

BOOK ONE

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
ARBOR VILLA VIA SALIDA, COLO.

PRICE 50¢

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The Hermit of Arbor-Villa
F. E. Gimlett



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



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INTRODUCTION

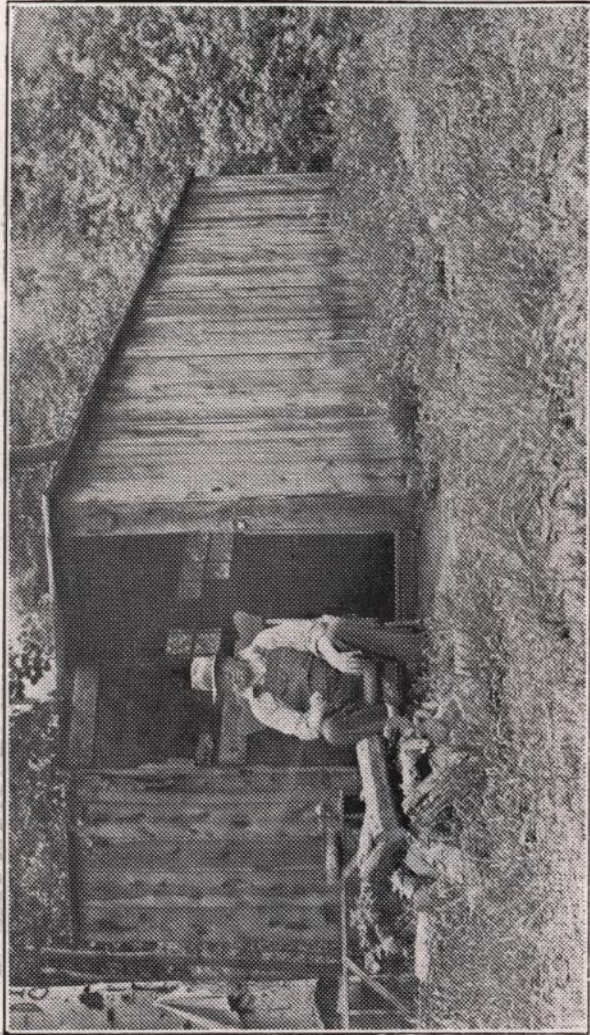


The writer attempts to pay tribute and eulogize those great characters that blazed and built the trails, added to the glamour, that made the GOLD AND SILVER WEST what it used to be and what it is today. The stories, the characters and their past are true to life and real names omitted only when there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

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR VILLA.

Per F. E. Gimlett.





The Old Hermit Himself, in Paradise at Arbor-Villa, via Salida, Colorado

THE PROSPECTOR

He has gone from our midst, we'll see him no more,
Battled against odds, until life's short span is o'er,
You could see him panning, beside a tiny stream,
Or far up in the hills, digging in a cliff or ravine;
Forever searching for the elusive pot of gold, I know,
Always ready with age old greeting, Hello, Partner, Hello!

Over monumental mountain, up and down its steep side,
Every foot of ground he covered, on the Continental Divide;
All around Mt. Aetna, Massive, Elbert and every other peak,
Each mile of space he traveled, to find a rich pay streak;
The snow slides of many winters, have laid his cabins low,
Where once upon a time, eager voice said, Hello, Partner, Hello.

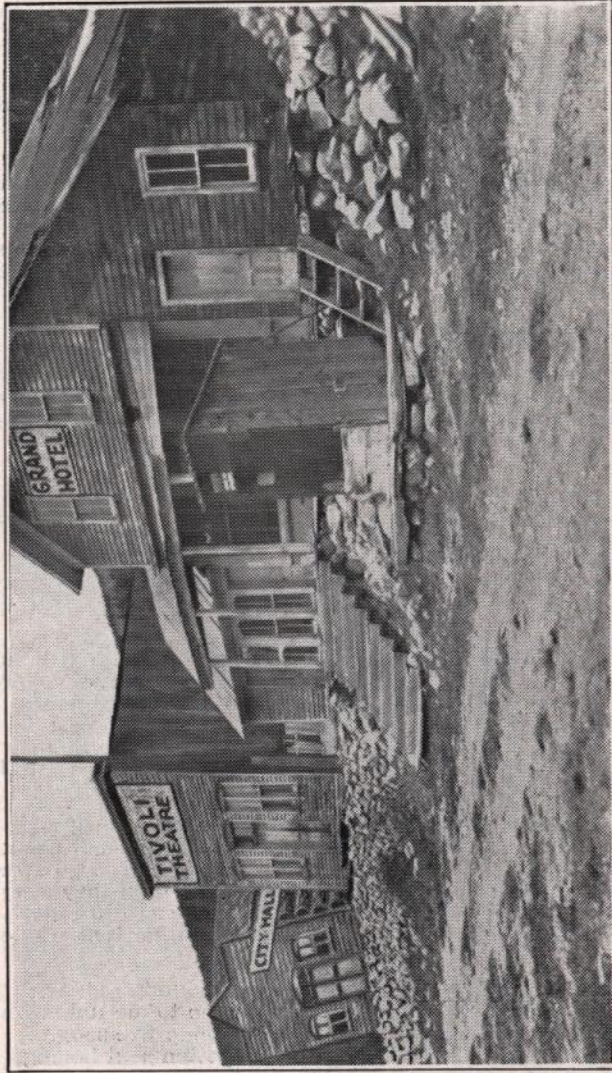
Over the trails of yesterday, wherever they led or turned,
Old timer had his cabin, and for your company yearned,
To tell him of the busy world, as you rested from the ride,
Content to smoke in peace and quiet, at the open fireside;
Always welcome to a slice of bacon, biscuits of sour dough,
And a hearty, cheery greeting with, Hello, Partner, Hello.

Now once more I travel, over the nearly obliterated trail,
Live again in the past, with friends, the subject of this tale;
I see the rusty pick and shovel, beside the prospect hole,
The work still unfinished, when the reaper called the roll;
There must be something lacking, or else he would not go,
This old prospector of yesterday, and his, Hello, Partner, Hello.

Old timer how I miss you, grizzled beard and thin grey hair,
And the faithful old jackass, that carried you everywhere;
Pass by the broken cabin on the mountains rocky slopes,
Over outlines of trails, that once led to blasted hopes;
It mattered not which direction you might choose to go,
We'll no more hear a prospector say, Hello, Partner, Hello.

The old fellow might come back, if it were not for greed,
To live again in loneliness, satisfied with his meager need;
Excessive freight and smelter rates, caused him to go away,
Profits of capital, labor and engineers, too high they say;
Perhaps fair play will again find him in a camp fire glow,
This honest solder of chance saying, Hello, Partner, Hello.

So upon his lonely grave I replace the mound of stone,
And pay tribute to his memory, his name to me unknown;
Posterity will no more hear his happy camp fire song,
No one knows to what family this forgotten soul belong;
As for me it matters not whether he lived right or wrong,
I'm not ashamed to shed at ear and say, So long Partner, So long



Whitepine, Colo., in 1937, thirty-five miles west of Salida.

The Vanishing Gold And Silver West

—●—

The West and its colorful history will never vanish, the feats and achievements of its builders will always be the cynosure of would be venturesome spirits, its fishing streams and lakes will ever urge the angler hitherward, while its hunting grounds remain the paradise of nimrods. The thrill of traveling over the hazardous mountain trails of yesterday, as they wind in and out through tall pine and spruce trees, beside the roaring rivers and rippling creeks, over and atop the massive peaks. These trails of allure will ever intrigue the explorers, calling to those with Gypsy blood and itching feet, and will never lose their appeal to the tourist and vacationist, but never again, unless vision reborn, will those hills resound with the noise of pick and shovel, hammer and drill, and the boom, boom, boom, from the dynamite blasts of the gold and silver miners and prospectors, signifying the end of a day's work well done, like unto the days of '79, the days that created the cities and the empires of the Gold and Silver West.

The Mistake of the Age

When our Government of the United States called in our honest money and buried it in the Kentucky hills inflated the price in dollars, they destroyed our illusions of gold and silver as money, and the world's yardstick of values, and to them we must attach the blame for the destruction of dreams, and by this ill-advised move they also destroy our illusion of the pearly gates, silver chariots and the golden streets of heaven. "This is not all," with another deft stroke of the pen they repeal the amendment, opened up the booze dumps and honky tonks to our saintly womanhood, making potential mothers and wives into alcohol-saturated, tobacco-inoculated hussies, those old fashioned, high principled females, who we thought were akin to the angles (and they were), who were ever a sweet mystery and as illusive as the gold and silver itself, and were, in fact, the spiritual force behind the men behind the West. Disillusioned again, our dreams are shattered as they now come forth human like in shameless immodest attire, devoid of all allure and prove they are but common clay after all. Truly with the illusion of gold and silver gone, heaven but a phantasy, and angels a myth, if all three are to be permanently destroyed, never again will the

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gold and silver West, or the nation itself be what it used to be.

The Land of Illusions

From the old world to the new, trails were blazed by Columbus and Cortez, and millions of other soldiers of chance, and for 2600 years the lure of gold and silver carried the adventurers across the seven seas, the prairie waste and desert sands in search for, and to conquer new worlds. Not for the black and white gold, the virgin forests and tillable lands, but for the illusive yellow gold and white silver, the sesame or key that opened wide the door to riches over night. The desire for its possession creating the swashbuckling buccaneer and pirate of fact and fiction, that once sailed the Spanish main and spanned the oceans blue, brought to the world the colorful characters of fact, fiction and story, the stage coach bandits and train robbers, those happy-go-lucky renegades of the good old days.

Where Rainbows End

The gold and silver West extending from the uppermost regions of the Klondyke and Yukon, the land of eternal ice and snow, along the valleys and high crests of the Rockies, the rugged and forest covered mountain slopes of the Canadas down the high snow-covered ranges of the Western Americas, and into the volcanic peaks of the Mexicos. Here into these land of dreams came the hordes of treasure seekers, the gold and silver miners and prospectors, the wild men and women of the '49 - '59 - '69 - '79 and '89'ers, wading through the buffalo herds, the Indian ambushes, following the beckoning mirage of the gold and silver fleece, where the setting sunsets ever tint the sky with gold, and the clouds are hemstitched with a silver lining, where bright and shiny gold and silver nuggets are shuffled in the sands beneath one's feet! 'Twas the glamour of the Gold and Silver West that created the colorful characters that today are the theme of radio, movie and story. Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, Kit Carson and Deadwood Dick and other heroes of fact and fiction, served only as guides to show the way, while the thousands of Mallote's, Poker Faced Alice's and Calamity Jane's added to its lustre.

Where Solitude Reigns

From a land of dreams activity and industry we have now reverted to a land of a thousand ghost towns of the yesterdays, where solitude reigns supreme. The smoke from 500

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smelter stacks no more darken the sky, while the grind of the mill stamp and rolls are heard no more, the whistles from the old rusted boilers on the great mine dumps call not the thousands of men to labor, and while I gaze at the clear stream of water pouring from the portal I know it comes only from the drowned out, overflowing shafts, for the thrum and surge of the pump pistons is missing from the now steamless pipe line. The millions of footsteps tread no more over the now loosened and rotted old board walks, and memory alone keeps me company. My "Hello, Partner, Hello," is returned only by the echoes from my own voice from far across the canon.

The thousands of trails that led into and out of the Gold and Silver West are overgrown with underbrush and obstructed by the windfalls of 50 years of time, and the old gray-bearded prospector and his mountain canary have faded from the picture, perhaps forever.

Yes, now and then, here and there, you find a few big mines still pouring out the gold and silver ores, and a few smelters still roast it into bullion, but where is the life, the glamour and faith that once made the hills of the Gold and Silver West ring with excitement, "gold, gold, gold," first in every man's thoughts and expressed on every tongue.

Retracing Footsteps of Yesterday

My feet once again carry me to the ghost town of White-pine and pushing through the thorny rose bushes and tangling weeds, I wander through the doors of the old Arcade dance hall and saloon and while lost in reverie, I fancy I hear again the strum of the guitar and pick of the banjo, in harmony with the soft tones of the fiddle, all intermingling with the tinkle and jingle of stacks upon stacks of the gold and silver coin, as Fargo Bank Kate draws the cards.

The old City Hall still stands, somewhat lopsided, while the mayor's desk of massive hewed log top, precariously survives on two remaining legs. Several long home-made benches lean in dejection, where Soapy Smith and other quick change artists were wont to sit and await the judge's verdict, "30 days and costs." Still tacked to the rough board walls I see the seal of incorporation 1879, the cut of the stamp itself depicting a shaft, windlass, prospector and jackass, a fitting tribute them, and a reminder of the good old days now gone.

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Awakened Memories of the Past

Just a step to the Tivoli theatre where still circling the old rusted stove are a few broken down chairs, and the thick coat of tobacco juice forms a ring around the hearth where plug chewers, not yet proficient in the art failed to hit the spittoon or bull's eye. Here the old sourdoughs were wont to gather long after the drop curtain had fallen for the last time, and let it be said to their memory they held forth faithfully to the last, dopping out one by one as they passed down the sunset trail, hoping in vain for a revival of the Gold and Silver West, that even up to now has never come.

I walk with reverence back stage where my feet had trod 55 years before, and still in evidence is the old street shifting set, and with a pull at the rotted rope down comes the old familiar drawing room drop, and leaning against the wall the garden scene. On the sagging stage floor stands the old grand piano, and well I remember its arrival in the camp by freight wagon, which was the sole topic of conversation for weeks before and after, and even as I looked at the yellowed and broken keys, I struck a chord, and out of the depths came dozens of mountain rats. Surprised, I'll say and no more than I to find them there.

Truly, some man has said, "So fleet the works of man, back to the earth again, ancient and holy things fade away like a dream." This verse, still legible on the drop curtain of the old Tabor Grand theatre at Denver, fits well all of the ghost towns of the yesterdays. So fades away the glory and things that were a part of the gold and silver West, and with it goes the initiative, incentive and illusion of an entire nation, a nation of once confident, creative people that dream no more.

If it be true that never more are we to know the joy of having and worshipping (next to heaven) the gold and silver idol (our money of coin), then truly the curtain of individual thrift, effort and progress is being rung down, to rise no more like the Tivoli curtain at my feet.

