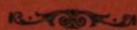


BOOK SIX

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 50c

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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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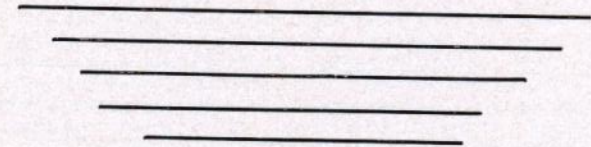
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INTRODUCTION

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





Irish Jimmy's Little Girl mid the pines longside the old Stage Road, rests the youngest unofficial member of the bar to successfully plead a case before a court of Justice.

IRISH JIMMY'S LITTLE GIRL

She was born in a little rough frame shanty
Just at the foot of Mt. Etna's high and lofty peak
In the booming mining camp of "old Junction City"
Where old prospectors, great riches once did seek
Such a tiny tike, to spread sunshine along the way
Bedecked with baby smile, and beautiful brown curl,
Everybody adored this danity miss, humored every whim
Because she needed loving "Irish Jimmy's little girl."

* * * *

This all happened in those good old days of long ago
When men must be tough and rough, to even hold their own.
Irish Jimmy was this type, and where he was trouble grew.
A notorious character that made a populace sigh and moan,
Men fight against nature to overcome obstacles each day,
Their brawn and muscle at man's destructive forces hurl.
With determination to conquer, inspiration must be there
And this little miss was it, "Irish Jimmy's little girl."

* * * *

Irish Jimmy seemed always in trouble, quite often jailed,
Fighting and drinking through the day, arrested ere night.
Jimmy's little girl would beg the judge to let him go,
And with her hand in his, aver her daddy was all right.
A jury always tempered justice with mercy, set him free
While the judge would then a tirade and lecture unfurl.
No matter what the charge, a verdict would be, not guilty
Just to dry those tears of "Irish Jimmy's little girl."

* * * *

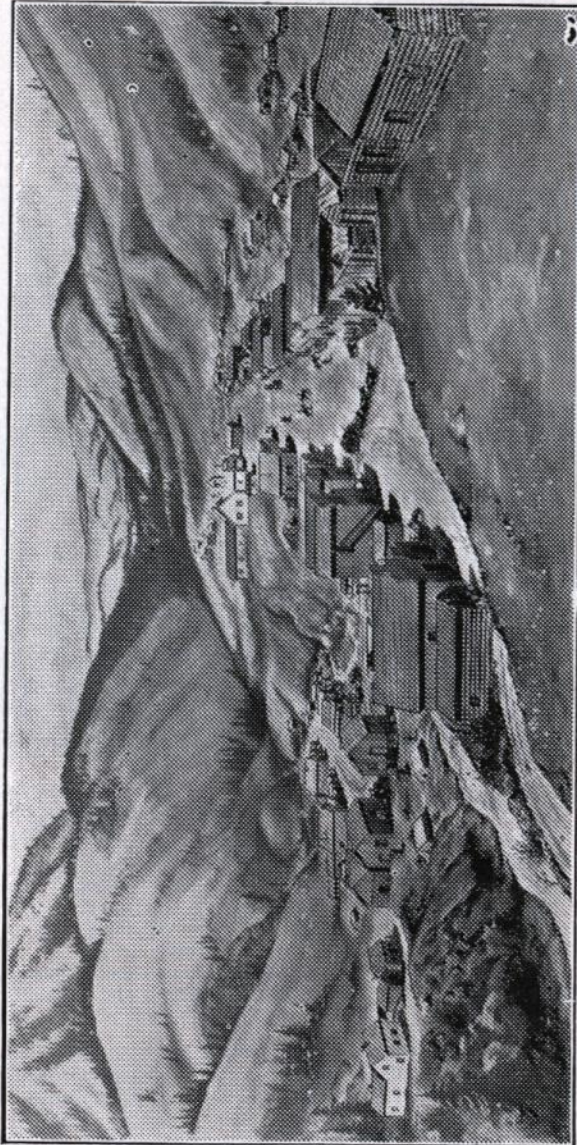
She was a queen, her domain as far as eve could reach,
Her subjects would strive to please the little mite
But the little angel, too frail to travel so hard a trail,
Passed on to her maker and heaven, away from our sight.
We buried her alone, too saintly for common burial plot,
Beneath the pines, where silvery streams ripple and purl,
Close by the old stage road, near auto and railway grade
Rests a winsome little saint, "Irish Jimmy's little girl."

