt like boxes, the former occupants including Augusta and Haw and other industrial kings. The empty seats appear like niches in an ancient catacomb, truly here at one time reposed the persons of the illustrious and great, and I doubt if future occupants will ever register so high in achievements. I can call the roll one by one of many of the greatest men in Colorado history, but only the echo of my own voice would answer for they have long since passed over the great divide. In fancy as I stand on that sanctified stage I can bring to mind a picture of those old trail blazers, Tabor, Brown, Moffat, Smith, Campion, Hunter, Nicholson, Walsh, Newhouse, Guggenheim, McDonald. Yes and including thousands of other notables. And here let it be known that Leadville had what it took to build great men and the evidence of their greatness, is felt and known throughout the world. But the generations that followed and profited by Leadville's billions hear not their plea for aid in the building of a drainage tunnel, that would again restore the city to its glory, proving again that the mendicant if he does not bite the hand that feeds him, is prone to forget, and at least gives him not material help.

Candles Burn At Both Ends

The city today is the same in respect to its former precedent, and maintains that its day time all the time and there is to be no night there. The addition of paved streets and high sidewalks with their many steps makes this an ideal convention city, and gives it a modern up-to-date appearance. Off main street the old board walks are still in evidence and as I pass up East 5th I see the ruins of the old Free Coinage Hotel, just lately destroyed by fire, and I note the men digging in the ashes for the gold and silver nuggets, that were at one time dropped through the open floor boards, or placed in holes in the walls by the old placer miners, high graders and prospectors for safekeeping, there to be forgotten, or in numerous instances the owner got slugged and failed to return after a night out. In truth there were more miners dig-

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

ging here in the ashes at this time than on the entire Fryer Hill. Yes, I would assert without contradiction that all of the old time frame buildings of Leadville contain enough lost and hidden gold and silver to replace the structures themselves.

Sober Thoughts Guide My Footsteps

It was not mere curiosity that leads my footsteps to the old cemetery of Leadville where now reposes most of the inhabitants of the good old days. Here amid the pines, winter's snows and storms of time have tumbled to earth the tombstones, and rotted away the head boards so only the mounds remain. With kindred ideas and friends among those of old days, now as a Hermit and alone in this day, I would commune with these departed souls who understood my thoughts and spoke my language. I choose not this places as the background of a story, but I am viewing the thousands of graves of notables that at one time were my friends, and who were the leading characters in the great human play "The Night Life of Leadville." I would dwell on the amusement and entertainment angle in my travelogues, and my story will quite often refer to those glamorous gals of the variety stage and dance halls, and well I know 60 years ago, even those on the legitimate stage carried no social prestige, much less those in the lower strata of entertainment. But here and now I say to you (and ready to prove my point) there was more modesty, virtue, gentleness, mystery, manners and graciousness among the women of these professions in those days, than we now find among the habitues and entertainers in the night clubs, dancehalls, theatres and taverns of today.

Nudeness Not The Ladder To Success

Never an actress in the old varieties or dancehalls found it necessary to expose her nudeness to receive applause or attract the adulation of the male audience. The simple art of singing and dancing (some songs as now, bordering on the vulgarity) was enough, and I would remind you those were one men women (not polyandryists as now) where gold digging was an art with the profit motive uppermost, and we old timers indulging in the weakness of falling in love with one of these deceptive critters, had little chance of success in the undertaking. With bowed head I look about me at the 5,000

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

graves of the glamour gals of the good old days and at the 20,000 mounds of their victims. I attempt to justify the old prospectors who alone in the mountains of the Rockies for months at a time, was but a moth to the feminine flame, regardless if they be dressed in virtue, silk, satin or calico, and like a beckoning star in the heavens, a magnet, these gold diggers drew us to them. Fools (mebbe we were) to serve as pawns in the game of unrequited love. I vindicate them all as builders of morale, acting under no false banner or pretense and what if we did get a kiss now and then, you can believe we paid a hell of a price for it.

Solemn Thoughts Prevail

Deep in meditation I wander aimlessly around the sanctified ground, reading a few epitaphs on faded headboards and eroded stone monuments, and as twilight settles over the city of the dead I set me down on the toppled headstone of Ben Loeb the last survivor of the old variety show era, exemplifying to the last a character that still stood on the breaking line between the old and new life of Leadville.

Memory takes me back to his last day on earth with but \$700 left to his name. He wished to die as he had lived, and insisted on spending his last remaining dollar on one big farewell party (even tho he was to be interred at the public expense) to all his friends, and as the final breath of life was passing, he requested that he be buried with his boots on, an honor accorded all heros and pioneers of the gold and silver west.

To The Aged Lifetime Seems But A Day

I fall to reminiscing on the passing of the old and the advent of the new, and memory takes me back to Washington and New York (a far jump from my familiar haunts 'neath the crest of the Rockies) and there before the Pagan judges (Congress) make one last plea in defense of gold and silver money and the prospector (sourdough) the salt of the earth that unearths it. True it was not the Washington or New York of 60 years ago, with their cobblestone paving, horse drawn traffic and the manury tang that went with it, but all is now smooth paved, gasoline smelly and clean streets, traversed by a people with questionable morals. I could feel that

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

all about me was deception, where the art of posing, preening and pretending was rampant, perfidy held the spot light, and where only an iota of sincerity is visible. Yes the old prospector felt lost and afraid on the streets of New York, even tho the mayor (by intervention of my governor) gave me a key to the city, and with it the protection of the police department which allayed my fears somewhat, and through sympathy (I suppose the newspaper men took me in tow, listened to my story attentively, believed little in my crusade, but good fellows at heart, insisted on showing me the bright spots in the greatest and wickedest little town (in point of area) in the world.

In The Eyes Of The Connoisseur

To me, a dealer in realities, 'twas not hard to select the true from the false, either in gold and silver or femininity, and as we stopped off at the Roseland dance hall, to the novice here was beauty at its best, tall streamlined, artificial specimens of female pulchritude, sans the long tresses, protruding bumps and pronounced curves that we of the old school thought was the essence of perfection. I viewed with caution these modern dames scantily dressed in slinky, silky and clingy costumes that seemed glued to them, along with mascaraed eye lashes, plucked eyebrows, roughed cheeks, ochineal bug painted lips, maroon red, toe and long style Chineese fingernails, with vibrating body bathed in intoxicating perfume, with a glint of the tigress in their hypnotic eyes. Here I stood (innocence abroad) awed, fearful in the lion's den, and even with the police escort and reporters as my body guard I wondered what chance had I, or the ordinary man against the she-wolves of Broadway.

Pity Beauty, Ears Attuned To Flattery

I effervesced not over the contraceptive complected gold diggers of today as I compared them to the docile and puritanical gold diggers of the good old days. Yes all was pretense in these modern gals, not one of them possessing a heart or soul, and in reality are but automatons or robots, and a kiss from these promiscious kissed lips had no more warmth than one from the ice cold statue of Venice in Central Park, but always a gentleman I did dance with one of these icelandic gorgeous

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

critters and when I jokingly remarked as to how many husbands it took among the polyandry inclined modern females to keep well dressed and entertained, she confessed (with pride mind you) that answering for herself, so far she had accumulated but eight, but was still hoping.

The Rules Of The Game

I felt not to bad when the Pennsylvania, Ritz-Carlton and Willard Hotels, refused me admittance to the dining room, because as they said I was not in full dress, tho the ladies (I presume) were entering therein less than half dressed, and neither was I dismayed when refused admittance for the same reason to Hell's A Poppin, insisting I be dressed up in order to enter and be held up, and I felt relieved that the swanky night club also turned thumbs down on this lonely specimen of humanity from the sticks, but this is New York where a man is judged by his clothes, not by his character (the reverse to the west). Yes deception and tails are the open sesame to the dark and dingy hangouts on the trail to hell. Sodom is a poor second, compared to sinful, proud and haughty Manhattan, where even the sewer fed fish in the East and Hudson rivers are unpalatable, being contaminated by the contraceptive disinfectants of a sterile population, where the only babies born are from the newly arrived illiterate emigrant stock.