Here Lived Uncrowned Queens

As I enter the portals of the Grand Hotel, I hear the scurrying of a hundred rats, who are the present tenants and sole possessors of the hostelry. I see by the dog-eared and faded register the familiar names of Tom Walsh, Haw Tabor, Dave Moffat, Eben Smith, Buffalo Bill, Governor Pitkin and

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other renowned soldiers of chance, and as I walk into the kitchen, curious as ever, I turn the tap on the faucet, and from it flows a stream of pure mountain water, proving that the dam and city pipe line are still serviceable, and ready for the revival that we old Westerners hope will come again some day.

I pause at the open door of the bridal suite where the torn canvas and beautifully gold ornamented wall paper is hanging to the floor, parts of the hand painted bowl and pitcher still rests on the washstand, while the old bureau (factory made) minus glass and drawers, still occupies the corner, but the old canopied bridal couch is missing. No king or queen of royal birth honeymooned there, I know, but take it from the Hermit, many of the occupants of this room were real kings and queens when it comes to creative and constructive results, and these are the only ones that count after all.

So goes the story of but one ghost town of the Rockies. The same desolation is evident in thousands of others.

As I depart down the abandoned street in an abandoned town, not a soul do I meet. All the old prospectors and builders have deserted the valley itself. Did I say deserted? No, this is not true, for as I reach the suburb and wander in and arounds the mounds of stone in this city of the dead, I see my mistake. As I read on the weathered headstones and boards the names of my old friends, I know the old guard is still faithful to the cause and will keep their faith until Gabriel blows his horn, and then only will these sleeping citizens in this ghost town of the Rockies, arise and find their gold mine in the sky, that they failed to find here on earth.

Alone with My Dreams

Today I sit alone in the solitude of the Rockies, my habitation on the main street of a once boom town. Not a shingle or board remains to mark the spot where millions of feet once trod past my cabin door. Now and then a tourist journeys by with just a hello, solely bent on curiosity and seeking among the historical ruins some token from the wrecks of the dreams of old pioneers, the relics, but incidents after all to the people of modern days, where sentiment has died.

Gone is the lure of the Gold and Silver West. The once mighty magnet that drew husbands from wives, lovers from sweethearts, gamblers of chance from the four corners of the earth, has lost its drawing power, and the glitter of the yellow gold and White silver, the heavens and its angles, e vident-

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ly holds no future appeal.

If it be true that man has lost his desire for gold and silver, cares not for the feel and touch, does not thrill at the sight of the shinny coins, no more interested in the tinkle and ring, then indeed he has also lost his desire to see and walk through the pearly gates, ride in the silver chariots and over the golden streets of heaven.

Dreams are Creative

If the dreams of 2600 years are now to be thrown aside and we are no more to know a dream or vision, or feel the urge to strive for and possess the beautiful gold and silver money, then truly the last leg has been kicked from under the ladder that leads heavenward, and we as people must ever go down and down and flounder in the quicksands of spiritual and material confusion.

To you of the east, you deciples of the lowly, germy, microby, flimsy, short-lived paper dollar, partly lies the blame for the devastation of the gold and silver West. You, with your inflated salaries, profits and wages, knowing full well that we cannot pay honest dollars for dishonest value, and in your blind folly and to satisfy your greed, you would destroy our money, the gold and silver West, not knowing that like a boomerang it will react and finally destroy yourselves.

Faith of Our Fathers

Faith, like money, rusts if idle, and I sigh for the good old days when labor was paid for in honest coin. Like begets like, and how can you deny that dirty, microby money is but the spawn from a perverted brain, conceived and fondled by desciples of deception, and defended by atheistic minds.

I would not censure, but do remember a passage in the Bible that reads, "Dear Lord, forgive them, they know not what they do." Believing that, I do forgive, but believe me, I do not forgive seven times seven, and allow you Easterners to dominate and inflict without protest on the people of the world, your asinine policy of forcing a germy piece of paper on them, that you call money.

The most tragic event in history, the greatest crime against humanity, was the act of calling out of circulation the gold and silver money, the people's God, next to heaven itself. So youth of today comes into a world of pretenses, pretended money, pretended liberty, disillusionment, atheistic

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thoughts, a doubtful heaven, and a misconception of what constitutes honest labor and honest dollars.

America's Playground of Memories

Yes, make it a playground, but walk with reverence and respect over these sanctified spots, but never again (unless honest money is restored) will history record such a galaxy of colorful characters as once roamed the fastness of the Gold and Silver West, and believe not those doubters who tell you the wealth has all been extracted (rather confidence detracted) for still undiscovered and far beneath those mighty peaks, lies riches beyond the wildest dreams of Midas.

THE HERMIT OPINES

Propinquity lets down the bars of caution then familiarity as ever breeds contempt.

Men ask to be free, yet willingly slave to prejudice, superstition, dominating greed and vice.

To be misled by the God of folly is inanity, To be led by the God of Wisdom is sanity.

Today's solemn promises are oft superceded by Tomorrow's needs and frivolous desires

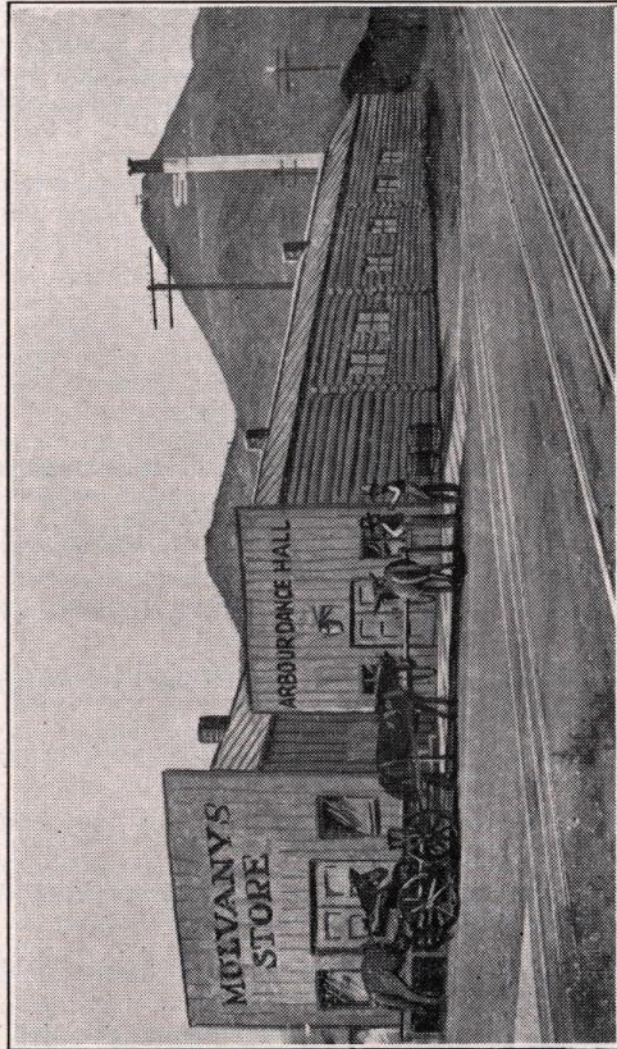
One man power well directed, more effective than ninety horse power misdirected.

Whom the Gods would and do finally destroy, they first deceive, then keep confused.

The wise follow men of principle and precept fools, those who fatten on acts percontra.

Opportunity, man in his ignorance oft by-passes progress slow, without accord of the masses.

God gave man a break by seldom combining brains and beauty in the same feminine personality, and most women are beautiful.



The old Arbour Dance Hall 1st St. and railroad, Salida, Colo.

Grand Reunion of Colorado's Colorful Characters



Log by log the majestic old Arbour dance hall, the gilded palace and pride of the valley, has been moving by wagon from Arbourville, the coming ghost town of tomorrow, where an expected future of greatness failed to materialize, to its new location on West First St., Salida, Colo., where log by log it is reconstructed and resumes its former glory, and where the heralded reunion takes place.

This event, the greatest in all Colorado at the time, occurred at the grand opening of Arbour's new dance hall, under the auspices of Arbour himself, assisted by his two daughters as hostesses and with none other than Charley Buck (mayor of Junction City) as master of ceremonies.

The Day of Days

On the reception committee will be Al Baker, last surviving stage coach driver of the Deadwood to Cheyenne stage line; Tom Penrose, the only member of the Billing's Silver Band of Maysville (still living); Henery Weber, an old bull whacker, saw mill man and pioneer of the days of '69, and the old Hermit himself.

In charge of the thirst emporium will be genial Jim Collins, Andy Rodgers and Bill Goard, assisted by Perry and Jack Williamson, Joe Rediker and McIntyre, all peers among the cocktail shakers.

The musical program will be under the direction of Professor Otto Hinkle at the piano, Banjo Jim supreme as banjo picker, with Frank Osman and John Thing first and second fiddle. Vocal selections from the warblers, Tressa Wendell, Swede Anna the nightingale and Stella DeChane, with Annabelle Black, the premier skirt dancer and high kicker, as an added attraction, while Nigger Auntie, the popular chef from the original Arbour dance hall at Arbourville, will be in charge of refreshments.

The dance hall floor has been waxed and polished. Every lamp and reflector in the hanging chandeliers and on the rough log walls has been cleaned and filled with oil for the long night session, and preparations for the overflow of

GRAND REUNION OF COLORADO'S COLORFUL CHARACTERS

guests are made at the Silver West resort on Main St., for this homecoming and reunion of the spirits of the days of '79.

The Law Takes a Peek

Chief of Police Baxter Stingly gives the joint the once over and views with much alarm the preparations, and well he might, for in this very same resort he met death a short time later, but when assured the rules demanded that all shooting irons, bowie knives and blackjacks of both enemies and friends be parked just inside the door, he acquiesced and became much enthused over the preparations.

The news of the reunion sped not only through the state but outside as well, and as night settled over the city, the great oil lamp above the door was lighted, casting bright rays across the street, as well as giving the reception committee an opportunity to see faces and pass a casual inspection on the new arrivals, for this was to be an informal affair and we did not want some troublesome varlet sneaking in and disturbing the serenity, of what otherwise might be a happy reunion of generally turbulent spirits.

The Conjuror Himself

The first arrival was Old Buffalo Bill with popular Wyoming Kate from far away Cheyenne, (my mouth waters now as I think of those juicy buffalo steaks he used to deliver at Carbon for ten cents a pound) and on the same stage coach comes Deadwood Dick and Wild Bill in spirit from Lead, South Dakota, and bless my soul, here is Big Nose George and Dutch Charley with Cheyenne Em herself, spry as ever.

Alighting from a spring wagon piloted by a pair of frisky mules is Otto Mears, the old pioneer of trail blazers, and I pay him great tribute now for building those roads through the gold and silver West and some of those trails of yesterday I am still following today. With him is old Doc McGowan from Tin Cup, that little village that lies in the Taylor Park region, where the medium of exchange is tin cups of gold nuggets, where the big fishes play, so they say, and happiness reigns supreme every day.

And are they coming? I'll say, here's Billy the Kid from Silver City, New Mexico with Prudence the Faro Queen. Why she was ever named Prudence beats me, for anyone associating with the characters of the good old days could not be prudent by any stretch of the imagination (at least in dealing faro). And who is that pompous looking gentleman

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with the plug hat, Prince Albert coat and diamond shirt stud? None other than Cassidy of the Gaiety Theatre at Gunnison, and that attractive blonde on his arm is the star attraction of the Gaiety for the coming week. Here is Dave Day, that peppery editor of the Democrat at Durango, who defends his editorials with two sixshooters on his desk and one in his pocket. We need a few more editors like him today, who will inject enough dynamite in the press to awaken these apathetic humans to the dangers of class dictatorship.

From Lake City, in a surrey drawn by magnificent dapple brown trotters, comes Mary Quite Contrary and Joe Dandy of the Follies Theatre, and from the Silverton variety arrives Maude Muller (not the hay raker), the gold digging money maker, with Jim Whalen the Prince, and improviser of music and song, and from far over the hill, Telluride, comes the Big Swede of the Liberty Bell Theatre and dance hall, with his galaxy of beauties, just dropping in to add to the festivities, so said the Swede.

The Trail Blazer of the West

Now from Dodge City comes Kit Carson also in spirit on his beautiful horse, Pinto. The trail was not new to him as he had traveled it many times before, and by gum, right before us is that trio of melody makers, Faith, Hope and Charity, from the Bucket of Blood variety theatre at Pueblo, just loaned to us for the occasion. While from the Alcazar and Central theatres in Denver comes Kitty LaCross and Hardy in that laughable sketch, "The West, A Nest and Any Dear," and that soft shoe dancing team Primrose and West (later of the Primrose and West Minstrels), all arriving on the Denver and Rio Grande train No. 7 from Denver.

Now who shows up with a spirited team and shiny buggy but old Brick Pomeroy, the wizard of finance from Central City, that famous promoter of the first Atlantic and Pacific tunnel (still unfinished), and stopping off on the way from the North Fork is Joe Dunn and Billings, just to see the sights they say, but boy, how proud they should be to ride behind those span of mules, the hausing ornamented with shiny silver letters spelling, "THE PRIDE OF THE WEST."

And here's my old friend from Middlefork, Hank Zilhaver, just tarrying over to load up the jackasses in the morning at Pete Mulvany's store, while right behind him comes a buckboard with Steve Skinner, Harry Thomas and Betty, the 300-pound cook, with old Hobb McGhee hanging on behind.

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"How come Hobb, what happened to Mrs. Hobb and the three little Hobbs?" Well, I'll say this—none of those gold diggers could turn Hobb's head, and next morning he of the very few would go home sober, pure and unsullied by contact with the Jezebels and sporting fraternity.

A Prince by Any Name

And now who drives up with that swanky team of bays with harness of silver trim, hitched to that brand new phaeton? None other than old Haw Tabor, Baby Doe, Gold and Silver Dollar themselves in person. Haw, you know, is president of the Gunnison bank, owner of the matchless Mine and mayor of Leadville, in fact, he has something to do with everything in the whole darn state.