* * * *

We had no preacher, none that could even say a prayer,
With hymn and verse from Bible, a soul was on its way.
Irish Jimmy stood by, and tears dimmed his bleary eyes,
And there his identity and heart was interred that day.
He left home, wife and children, walked down the trail
Away from the City, where life had been a dizzy whirl,
Never heard of again, whence his destination, no one know.
To the unknown went Jimmy, and "Irish Jimmy's little girl."

* * * *

Passing by the isolated grave, the story came back to me,
Happenings at that mound of stone, sixty some years before.
Bandit men, law and order their wild natures couldn't tame,
Yet baby smile, tiny fingers could quiet and peace restore.
We wonder why in a world gone awry, with avarice and greed
Our maker should often cast before swine so great a pearl.
Leave saintly creatures to many undeserving things as men
Fill homes with sunshine like "Irish Jimmy's little girl."



Junction City year 1880, now a ghost town where only the spirits of the great and near great gather in the City square.

THE RISE AND FALL OF JUNCTION CITY

In the year of 1878 following the army of gold and silver seekers, we left Omaha via the Union Pacific Railroad to Denver, Colorado. Here we took stage and freight wagon through Platte Canon, over the South Park to Buena Vista, a beautiful little town at the foot of the Collegiate Peaks.

To the north 35 miles lies Leadville, famous for its gold and silver mines, including the Matchless and Little Pittsburg, owned and operated by Senator (for a month) Haw Tabor. We turn South and West via Poncha Springs, arriving at Maysville City, the then coming smelter town of the West.

Here we were met by the Billins brass band, and were entertained throughout the dinner at the Venable Hotel by catchy music. In those early days it was customary for any mine of consequence to be represented by a band, and I think the prime purpose in doing this was to enthuse the new arrivals with the idea of purchasing stock in mining ventures.

In The Land of Adventure

Now heading up the South Arkansas valley we passed through Arborville City, another booming town of the West, and soon arrived at Junction City, our destination. Here we were met by another band resplendent in blue uniforms with caps of braided gold cord and silver trimmings, and here the leader himself proved to be a past master in the art of selling stock. His book of certificates he carried right with him and before we were firmly anchored on the ground, found ourselves stockholders in some unproductive and often mythical gold and silver mine.

A City is Born in a Day

Junction City, first a little hamlet in 1878, made up of

THE RISE AND FALL OF JUNCTION CITY

myriads of little tents of the tie choppers sent in by the Santa Fe Railroad who were still expecting to have the right of way up through the Royal Gorge. The hills were resounding with the sound of the axe (no saws in evidence), the ties skidded to the river by mules and there awaited the breaking of the dam constructed far back on the Middlefork. Never was a more tragic and costly error made. The day for the approaching drive was at hand, dynamite in place with lighted fuse attached, and with a mighty roar logs and earth flew high in the air, and as the boom was loosened, the water came down in a torrent never recorded before. The ties, instead of following the flood, proceeded to pile up in the rocky canon, the noise of splintering timber and breaking wood could be heard far up on the mountains and as the flood subsided millions of ties were jammed together in shapeless masses, and few if any ever even reached Maysville, and for years after most of the corduroy bridges, cabins, mine timbers, and even farmers' houses in the district were built from these tie piles. To the settlers it was a boon, but an enormous loss to either the contractors or the Santa Fe Railroad itself. Now comes the exodus of the tie hack and trapper.

A Boom Town in the Making

First came the prospector with the discovery of the Madonna, Columbus, Silent Friend, Eclipse, Little Charm, Mountain Chief, Monarch, Gulch, Mason and Black Tiger mines, and right on his heels followed the saloonkeeper with his barrel of Three Star Hennessy whisky, in his wake moved the gambler, and just behind him came a bevy of gold digging gals for variety theatre and dance hall and bringing up the rear was that most important member of the community, the much maligned, abused general store keeper with his stock of sowbelly, beans and calico and now the mining rush was on. Pity the poor prospector, hungry for the sight of a piece of calico, yes one lone woman amid 3 thousand men might be as homely as the proverbial mud fence, but to them she was a ravishing beauty. Never again will the world see as much enthusiasm, depravity, virtue and such a feeling of good fellowship housed together with that proverbial attitude, "eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we may die," and the generosity displayed by them was astonishing, considering their limited means. Yes, these gamblers in the game of chance had worlds of sympathy. Yet the desire to get rich over night predominated to the extent of blind-

THE RISE AND FALL OF JUNCTION CITY

ing them with indifference to the crowd as a whole, so it was every digger for himself, and the devil get the hindmost. Yes, vicious amusements with its tragic results was the first to follow the pick, and thus a gold digger in the first phase, fell easy victim to the gold digger of the second phase, those beautiful formed sirens of the hills, those amazons of questionable virtue that ever lured the male from the straight and narrow path.