Folly And Vice Boon Companions

So it worried me not to leave the land of paganized immortality where even Tobacco Road plays without a break for eight years to an audience of decadent morons, and return to the Heart of the Rockies where the deer, antelope, lion, bear and coyote play, far from where the she-tigers of Broadway and the wolves of Wall Street stay, where men are real and unafraid, and angelic women, "God bless 'em" keep them that way. One cannot always live in the past, time is fleeting and I must come back to life after awakening from my reverie, realizing that the yesterdays are but dreams, and are but of passing interest to a modern, busy and indifferent people.

I retrace my steps through the darkness back to town and there will get another glimpse of the old west as I stop at the Princess Theatre and see the make believe modern version of

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

"The Gal of the Gold and Silver West." Yes life is but a continuous drama at best, and we the actors but marionettes, but it is our privilege to see the current acts of a perpetually moving drama, but never the first or last scene.

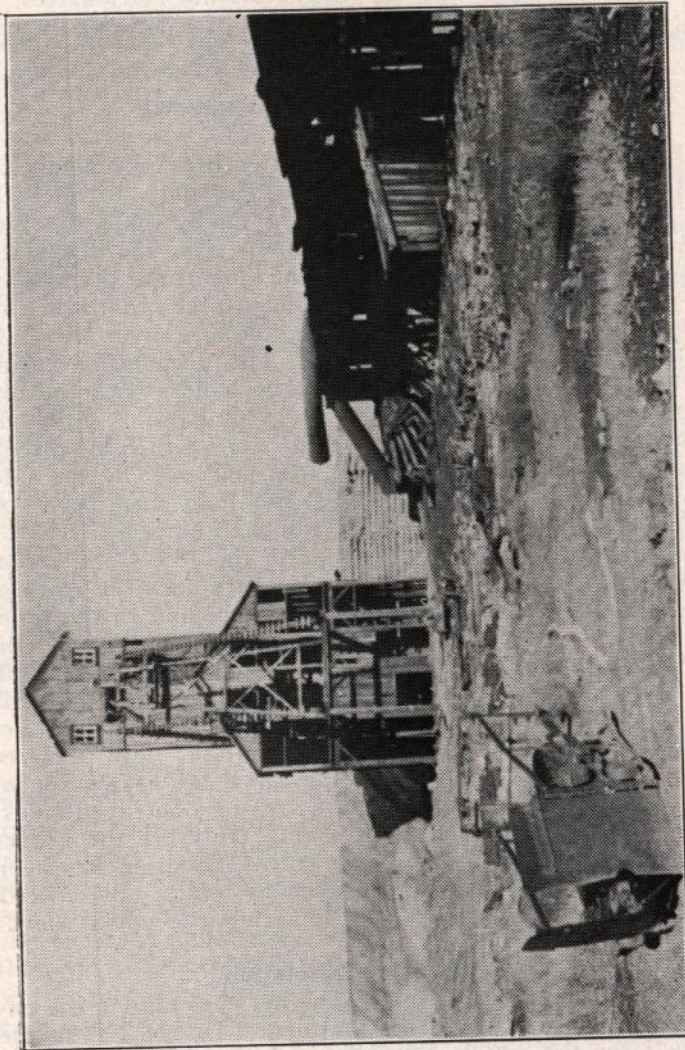
Trails Lead Into The Tomorrows

I climb up the mountain by the Penrose, Coronado, Star, Maid and Henrietta, Fannie Rawlins, Crysolite, Little Pittsburg and in the dusk of the evening I finally reach the Wolf Tone, the loosened and swinging timbers from the dilapidated gallows framework appear against the blue of the sky as spectres with ccusing fingers toward those forces that were responsible for destroying faith in the gold and silver west, and maiming this one living industry. The devastation nearly gets me down, the battery of six huge boilers with the topped smokestacks are reminders of great days, I notice the sheeve wheels still in place, while the cage with cable disconnected by junkers hangs in space, and held only by the safety clutches. The great doublehoist has long since been sold for old iron to supply schrapnel to kill the Chineese.

Truly the Wolf Tone guards as in the 1880's are needed no more for protection, as time and nature does the work at no expense. Even the railroad tracks here and to the other mines have been torn up, and as I looked about and saw the numerous scattered and rusted boilers lying all over the hill-sides, I could mourn over the desecration, knowing that still under that mountain and beneath shafts full of water, lies the wealth of Croesus. The entire mountain now covered with wrecks of shafthouses standing awry and askew appear against the horizon like ghosts (and are) of a betrayed industry, and the acres of caved depressions, truly are the graves into which they fall. I know the entire mountain has been resting on forests of timber these many years, now rotted, and is gradually giving way and lowering the whole elevation.

Naught But Desolation

From the dump of the Wolf Tone my eyes take in the entire valley, clear across to the Continental Divide. Far in the distance I see the wrecked buildings of the Champion Mine, and the Homestake, the daddy of them all, I glance higher to the east in the foreground I see the Little Johnny and far beyond it the crest and snow line of the Mosquito range. One



Wolfstone Mine. Naught but a spectre remains to mark the spot of past glory where once reposed nature's gold and silver chest.

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

could write many books on the history of the Little Johnny mine and the men it made rich and famous. Well I know why the great smoke stacks are smokeless, for an electric hoist has replaced the old steam hoist and boilers, and while there were at one time 400 men working down the shaft, a bare dozen now remain in this catacomb of dreams, and if it were not for the tenacity of one John Cortelenni, who great miner and builder that he is, with that indomitable faith, that farther within the depths of this great mine lies riches yet to be found, and but for him, this mine itself would join the other idle ghosts of a glorious yesterday.

Not Pockets But Cuffs Filled With Gold

Along this trail where I now sit came the hordes of workers from their daily shift work, dressed in overalls (the uniform of honor) sans gold braids, buttons or medals. At the bottom the cuffs are rolled up 6 and 8 inches, 'twas many years before Jerry Johnson, the super understood (why the idea) but within these cuffs was carried home each night far greater wealth than the shifts work came to. Of course I am not accusing the boys of high-grading, but it was common talk about the workmen changing into new overalls so often, and sporting so many tailor-made suits while working on the Johnny. Yes, truly a fortune was carried away within these cuffs and pockets, just dropped into them inadvertently, and it would be no crime to have the assayer clean them with a bath of fire that reduced them to a gold button. But of all the strange things to happen, we wondered why the doctors in the hospitals were showing partiality to the miners on the Ibex, until an interne once told me confidently that a malady that was quite common among the miners on the Johnny was diagnosed as gall stones, when in reality it was gold stones, and he himself preserves several of the gold nuggets recovered from operations, to prove his story. Far be it from me to infer that any miner would high-grade and if 10 million dollars in gold accidentally fell into a cuff, no one was to blame, but I wonder what would happen if they happened to live in this day of cuffless pants.

Only The Skeleton of Dreams Remain

I grieve much as I view the Penrose with its millions of

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

wealth submerged and see the myriads of the slag piles representing at one time 16 smelters, and smoke now arising from Just one furnace of the American Smelting Company's six, and I wondered if I as a producer must forever pay dividends, taxes, upkeep and administrative costs on five dead horses out of the six, and I wondered if some day soon, common sense would again prevail and take a hand, restore gold and silver money to circulation at its rightful price, and I can vision if this is done a resurrected Leadville, not the Leadville I am looking at today, but a New Leadville, for believe the old Hermit the day is not far distant when Harrison Avenue will be naught but mine dumps, for far beneath those old streets lie riches much greater than that so far extracted. Yes the history of Leadville will live on forever, the present structural monuments to initiative and industry will disappear and a new city will emerge into being, all this will happen when a new vision is born and the long needed drainage tunnel is constructed to take the water from under the miners feet.