There is some discussion at this point as to who will lead the grand march, Buffalo Bill or Haw, with the majority in favor of Bill being, as he was an outside guest and a long way from home. Here via the old spring wagon and a pair of crowbaits comes Graham of the Independent and City Marshal Kinsl from Pitkin, and tagging behind them from our own city is John Lung (the Chinaman). Boy, we miss old John where for four-bits you could get a pipe of opium that would drive all cares away and send one into dreamland. No law to say, "No, you can't have morphine, coke, or snow," and this infernal poisonous loco weed, marijuana, was never heard of. Gee, those were the happy days.

High Hats Galore

By jackass, on foot, two wheel gig, buckboard, spring wagon, buggy, stage coach, horseback, freight wagon and railroad, they continue to arrive, and now from a special car on the Rio Grande steps President to be Arthur, Senators Teller and Chaffee and Governor Pitkin. Naturally, they were given a rousing reception, but time always pressing with the big bugs they did not stay to enjoy the full night of festivities.

From Poncha Springs by two wheel gig comes Tomkins of the Poncha Herald, True, cashier of the Bank of Poncha, and Jackson, riding one of his own spirited two steppers, and here is old Tom Walsh himself of the Camp Bird Mine at Ouray behind a flashy pair of blacks, and Al the porter says he just unloaded a beautiful dame at the Arlington hotel (his wife I presume).

It's funny why beautiful women and beautiful horses go

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together, and the combination is about as safe to play with as dynamite.

Where Every Cloud Has A Silver Lining

Now from Aspen, in a rickety old carryall, comes old George Brown from the Mollie Gibson Mine with Mollie herself clinging to his arm. Say what you will, boys that's where we developed the clinging type of female, for it was sure a case of cling or get dumped out of those old horse-power vehicles.

From Silver Cliff come Hartzell of the Custer County Bank and DeWalt of the Daily Prospect. By push car, comes Peg Leg Wilson from Chaffee City, Steve Rogers and Tom Burns from the Eclipse and Mitchell from the Madonna, Tressa Wendell from the Palace of Pleasure and from Columbus City comes Joe Pippin, the father of Arlie Eames, of Grand Opera fame, Ike Cree and George Sabin with mules and buckboard loaded down with silver bars. From Junction City comes Jim Baker and Wyoming Kate, the second, and following close behind at full gallop on those perfect specimens of horseflesh comes Munns and McManus of Gun Shot Mine fame, accompanied by two friends, Frank and Jesse James, and as usual they drop the bridle reins to the ground and without preliminaries, crowd into the hall and forthwith shoot the tops from their favorite brand of whisky (to save time, as they said), and were much nonplussed when advised they must park their shooting irons just inside the door. They complied somewhat hesitatingly, but not to graciously.

Now from St. Elmo arrives Davidson of the Gold Rock saloon and editor Shinn of the St. Elmo Mountaineer, with Postmaster Parlins of Hancock bringing up the rear, and bless me here is old Hugh Boone from Green's Gulch on foot as usual, to look over the motely throng, no concealed weapons to park and as far as I know without an enemy amongst them. Now comes Johnny Spencer, Chief of Police of Buena Vista and Hugh Crymbal, County Sheriff, in company with Buckskin Joe and Silver Heels (the gal of mystery) from Fairplay, and who comes next but Sheriff Sallee and that Deputy Gassoway (bad cess to him for stealing my gal, Lucille) giving everybody a doubtful once over.

The Cloudy City Sends Representatives

From Leadville comes Poker Face Alice and her guest

GRAND REUNION OF COLORADO'S COLORFUL CHARACTERS

Calamity Jane, smoking big black cigars, and piloted by Ike Goldsmith and Ben Loeb, proprietors of the Coliseum theatre and Silver Moon dance hall, and these gents will also be stuck for the bills, and following close is Chicken Bill and Loco Bill to enlarge the crowd.

Now comes from Bonanza Madame Zella of the Ladye Gay dance hall, accompanied by a very attentive gentleman, the owner of the newly discovered Empress Josephine mine and John Trite of the House of Lords saloon. And from far over the hill at Tomichi City comes Farmer of the Magna Charta tunnel and Manager May from Whitepine and the May Mayzetta Mine, and several other friends. Moccasin Jim Three Fingered Mike, Two Gun Spike Murphy, Big Tex, Patch Eye Pedro, Frank McGill and Irish Jimmy himself all from Junction City, followed by Soapy Simth, the super salesman, who sold soap wrapped in five dollar bills for a dollar (or did he) and now here is somebody, Chicago Jim, Chief of Police of Junction City, who posed as a disinterested onlooker.

Of course, this was to be a home coming event and not a friendly fleecing reunion, and it wouldn't be healthy for the quick-shooting gentry to try and make it otherwise with Jim around.

The Men Behind The Law

Now comes Bob Kerr, Chief of Police of Maysville, B. Clark Wheeler, who made the record one-night ride to Denver, appealing to Gov. Pitkin for troops to protect the residents against the Utes, who were on the warpath, and coming back to Maysville not with soldiers, but with 80 Springfield rifles and two thousand rounds of ammunition. And under their protecting arms came Swede Anne, the nightingale. And here is Judge Hughes and Hayden the gold nugget man from Granite, to see the sights; and now who comes, but Wheezy Weeks with a friend Creede, who later founded the city of Creede itself.

My what a price I would pay for just one more ride beside Wheezy on the old stage coach over the old Arkansas River trail.

Now, just in time to join in with the grand march, comes Smith and Gray, locators of the famous Madonna mine. Two local gals, White Dog Liz and Jennie Wentworth, Doc and Maybelle Benge, Annabelle Black and Stella DeChane from

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Junction City, and his honor, Carstarfen, City Treasurer of Poncha Springs.

Silk and Perfume Lead to Heaven or 'ell

What a galaxy of beauties to pick from, all dressed in their silks and satins with beautiful long braided or curled hair reaching sometimes way below the waist. Now that we are most all registered, old Charley Buck sings out "pardners for the grand march," and the festivities are on.

The old square dance follows with Little Tex calling out, "Select your partners for the quadrille," singing, Do Se Do, swing your partners and away you go. Alaman left, grand right and left. Swing her around and do your best."

The waltz, intricate schottische, polka and that racing marathon, the gallop, have come and gone, all interspersed with square dances, and the stately Virginia reel.

The old grandfathers clock, the outstanding piece of furniture that stands beside the back bar, tolls out the hour of midnight, and still joy goes on unconfined. Several barrels of bourbon and old crow whiskey have disappeared, while the kegs of beer have been rolling in full, and out empty, at an uncountable rate.

The Night Wanes

The overflow beside the bar is deep and sticky, and the ladies use great care in approaching and getting their feet on the bar rail, lest it run over the slipper top. Wheezy Weeks is already parked at a corner table with some dame (he doesn't know), and both singing "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," while Joe Dunn, who early in the evening, had got a jug filled, (now empty) to take up to the boys at North Fork, is slowly singing to himself, "Ha ha ha, you and me, little brown jug, don't I love thee." There is Hope from the Bucket of Blood at Pueblo taking quite a fancy to Frank McGill (who don't like women). She clings to his hand and in plaintive voice sings, "Good Bye My Lover Good Bye."

The fumes and smoke from numerous blends of tobacco, more or less stupefying in itself, permeates the air and forms murky clouds overhead, and the reflection from the chandelier lights through the haze casts a dull red glow on the now tired revelers and adds a touch of gloom to the atmosphere.

Morning After The Night Before

The excitement is slowly dying down and the floor, that

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was vibrating to the tramp of many and some hob-nailed feet, has settled to the shuffle of perhaps two dozen couples.

Professor Hinkle is soundly sleeping on the key board, Frank Ozman has passed into the land of dreams, while the quartet of cocktail mixers are finishing the strains of "Sweet Adeline." With one last weak effort Little Tex calls out, "Partners for Home Sweet Home Waltz." What a gastly reminder. Of course, most of them have a home of somekind, and to the now feeble music of Banjo Jim and John Thing, they prepare to depart thereto, so ends the festivities of the evening.

Boy, what a happy gathering, no introductions needed, no repressed emotions as the old timers were all acquainted either by name or reputation. What a reunion that was, the first and perhaps the last, and now that the night has waned the spirits of the old timers have met and must part once again.

Buffalo Bill makes haste to get back to his post on Mt. Lookout, ever on the watch for the vanished buffalo herds. Deadwood Dick and Wild Bill must get back to the graveyard at Lead, South Dakota, before roll call in the morning. Dutch Charley and Big Nose George are still supposed to be prisoners in the graveyard at Rawlins.

Moccasin Jim, Jim Baker, Munns and McManus and all others from the Arbour-ville, Junction City and Chaffee City graveyards (poor devils), didn't seem to give a damn whether they left the hall or not, as they said the highway damageers were going to strew their bones along the highway grade anyway.

To Attain Greatness One Must Die

Haw and Baby Doe must, of course, get back to their last resting place in Denver, but Silver Dollar (poor little Silver) had come from a forgotten burial plot in Chicago, and said it mattered not a damn either way as far as she was concerned. Old Doc McGowan, who once traveled those deep snow banks from Tin Cup to the top of the passes, sometimes on snow shoe, horseback or afoot, to wait on sick and ailing pioneers (generally without pay) now yearns to get back to his plot in the Pitkin cemetery beneath the pines, before winter snows come again.

Wyoming Kate worried a plenty and it took much coaxing to get her spirit to move, feeling as she did, that her

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bones alone with her diamonds and casket of silver trimmings, and her grave itself, must be sacrificed to make way for that gargantuan destroyer of all things, sacred or beautiful, the so-called modern highway.

But they all, like Cinderella, have stolen away and must be in before the rising of another day.

Readers, this is but reminiscing, the opening night of the Arbour Dance Hall was a reality, and all of the above well known characters have at one time or another beenguests there, every one of them have trodden over Salida's old board walks, and drank from the bars of one or the other of these amusement resorts, as they passed to and fro through Salida's gateway to the mining camps of the gold and silver West.

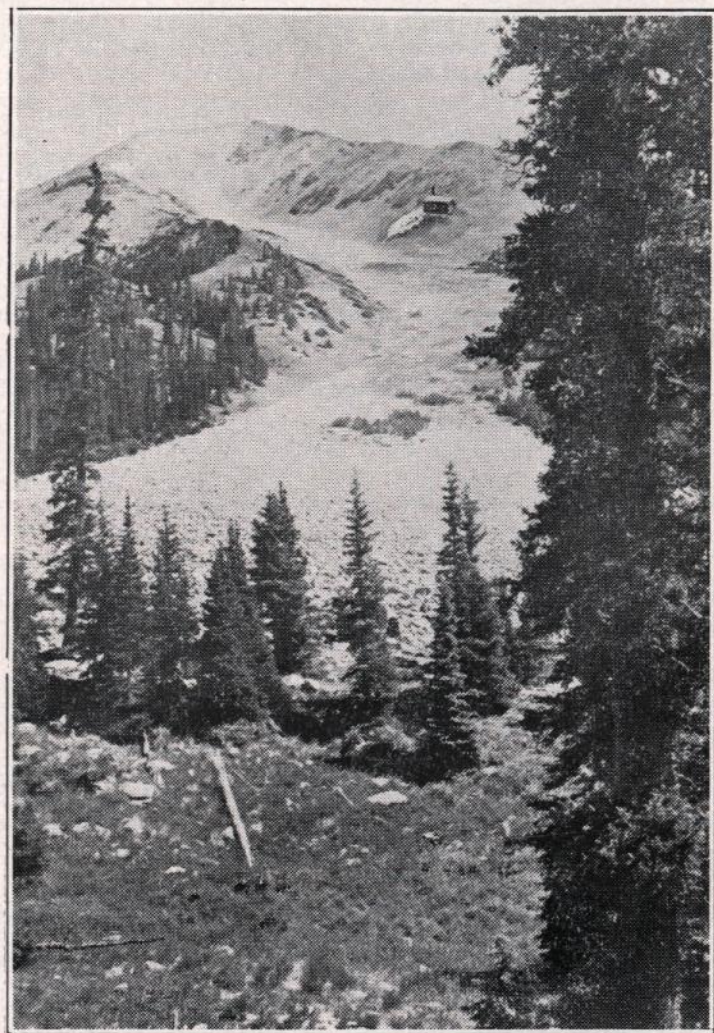
Just To Go Back For A Day

The picture of the Arbour Dance Hall is from memory's negative. It was but one of our many institutions of vice that flourished in the good old days. The Silver West resort (now the Grand Cafe) still stands, and great would be the stories those walls could tell if they could but speak.

The Gold and Silver West has been glamourized by these colorful characters. I gladly pay tribute to them for the work they have done but in the abandoned graveyards of the many living and ghost towns of the West, lie the remains of the real builders and wealth extractors, their names unheard, their praises unsung, but their achievements and unlettered mounments endure to the end of time.

The old and glamourized dens of vice such as saloons, gambling houses, variety theatres and dance halls could be entered and were patronized by men with no disgrace, but no women could cross those thresholds without her social standing being questioned thereafter.

So today there is none left but the reception committee just waiting for another gathering of those spirits that once walked and talked, hear again each character answer, "Here am I," to attend the grand reunion and home coming of the spirits of the '79's.



Mt. Aetna, the Snowbank, the Mine.
Where the snow doth come
and the rain doth fall.

The Hermit And His Snowbank

Away back in the good old days, an army of strong-hearted men with great courage, made way into the upper valley of the Arkansas. It is true these hairy chested, long mustachiod and bewiskered men were somewhat wild, but what could you expect with but a handful (2000) of those beautiful 42-inch busted, heavy bustled (natural or artificial) women in anngregation of twenty thousand he-men that were men, which meant but one wife for every ten males. Of course, they were wild and stayed that way for many years, or until the portion was divided fifty-fifty.

So, in this upper valley of the Arkansas, we located our mines, dug out the shiny gold and silver ore, patented the ground and recorded a deed that described our lines as vertical, reaching to the skies above, and into the bowels of the earth below.

Now, with our great snowbanks as reservoirs, we farmed and made a valley that was once a desert blossom like a rose, and for years we prospered, multiplied and as the women increased in numbers, the wildness decreased in men, and here we were a happy and contented people. But in late years we hear rumblings of discord and envy, and forces are abroad to disturb the tranquility and peace of the valley.