Where Men Were Men

Three thousand rough and brawny men with spreading 12-inch moustachios, unshaved whiskers and long gnarly beards, and but a handful of women and most of these but pawns for the amusement of these hairy chested, with hearts of gold, young and old soldiers of chance. Those were beautiful women of the old days, both good and bad with their 40-inch busts, long curls or braids hanging below the waist line, delicately powdered and perfumed but otherwise devoid of makeup. They were the perfection of God's creation, and why they adopted those enlarged bustles I could never understand, when nature itself endowed them with a natural one which was sufficient unto itself.

Women Akin to Angels

The applicant for a position as a dance hall girl need measure but 40 inches around the bust (which they generally did), and her underpinning was of no importance whatever, in sharp contrast to our present streamlined minature, so called athletic mannish form of bathing beauties, that aspire to excell as entertainers. On one side of the street we find the flotsam and jetsome of society, while across to the other side we find the exclusive and noble pioneer women, the salt of the earth, where virtue and modesty dwelleth in peace and harmony, and never the twain did meet or speak.

Labor Extolled

Proud was the man who with his own labour hauled the logs from the hills and built those one and two room log cabin homes, and here the wife with her shining pots and pans consisting mostly of tin cans as cups and the gallon cans as pots reigned supreme, and with what pride the husband and we bachelors too, admired those dresses that were created from the burlap sacking and canvas ore bags, with but a fringe of lace or ribbon to give them class.

A City of Glamour

Junction City, Colorado, lying at the base of Monarch,

THE RISE AND FALL OF JUNCTION CITY

Taylor, Aetna and Monumental, the latter two peaks being over 14 thousand feet above sea level, and forming part of the great Continental divide itself, and where the ice and snow lasts throughout the year, thus feeding continually the mighty waters of the Arkansas and Mississippi rivers that flow 2 thousand miles to the Gulf. Through the Arkansas valley runs highway 50, the National coast to coast route, and where the wide highway itself covers the greater part of the narrow canon and valley itself.

Where Dreams Lived and Died

Just another booming mining camp that had but a few tents and cabins in 1878 and now a City that came into existence over night, followed with the usual number of hangings, murders, duels and legitimate killings, where the six-shooters were the law, and where and when the Mayor and Judge were holding court we find on each side of his desk and within finger reach a trusty six gun, and woe be the man that disturbed the dignity or questioned the justice of that court as meted out.

Clocks Were Ornaments Only

Time passes quickly in a City of much music, ribald singing, dancing and drinking, where streets, saloons and dance halls are congested by long haired unshaven specimens of humanity, and truly it was day time all the time, and there was no night there. Well, I remember the arrival of the Speaker of the House, State of Missouri, J. G. Merriot, who came to inspect his holdings, the Tabor and Silver Bell mines lying next to the great Columbus. He was a heavy man of perhaps 300 pounds who found it necessary to share my room and bed, for in those early days it was not a question of a private room but anywhere to bunk. Arising in the middle of the night at the sound of shots and the feeling of bullets coming through the floor, mattress and roof from the saloon below, he kept saying to himself, "it isn't fair," "it isn't fair, here I am 3 feet across and they can't miss me, while you are but 6 inches through at the most." Well, it wasn't fair and yet in spite of the danger I had to laugh, as he still muttered "it isn't fair," as he went on down the stairs and out to the edge of the City waiting for daylight to appear. There was more excitement when three desperadoes supposedly part of the Jessie James gang, came into camp from Mexico, with much loot in the shape of silver bells, crucifixes, crosses and images that had been purloined from the churches across the border, and every-

THE RISE AND FALL OF JUNCTION CITY

body became much alarmed while eating dinner at the John Toms Hotel, when they poked their six-shooters in the dish of pears inviting, yes, insisting that everybody take a bite, and emphasizing their authority by shooting the biscuits from the plates.