Footsteps Tread No More

Well I know as I walk back down the hill there will not be 10,000 miners crowding the trail toward town after a hard day's work well done. No I am alone on Fryer hill and the only voice and footstep I hear is the echo of my own, for today the valley has lost the prospector and miner, who was, and has been betrayed for nearly 40 years by an all unwise congress of these United States, a congress that seemingly like Nebuchadnezzar are so blind, they cannot see the handwriting of retribution on the wall.

Gravity Leads Me Down Hill

My trail linto town leads me by the office of the Ibx Mining Co., where once upon a time a pay day awaited me for each month's work done. Where there were many clerks, cashiers, stenographers and bookkeepers, just one lone woman cares for the books and fixtures where hundreds of millions of dollars in gold and silver has been disbursed to the miners and trades people. Poppy Smith had been cleaning out the burglar proof vault that once held treasure greater than King Tut ever dreamed about. Gathering up the rub-

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

bish, specimens and sweeping up the dust she found it to be literally filled with gold particles, sending it to the mint she was surprised at the check of \$3,000 returned for the shipment. Gold and silver everywhere, along the streets, besides the trails, the very dust in the air impregnated with it.

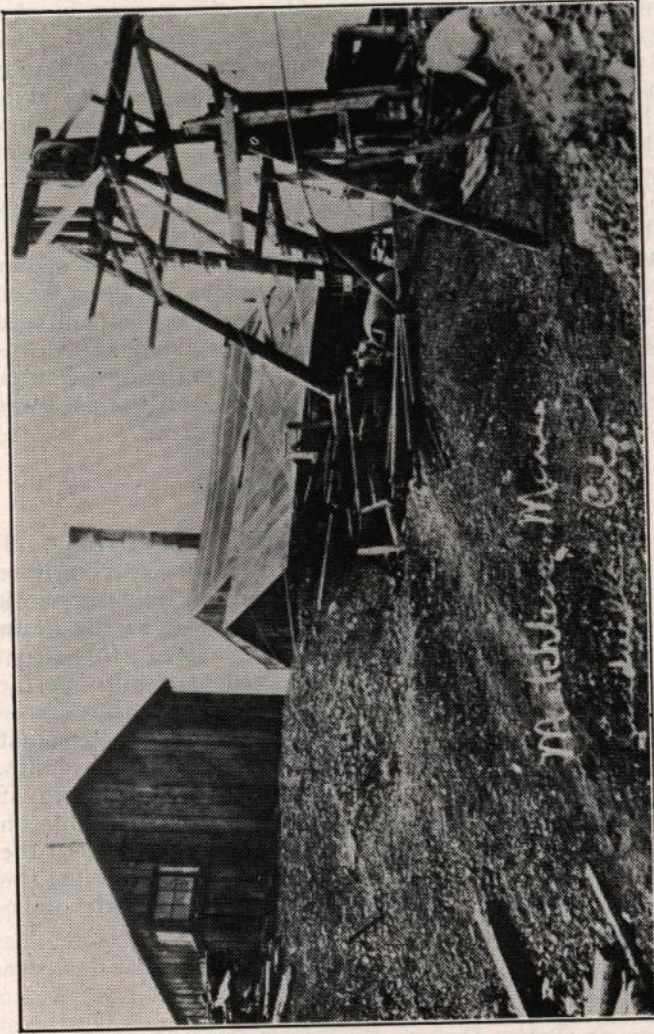
The sifting dust through the sunbeam reflects a golden ray, even the sheen of the predominantly golden and platinum hair of the woman was not of nature's doing but the reflection of the gold and silver particles at the roots of the hair, "wear away you say," of course it would, and did (even with soap at \$1 a bar) but what mattered that, with the very hanging clouds and the atmosphere itself filled with gold and silver atoms ready to regild and resilver the fading lustrous tresses, the minute she sticks her head out of the door. Even the ash pits contain the precious metal for in my hand I hold a \$35 nugget extracted from the pile. Small wonder in Leadville the Salvation army never could get a donation of suits, dresses or shoes, for these too all went through the assayers furnace coming out a shiny gold and silver button.

A Thousand Trails To Follow

Trails, trails everywhere to the Little Johnny, Iron Hill, Ressurrection, Monarch, A. Y. and Minnie, Maid and Henriette and on the horizon the great dumps are but ant hills, the work of a million human ants, each rock comparable to the grain of sand, the workers names unknown and deeds forgotten. Nature will soon level down the man-made ant hill, but far to the bowels of the earth there will be the ever-lasting markers, my mark, your mark and the marks of the greatest men in history, the half circle of the drill holes in the drifts, shafts, stopes and winzes. Yes long after the pyramids of Egypt have gone to dust, these monuments remain, while on the surface will be a circulating reminder, an insignia to the creator, the bright and ever shining gold and silver coins, the open sesame to heaven on earth, and above, for a life of labor well done.

A Fitting Tribute

And so on Tabor Day as the parade passed down Harrison Avenue, the greatest street in all history I felt alone with not a kindred sould of the 1880's to share in my



The Matchless Mine. Herein lies the birth and death of a dream and within this cabin (castle) walls, died the Silver Queen, Baby Doe Tabor. "Fate decreed she was to rise from rags to riches and fall back again."

LEADVILLE IN ALL ITS GLORY

thoughts. From the old prospector's float I threw specimens of what was supposed to be fools gold to the visitors, when on close examination I discovered it to be the real thing. Yes there and all about me lies the real gold and silver, just waiting for the prospector's pick, not on the surface altogether, but perhaps 1,000 feet under the ground. Yes to see Leadville in its gloom brings depressive thoughts and likeme mabe time has passed us by. The people I meet on the street speak not my language or of things relative to ye olden time, and now as I commune with myself on the trysting stone (a sanctified spot to me) I look up, down and over California Gulch, where they are now even pulling up the track to the Yak Tunnel. Yes even ancient and holy things do pass away, but the glory, glamour, and the story of Leadville will never be eradicated, as long as man or history survive.

Leadville we dwell in your past glory
Its realities read like a fairy story
Of riches extracted 'twas by divine plan
Reserving billions to benefit the future man.

—The Hermit of Arbor-Villa

The Farcial Show at Washington

HERO "TIME" ASSASSINATED AND INANITY APPLAUDS

The big continuous show is on, the greatest cast in history takes part in the greatest farce ever presented to a gullible public, wherein by sleight of hand, a government once supported by a people, now with a wave of the magic wand, supports the people in luxury wages, salaries, profits, pensions for the old, pensions for the idle, security from the cradle to the grave, and promises of higher standards of living, learning loafing, sporting and playing, all to come from few hours of work, diminishing resources, and the mythical wealth of the inflated pot of gold in the Kentucky hills.

So as the Old Prospector sits astride the Continental Divide (the Rocky Mountains) far down in the earth below him lies great deposits of gold, silver, lead, zinc and copper. The mining game as ever is but a matter of a dollar a day wage scale, particularly as regards gold and silver. It has been recorded that for every dollar's worth of gold and silver mined under the constitutional price, as adopted by the signers of that document, it demanded a full days work of 10 hours. This fact along with the scarcity and sanctity of the precious metals, fixed, as we might say the intrinsic value of our gold and silver money.