Winds of Fate Blow Eastward

Yes, the Hermit, fair in all things, admits that much of our snow banks originally fell on the Western slope, and would have increased the flow of water in the Tomichi, Gunnison and Colorado rivers that lead to the Pacific, if the good Lord had not smiled so kindly on the Eastern slope, and with a generous spirit did decree that prevailing winds and blizzards shall forever blow Eastward from the majestic peak of Massive, via Monumental to stately old Mt. Ouray to the South, and this wind (both cruel and beneficent), did form those great crests, combs, and drifts of snow of the great Continential Divide, and they did supply a great portion of the waters of the Golden Arkansas river, that has made the valley bring forth fruit and veritably made a paradise on earth, reaching from the Rockies to the Gulf.

To me, an observer of nature's divine works, I will concede the rights of the Western slope people to the snow, that now by an act of God rests hundreds of feet deep on my mining ground, and if the Colorado river reclamation bureau

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would persist in securing unto themselves this future fall of snow, then by all means they should erect a high and lawful snow tight fence fifty miles along the crest of the great Continental Divide, thus circumventing this act of God.

Contenders Lose if They Win

But if any of the numerous contenders win their claim and make unto themselves this snow bank, then by the eternal they shall also defend themselves against suits for damages, arising from the destruction of thousands of dollars worth of property damage caused by snow slides from these snow banks for the past 55 years, but in any event the Hermit denies that this snow or any snow belongs to any one man by property rights or decrees, whether it falls, blows, or flows to the rivers on either side of the great divide.

The Calimants Multiply

Now again comes other contenders, these nomads from the mud flats of the Mississippi, these squatters and sooners who along with a few old soldiers and wives settled in the lower valley and along the banks of the Golden Arkansas, and here from time to time they did cavort around with the Arapahoe and Pueblo Indian maids, propagated in great numbers and established colonies. Squaw men most of them were called and now the sad part of our story begins.

As they progressed from the wigwam to the adobe, from the adobe to a modern home, it was not enough to have inherited a domain where millions of buffalo roamed the plains, and myriads of deer and antelope fattened on the high lush grass irrigated by rain, but no, a few of these mudflatters hold high their hands toward heaven and pray that they be allowed the divine right of kings, and that the good Lord endow them with the full head or ten thousand cubic feet of water (our water mind you) that flows in the river, so that they and the generations after them might make the lower valley of Arkansas blossom like a rose, while the upper valley reverts back to a desert.

Imagination Goes Berserk

And so, as these squatters say, the divine decree was given through the Arapahoe Big Chief Spotted Horse, and as the story goes, was recorded on the high stone walls of the Royal Gorge. There was, I'll admit, a legend on those walls with picture character writing that told the story of this so called decree. Personally to me it was but an old

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Indian legend at best, had no connection with a divine decree, was neither signed by Big Chief Spotted Horse and in the main, to my way of thinking, was of no significance whatever, for later on some wag added the signature of Father Divine to the document. In any event, as far as a decree was concerned, it was phony and should have carried no weight in any court.

No doubt Big Chief Spotted Horse after stampeding the buffalo to the canon walls, did just before passing to the happy hunting grounds, intend to convey to his braves and descendents a title to all of those buffalo (millions of them), but as to decreeing a title for a full head, or ten thousand cubic feet of water, that is just plain ridiculous.

They Still Dream On

But the translation of the legend, if it were genuine, was misinterpreted and the deciphering faulty. Who, in the first place among the Indians and squaw men, knew their A. B. C's., much less anything about cubic feet or head of water. They were not even concerned enough about water to take a bath. And that clause by Spotted Horse decreeing his descendants ten thousand cubic feet or the full head of water was later translated by archeologists to read ten thousand buffalo, and no doubt the reference that the decree was to last as long as the wind doth blow, and the water doth flow, the sun doth show, and the moon doth glow, applied only to the hunting privileges and not to the flow of water in the Golden Arkansas, as the descendants of the squatters now claim.

Well, if it wasn't so tragic it would make a horse laugh, to think that these children of the soil now claim that every drop of rain, and every flake of snow that falls in the upper valley of the Arkansas valley was decreed to them by the divine hand, when you know and I know no such decree has been granted for 1939 years.

So Quoth The Law

And now appears on the scene an array of lawyers, a modern Portia among them, who unlike the Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, who espoused the cause of the merchant, and should defend the Hermit now, joins with Shylock, (that water ogre, The Prior Line Canal Co.) and on numerous occasions presides over a packed court of judges and juries (all descendants of these same mudflatters) and does she review the evidence presented by the gold diggers and farm-

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ers of the upper valley of the Arkansas with an unprejudiced mind, or doth she consider the human rights on the question? She does not, but doth decree according to a man made law, a law made when the west was still in swaddling clothes, that this Shylock and ogre, The Prior Line Canal Co. of the lower valley of the Arkansas, shall enjoy as long as the river flows, the stars do show, the wind do blow, the moon do glow and the sun doth appear in the heavens above, that this squatter and his descendants hereinafter shall have and take unto themselves the exclusive possession of the waters of the Golden Arkansas, forgetting that 1939 years ago, another prior and genuine divine decree came forth, and said in a few words that the earth and its fruits thereof (including rivers) shall belong to all the people, and not to some few chosen by legal soothsayers led by this modern Portia, this self-appointed guardian and interpreter of the law, who would control the waters of the nation forever and a day.

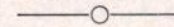
Destiny's Favored Son

But these self-appointed disciples of the divine have reckoned without counting the cost, and now comes the Hermit, defender of the people, who inadvertently holds within his hand, the destiny of the headwaters of the Arkansas and Colorado rivers. And now with next year's water safely stored away in ice and snow banks high up atop the Great Divide, he demands his and all the people's rights on dire threats, that if not complied with, he will either divert the Arkansas river to the Pacific slope thru a tunnel already provided by some soldier of chance in his search for buried treasure, or will convey through another high line, high altitude canal to whomever or wherever he may choose, and will also include in the transaction at a nominal price, all the rain that falls on his mining property during the months of July, August, and September. So decrees the Hermit

The river referred to has been dubbed the Golden Arkansas by the Hermit because it is veritably a ribbon of gold from its source to its delta, and has been the trail that led into the Gold and Silver West ever since time began.

OURAY

The Hermit's Lament.



For ages thru sun and cloudy sky thy storm scarred face
Has been searching valleys and hills for miles around;
Dazed, bewildered, puzzled about what has now taken place,
Big Chief Ouray, Chipetta squaw and tribe cannot be found.

Tho many, many, moons have passed, only you and I do know,
The mighty warriors camp not in the valley or by thy side,
No more hunters, with trophies of the chase, pass to and fro,
With bow and arrow, songs of freedom, Indian ponies astride.

The incantations of medicine men, the pow wow of chiefs,
And the beating of the tom toms, by the camp fire glow;
Indian villages of tepees, age old creeds and beliefs,
Have passed on with traditions, too ancient and too slow.

Ouray, once on a time you were monarch of all you survey,
With freedom of the earth, the sky, the water and the air;
Your people could fish and hunt, and never have to pay,
As we poor mortals do, that are in bondage and despair.

'Tis true your pale face brother and white faced squaw,
Are still wandering on and around your majestic peak;
On God's great footstool, seeking to escape the many laws
And find somewhere on earth, a new home to have and keep.

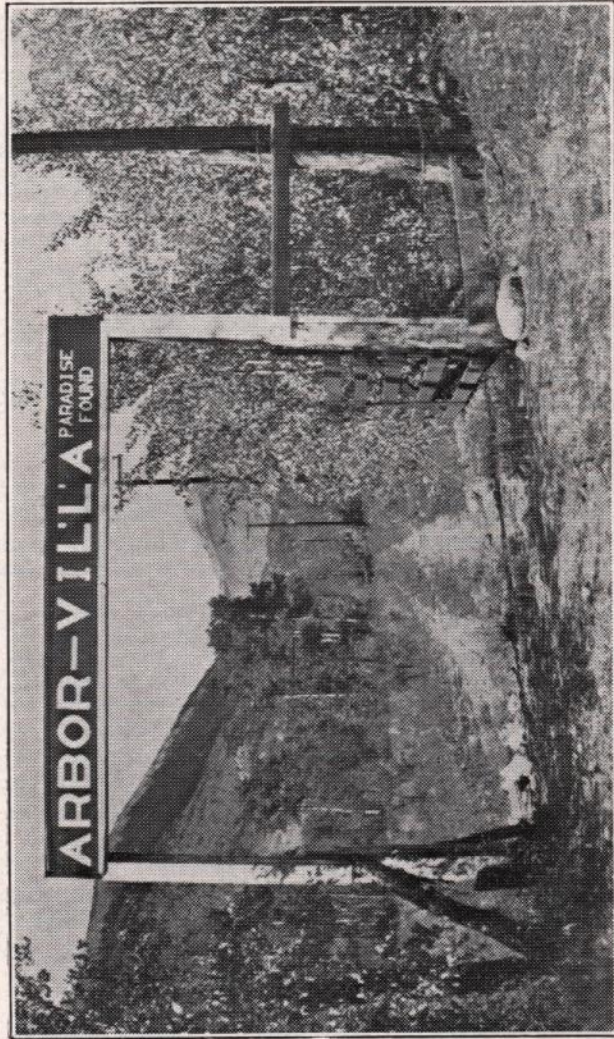
The great White Father, with his far too many reserves,
Has taken the land of the Utes, and palefaces as well;
For National parks, game, timber and grazing preserves,
There is no more land, whereon man can live or dwell.

Ouray, we have an old song, we still sing it today,
About the Star Spangled Banner, long, long may it wave,
The sentiment, the fact have long since passed away,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

I grieve and mourn, to see that our freedom is going,
While 10,000 tax obstructions on our trails are cast,
That keeps us slaves, until life's blood stops flowing,
And the free men like Utes, are only things of the past.

Well Mt. Ouray what think you of the future in store,
For all of us poor mortals, mentally children in fact;
That must sacrifice life, liberty and happiness galore,
In the crave for gold and the power by minority compact.

Ouray—A toast to we, enjoy life as long as we can pay,
Liberty too, if you call a soul fettered by this name;
The pursuit of happiness, stop deceit, mockery, we pray,
All this has happened to us, since the white man came.



"A fool there was deserting paradise just to see the worldly fairs."

The World Fairs, The Hermit and Vanishing Americanism

To go or not to go. It is a question of money, of course, but only to a certain extent, but the fact is: I have 150 of those good old bright and shiny silver dollars stamped (In God We Trust) stowed safely away in my money belt. This money was extracted and amassed by the work of my two hands from my mine on old Mt. Etna. The ore was hauled to the smelter, the bullion to the refinery, the silver to the mint, coming back to me in the shape of bright and shiny (honest to God) dollars. This is honest money and was honestly earned at \$1.00 per day for work performed and not time wasted. And the fact that it weighs eight pounds is the fault of the government in taking away my gold. Even this weight is no deterrent if it were not for the infernal un-American system of tipping and expecting tips, the danger of thieves and gangsters and the Jezebels of the city streets are the discouraging factors in making the trip.

Leaving Friends Behind

I regret the necessity of leaving my friend Sambo (the mountain rat) and Porky (the porcupine) for so long a time, then again my old friends, Two Gun Spike Murphy, Moccasin Jim and many other national characters who have long since passed over the divide, that now lie quietly sleeping in the old abandoned graveyard will have no defender to keep away the highway ghoulters and vandals.

Strapping on my brace of six-shooters whereon no hand has touched the triggers since 1893, and with a belt still full of ammunition, I arrive at Salida (the Heart of the Rockies). The ticket will require \$90.00 for a seven-thousand-mile round trip and will be at least four feet in length, takes you from coast to coast and return with stop-overs anywhere.

That's cheap, heaven knows, and lightens my load about five pounds but I will have left three pounds of money and with the artillery, it still makes a waist load of about twenty pounds. But why should I buy an accident or death insurance policy to pay me ten thousand when I am dead. No, I don't

THE WORLD FAIRS, THE HERMIT AND VANISHING AMERICANISM

want that and neither do I want a sleeper at \$3.00 per sleep, plus 25 cents tribute to the porter, when I would have already hid my shoes under my pillow to avoid his holdup.

Over Memory's Trail

Those upholstered seats in that beautiful air-conditioned chair car mean the height of luxury to me, the Hermit that came West over the old Santa Fe Trail with ox team and prairie schooner. Well, I remember the wagon trail with my old friend Wild Bill scouting the hills ahead for Indians, and well I remember the difficulty of starting a camp fire with buffalo chips, but I would give a year of my remaining short span of life for just another whiff of that familiar smoke.

Of course, I feel like a king riding in that newly painted coach and after a comfortable ride over the Rio Grande and through the Royal Gorge (one of the wonders of the world), we reach Pueblo (the little Pittsburg of the West). Drifting along the Santa Fe Trail beside the golden stream of the Arkansas, across the prairie we soon reach Dodge City. I looked in vain for the smoke of the camp fires along the way and indeed feel lonely for a sign of the days that are past, those days when the frontiers were open and every man was really guaranteed the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The City of Spoils

We finally arrive at Kansas City early in the morning, a city of Pandera hotels, gambling dens, saloons, taverns and very few churches. A bystander informed me the town belonged to one Prendergast and if I expected to stay I had better register at the city hall. As a matter of safety he advised that I go to some high class hotel where for the nominal sum of five dollars I could find protection. There were many renegades on the streets and I knew if they even as much as suspected I carried a money belt my life would not be worth a dime, so after a fifteen cent lunch near the depot I hop another train for Chicago.

The City of Gloom

When I arrive at this City of Sodom I faced another five dollar hotel proposition, plus tips for the hat girl, bell boy, elevator pilot, house maid, house dick, head and table waiter and flower girl, all of this robbery just to enjoy safety from

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the gangster infested kingdom of ex Al Capone. I want none of this with but sixty dollars in my belt for sixty days of travel, so after a short walk along Michigan Ave. and the beautiful lake front I leave this city of vice where the devil reigns supreme and the nights are made hideous with the raucous sounds of revelry, debauchery and crime.