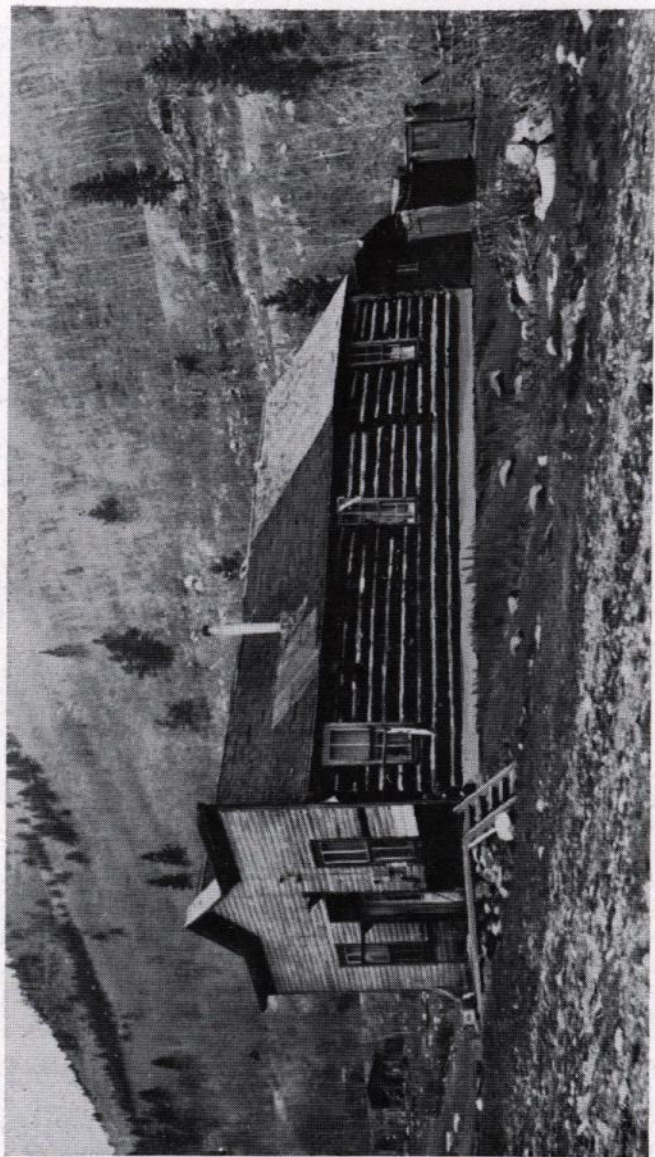
Night of Nights

There was more excitement that night when the first show, The Arkansas Traveller, came to town and performed in the opera house over Wade Coburns livery stable, and we were all much concerned when Moccasin Jim fully arrayed in Prince Albert coat, wide sombrero hat with checkered vest and sporting a two carat diamond on his shirt front, (the regular equipment of all gamblers) demanding of the dad of the heroine, that Mandy be traded to him for an interest in his gold mine. Well, he did get Mandy, and the old man did get the interest in the mine, but Mandy's dad left town P. D. Q. for fear he might lose the rest of his family and troupe.

A Bird in a Gilded Cage

Here we find the original Wyoming Kate and on her demise, her double or successor, then a timid lass from an Eastern State who on her arrival among the savages (she called them) decided that it looked too tough for her, and mounted the stage for departure, but in the same movement was unloaded by an admiring populace with the warning that while she was to be the queen of the domain, the bars were closed against her as far as returning to civilization was concerned, thus Katherine Kincaid did reign as queen of faro, and was dubbed Wyoming Kate and became the pride of Junction City, and she like her predecessor, was buried in the fast growing graveyard with her boots on, befitting any who could qualify in Who's Who, in the wild West register, and as a further mark of respect the remains of the late Wyoming Kate was interred in a two thousand dollar casket, with solid silver handles and trimmings with her sixteen thousand dollars worth of jewels still adorning her beautiful form, and the master of ceremonies was none other than Chicago Jim, chief of police himself.

Here again we find Theo Martin as Chief of police and Charley Buck as Mayor and Judge, and many the time Soapy Smith found it necessary to plead his case before that bar of justice, because he insisted on selling bars of soap wrapped in 5 dollar bills, and whereon the 5 dollars always disappeared before the soap reached the purchaser.



City Hall and Vigilante Court of Justice (still standing). Junction City, Colorado—1879.