You may believe that under our inflated wage and salary scale as paid in non-essential and destructive industries, none of the metal will be extracted from this mountain, and the edict by government that we cease both gold and silver operations was unnecessary, for automatically the wage scale of from \$1 to \$5 per hour paid in war activities was smothering all efforts, including that of the few nonferrous mines as well, and without the bonus or subsidy as now paid them, they too would soon pass out of the picture. Never again will essential idnustry function when capital must needs pay \$8, for only \$1 worth of value.

Our difficulty today is that we get so little results or values from the wrangling, expensive procrastination of congress, that have become so meaningless, when measured in terms of achievement. It is inconsistent for a government to insist on paying a wage of from \$1 to \$5 per hour for labor, war, or civil officials, when it is self evident that whole false

THE FARCIAL SHOW AT WASHINGTON

structure has been built on hypothecating posterity's entire future and confiscating capital's entire savings of the past I must deplore the waste of words, time and money when there is so little to waste.

It is a sad commentary that congress must make so many mountains out of little mole hills, witness lost effort in lease-lend act, which in itself is a misnomer and should be designated as a gift act, and if as we think it is up to us to save civilization, now that our allies give their lives, the least we can do is give money or substance without stint, and it follows we (particularly those who profit thereby) should GIVE, or be taxed to the fullest extent and not merely loan money to our government. Payers in reality, should we be of this present generation, instead of the coming generation.

The thousands of letters written to Washington by me and others of my ilk seems but chaff before the cyclonic wind and power of the subversive class pressure groups. Words whether by me or congress should represent action, terms of dollars should represent values, and figures should represent an exchange of substance. I doubt if in the final analysis whether mine or the procrastinating words of congress reflects beneficial results to even 1 per cent of the nation as a whole.

For a government which has not lived within its taxing limits and gone into the red to the tune of 200 billions in 13 years I doubt if its officials or congress has the wisdom or ability to say that 6-7-8-9 or even 10 hours should constitute a day's work. I doubt if they should say that 5-6 or 7 days constitute a week's work, or whether a month's work should be 16 or 30 days, or whether a year's work shall be 1,500 hours or 260 days work (and just not time put in) and I doubt "if they possess no more money sense than shown," whether they are qualified to say if an hourly wage shall be 10c or \$5 an hour. Killing time in useless endeavor is more wasteful than doing nothing, and this from a man that lost 50 years in driving prospecting tunnels, to reach a pot of gold that wasn't there.

I seriously doubt if any of our government agencies that roll on wheels over the earth, fly through the air or sail the seven seas are worth their salt to the people or worth transportation cost, to say nothing about personal remuneration, and with but two exceptions, I doubt if there has been any real constructive legislation in congress for the past 20 years

THE FARCIAL SHOW AT WASHINGTON

that has benefitted the people as a whole, or government itself, and the declaration of war (two years late) and the passing of the lend-lease (give) bill, are the two exceptions referred to, proving again that the country governed least, is governed best.

One doubts the wisdom of financially weak Uncle Sam playing at paternalism, by leaning on those workers, who now in addition to carrying their own load, must (like Sinbad the sailor) carry the old men of the sea (Uncle Sam), on his already badly crippled back, just another case of the 13 year old weak mentalities attempting to carry the super wise and strong (or are they?). They call me "The Hermit" and it is fitting, for surely as one of the few 100 per cent Americans left in America I am alone in my thoughts, alone in my crusade for honest money, alone in my faith in the constitution, and alone in defending gold and silver coin, the yardstick of values as decreed by the framers of our Bill of Rights.

If I could get one responsive ear in the press I could point out the dangers of adopting a paper pagan money. If I could get one government official to listen I could prove the folly of attempting to evaluate gold, to the point of one grain of the metal, to back up each dollar of currency, and to attempt to stamp a coin the size of an old gold dollar, that would under the plan of gold dollar evaluation circulate at \$5 is plain insanity, when history tells us that once upon a time, both the gold dollar and the two and one-half dollar gold piece were discontinued as a medium of exchange, because their size was too small for their purchasing value, or perhaps our financial misfits, intend that we are henceforth to use a microscope to find our money.

The laws as they were, fitted a sensible people, improving or rather trying to pass flexible laws to fit an emotional, modern hysterical people is but time wasted. Note the idea of a limited debt ceiling, that on each occasion when convenient, becomes unlimited. Note the futility of fixing a parity price on commodities with an ever changing value, and note the effort at the present moment, of creating a rubbery, elastic medium of exchange with dollar signs and dime values, to meet an elastic profit and wage structure, and folly it is, to see the fallacious reasoning of a supposedly intellectual congress, trying to extricate themselves from the quicksands of disorder, by the aid of the forces of utter confusion.

Yes I understand that with booze the price it is, no

THE FARCIAL SHOW AT WASHINGTON

worker could labor for less than \$1 per hour. Yes I understand that our nation is going sex, sport, crime, gambling and booze crazy. Yes I understand and so do you, that women are dumb and don't know it, or vicious and predatory and do know it, else their every movement would not be immodest and suggestive, thus aggravating the sex problem, and their thirst for blood has reached the point, where they have driven me from the gory prize fight ring, the brutal wrestling match, the genteel bull fight, and even from my old haunts, the whisky joints. No when I took part in an Indian, or any other massacre in the good old days, I wanted no dames (under the guise of ladies) to be ring side spectators. Yes I know all about these carnivorous females and will tell, and the editors, columnists and commentators also know, and dare not, or will not tell, that women (God bless their little deceptive and mercenary hearts) wanted the single standard, accepted the low down standard of men as their own, and now, modern women as propagators (not mothers) of men, are taking us all down the trail to Lucifers playground.

Far be it from me to criticize congress unjustly, that is at best but an aggregation (far too many) of mostly aged men, who as always in declining years of life, are prone to follow the path of least resistance. I hold no animosity toward any one of them, and extend the hands of constructive advice and good fellowship toward all, but we have reached that state in America where affairs of state should be speedily attended to without procrastination, and we must outlaw this criminal waste of time arguing over petty larceny, undemocratic inane acts.

If the intent of democracy and the Bill of Rights is to be interpreted 531 different ways, it must be assumed it is too complicated for a cumberson body to understand, or else our congress is not equal in wisdom to the occasion, which spells "but two things," a smaller body of legislators, or as a last resort a dictator.

Of this I am sure there is too much dead wood (high pensioners and high salary big-wigs) in both government and big business, and unless this condition is remedied, productive labor must and will revolt. You may be sure tomorrow the airplane will come from the skies and the steam power will disappear from railways and highways, and the America of the future will operate on water and wind power, transported over electric wires, then again you must believe man power

THE FARCIAL SHOW AT WASHINGTON

will be forced to toil and live by the sweat of its face, as all other less intelligent beasts of the earth are forced to do today.

"What's it to me." Well I loved the America I once knew with its sincerity of purpose, its angelic womanly females, and its brand of real he-men, and I like millions of others thought that back of all this folly, there was a better and finer element of Americans that would awaken from their state of lethargy, and restore once again the spiritual, moral, intellectual and sane economic life of our nation.

—The Old Prospector

THE PLAINT OF THE MODERN MISS OR FEMININITY ON THE RAMPAGE

Give me the liberty to live my own sweet life
And I care not who makes the many inane laws
Just to have my own sweet way in everything
And I guarantee to show you life's many flaws.

Give me the right to always have my perverse way
Humor my whims and fancies, give me my desires
And civilization will go back a thousand years
I'll show you a short trail to Dante's hell fires.

Give me the life of a gypsy, a poodle under my arm
I'll mother a Scottie, Spitz, or a little Boston bull
Little homeless orphan babies, are no concern of mine
To spoil many pleasures, and make my life less full.