Where Procrastination Rules

After a few short hours I reach the city of Washington, the mecca for racketeers, work evaders and time killers. I bow my head in reverence at the tomb of Washington, the father of our country, I bow again with pride at the shrine of Lincoln, the savior of our country, and I bow my head in shame as I gaze at the beautiful capitol and I marvel that there could be so many jackasses (with exceptions) abiding therein. Where the qualifications of fitness to be a congressman is to be a judge of good whiskey, proficient in the art of playing various and sundry kinds of poker, including strip and draw, the ability and hardihood to sit in on those one hundred dollar plate dinners, dance and dine the night thru, discuss the problems of our country through the sparkling foam of champagne and wine, and in spite of the morning hangover, go sit in the halls of congress and through bleary eyes see the Chaplain look over that august body, hear him pray, not for congress but for the fate of the Nation.

Liberty Bell Tolls No More

If any be inclined to doubt the accusation, look to the unemployment compensation act that taxes employer and public and gives in turn to the high paid worker four months of holidays at sixty dollars per month, while the Nation itself is sadly in need of fifty thousand miles of highway and can't find a dime to build them. Look again at the asinine act of we miners digging gold out of a hole in the mountain, buying or trading our good substance for foreign gold at thirty-five dollars per ounce, then in turn burying the whole mass in another hole in the ground in the Kentucky hills. If this be sanity then heaven pity the insane.

Truly when you take away my golden money you would destroy my illusions, kick out the ladder that leads to heaven, for say what you will there is a close connection between my love of gold and my love of heaven.

What a crime on humanity to pay these five hundred dollar a year congressmen twenty thousand plus for legisla-

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tion like this. I leave this city, a modern Babylon, where seemingly, like Nebuchadnezzar, no one can see the handwriting on the wall. I feel not like Nero when Rome was burning, but with regret that democracy hangs on so thin a thread. The Capitol city, supposed to be supported by a nation of 130 million people, but where the order is reversed, and the nation of 130 million people demands—yea and expects—that they be supported by Washington. It would be a tragedy to laugh at so much dumbness well knowing the headache falls on the laughee.

Where Asininity Abides

I soon reach Philadelphia, the land of William Penn and the Quakers, here at least one can find safety without paying a King's ransom for it. I look in vain for the old meeting houses but find they have now been turned into taverns and night clubs. I take another, and perhaps the last look, at the old liberty bell and perhaps I should stop for a minute's visit with the Baldwin Locomotive Company, step into the Philadelphia Ledger office and see about me thousands of writers, columnists, editors and stenos, and, like the galley slaves they have for years been chained to those desks in dungeons of stone, and would not recognize liberty as I know it way back in the wide open spaces of the gold and silver West if they met it face to face. I could sympathize with them but what's the use, they were born that way and would be unhappy in pure air and sunshine.

To Wish Is Not Enough

I stop long enough at Baltimore for a plate of oysters on the half shell, this city the home of a Duchess who would be queen. I marvel at this thing called love, it must be a wonderful feeling, but for me in the words of our illustrious Patrick Henry, "give me liberty or give me death", so Wally and Edward it's all yours.

The Rendezvous of Saps

On to Atlantic City, the gathering place for tired business men and the home of perfect pulchritude, where figures are auctioned off at so much per and brains have no value. And as I strolled along the board walk and gaze at the skyscrapers caves and robbers' roosts, I ponder and wonder what will happen when all men need earn an honest dollar and will see the necessity of receiving full value for it.

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Into The Jaws of Moloch

Another short ride under the Hudson river and into the Pennsylvania station. The red cap noticing the artillery says, "Bags, mister," and (this is my surprise), I have no bags, my whole accoutrement hangs from my waist. "Cab, mister?" Not for me. I once rode three miles at three dollars to reach the Pennsylvania hotel from the Pennsylvania station. So I saunter on toward Times Square. I want no five dollar rooms and I will pay no tips to that bunch of gimme brigands.

Then boarding the subway I ride to the end of the line. I'm looking for an old run-down, old fashioned house setting back from the street and occupied by an old maid or widow. Just a cot in the attic with two clean sheets, where I can hear the patter of the rain on the old shingle roof and the rattle of the loose shutters on the windows, this will be heaven for me. I only want to pay two bits for my room and fifteen cents for a couple of griddle cakes and coffee in the morning.

I'll arise early and make my way to the department store and there purchase shirt and underwear, take the subway to the beach and there, far from prying eyes, take a plunge in the surf, roll up the dirty clothes, mail them back home, and this will be my weekly habit for the next eight weeks. So now after a ten cent lunch at the automat I am ready for the fair.

The Sucker's Last Stand

I care nothing for Dempsey and his night club with his undraped girls, risque and vulgar jokes, the privilege of checking my dollar hat and paying that well shaped, minus intelligence, hat girl a quarter, buy a package of cigs from the dressless cigarette girl and hand her four bits and say "keep the change", pay tribute to that head waiter and sit there and drink or rather sip champagne at five dollars a bottle, listen to those assassins of harmony. No, I might be touched, but not entirely insane, like most of the New Yorkers I meet.

Nothing From Nothing Leaves Nothing

Old Jack himself is a product of our state but we are not following any of his trails. It's true we do build monuments for our builders of character and industry, like Stratton, Palmer, Buffalo Bill and even Will Rogers, but hardly

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give honorable mention to baseball stars or pugilistic and wrestling champions. The seats at the Winter Garden and Amsterdam at six dollars per seat interest me not, with their lewd shows and myriads of feminine decoys that are working overtime for Lucifer and his universe. The Empire State building is nothing more than a bundle of rooms one on top of the other, as for the ride, a drop down the Portland shaft at Cripple Creek at twice the speed and three times the distance is thrill enough for me.

This is the day for saps and suckers and like Barnum once said they are born every minute. I see the folly of lugging around these six guns for by the papers the shots in New York all come from the alleys or passing autos, hit you in the back and come from hidden gats or machine guns.

Into Fairyland

As I pass in the World's Fair gates the days of '79 concession meets my eye, that's no attraction to me, who passed through those days in reality and still wear scars. Next will be Sally Rand and her fan dancing nudists and that does not hold my attention, for such stuff has been in vogue in the South Sea islands for centuries, as for leg shows I have been sated, surfeited and crammed with these vulgar displays of female immodesty until I am sickened unto death with disgust.

Time Speeds On

For the next ten days you will find me at the art gallery or in the halls of science and industry, see me gazing at the beautiful buildings and wondering how men that know not enough to spend a dollar intelligently can use those same brains and build those structures.

So I've seen the New York fair and leave the city, a cess pool of vice and iniquity, the melting pot of the world, where nothing seems to meld or fuse, but rather spews or fumes over, leaving millions of non-democratic aliens and natives in the froth. Truly America needs a neutralizing potion in the pot in the shape of more Deweys, more law and order, less creeds and national hatreds, less blind allegiance to the fatherland and the more teaching, speaking and learning of but one language, good old English.

The Spider's Web

No, the gamblers on Wall street with their rigged

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markets did not attract me and from appearance I think most of the sheep have been sheared. A day on the market is about as exciting and draws as much attention as a brisk game of twiddly-winks played by deaf mutes. Neither did I become a disciple of Father Devine and his voodoo cohorts and take it from me, believe in any kind of superstitions you want, call it a religion or a racket, perhaps there are a thousand trails, to heaven, take any of them, but don't get them crossed with my trails that would interfere with my liberty or democracy.

Recollections of Yesterday

Leaving Grand Central Station in a safety-plus, air-conditioned coach bound for the West and San Francisco, fair, I pass through Albany, it looks much the same after sixty years of time then on to Buffalo and then Niagara and the falls are still there. Here I pause and memory takes me back to my great, great grandfather Heist, past master in the art of making good whisky and excelling as best patron of his stock, so much so that when as a scout at the block house he was ever alert when booze was going down, but when the reaction came on the Indians sneaked up on him and removed his scalp and grandfather never knew about it until the next day. I'll say this, no batter Indian fighter ever lived when he was sober (if ever).

A Monument Worth While

I pass over the bridge on the Michigan Central and soon arrive at Detroit, the city of sit down strikes and auto factories. Yes, I'll spend the day with Henry Ford the builder of good cars and character and I'll see the wheels go round making cars for fifty per cent of people whose mental capacity qualifies them to drive only wheel-borrows. How the world survives with so many wheels within wheels and thirteen-year-old pilots at the wheel, I don't know. The city itself just another bunch of brick and stone and much poor material for man building.

Thru The Old Corn State

On West via Des Moines the land of corn and WPA corn growers, a darn good city but of late years affected like the rest with too many gimme gimmies.

The Trail Leads West

Now Omaha at the edge of the prairie where once upon

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a time if you bought a farm for one hundred dollars they stuck one or two more in for good measure when you were not looking. Here seventy years ago we took the old Union Pacific, the trail blazer to the West, to the land of prairies, buffalos and better than all the land of bright yellow gold and white silver, where the riding was rough and the track crooked and where it took a mighty good rider to stay in the upper berth. Today I see cultivated fields and many good towns along the line.

Where The West Really Begins

We soon reach Denver, the mile high city of highway damageers (engineers), where mountains are blasted into plains, where roads are built on vertical contours (not horizontal) and where the steepest way up and the longest and hardest way over is called the shortest way home, and if you tourists would see the Rocky Mountains in their glory come soon before the highway damageers level them off.

Here my old friend, Buffalo Bill, lies on top of Mt. Look-out with a spirit as restless as ever and with eyes turned toward the East seeking in vain for the vanished buffalo herds.

The Land of Adventure

On we go to Cheyenne and what a change from seventy years ago when the population was but five hundred, the stamping ground of Buffalo Bill, Deadwood Dick, Big Nose George and Dutch Charley, the latter two passing over the divide via the hangman's noose and now quietly resting in the Rawlins graveyard. The land of vanished stage coaches and Indians and the present abode of soldiers and dude ranches, where the deer and antelope still roam and the writer follows the trails to the ghost town of yesterday, Carbon, and its memories. The land of frontier days where men bite steers and patrons demand their money back unless there be much blood spilled.

A Valley of Illusions

On I go to Salt Lake the valley of the Mormons. Of course, I do not believe in miracles and am not superstitious (very) but believe it or not, if it were not for the necessity of accumulating sixteen wives, I could live here contented in this valley of Eutopia, but I cannot support one wife, so what's the use of repining. Truly they obey 90 per cent of the commandments and follow the golden rule, but to me it's

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funny to see a thousand trails that are supposed to lead to heaven and makes me so confused that I cannot decide which one to take.

An Oasis on the Desert

Passing over the dead salt lake we soon arrive at Reno, Lucifer's garden of hades, where it's day time all the time and there is no constancy there, where vice is glamorized and virtue demeaned, where marriages are dissected and divorcees again cemented, where East meets West and all join hands in one grand march toward hell and satan leads the way.

A Port on the Gold and Silver Trail

I soon leave this city where sin and iniquity reign supreme and pass over the hill to Sacramento and through the Golden Gate to San Francisco, this city of Gomorah where the policemen figure their monthly balance in hundreds of thousands. The land of the longshoremen and sailors' union, all afflicted with booze appetites and beer incomes, where the graveyards are filled with the young and there are no old people there.

Truly where immorality reigns supreme and the entry fee is depravity, where they burn the candle at both ends and the middle and the life light fades away in gloomy remorse. Where Barbary coast was uprooted and like the tumbleweed scattered, but now abiding in Pandera hotels in every square. Where the fair excels the wildest dreams and is more beautiful than could be described. Where you can spend a month in learning and can wreck yourself in a day if you would but follow the crowd. Truly a Paradise on the Pacific, peopled by unappreciative vultures of humanity, where prejudices and greed overthrow love and justice.

Where Pretense and Folly Reign

And now down the beautiful coast line of the Pacific to Los Angeles, the land of oranges and much divorced movie stars, where kisses are as free as the air and not a kick in a carload, (except Ginger and Irene and these would be icicled). A city of related ex-hitters and buffers, bone crushers and eye gougers, all on the way out and just stopping a minute on the way to oblivion and the boneyard of wasted efforts. Ex-heroes of mat and ring in a city of desecrated harmony and melody, where virtue is unsung and immorality

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glorified. Thousands of mutilators of music and song that nightly fill the air via radio with their abortions. The home of Amie Semple McPherson and the wizard of magic \$200 per month, Dr. Townsend and his crack-pot spawns, the thirty dollar a week ham and egg converts. Truly another garden of Eden where satan directs the traffic toward the shortest way to hades.

I love the oranges and roses and the earthquakes matter not a damn, and I am loath to leave this Eutopia on the Pacific as I climb aboard the Santa Fe train and follow the ribbons of steel through sunny consumptive curing Arizona, Sears Robuck Indian blanketed Albuquerque, New Mexico, back to Pueblo and over the good old Rio Grande to my cabin far in the hills and now as I awake from my reverie, see Porky and Sambo and realize it is but a dream today that may be a reality tomorrow.

Yes, I'll see the worlds fairs and travel like a free American citizen, ignoring those renegades the Knights of the tip and mooch society.



The Train Robbery Of The Denver And Rio Grande

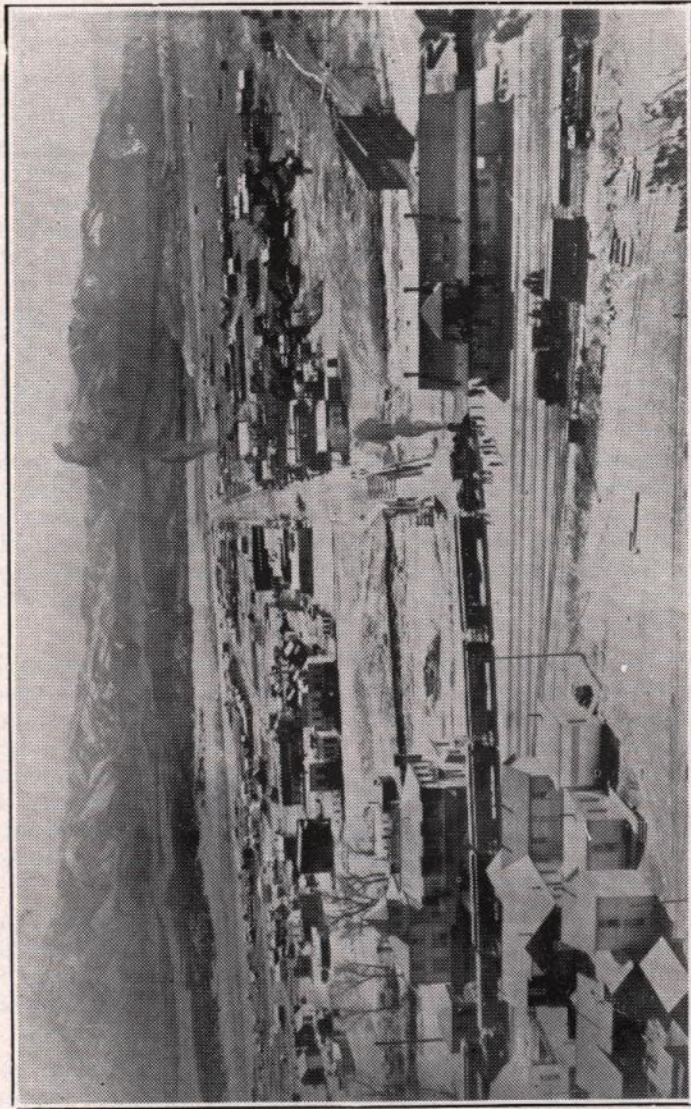
Again we turn back history's pages to the year 1882 as we climb aboard train No. 7 at Denver, and speed westward to Salida, and via Marshall Pass drift on to Grand Junction. The date was Nov. 2nd and the train at Salida was in charge of Conductor Dan Cook. We were proud of this baby railroad, as it was dubbed, because it was new, and even if it was but a narrow guage, it was the trail that opened up an empire to Colorado's gold and silver west.