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A Court of Mercy

Here at this Court we find Irish Jimmy on the stand before the Judge and jury with his lone defender standing on the Judge's desk, the youngest member of the bar that I ever saw (Irish Jimmy's own little girl), pleading his case with much fervor and with so little chance of success, until the tears came to the eyes of the little 3-year-old tot. Did that Judge and jury condemn her daddy to be hung or serve a life time in jail at hard labor? They did not, and thus not only once, but several times Jimmy got sentenced to the penitentiary, but that was the many years before the birth of his lone defender. Truly the best of men have few virtues. Jimmy was hard and wherever Jimmy was, trouble was sure to be, yet his whole life was centered in this tiny tot and when she passed on to eternity, Jimmy himself, broken hearted and grief stricken, soon followed and common belief has it, that today he lies at the bottom of the shaft on his own mine, the Fenian Chief, and under many feet of muck and water.

Judging Men by Artillery

We find again three deperadoes who drifted in from nowhere astride the finest 3 specimens of horse flesh I ever saw. Each man with a rifle strapped to the saddle and a brace of six shooters dangling from a belt, its entire length filled with cartridges. The artillery equipment must have weighed 25 pounds for each man, and I will add the trio certainly did demand respect.

With 3 packhorses they made camp up the Middlefork and located what they called the Gun Shot mine. Like most criminals they left one loophole that betrayed their scheme. Lacking a file they conceived the idea of whittling gold coins, loading a shotgun and shooting the charge in the honeycombed quartz vein. The salting of the mine now being complete, they waited in the City for a victim "in the form of investors," "and there were many." Finding a likely subject they ask him to mount one of those fine horses (which was a thrill in itself) then headed toward the mountain. Arriving at the mine they handed him a pick and said, "dig your own sample." At the sight of pure gold the man's eyes did bug out, but when on closer inspection he discovered the perfect form of a letter on one of the gold slivers, he knew, "even if he were a tenderfoot," that God Almighty never deposited gold that way. He quickly decided not to buy the mine but later when mounted his com-

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panions threw a rope around his neck and over the limb of a tree, threatening to drive the horse from under, he reversed his decision and forthwith handed his captors a draft which was later exchanged for two thousand dollars (100 20-dollar gold pieces) in bright and shiny gold coins. While awaiting the return of the one bandit who had gone to Poncha Springs to cash the draft his stay over night in the log cabin, "still standing" (dubbed the Gun Shot Hotel) had in reality cost him two thousand dollars for board and room, the highest price on record for one night's lodging.

A Word to the Wise Sufficient

Under the circumstances as he departed next morning they advised Mr. Jeffrey that if he desired to see his native City of St. Louis again to keep his eyes turned toward the east and not to tarry and converse either at Junction City or Salida on the way. Later on that same day there was a three handed duel fought in the City square over the division of that two thousand dollars in gold, as it could not be divided into three equal parts. Like many of the noted men of the pioneer days, these desperadoes were illiterate to the extreme and knew little about simple writing, reading or rithmatic, they did not know that if they would have changed one of the gold coins into 20 silver dollars, 5 dollars into halves, 4 halves into quarters, 2 quarters into dimes, two dimes into nickles, 1 nickle into pennies then thrown 2 pennies away, there would have been an equal division with no argument, no duel and no deaths.

A Mine Still Unclaimed

To my knowledge the Gun Shot mine today lies on the barren slope of Clover Peak, abandoned and lost to the present generation, not a pick was ever struck, a hole ever drilled, or a stone moved since that memorable occasion of more than 65 years ago. There was a great feeling of relief and much rejoicing at the demise of the desperadoes with their high handed method of shooting the tops from the whiskey bottles on the back bars, and forthwith inviting the house to have one on them, but refusing to pay for the goods. The populace were in deadly fear of the men and even Chicago Jim (no braver man ever lived) knew the folly of shooting it out with the odds three to one.

Joy Was Unconfined

This was the first funeral I ever attended where the band led the march with a ribald tune and the mourners laughed out loud and hurrahed, with nary a tear shed and

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where gold and men, all considered cursed, were thrown minus box or coffin in one hole, without benefit of clergy or prayer. Here in the public square we celebrated the election of Garfield as president with a day and night of riotous uncontrolled freedom, and with a cost of only 3 dead men next morning, and here a short time later Guitaus effigy was hung and punctured with ten thousand bullets.