Give me the adulation of the simple minded male
To use as a stepping stone on my frivolous way
Poor fools they'll gratify my every wants and needs
And serve my purpose, and pay and pay and pay.

Give me the means to travel, and be a rolling stone
Nary ounce of moss I'll gather, or substance provide
What about my duty to my country, "Don't be silly"
Who are you to stop me on my wild delirious ride.

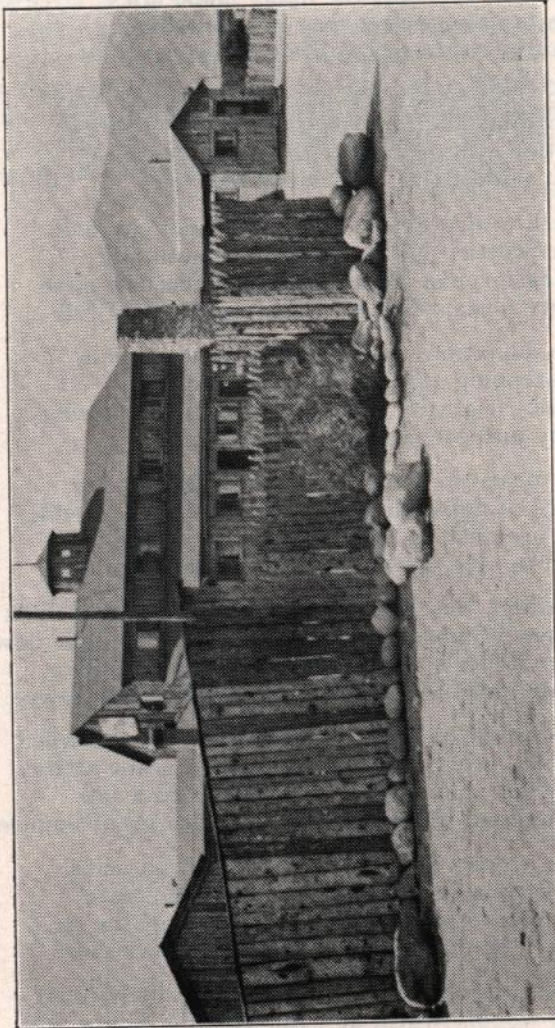
Give me freedom, this I demand and crave, says Delilah
As she snipped Samson's hair and brought a castle down
You modern witches shear, shave, skin us males alive
Destroy our mighty cities, make shambles of our towns.

Give you the privilege to drink, swear, smoke the weed
Dress in slacks, shorts, bathing suits and scant attires
With lures, wiles and figures, you lead us to a fall
Make our kingdoms totter, and wreck once great empires.

Give leave to brook restraint, cast convention aside
To gold dig your way through life without a care
History may record great deeds by women of the past
Your name will be missing on the roll call over there.

Give your your way, why bless your selfish little heart
You've had a wobbly world at your dancing dainty feet
For years poor slaves have worshipped at your shrine
Knowing full well that as men sow so shall you reap.

—The Prospector



The Stockade, an oasis alongside the old stage road to Leadville.

Over Trails of Today

MEETING OF LADIES N. A. H. SOCIETY

From the one and two apartment caves, kitchenettes and flats, stream the members to hold their regular monthly meeting at the Silver Spoon Tavern, with 38 members present and Mrs. Antihome presiding.

Minutes of previous meeting that was held at the Glass Slipper Night Club were read and approved without comment and then followed a general discussion of the important events of the day.

The meeting was opened with the song "God Bless America," by Mrs. Damahome, Past Matron of Honor followed by a short talk by Mrs. Nobabyhome, Past Worthy Secretary, who deplored the fate of the ten million homeless dogs from abroad when our 15 million own human babies were living on the fat of the land.

The matter of long skirts and too heavy material for dresses was touched lightly upon, with unanimous agreement on the folly of prudery in this decadent age. For this word of wisdom, Mrs. Hellwithhome, National Treasurer, received much applause.

Mrs. Wreckhomes, the National President, the guest speaker of the evening, was then introduced and in that dry humorous manner of the modern Delilahs, amid much applause, regaled the assembly with a joke (tho true) about her success in acquiring up to the present time several new husbands via the Reno route on charges of desertion, with no contest by the various defendants. She then passed out this bit of advice to dissatisfied wives, that a daily changing diet of ten thousand different salads (always including the one, a combination of orange and onion seasoned with caraway seed) always made divorce easy with no regrets from the male side.

Miss Nohome (local secretary) discoursed in length in what was construed as an envious note, the satisfaction of being free of husband and home responsibility, extolling the joy of free lancing and chuckling on modern women's finesse in the art of gold digging. She gloried that women of talent could live their own lives unhindered by dictates of mere man, follow careers and inclinations open to homeless females, such as filling in at bridge, dress modelling, night club hostessing,

OVER TRAILS OF TODAY

serving as companionate stooges for the edification of bar flies, and subbing as extemporaneous speakers on the subject "Modern Maid's Superiority Over Males in a Fool Man's World."

This message was the high light of the evening, winning the plaudits of club members, who by now had accepted the speaker's feeling in reverse, and were themselves envious of that freedom so aptly described by Miss Nohome, and every fickle dominating husband would hereafter accept the new ruling, or else?

Mr. Roosevelt was commended on his efforts to keep us out of war and all unanimously agreed they were not raising their boys (if any and wouldn't be) for gun fodder.

The modern trend of sports was then discussed and the census of opinion was to eliminate the brutality in prize fighting, by either prolonging the punishment or prohibiting the use of four ounce gloves entirely, or otherwise making it permissible to load the gloves with horse shoes, this in turn would bring a painless knockout in at least three rounds with no chance for a draw.

Further comment on the more refined sport of wrestling brought disagreement, some members opined that eliminating the eyegouging was poor sportsmanship, while others declared it had become so sissified with no blood letting, and the grunts and groans were but fakes, and put on merely for effect. Other members thought the sport more fitting for lady contestants, favoring no holds barred, and that ladies as a rule always put more spirit and viciousness in the match, and the patrons would thereby get more amusement for their money.

Other sports such as football, baseball and horse racing were lightly touched upon, one lady voicing objection to putting anything on the horses nose when he always came in on the tail end.

An excellent seven course dinner was served, with several cocktail chasers spiked with a few drops of blackberry cordial, while many brand so popular cigarettes were available, the leading favorite being a blend of turkish tobacco with a merrywanna kick.

The decorated place cards were beautiful and original, depicting the picture of a young married couple sitting on the steps of a 200 family apartment house with a little chow in the lady's arms, under the caption of "One Happy Family."

Mrs. Neverhome (the 3rd vice president) inadvertently

OVER TRAILS OF TODAY

dropped a cigarette in the lap of her blue satin gown, burning a large hole in the skirt. but good sport that she is, passed it off with a laugh, explaining that it only cost \$12.98 anyway.

Barring a slight incident in tearing off the fur collar of Mrs. Seldomhome's mink coat by her playful little Spitz, and a few runs in silk stockings caused by the cute antics of the little pugs and terriers, and the bad temper displayed by Mrs. Detestahome (the treasurers) pekinese, the meeting was declared a great success and adjourned with the Golden Bubble Inn selected as the next meeting place.

Mrs. Hateahome (corresponding secretary) remarked as she rose to her feet that she thought they might lay floors more even and not so wobbly, and further opined there were far too many lights, and that they should be fixed more firmly to the wall rather than swinging through space.

Mrs. Nothome (sergeant at arms) couldn't understand why there should be so many bar maids and waitresses with the same looking faces, while Mrs. Wontgohome (2nd vice president) decried against the rude impertinance and lack of chivalry of men bawling out, "get on your own side of the street," "go where you're looking," and "look where you're going," and how would they expect a person to know where they were going with an infernal auto that wouldn't go straight, when you had both hands on the steering wheel all the time.