As we pulled out of Salida station powered by two great panting iron horses weighing at least 10 tons each, it was a happy crowd that filled the chair cars and chewing car, (later called smoker), the latter well equipped with spittons (cuspidors now) for the convenience of the passengers. Great honor was accorded any man in the good old days, that could chew plug horseshoe or climax, expectorate tobacco juice 20 feet away and hit the bull's eye. In fact, no man was considered a real he-man in those days, until he had mastered this art and the mere smoking of a pipe or cigar added no prestige whatever, while the puffing on a cigarette was downright disgrace, and classed one a social degenerate.

We old travelers that were onto the ropes, always took forward seats until we reached the top of the Divide, and then changed to the rear seats going down the western slope, for the juice was plenty deep by that time, and following gravity backed up at the lower end of the car three inches or more in depth. I'll say this for the cons and brakies of the good old days on our western railroads, they had plenty of work distributing passengers and supplies to all those booming camps along the way.

No incident marred the trip as we rolled down the Gunnison and through a part of the lost Black Canon (the eighth unexplored wonder of the world), passed the little village of Montrose, and Delta hardly more than a flag station, and finally reaching Grand Junction, our western destination.

Leaving the latter city about 3 a. m., Nov. 4, on our return trip and whirling along at the terrific speed of fifteen miles per hour, we were somewhat startled at the whistle for brakes and the sudden stopping of the train. This occurred at a rocky overhanging bluff about five miles east of



Denver and Rio Grande ill-fated train No. 7 and 8 leaving Salida Nov. 3rd. Robbed Nov. 4th, 1882

THE TRAIN ROBBERY OF THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE

Grand Junction. Engineer Malley saw the obstruction on the rails in time to avoid a wreck, and at the same instant saw a group of men beside the track. Two men climbed aboard the tender and ordered the engineer and fireman down from the engine, and with a few shots and many threats, compelled the express messenger and mail clerk to open up the doors.

One robber guarded the men while the robbers searched the cars for plunder. The safe in the express car baffled them, for those iron custodians that held the gold and silver on the Denver and Rio Grande, were firmly fastened to the floor of the car, and nothing short of dynamite would open them, while the combination itself was known only by the station agents along the way, so the threat of death to the express messenger, if he did not open up, availed them nothing.

After removing about 20 registered letters (contents unknown) the robbers themselves removed the obstruction from the track, and after an hour's delay allowed the train to proceed on its way. There was no attempt to rob the passengers where the results would certainly have been better, and if they would have been more observing they would have found Malloy's wallet with \$300, that he carelessly tossed in the coal pile.

As we passengers started for the coach door when the train stopped, we were met with the order of hands up and get back in those cars. Everyone obeyed but one 16 year old flaxen haired miss, and as she stepped down from the platform the bandit says: "You heard my order; get back or I'll slap you down.

Did she do it? Not that anybody noticed, and it was always common belief that as she sat on the bank looking into the muzzle of a sixshooter, that if she had not kidded and razzed those robbers all through the holdup, they would have gone farther with their plan, and perhaps gone through the train also.

As we saw the head brakeman hurrying to the rear of the train with orders from Dan Cook to walk to Grand Junction for assistance, we thought we were in for a real western train robbery and began to hide our valuables (those that had any) and passing through the train, I noticed the women pulling off their rings, bracelets and ear drops and were

THE TRAIN ROBBERY OF THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE

placing these with locket and purses down inside those V-cut waists, and right here and now I want to say those old fashioned 42-inch bust women had a natural receptacle for such an emergency, and heaven pity the man that dared search in that forbidden ground.

A tribute is due these natural angelic creatures, the grandmothers of our present day soldiers, with no drug store makeup, and of you ever succeeded in getting a kiss from those lips (which was not often) it was unadulterated, and you did not find it necessary to reach for a gargle, to remove the taste and stain as you do now with these modern misses.

Now a tribute to the flaxen haired lass of sixteen summers, she with the long braids tied with a wide silken bow and spreading fanlike below her waist, and with just a plain dress of starched and ironed calico, reaching to the ankles. Her bravery was commended and she was hailed as a Joan of Arc or Helen of Troy. She, like any other old fashioned gal, looked like an angel to me, as she laughingly explained there was really no danger at all, as even train robbers in the good old days were polished gentlemen always, when it came to respect for the ladies.

With the protective instinct of man predominating, I offered (after the danger had passed) to defend to the last any attempt by the robbers to kidnap this maid, whose name I found to be Samantha, but when she again laughingly declared she wouldn't mind such a fate the least little bit, and further commented that she preferred a career to marriage anyway and, (pointing to a gorgeously dressed silk, satin and bejeweled song and dance artists, bound for the Arcadia dance hall at Telluride) someday I'll even reach stardom.

It literally came true and for the next 50 years as queen of faro and dance hall hostess (called night club hostesses now) she became the sweetheart of Creeds, Junction City, Leadville and Cripple Creek gold and silver miners, and her diamonds alone were valued at more than 50 thousand dollars. Just one lone gold digger of the good old days, in contrast to millions in these modern days.

As I look back and yearn for the things that have gone forever, I can see now that the railroad always got the worst of it, for in those days most women had four kids under six, and four kids over six (she told the conductor they were all under), nine persons in all, riding on a one full-fare ticket, and believe it or not, ten women passengers constituted a

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carload of about 80 people. Yes. it was true, and there was no odor of beer and tobacco ever permeated the air in those chair cars. "no indeedy," and while soap was selling for \$1 a bar, and baths were sometimes few and far between, you might find just a little old fashioned odor of perspiration blending nicely with a delicate perfume, and was it intoxicating? I'll say.

Now back to the train robbery—if the authorities had been more quick and alert there is a possibility that the robbers might have been captured, as they must have been amateurs at the business, and were no doubt afoot, as there was no signs of a getaway by horses. From their number and description they ought to have been easily trailed in a country which offered so little shelter, and such poor hiding places. This was the first train robbery on the Denver and Rio Grande line, and the poor results did not encourage its repetition until 25 years later.

We were a sobered bunch as we came in sight of the dull red glow from the Gunnison iron works, and felt braver now that we were again coming into civilization and the rest of the trip over the Continental Divide was without incident. In closing this narrative I want to pay tribute to a departed friend, Dan Cook, one of the pioneers and builders that helped to blaze these trails into, and through, the Gold and Silver West, and the greatest honor I can bestow, is to say that the trails of fair dealing he left behind him were safe for anyone to follow, and always led to the better building of both character and community.

Back To The Farm And Be Damned

First I get me one of those five hundred dollar rehabilitation loans, then buy farm on the instalment plan with ten acres in cultivation, (if and when you get it cultivated). Now with 2 horses, 2 cows, 2 pigs and 100 chickens, I think I am well prepared and on the road to sufficiency.

Being a great lover of birds, I leave the cat out of the picture, (dog also, account of food), leaving the mice, rats, gophers and chipmunks up to the weasels, skunks, minks and bobcats. First I plough me a row for potatoes and proceed to drop them by hand, but before I get back to cover them, the robins and blue jays have taken the seed. Now I broadcast my grain and before I get that drilled in, the sparrows and turtle doves consume most of that, but with perseverance and the addition of several scarecrows hastily erected, I finally get about one-third of the seed planted and covered.

My enemy the beaver, that destructive pest works all night building dams to flood over, and wash out what little crop I have planted, and I work half a day to undo what they have done. At intervening times the birds and myself make war on the insects and worms to keep them out of the berry and garden patches. We succeed fairly well in this, but as a reward the birds thought they were entitled to the berries and the chickens to the vegetables, leaving me the experience.

Then all at once come the swarms of grasshoppers to exterminate the crop, and it took the combined efforts of me, the birds, chickens, a few turkeys and ducks later acquired, (fish bills they were), to put down this plague. Then as a reward for their efforts the ducks eat most of the fish in the fish ponds and the turkeys eat the wheat. Now during this time the weasels, mink, skunk, bobcat and coyotte edged in on the affray, and soon the turkeys and ducks were among the missing as well as a number of chickens, in spite of the leather of spiked armor I had laced around their necks. One of the cows get in the alfalfa and bloats, and I feed this carcass of the cow to the pigs and remaining fishes. The other cow took a liking to alder weed, so I couldn't drink the milk or make any butter, and finally (so I think)

BACK TO THE FARM AND BE DAMNED

she got a melancholy spell, went dry and fell in a mine shaft, a deliberate case of suicide. One horse got in the swanp, although there was 25 acres elsewhere to pasture on, then as fall comes on, the other horse got so lonely and disgusted with the whole layout, he just naturally laid down and died. Well one of the pigs got the cholera and the other wandering around in a state of coma, got in somebody's garden patch and was taken for a ride, (in gangster parlance.) Well the birds got the insects, and the insects (including grasshoppers) got the crop; the chickens got the grasshoppers and the garden, and the ducks got the fish. The weasels, minks, skunks, bobcats and coyottes got the chickens, turkeys, ducks and even the rabbits. So far everything made a living out of that five hundred dollars and the crop except myself, and here was winter coming on and the whole investment was centered in the carnivorous furry animals. This was a tragic state of affairs and I was getting desperate, so taking up my trusty bow and arrow, I finally got on the track of a snowshoe rabbit. Treading softly in the light fall of snow what was my surprise to find the track of the weasel, a bigger print of the mink and the long loping step of the coyotte. Well I knew for a certainty my chances for meat was slim, and the chances of the rabbit surviving was less, so I meandered back home in dismay at so much competition.

But I still had one ace in the hole and I fully expected to trap that army of beavers, skin them, sell the hides and eat the carcass, but lo and behold when trapping season came on, they had, due to a shortage of bark and roots already migrated to other grounds, and my one last chance was in the weasel, mink, bobcat, sknk and coyotte, but when the chickens, ducks, turkeys and rabbits were all gone, darn if they didn't get insulted and leave for other climes too. Yet I believe if I could have secured another government loan and bought some more seed, and another bunch of feathered stock, I could have fed those furry animals until winter or trapping time came on, and then got all the money back (or could I), and at least have broken even on the venture, mebbe paid my grocery bill, and perhaps have a dollar left for Uncle Sam.

But as it now stands I am out a years work, Uncle Sam five hundred dollars, and as far as I can see if the Government wants me to resettle on a farm, they will have to pay me a bonus or pension of five hundred dollars a year, and

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get it back from those trappers that gets the hide, from those animals that got the feathered birds, that did eat the insects and worms, that did eat the berries and vegetables, that was planted by the Hermit from the five hundred that the Government did advance. Well I do owe the Government five hundred dollars, and I did get five hundred dollars worth of experience, and if I can sell this story to some inexperienced editor for this amount, mebbe we will all come out even, or will we?

Now a tribute to the farmer, the horny handed son of the soil, he alone of the old school of gamblers will the City slicker foil. With natures destructive and constructive forces he still plays the game. 'Tis he and his ilk the Nation depends on, a man by any name. 'Tis he that works and plans from sun to sun. 'Tis he and the wife who's work is never done. No striking there, walk out, slow up or set down. 'Tis she that slops the pigs, wears cotton stockings, milks the cows, wears the calico gown. No time to primp, attend the matinee, visit the hairdresser, add to her charm, for there are chores to do and always waiting, down on the farm.

'Tis up to the farmers to organize themselves or disorganize the enemy, (blocks groups, unions and monopoly), then to fight fire with fire, the consumers must organize to fight them all. What an inane system, when all we need in this representative country is to conduct a democracy by the people, of the people, and for the people, free from the domination of these pressre groups.

I hope to see in some future not too far away day, farmers get Two Dollars per hour, work or play. Six hours is plenty for farmers to use their man power ape the City guy, doll up the wife, buy her a flower. For overtime as per union scale, get time and a half. At this suggestion the City schemer will guffaw and laugh, but mirth will be short when butter reaches two dollars a pound, eggs two dollars a dozen, and none to be found; wheat at five dollars a bushel would be a rarity to match the City man's take in, 'twould still not be on a parity; meat one dollar a pound; spuds one dollar a peck; At this the salary, wage and profit group cries out, "Our Nation you will wreck". Of course they will strike and loudly complain, but when we realize that eight out of ten of their projects are useless. "let them refrain".

BACK TO THE FARM AND BE DAMNED

So the Hermit away from it all finds solace beside lofty Aetnas peak, yet yearns for a sight of the milk maid, with the aroma of the cow barn and perfumed so sweet. The streamlined janes of the city and with breath of garlic, limburger and stale beer, have driven me from civilization and away from a now putrid atmosphere I once held dear.

—The Hermit of Arbor Villa.