Here on the Register of the John Toms Hotel we find the names of Haw Tabor and wife (Baby Doe) Tom Walsh, Dave Moffat, Ebben Smith, Dave Wolcott and Senator Teller, and other high lights of Colorado's most colorful characters such as Poker Face Alice, Calamity Jane, Soapy Smith, and hundreds of National figures in the business and political world and but for the disastrous fire of 1884, one could find evidence to corroborate the fact.

Popular Resorts

The one of many outstanding points of interest of the City was the Isherwood Hotel that was built above the still unexplored cave that lies under the entire Townsite. The smoking room, library, and ladies lounge was none other than the 8 hole crapper built and extending over the cliff and river itself, and here as the feces dropped 50 feet to the water below with a plunk, plunk or fountain effect, and along with the drone of the bees, the hum of the blue bottle fly, the song and twitter of the birds, one could find peace, read, smoke and converse.

Where Angels (?) Commune

The ladies' 4-hole compartment, including two small hole seats for children, "while not sound proof," was seperated by an eye proof partition, and here on the walls was the latest edition of the Denver Tribune, Junction City News, magazines on embroidery, others referring to fashion, but not a plate or ad in them that even dared show a woman's ankle, leg or form, no not even a picture of her in the numerous petticoates or the names and numbers of unmentionables, while rubber goods, sterilizing contraceptive disinfectants, and other unnatural impedements were strictly tabooed in the advertising displays, which has become so vulgar and common in this day. Monkey Ward catalogue, devoid of all the latest glazed sheets, was the real attraction, as well as the real item of utility.

The Council Chamber

On the men's side one could find the Police Gazette, with pictures of massive built, brazen, burlesque girls with

THE RISE AND FALL OF JUNCTION CITY

skirts actually above the shoe tops, and daring V cut waists, that exposed not only the neck but a small fraction of two beautiful protruding bumps at the bust line, and between these was a space that we men always referred to as the Safety Bank, and believe me that receptacle was used many a time to save valuables from the holdups, as well as the loot extracted from fool men. In a lifetime I never saw a man, be he bandit or gentleman, that dared search in that forbidden territory. The balance of the magazine was filled with sporting news and doings of the great characters of the day, including always an inside view of some great gambling house, and describing its costly fixtures and paraphernalia. Other magazines such as Frank Leslie's, Puck, editions of the local and state papers, and another copy of that indispensable Monkey Ward was hung on the walls about. There were no signs of "quiet please" in evidence, but conversation was carried on in subdued and whispered voices, but I would have you know, that here were laid the plots for murder, political slates made up, social events discussed, and scandals were hatched galore, and for that reason the place should have been preserved to posterity as an example, that from small beginnings, great empires grow. Truly, while at times the odor was a little heavy, we must remember that without a contrast we could not appreciate the fragrance of the rose.

Builders of the West

I wish now to pay a late tribute to Billy and Nanny Isherwood, the hosts of this hotel for their lives of honesty, sincerity and square dealing, and if this is what it takes to get through the gates of heaven they are there today, and a lasting monument left to their memory and activity on earth, is their unfinished dream and lifetime of labor, THE LOST WONDER MINE.

Appearances Are Deceiving

Again I must eulogize another great character of Junction City, none other than Nigger Auntie. No whiter heart ever beat than lay under the blackest skin imaginable, and no braver woman ever lived. The bad men could best her once, but with a cleaver hastily snatched from the meat block beside the kitchen door as she waited on these tough renegades the next time, none had the nerve to say charge it. 'Twas she that started the first restaurant in the City and after the great fire with confidence unshaken, moved the community built now abandoned railroad depot from

THE RISE AND FALL OF JUNCTION CITY

Arbourville and constructed what was always known thereafter as THE NIGGER AUNTIE HOTEL. For the meals she gave away, for the beds unpaid for, and the prospectors she grub staked, Nigger Auntie also should be in at the resurrection. Yes, she like all true Westerners, left her dream behind her, THE SILVER KING MINE. As the color line was pretty well pronounced in the good old days, only one other negro hit Junction City in the shape of a barber, his stay lasted just long enough to half shave a customer, and when the miners protection committee waited on him, he was urged to be on his way by a fusillade of shots close to his heels, and the last we saw of the barber he was trekking over the hills to safety. Seemingly the six shooter, while not always starting an argument, generally came in at the finish.