Your correspondent,
The Hermit of Arbor-Villa

A Letter To U. S. Treasurer

Arbor-Villa via Salida, Colo., Feb. 2, 1942

Henry Morgenthau, Sec. U. S. Treasury
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Within my lonely cabin beside a mountain stream high up amidst the crags of the great Divide, in what is now a land of desolation, and fast going back to the primitive, I feel myself in the proper mood to vent my feelings in written words, directed to those whom I believe responsible for the destruction of my dreams, the weakening of my spiritual faith and the loss of confidence in my gold and silver west. Combined, these losses are actually killing the initiative in our nation itself.

So with the wail and cry of the wolf, the roar and whine of the lion reverberating back and forth across the canon, and knowing they, like myself are ever on the prowl, trying to exist in this God forsaken (I wonder if it be permanent) land of scarcity, you may believe I have time for thought with solitude my companion, and feeling my plight is due to you nit-wit jugglers of finance and assassins of honest money at Washington, D. C. I charge you with the crime, and I doubt if ever again I will hear the rattle of the stage coaches, the puff of the steam engine, or the roar of the motor truck passing by my cabin door, and with this preamble I will on with my lamentations.

I am enclosing you a silver certificate, in truth an order for money, please present this at the cashier's window and receive in return one silver dollar (honest to God money) and use in the cause of defense.

I would have you know this a gift from a \$30 per month income, and of course being immune from income tax it is a voluntary offer. My conscience forbids me to accept a bond or stamp, which as you know is but a mortgage on the new born babe, but to you highly overpaid, underworked disciples of spending this matter is of no moment.

I wonder perhaps if a blush of shame or guilt does creep over your imperialistic minded countenance, as you look into the eyes of the innocent babe, knowing you are one of the many, that are robbing the babe of its future resources, to say nothing of leaving them an unpaid mortgage of 200 billion.

A LETTER TO U. S. TREASURER

As you note I am generalizing so do not take this as a personal matter, for I do find it necessary to use a little caustic in my words to arouse you from that state of egoized apathy, and must needs scorrify you unmercifully, even to sprinkling salt in the wounds to break through that supercilious armor of fancied superiority, but you may rest assured I will at the proper time, when I find you are amendable to accept the light of reason, smooth over the scores with a soothing balm of sympathy and commendation, but until then I trust the hurt will sting you into a realization, that this nation is virtually bond bankrupt, and 600 billion dollars poorer than it was 50 years ago.

Yes I feel somewhat vengeful having at one time by hard labor accumulated enough assets (so I thought) to carry me up, over and down the other side of the Divide, but the tax buzzards by raising the levy and valuation, has made those hard earned assets liabilities.

No I was not surprised when I was offered a 5 million dollar hotel in Chicago for a nickel, nor overly interested in a 15 story building in Philadelphia for the tearing down, neither did I accept a 32 story building in Detroit for a song and it excited me not a whit when the Empire State in New York was called a bargain for 50 cents on the dollar, knowing if I would but be patient, they would in a few years make me a present of it.

Of course we producers are going to produce more substance for you city guys, and in turn you city guys are going to raise more hell for us, but until you have raised the per capita expenditures for booze over the \$75 mark in Washington I doubt if you will be piflicated or pickled enough to listen to practical suggestions, but if the blame for your shortcomings is to be laid on sub-normal parents, then I doubt if your ilk can develop high minded children to carry on any better after you.

So now that you have severed the bond, or life long dream that only gold and silver was money, I trust you have, or will find some other substitute or spiritual connecting link, between a faith that was built on the golden streets of heaven, and the gold and silver of the earth, and knowing by now that you easterners have become thoroughly paganized, you will no doubt toss that pile of worthless burdied junk (gold and silver) into the sea, and we can henceforth worship the inflated paper money calf.

A LETTER TO U. S. TREASURER

Yes I believe in practicing and spreading the Golden Rule over the earth, and I believe in a democracy that supports that plan, and I pray that the English speaking people shall dominate the earth, and I feel ready to chastise these millions (as I am now doing you) of superstitious fanatics, that eternally fight among themselves, interfering with our own peaceful pursuits, and we should police these ignoramuses until they can see, enjoy and exercise the right of freedom. Continuing to pour out my lamentations in the same strain, I intend to keep chastising you spendthrift misfit specialists, who now have us so engulfed in the quicksands of complexites, that the more we struggle the deeper we sink in confusion, so that we nor yourselves, cannot know what kind of democracy we are fighting for.

Yes I told your banking and currency committee (lords of super knowledge) how to cure your ills, but this weak individual vice (even tho 100 per cent American) was but an echo from the wilderness, and the written message is now buried deep beyond the eyes of man in the vaults of forgotten records, never again to come to light, while our representatives are so blinded by stupidity and greed, they cannot hear or even see the tracing of an intelligent thought.

Yes I am with you 100 per cent in this war and we will win this fight against the foreign enemy, and when our soldier boys come marching home, we will engage in a civil war for liberty against the political powers of greed. The union racketeers, the industrial monopolist and the intellectual minded imperialists, who have high-jacked our government out of unearned dollars in its time of greatest need.

I would commend you for the tax on cosmetics, and here's hoping you make it 500 per cent higher, so that once again in this land of the spree, the home of the knave, we men can receive a real kiss (if we can get it) without plowing through a conglomeration of paint, powder, paste and grease, and now that you have banned the silk hose, I beg you to issue a government edict dropping the skirts another 12 inches, so man can keep their eyes lifted heavenward instead of downward toward hell.

Yes I think the world is going to 'ell morally, spiritually and financially and I am thinking o these problems as I roll out the sourdough biscuits, and turn over my roast of porcupine in the oven, and I am wondering as I look about me in this land of depletion and valley of despair, see before me the

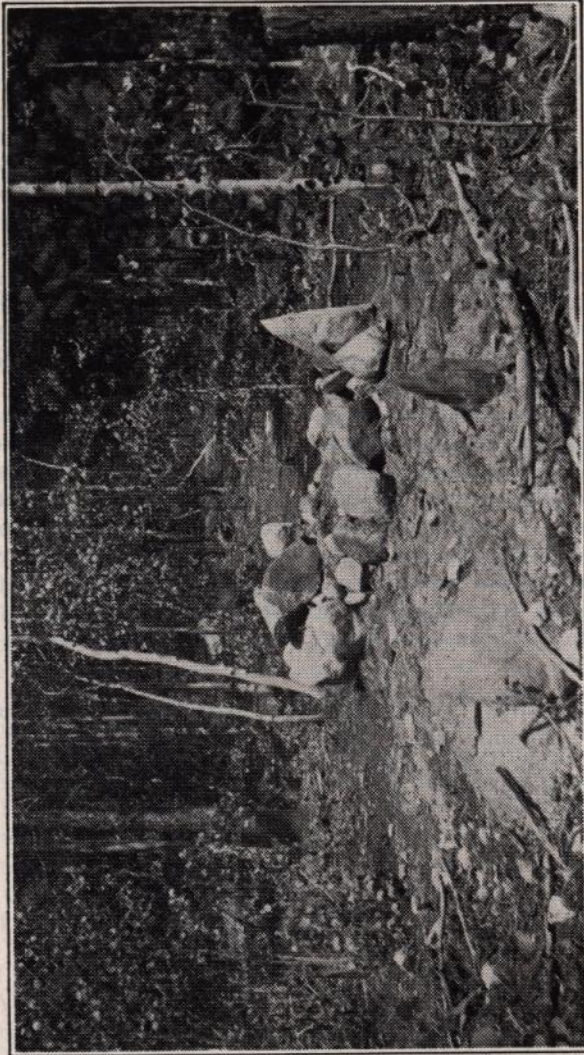
A LETTER TO U. S. TREASURER

exhausted mines, denuded timber stands, pumped out oil wells, worked out coal pits and worn out farm lands that we are leaving posterity as assets, to pay these bonds that has accounted for our extreme luxury, if you in Washington can see the cataclysmic end, or will awake in time before we start another Coxey's army on the march.