CODE OF THE WEST

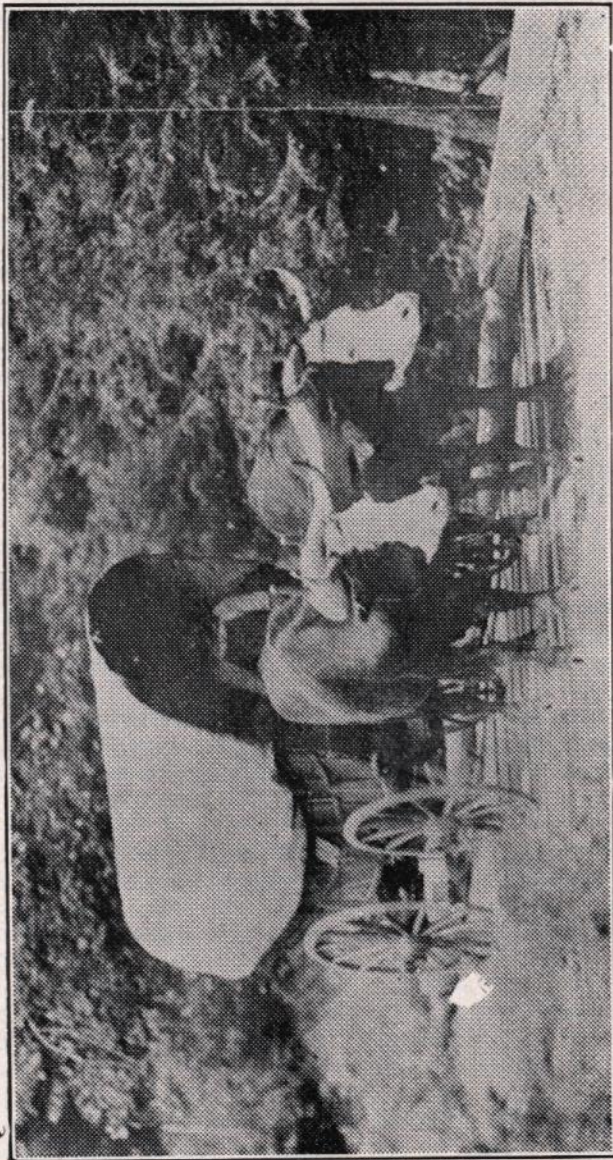
To be first on the draw, quick on the trigger
Keep smile on face, if on living you figure
Silence is golden, with bad men little or bigger
There was no escape, from feminine gold digger.

Each man was his own captain, master of his soul
Mattered not how cards lay, or roulette ball roll
Life hung in the balance, could one pay the toll
Never knowing if to-morrow, he'd reach his goal

Yes life was uncertain and hung on a thread
Just a false motion, found you filled with lead
Of those who passed on, let it always be said
Western history lives, on you, that are dead.

A tribute to you that passed down the trail
And homage to your courage, even tho you fail
To end of time, that men walk, roll, fly or sail
Markers you left behind, hold story in detail.

The Hermit.



Rapid transit in the good old days.

I WANT TO GO BACK

I want to go back—yes, I really and truly do,
 Back to the good old days of eighteen eighty-two,
 With the crinolines and bustles, long curls too;
 When men were he men, and night shirts were taboo.

Just to go back where kisses and marriage were kin
 And weren't broadcasted, scattered, on every imp of sin;
 Dance the schottische, polka and old Virginia reel,
 Live in a state of Heaven, like knights of old to feel.

I want to go back, when shy, timid maidens did blush,
 Beg for a dance on the program, thus avoid the rush,
 I dislike the idea of grab 'em, kiss 'em, not know a name,
 Of these modern Misses, so devoid of modesty and shame.

I want to go back, ride again on a real lively horse;
 Sweet femininity beside me, on a side saddle of course,
 And long ridding habits, reaching way below dainty feet,
 Not an ankle to see, as I lift her gently in the seat.

I want to go back, and once again see Wyoming Kate,
 Queen of faro, with manners so gracious, gentle, sedate;
 No profanity or vulgarity, was never heard to swear
 As our modern maids now do, at dances and everywhere.

I want to go back, I'm tired and disgusted as 'ell,
 To see no wool stockings on our sophisticated gal;
 My vision of angles, and dreams of shapes so divine,
 All shot to pieces, as modern girls show every line.

I want to go back, its an urge and obsession with me;
 I so dread the future, that's in store for me and thee,
 So many ill-mannered females, brazen and bold as sin;
 Oh why don't man rebel, and say damitt, nothin' do'in'.

I want to go back, just a Rip Van Winkle I would be,
 Forget all about the present, and once again be free;
 My visions all shattered, and my dreams gone astray,
 See my ideals of perfect woman, in such disarray.

I want to go back, call me an old foggy if you will,
 Not for myself I worry, I've a destiny yet to fill;
 Sad the day for the future, spineless males I know,
 No mystery to solve, nothing but wild oats to sow.

I want to go back, then go back say we one and all;
 You'll be entirely alone, none will follow your call
 Then old age get behind me, I'll go on with the show,
 I'll join you dupes of iniquity, and satans imps below.

I want to go back, St. Peter I'm ashamed and its true,
 I dread to face the honest to God people I once knew,
 Who read their bibles, said in virtues we must excell;
 To late, I'm on the merry-go-round, straight on to 'ell.

—THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

All In A Lifetime Where May, December And Love Abide

The story began in old Columbus Town in the year 1880. The background itself erased from the picture at this late day, not even a semblance of a ghost town remains as a marker to a romance that never died. The characters beginning with Elizabeth June Deacon, the widowed cooks beautiful daughter that abided in the Supers cottage next to the big mill. The engineer Paul Stanton, the assayer and chemist, Sandy MacVane and the thousands of smaller fry that never got a headline in the paper, or more than a smile from that virginal face, they soon drop from the contest and must be content with watching the culmination of the triangular romance from the sidelines.

The bets were even, sometimes Paul, a happy go lucky reckless and undependable lad, seemed alone in the lady's thought, then again Sandy, steady sure and as methodical in the pursuit of romance as he was in his daily work, a gentlemen among men in a real he man's country, seemed to have the inner track. Beauty and cleverness combined in one woman is indeed a dangerous combination and as the days were passing it was Paul seen out riding with the lady beside him, on a not too gentle horse. She was dressed as was the usual custom in long riding skirt and jaunty derby hat, a stunning looking couple to be sure as they meandered over the narrow mountain trails, and there was no thought of danger with a swain with the courage of Lochinvar. On another day it was Sandy that was basking in the lady's smile, firm hand on reins guiding gentle horse and newly painted buggy, intent on safety first for the dainty feminine package in the seat beside him, and you may believe he was not regaling her with his own prowess, but his conversation related only to the beauty of those limpid pools set in a pair of soft brown eyes. Fools, fools that men are, not to realize that man is safe only when femininity is chained in four strong walls, with baby fingers encircling her neck, childish hands anchored to her skirts, leaving no time for rebellious thoughts.

Time was passing and a decision must be reached, and it was indeed a fateful night when Elizabeth met Sandy for a last good bye. She imparted the sad news hesitatingly and with womans infinite compassion she informed him that

ALL IN A LIFETIME WHERE MAY, DECEMBER AND LOVE ABIDE

her heart belonged to another, and to him a wife she could never be, a friend yes, even a sister,. This comforted him a little, though she hastily added, "Sandy to me you are the second greatest man I have ever met, and someday I'll be proud to have you call me mother. My earnest desire is that my first born girl shall bear my name, and in her you will find all that you admired in me, and when that day comes that she is 18, in her you will find the image of my own personality, that will be the fulfillment of your dreams."

Never question this was her intent, perhaps there was a doubt in her own mind as to the choice of husbands and she wished somehow to hold firm to that which she knew was fine and good, so Sandy went his way forgiving and trying to forget, for the promise held little comfort at the moment. Not only had he lost the one love of his life, but he doubted that God could ever again weave a pattern when the mould (as he so often said) itself, had been destroyed.

On another day in 1883 the whistle of the mill blew for the last time. The stamps gave one last gasping groan; the fire under the roaster died away, and never again was that mill to rotate a wheel or turn out another silver bar. Now it so happened that Paul and Elizabeth moved to Ora City in California Gulch near Leadville and here too Sandy secured a position as assayer at the A.Y. and Minnie Mine. He was always a welcome and frequent visitor at the Stanton home, but never a complaint escaped the lips of Elizabeth, tho Paul like most men of that day was too often a patron at the bar and gaming tables, and it was not unusual for him to lose a weeks wages, belly up to the brass rail, invite sundry and all to have one on him, though there was little to eat at home and the butcher and grocer had not yet been paid. How soon, good Lord, will women learn that man's vices come first in his affection, wives, home and children second. Elizabeth knew much, scolded little. She had made her bed and there she was to lie, and none was ever to know if she rued or rejoiced in her choice in lifes matrimonial lottery.

Yes it was thoughtful Sandy who bought the layette for the first baby girl, and it was he that placed the tiny gold chain and locket 'round its' neck at the christening, yet I doubt if Sandy for the first years of the baby's life ever thought of her as sometime being his wife, tho Elizabeth

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must have had this in mind by naming the infant Mary Elizabeth, thinking this would be a reminder to him of the promise made and hoping sometime of actually being a mother (in law) to him.

To Mary her own father was simply Papa, but she referred to Sandy as her own sweet Daddy. Out of the kindness of his heart, it was Sandy that bought her baby dresses, school clothes and books, paid for her music lessons and cared for the Doctor bills through her seige of typhoid fever, but it was not until she reached the age of 15 that he noted there before his very eyes, was being woven a pattern in the flesh and blood of that dream girl who had captured his heart so completely, that no other woman could enter therein. Though it was often expressed by the mother, jokingly commented on by Mary herself, a topic for neighborly tongues that some day Sandy was to be her husband. It appeared to him, of course, as a hazy eventuality, but now Sandy himself thot much about this phase, and forthwith started building for his bride to be, a cottage on Prospect Hill, completedly furnishing it in modern style, and there held bachelors court until that day when Mary Elizabeth was 18 and he could carry her across the threshold of their new home.

Now graduation day arrives and the beautiful white satin gown and the string of pearls was a gift from Mary's own sweet Daddy. Hope was high in Sandy's heart and had he not waited 19 years for the culmination of his dreams, but alas, the very next day Mary confided to him that she loved another. She fully appreciated the love bestowed upon her, sacrifices made in her behalf by Sandy, and left the final decision with him, be it what it may. Truly, Mary was in a dilemma was she to allow gratitude to go unrewarded, not to follow out the wishes of mother and friends and marry Sandy forthwith, or was she to follow the dictates of her heart and marry Jimmy Thurston for love alone.

Again I say, strange things these women, her pent up emotions hang by a trigger touch and makes her unstable in even choosing a husband. Common sense and observation alone should teach them a simple lesson. Sure 85% of men are supposed (and they approve), to sew their wild oats, and they and all that come in contact with them are to reap the whirlwind of the four great vices acquired in the sewing. I sometimes doubt if the general run of women are endowed with wisdom surely after centuries of experience they

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should know that mans vices are his first love, that promise in the marriage vow to care for, protect and with all his worldly goods endow, was only wish-wash. So Jimmy, "hale fellow well met," fits in with the above, and after his smoking, drinking, gambling and adultering bills was paid, he had nothing to endow, but hells bells and a couple ding dongs. Why dwell on men, always the slaves of vice, when modern women themselves apes the ways of men, and to say the least they can both go to hell on the same trail of dissipation.

Again it was Sandy to make the sacrifice, and it proved him to be, one of the most unselfish and greatest men a world ever knew, as he reluctantly released Mary Elizabeth from any obligation as far as he was concerned. 'Twas a great disappointment to Mary's mother, and brought many a heartache to Mary herself, but again repeating her mothers words she said, "I'll make this up to you somehow, always be a daughter to you, a sister, if it be your will, and if with-in my power a mother to you." Thus she too, in all seriousness makes the very same promise of her mother nineteen years before. "If you will but persevere, my first born girl, shall sometime be a wife to you, and thus atone for the hurts and sorrows of dual love unrequitted." This would at this stage have been a marriage of May and September, with a greater chance of success as Sandy was but then 46 years old.

So we find Sandy living alone in the wifeless cottage, following his every day vocation, and for many years it was my privilege to be his confident. I watched his every movement, always diligent and exact in handling cups and crucibles from the assay furnace, no matter how heavy the heart, but this was his nature, methodical with mind intent on the work at hand, and it was after the gold and silver buttons had been weighed, tools put away, he would confess to me the sorows of his broken romances. We have said there was but one woman in Sandy's life, but one picture in his vision, years before his life insurance policy had ben made out to Elizabeth and later transferred to Mary Elizabeth as beneficiary. Bt now again fate decrees that a greater power above is to weave another pattern and again that Jimmy be short of funds. So Sandy is left to provide the didies and swadling clothes for Mary's daughter, Annette Elizabeth, and again it is Sandy that places the tiny chain around the

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new born babes neck at christening time.

History often repeats itself and it was Sandy that supplied the baby clothes, paid for the music lessons, supply the wherewith for the dentist to straighten a set of teeth that would otherwise not be beautiful, and it was Sandy that kept up the larder at Elizabeths home, for Paul had absorbed too much lead dust in the A.Y. and Minnie Mine, and this washed down by too many John Barleycorns had so weakened his constitution he was an easy victim for the dread disease, pneumonia. So Annette Elizabeth grows from babyhood to girlhood and it is Sandy that pays for this and that. It has again become the family theme song, that it is to be Annette Elizabeth that is henceforth to soothe the hurts and pains, assuage the sorrows by marrying Sandy, and by the strangest freak in history, the pattern weaver has created and brought before Sandy, an exact likeness in the flesh and blood, the picture of the girl of his dreams. Small wonder his heart beats faster and hope that was dormant revives once more. Strange creatures these women, some girls at 12 have the wisdom of women at 40, and at 40 some women have the wisdom of girls at 12. In thoughts and action Annette at 12 was a woman, while Sandy now that love was paramount in his mind, threw off 20 years in looks and action. 'Twas common in the good old days to have three classes of women: Ladies, Ladies of questionable virtue, Ladies of easy virtue. In referring to the first it was not enough for a lady to mate with youth, this being his only virtue, there must be something else, character, uprightness, stability and more than all protectiveness and respect, her father, grandfather failing in these attributes, small wonder she wished to avoid matrimonial errors if possible. So thru her teen age school days, her mind did not dwell on social or frivolous things, she was early in life developing the carriage and maners of a matured woman, she called Sandy neither a Sugar Daddy or Sweet Papa, but referred to him as Mr. MacVane, her fiance, and this child not yet a woman in years let it be understood she fully intended to pay, and willingly for the sacrifices, show not by words, but acts gratitude to the man who had for three generations cared for members of her family, loved three women intensely and was now to be rewarded. Annette had no boy friends and let the world know she wanted and expected none, her main object in life was to pay in full a debt that had been owing for thirty-eight years, and now again we find Sandy

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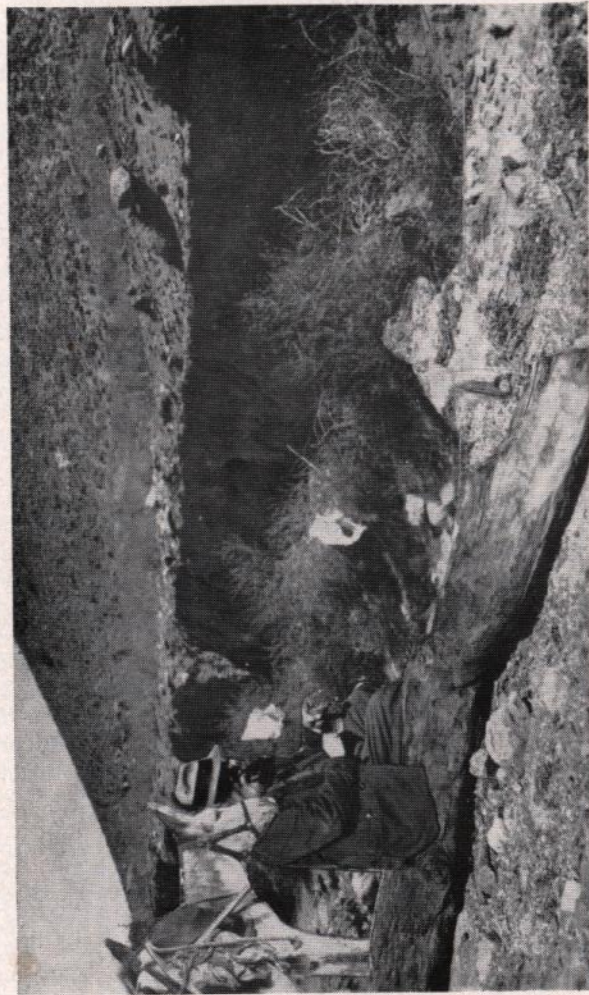
seated in the audience as the graduation diplomas were passed and was again the great lover with thoughts only for the beautiful girl in satiny white gown, this too, a gift from him.

From here the story has a crescendo finish, but follow on. Next day in the little church on the hill, Annette Elizabeth became Mrs. Sandy MacVane and after thirty-eight years of waiting, true enough he carried the girl of his dreams across the threshold of a new home. That voice he had paid much to cultivate now seated at the piano, was to him, the sweetest ever heard and soon beside the great open fireplace 'neath the spell of a soothing lullaby, Elizabeth Anne, Jimmy and Sandy Jr. in first childhood, and Sandy, in second childhood, drop off in peaceful slumber.

But time, it was fleeting at a rapid pace, 10 wonder ful years has passed, thus said Annette and Sandy, as this girl and two boys came to bless the union, and now at 75 Sandy passes over the great divide leaving behind a story a personal story about one of the greatest characters in Colorado's history. He left behind a beautiful widow, rich in material, cultural, spiritual and compensated wealth, who proved to be one of the greatest women I ever knew. In this marriage of May and December Annette confesses as she too departed this life, that never for a moment did she regret her choice, and now somewhere in the U. S. A. there lives two men and a wonderful woman, the culmination of this romance, but sad it may be for our Nation, for I doubt if there be another Sandy for the 4th generation of a pattern moulded true to form, a perfect piece of femininity, the counterpart of a great grandmother that wished preserved for future generations, her ideal of a perfect man.

So the story ends, Sandy's first love actually became his grandmother (in law) her granddaughter became his wife, his second love became his mother (in law). To Annette I pay this tribute, no more wifely woman ever graced a home, lit a husband's pipe or carried his slippers, and never a more dutiful or grateful mother ever lived. To Sandy a gentleman and fellow prospector with persistence unrecorded, a Nation owes much, and let this be a tribute to one and all, play the game according to the rules and let time and results (not words), be the judge of one's achievements.

—The Hermit of Arbor-Villa



If one would know the history of the past, commune with the tumbleweed

A Voice From The Past Or What The Tumbleweeds Told Me

If you would learn something unusual of the past and the present, take a walk to the mouth of Dead Horse gulch across the river, over the tracks and there among the tumbleweeds read the story of what happened yesterday.

First, you see a scrap of paper stuck to the thorns, a ragged and torn piece of a letter with the writing still legible and dating back to the year of 1856. The writing one could see was done with great effort, and the many misspelled words showed lack of schooling, yet the sentiment of the little poem that he closes with, meant much the same then as it would today, The rose is red, The vileaks blu, Sugar is sweat, and so are yu.

The letter, no doubt, was blown from the City dump after some housekeeper had dug through the old hair-covered trunk in the attic, and tossed the missile along with other refuse in the trash pile. The writer and receiver, I presume, have long since passed on, but the crude and simple expression therein were as lasting and perhaps more appreciated, than a violet perfumed, perfectly worded, yet insincere love letter of modern days. Yet so fleet the works of time, even the names of great and noble men are forgotten today, and erased from memory's archives tomorrow. At another bush I see a part section of a newspaper, the date, March 16th, 1935, perhaps thrown from a passing auto or train windows. The Casper Tribune a special edition relative to Wyoming and its activities, the deeds of Deadwood Dick, the ride of Portugee Philip to save Fort Casper from the Indians, with a cut of the last stage coach leaving Cheyenne 1887.

I move with the toe of my foot entwined among the roots an old tin can, part of the label still readable; Van Camps Beans, a magical word was this in the good old days, these and Crown Brand Condensed Milk were the first canned goods that ever met my sight and proud were we sourdoughs to accumulate a full set of those empty cans to serve as cups and utensils.

Now I see a strip of fadded calico, waving from the thistles and as I set down on a fallen cottonwood to rest, my thoughts soon go to remenescing, and memory slips back

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60 years and more. How, when and whence came this rag no doubt torn from a dress, perhaps the party of Utes we just passed on the Arkansas trail were again on the mar-path and this but a sign left behind by some fair maid in distress, who even now was in the hands of the red-skins and being led away a captive to a fate worse than death.

A captive of the red-skins, an unthinkable predicament and one that demanded quick action, hurrying back to the wagon train now camping at the junction of the Main and South fork of the Arkansas river, and hastily saddling my old pinto horse I grabbed up my old trusty muzzle loading rifle, powder horn and shot pouch, mounted my steed, and soon picked up the not yet day old trail of Indian hoof tracks, that wound in and around the tall cottenwoods and leading toward the West. Now and then I would find another strip of calico secretly dropped by the captive entwind around a clump of buffalo grass or soapweed. Reaching Poncha Junction about 7 miles from my starting point, the trail diverged to the south and here the Indians forded the river, heading up Mears Creek toward the tall timber on the high slopes of the Divide.

The trail was getting fresher, this I could see by the dampness of the newly upturned sod made by the horses hoofs, proving that I was slowly but surely gaining on the red-skins. The futility of the undertaking came to me and I was almost persuaded to give up the chase. What chance had I, one lone man against 20 Indians, but glimpsing another small strip of calico anchored to the tumble weed, revived my nerves somewhat and egged me on, and what else would any red blooded he man of the good old days do, but follow the trail to the bitter end. Soon the hoof prints entered a dense grove of aspen, and now indeed I was in a position where great precaution must be used if the undertaking were to succeed. Dismounting, and leading old pinto, meanwhile keeping under cover of the overhanging willows, then reaching a high topped knoll, I could see in the twilight the smoke from a camp fire curling upward through the trees.

Here I knew the Indians would camp for the night, and now I must abide my time and await the nightfall, then riding to a point within 200 yards, I cautiously dismounted, dropping old pinto's bridle reins, then creeping on all fours, and sometimes on my belly, I came within 50 feet of the camp.

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Full well I knew the breaking of a twig or the bark of a dog would betray me, and any false move would find me tied to a stake and sizzling in the middle of a red hot blaze. It seemed to take hours of waiting as the Indians were intent and deliberate in going through their war dance around the camp fire, keeping step to the monotonous beat of the tom toms.

There was much mumbling among the warriors with Old White Horse himself leading the discussion, and from the glances and pointing hands I inferred the conversation was relative to the captive. After long pow wowing and much guttural speech, the maid who was then sitting apart with hands tied behind her, was directed to a tepee, and there being no squaws around I judged this to be but a hunting party, and that the main camp was perhaps back somewhere in the Wet Mountain valley. I had during this time succeeded in attracting the captives attention, so after the braves had rolled up their blankets they quickly dropped off to sleep leaving but one warrior on guard. Awaiting the moment when the tired brave would nod his head in sleep, I quietly covered the intervening space and with but one blow from the butt of the old cap and ball six-shooter, he keeled over without a grunt.

With one stroke of my trusty bowie knife I slit the side of the tepee, then crawling within, cut the thongs from the captives wrists, taking hold of her hand we crept slowly and noiselessly through aperture making our way through the aspens, and when safely out of hearing, two short whistles brought old pinto to our side. Mounting tandem fashion we headed back trail arriving at camp at daybreak.

Of course I was acclaimed a hero and old Cap Bennett himself says, "Son, any reward is yours, even to the maid herself." Well I thought I had done enough for the family without taking on the responsibility of another mouth to feed, then also being somewhat shy and modest, I had never learned anything about love anyway. And how was I to know this was the gal I really wanted when there was a million more to choose from, and why hamstringing myself with a wife when I was still exploring and looking for the pot of gold at the rainbows end, yet to be discovered, and lying somewhere in the high and rugged mountains of the gold and silver West. So I gave them a good bye, including a kiss for the maid (twasn't bad), and headed for new ad-

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ventures, and while riding and dreaming along I awoke from my reverie and there to one side was that calico rag waving in the breeze. Rubbing my drowsy eyes, I slowly arose from the old cottonwood log and looked for a sign of a moccasin print or hoof tracks, but nothing of that description do I find. But wait! here is the imprint of a high heeled shoe, and right close by, the track of one of those devil wagons. Well that explains everything, either those gangsters Moll after a spat has been taken for a ride, and her body now lies hidden under the tumbleweeds in the arroya, or some young squirt has wanted to pet and his lady friend refusing was even then walking home in sad disarray, with some of her gown missing. I glanced in the gully for some evidence of foul play, but seeing nothing but a perfectly good wheel from an automobile thrown away by some modern wasteful junker, and I thought what a price I would have paid for that piece of a now mechanical relic in the good old days.

Firmly wrapped around another Russian thistle, I find a part of an old vacation edition of the Salida Paper, June 1938. It tells of the convention of the Rotarian at Los Angeles, and the notice of a meeting of the Townsend Recovery Club. Shows a cut of ex-governor Sweet looking in from the outside at the Democratic twenty-five dollar a plate dinner, and here is an add with cut showing a lot of mermaids (sirens I call them) disporting themselves at the Salida Hot Springs pavillion. Modesty bids me close my eyes until I turn the page.

Here in another bunch of tumbleweed, I find a page from the Saturday Evening Post, half buried beneath the roots. It shows in variagated faded colors Miss America as September morn receiving the plaudits of the crowd. In one hand she holds a bottle of soda pop, while in the other she holds to those beautiful carmined lips a popular brand cigarette. To me a desciple of modesty, I think of her as a potential mother, with a baby blind from the dropping of ashes and paralyzed from a diet of blended gin and mothers milk. Then too, I marvel that such a beautiful exterior covering, of a shamelessly displayed perfect skin, should encompass a once modesty minded, clean hearted maid, who we once thought rated next to the angels.

Braving the weather of nearly a year, I find on another bush, part of The Pueblo Chieftain, with a notice that Dave

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Roach wrestles at the pavillion. What a pity to develop such a perfect savage physically, while the mentality still struggles along in the kindergarten stage. And here in another clump I find a page from Colliers and the movie news, describing a new picture "The Birth Of A Baby". This is absolutely impossible, as there is no such thing happening in this modern day. And here is a story by Rhinehart that life begins at forty, they really mean that intelligence is just awakening, and as I look around me it's still badly undeveloped at seventy. And here comes the bargain adds by the grocers (the old robbers) but I love them just the same and as I look at the crooks around, merchants are more to be pitied than blamed, and we're all going to the dance and make merry at the H.B. and V. Hall.

Here by another tumbleweed item, there is going to be an anniversary sale on special summer dresses for \$1.98. My what flimsy material to cover so many pounds of anatomy. I remember well when it took the village dressmaker two weeks to cut out and make one dress, but boy what a world of mystery that ten yards of material covered.

And here is an editorial by the editor telling how to cut out relief, and while he is stating the facts, it will have to be repeated one hundred times, before it enters the dormant brain of we irresponsible, apathetic, democratic people.

Well the eve approaches and the night draws near, I've been reading the messages left over from last year. Even the tumbleweeds, they too serve us, you know, and the story I tell is because the tumbleweeds told me so.

The Hermit of Arbor-Villa.

A LETTER TO MY SENATOR

Salida, Colo., March 7th, 1939

Senator Adams of Colorado
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Being a resident of the Arkansas valley and well acquainted with its geological structure you of course know that under the City of Salida lies the greatest deposit of gold bearing sand and gravel in the U. S. A.

Now, we in this community propose to organize what is to be known as the Salida Gold Reserve Corporation with the purpose of sinking a test shaft two thousand feet to the bottom of this deposit. We will assay the yardage day by day, then compute the entire yardage in the valley, which in the aggregate will figure at least a million a block or many billion total.

We, through our representatives, are asking Congress to issue this community paper money to the amount of the total value and we, in turn, will deed to the Government, our land and pay them a fair rental on the ground occupied by our streets and buildings.

This gold would need no guards, no transportation and no refining. All we ask is that the Government quit buying foreign gold at 35 dollars, wipe out that mythical profit and last of all give us back our honest to God money. Then, if and when we have exhausted our gold hoard in Kentucky, we can, in case of shortage, install a dredge and draw on the reserve at Salida.

Yours truly,

The Hermit