Yes we must first win this war and in so doing you are welcome to my shirt, but I wonder if these congressmen that voted themselves a pension of \$4,000 a year, when there is already some doubt among millions of whether money on bond sales are going for bullets or parasitic bellies, at least it was a stupid thing to do, and certainly unpatriotic, when they are at the same moment begging the people to sacrifice, and I wonder again if these college novices (not yet dry behind the ears) elevated to a \$10,000 job in some bureau, commission council or committee (worth perhaps \$1,000) will see the light and refuse to accept a dollar for a dime's worth of effort.

Of this I am sure Mr. Morgenthau, greed and christianity cannot abide in the same house, and it follows that extreme poverty will never make a workable democracy. I doubt if this epistle will ever pass beyond your 16th assistant secretary but am hoping he or she may pass you a word of its contents, and if that pigskin diploma is, or was an indication of intelligence let me see one move by you and your associates that indicates you are following common sense reasoning and I will retract some of the unkind things said, yes even commend you publicly.

Yours Truly, The Old Prospector, a builder of dreams but a dreamer no more, now that the foundation (gold and silver money) has been destroyed.
F. E. Gimlett



In this forgotten grave lies the body of a man who honored his successor in crime, by willing him a pair of shoes from human hide.

Wyoming, Buffalo Bill and Me

Memory again takes me back 60 years and more as I take up the trail from Wyoming, Stark Count, Illinois, and via the Union Pacific Railway we head west to Wyoming State. It seems in the good old days what with light steel, engines and cars, we were off the track half of the time, and after the pot of coffee that had been heated on the old coach stove had jarred from the window sill into our laps, then as now we rebelled against progress and yearned for, the old prairie schooner where at least we could stop off, kindle a fire of buffalo chips beside the trail, and sup in peace.

In due time we arrived at Cheyenne, a city of less than 3,000 souls, men of every description, Indians Halfbreeds, Canadians, hunters and trappers, well mixed with a crop of soldiers, eastern tenderfeet and including gamblers, plying their games of chance.

Here one could see the many stages heading to and from the Black Hills and all other points throughout the state, and one could get an even bet anytime that the chance of the driver and passengers surviving the road agents (stage robbers) or Indian raids, would be a 50-50 gamble.

Passing through Laramie and Medicine Bow we soon arrived at Carbon, a ghost town in truth now, but a humdinger of a wild west city in the days of 78. Now with this preamble I take up the cudgel in defense of Big Nose George and Dutch Charley, not in the act of the hanging itself, but the brutality exhibited by supposedly good citizens of the community. Bandits and bad men, yes, but many were the drinks that came over the Arcade bar my way, and paid for with the nickles of these two men. There is honor among thieves and it seems no matter how bad or disreputable a man may get, somewhere he has friends to shield and feed him, else these bandits could

not have evaded capture so long. And when it comes to gratitude it seems more pronounced among criminals than among the law abiding class.

My first impression of Big Nose George was of a raw-boned blustering sort of a man, with two great gold rings dangling from his pierced ears, while a huge expanding nose half covered his unshaven face. In later years he appeared with one ear missing, the loss occurring at a fracas in Cheyenne at the then popular resort (night clubs now of Cheyenne Em. The loss occurred in an argument with a French-Canadian trapper. George lost an ear while his opponent received a slug in the heart. In those days it was no great crime to kill anybody, except for horse or cattle them, or stage robbery, and then only if there be murder. So the event was but an incident not worth mentioning, and now while I am on the subject and lest I forget, Wyoming's colorful character, Cheyenne Em died just three years ago at the county poor farm at Salida, Colo., while another, Wyoming Kate, plus bootts and all, passed on at Junction City, County of Chaffee. I rebelled at the injustice of man, when on a day in 1878 after an attempt at a Union Pacific train robbery by Big Nose George and Dutch Charley, and the killing of Deputy Sheriffs Widowfield and Vincent, and the more unforgiveable crime of filching from the bodies, clothes, guns and boots, the latter highly ornamented and appropriated by Dutch Charley.

The citizenry by this time was fully aroused so when a short time later Dutch Charley was captured in Montana, and on the arrival of the train at Carbon the mob hauled him from the car, and within five minutes there was a rope around his neck and over the cross arm of the telegraph pole. In answer to a question from the leader if he had anything to say, Charley only smiled and with these words, "No hard feelings fellows" someone kicked the barrel from under, and left him swinging in midair.

While I knew him as a criminal I could not in my blind faith in a friend, see the justice of a mob of hundreds gang-ing up on one lone man, but such is mob law, and from time to time as he swung to and fro through the night, contact with the pole slowly peeled the skin from the torn and lacerated face. I opined if this was invoking the old Mosaic law of an

eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, why did they demand an eye and the hide, and a tooth and a jaw, which was doubly true in the case of Big Nose George, who was captured later in Montana and safely brought back to Rawlins. He procured a fair trial and was to be hanged in a decent way May 2nd, 1881, but unappreciative of kind treatment, on March 20th he managed to saw the shackles from his legs, and as the jailor, Robert Rankin, opened the inner door he was felled by a blow from these irons. Mrs. Rankin in the outer corridor hearing the commotion closed the outer door, and called for assistance which was promptly given, this lack of gratitude, again called the mob together and from a participant and eye-witness to the event, he said when George was asked if he had anything to say, his reply was to the effect that if any man was lad and brave enough to follow in his footsteps, he would bequeath to him a pair of shoes made from the hide from his chest, and delegated a shoemaker "a friend of his" who was in the crowd to prepare the shoes. After the hanging this was done, and the shoes now repose in a glass case in the Rawlins Bank, and no one so far has claimed the right to wear them. As to the additional skin that was taken from George as souvenirs, tanned and made into money purses, and as to the jawbone that reposes in the State Museum at Cheyenne, they were the works of mutilators, and men mad with the lust for blood, and were not willingly donated by George himself.

History tells us there was hardly enough left of George's body to bother with any kind of a funeral, much less a decent and humane one. As to the stage robberies that were made from time to time, and the killings by two masked men with red bandanas, perhaps they were guilty, but no doubt they were credited with many more than they actually committed.

History is always the same in this, that they that sow the wind, will reap the whirlwind, these two were no exception to the rule, and perhaps the mob itself will need do some tall explaining later on.

In this historical corner of Wyoming the writer met up with Buffalo Bill on his numerous hunts, who was even then an expert shot, and could ping a dollar tossed in the air at 20 paces. His successful duel with the Indian Chief Yellow Hand proved his prowess and won him the respect of the Indians,

WYOMING, BUFFALO BILL AND ME

who always held him in awe and believed he was imbued with the supernatural spirit, and this fact had much to do with his long and friendly associations with the Redskins.

His ability as a hunter, his immaculate appearance, gentlemanly ways, gave him a place as a real showman and conjurer, and this will record to the end of time, the linking of these two inseparable things, Buffalo Bill and Wyoming.

Another acquaintance was Wild Bill, the antithesis to Buffalo. Both were adorned with long flowing hair, Buffalo's always perfectly combed, each thread in place, while Wild Bill's was ever tangled, gnarled, flowing to the breeze, and covering his entire shoulders.

In behavior Wild Bill was ever nervous with his trigger finger, yet endowed with a kindly heart, and if he were inclined toward lawlessness and banditry he would have been classed as a second Robin Hood, for his generosity and consideration toward the unfortunate. He alone of the three great scouts died with his boots on.

And now Kit Carson, who was no doubt the greatest Indian hunter and trapper of his time, all three were pre-eminent and invaluable on the scouting expeditions, and to serve as guides and protectors for the wagon trains. Their close calls and their many encounters with the Indians and wild beasts, and the miraculous escapes, leads one to believe they led charmed lives, and each day's happenings would make a complete story filled with thrills, based on facts and devoid of all fiction.

It was a privilege to live in these days, here also the writer met for the first time Calamity Jane, rode the stage coach under the guiding hand of Deadwood Dick himself, and lest you forget, "remember" that now residing in the old ghost town of Junction City, Colo., is one Al Baker, who I believe to be the last surviving stage coach driver of the good old days, that once piloted those string of sixes over the Indian infested trail, Cheyenne to Deadwood.

Once the great trail blazers of the West, these characters no more travel the plains and prairies of Wyoming, yet their

WYOMING, BUFFALO BILL AND ME

spirits and the present generation are travelling the same old trails, made by these soldiers of chance.

Buffalo Bill lies on Mt. Lookout, with his restless spirit always looking toward the east, in search of the vanished buffalo herd. Wild Bill and Kit Carson have long since passed over the divide, as they are needed no more as guides and Indian hunters. Big Nose George and Dutch Charley lie in the still live town of Rawlins dreaming of the good old days in Creede, Junction City, Leadville, Cripple Creek and Carbon, Wyoming, and hoping to see them come to life again. Now after 60 years of time the urge to revisit old scenes leads me to travel the streets of Carbon again. Not a shingle or board of the old town remains, I see the weed overgrown foundations that marked the site of once prominent buildings, and the crumbling stone work of an old mine tipple, while the slack dump has almost disappeared by the erosion of time.

As I wander through the ruins in the quiet of the eve, solemn thoughts come to mind, and memory's faded pictures bring back again faces that once passed over those trails of yesterday, and in reality and with much reverence, my eyes and footsteps carry me along these hallowed paths, and while in this reminiscent mood, I thought if I might be granted one great wish, the one wish I would ask, is that all children might be well born and blessed with a father and mother and friends like mine.

"Gratitude" the greatest word in the English language, this one word alone carries with it love, respect, obedience and everlasting loyalty toward those that gave us birth, and a lifetime of love and sacrifice.

Yes, remorse dogs my footsteps and now at this late day I cannot make amends to those who have passed on, and yet to atone I would preach from this day forward, so that youth may remember and practice to the 90th degree, that one word, "gratitude."

I pass by the sunken caves where once upon a time the noble women of the town with gunny sacks and their own rough skirts filled with sand, did by superhuman effort turn the floods of the cloudburst aside to save the lives of the

WYOMING, BUFFALO BILL AND ME

miners from drowning in the coal mine pits below.

Well I remember when my boyhood friend and myself, started walking away across the desolate wastes of Wyoming to see the world, causing the entire community much anxiety and many sleepless hours, and what a feeling of relief we experienced when we were found closely huddled together, weak, tired and shivering in great fear, as we listened to the weird bark of the hungry wolves and coyote's. Yes, those were the happy days, the good old days when buffalo, deer and antelope meat was a daily diet, and roast beef and T-bone steaks from a steer were unknown. Truly I think of my maker, as in reality I stand on the same spot where Dutch Charley met his maker, and in fancy see again the gaudy boots purloined from the deputy, on Charley's feet. I see him on the station platform with six feet of rope tightly drawn around his neck, his torn and lacerated face a grisly reminder of the vengeance dealt out by the mob, demanding two eyes for an eye, and two teeth for a tooth. I wander through the old graveyard and remember friends that have passed and gone, and a tear dims the eye, for I too am passing down the sunset trail, and soon to be forgotten like the deserted sleepers here.

I am loathe to leave the spot, and regret the passing of the good old days when man's social position and popularity, was judged by the size of his hat, decorated boots and his quickness on the trigger and straight shooting, and his ability in expectorating tobacco juice through space, and hitting a bull's eye (spittoon) six paces away. Not excelling in any of these arts, the writer is not listed in Who's Who historical records and due to this lack of perfection, is here to give you the story of these characters that have passed on by.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA

By F. E. Gimlett

Me and the Denver and Rio Grande

We'uns arrived in the Western wilds, about eighteen seventy-nine, to explore them thar hills of gold, me and this yere railroad line. We left Denver City, just at the far edge of the Eastern plains, traveling South and East of Pikes Peak, with our little old train. When we reached the Indian village of Pueblo, on the old Arkansaw, we just turned West up the canon, and through a deep gap or draw. Now what were we to do when we reached that famous Royal Gorge, why just build a bridge over the river, on up the valley forge. We fought our way, mile after mile, and arrived at Salida town, this little spot of heaven, brought much happiness and nary frown. Well, from here we went North, South, and up the valley to the West, until we reached them thar Mountains, of golden treasure chests. For over 60 years I dug the gold and silver from them thar hills, and the old Rio Grande hauled it away to the smelters and mills. Along came the panic, way back in the year eighteen ninety-three, Then us diggers stopped working, and scattered to the seven seas. As I parted from my friend the Rio Grande, at the end of the line, it made me sad and lonely to leave behind, this old crony of mine. When I was in far California, New York, Texas, on the train mebbe, and see a lowly Rio Grande box car, home seemed much nearer to me. For years I wandered up and down, throughout this my native land, each day I heard a call, come back to your pal, the old Rio Grande. And then when I reached the City of Denver, and so the story goes, 'twas the happiest moment ever, as I kissed 552 smack on the nose. My old friend was waiting, and had kept the home fires burning, too, for the prodigal son's return, after the many panicky years so blue. Every puff of the old engine, every whistle at each crossing road, broughtt me nearer to paradise, and longed for earthly heavenly abode. Back to them thar hills I went singing, one glad, glorious refrain, the old Rio Grande following me on, with the faithful ore train. I have mined on the highest mountain peaks, Massive Aetna and Ouray, never felt lost or alone, because the Rio Grande was not far away. Memory never lets me forget, as I hunted, fished lakes and streams, camped and prospected in distant gulches, and deep, rocky ravines. It mattered not how deep the snow might be, or how dark the night, I sat in the campfire glow, and eventually see a bright headlight. Wave a fire brand, see the sparks fly, hear brakes screech and groan, what a feeling to know you have a friend, to always take you home. I rode the first sleeping car, and the little upper berth too, no bronco was harder to ride, as we travelled the night through. And it tossed me on the floor, and bumped my head, many, many a time, yet we always laughed it off, because we loved the Rio Grande line. Now when you pull up a rail, or abandon even a short branch line,

ME AND THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE

it tears at my heart strings, to thus abuse an old friend of mine.
Course I don't know who is to blame, but by the great heavens above,
a day of reckoning comes to those who destroy the things we love.
This old railroad blazed the trail, thru the gold and silver west,
brought us home again, when all that was mortal, was laid to rest.
Old pilots, Ridgeway, Shaw, Reeves, Cummings, and Uncle Jack Brown,
and the old timers, including farmers and miners deserve a crown.
With one-way tickets, they have passed over the great divide too,
leave me behind, to eulogize these faithful workers, tried and true.
And I want the world to remember, that travel these rails today,
they owe tributes to you old timers, that blazed and paved the way.
Now I have told you this little story, for the whole world to see,
of the Rio Grande my partner, and what it has always meant to me.

THE PROSPECTOR, AND BUILDER OF DREAMS