Only Lords Can Make Ladies

Another great event in the life of the boom mining town of Junction City was the arrival of the new school Marm. She in the early days generally hailed from the far East, as the teachers colleges were not yet established or at best were still in their infancy in our state, and it was she that set the social standards for the camp and of course it followed that right away the rough neck miners, prospectors, gamblers and the few dignitaries among the males were ready to pay her court.

Forgotten for the while was the sweet old-fashioned, starched calico gowned and sunbonneted gals who were ace high before the competition of this sophisticated lass from the Cities, and until she dropped the undesirables one by one, the local damsel in the interim was the forgotten woman. By all rights she should have refused to play second fiddle and turned down these disappointed fickle males, but woman-like she forgot, and I suppose forgave, the erring suitors, took them and their shattered hearts in tow again, married and lived in happiness ever after, so I hope.

Among the early prospectors were men of all degrees, many of high education and breeding, and one outstanding figure was Lord Charles Brooks direct from the Court of St. James, England, and here way out in the wild and woolly West, where women were scarce anyway, he became enamored of, and an ardent and forceful competitor for the school marm's hand and heart. He had the advantage of using the polished methods of a Sir Walter Raleigh and Chesterfield in pleading his case. None of this grab 'em,

THE RISE AND FALL OF JUNCTION CITY

so of course, Lord Brooks with the fineness and manners of love 'em, kiss 'em and marry 'em as we were accustomed to, nobility soon had the lead, and what woman should waste time and affection on mere man under these circumstances.

To the Winner Belong the Spoils

Forgotten was the sheriff and his silver star, the diamond studded gambler, the mine owner and his bag of gold, while the lowly prospector stood nowhere. I remember well as we stepped out of the picture the Lord's advent into the parlor of the fair maid, as he gracefully set one knee on the cheap carpeted floor, delicately raised the hem of her flouncy silk skirt, brushing it with his lips, also placing a kiss on soft shapely fingers and I remember again as in Sir Walter Raleigh fashion his spreading his expensive broadcloth coat on the mud puddle so the little lady would not soil her trailing gown. Sissy, said I under my breath, while the jealous suitors made light of the gesture, and they even spoke of microbes, germs and dirt, though that was no great barrier, and even so there was no danger because it would be gold and silver dust, not dirty dirt, and the only results would be gold stones in the bladder, which the doctors would be glad to remove free of charge. But I wonder where Lord Brooks and his Chesterfieldian manners would fit in now if he attempted to kiss the hem of a modern girl's shrinking short, short skirt, and it would indeed need be a mud puddle two feet deep to reach the hem of her gown. Truly, here we had the makings of a lady, a ravishing beauty, with long lustrous dark brown hair reaching ankle length and a just right, curvacous figure, and a great furore there was in the arrival in the City later, of a beautiful riding horse with long smooth carried tail also reaching to the hoofs. Of course, Lord Charles saw to it that the horse was always properly groomed, and also saw to it, that he was to be the one that gracefully placed the girl (he hoped to make a lady) safely in the side saddle. They made a beautiful picture, to be sure, and certainly were the envy of discarded swains and jealous women. Surely modern women brazenly sitting astride a horse on man's saddle, exposing bare legs and without shame, could never fit in a picture comparable to this, and until she changes back to the long robes, long hair, seven petticoats, corsets, numerous slips and what nots, (women's greatest protection) she will never again have the adulation of men worth

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while and doubt if she can ever reach the status of real ladyship.

Woman, A Creature of Moods

We wonder at the perversity of women who at best are creatures of mood, some even deny riches for love, others refuse the royal purple robes for love, some even marry beggars when they could be the richest of queens. Never again unless women be restored to that position of mystery, modesty, natural grace, charm and alluriveness will she be looked upon as a lady, princess, scintillating star, or treated as one. Never will she receive the constancy of the male and enjoy once again the chivalry and homage that was once her right. 'Tis said that all we are we owe to woman, "then look at her handiwork now," and 'tis true, but for women we would be still living in caves, for man's natural inclination is to be lazy, inert and complacent, and only under the sting of the lash, the urge of necessity, the thirst for material gains, the glory of achievement, and above all the love and continual goading by women for precious jewels, gold and silver ornaments, fur coats and fine raiment, but for the spurring and prodding, man would hole in with the grizzly bear and hibernate his life away.

So pass the months, Lord Charles with a clear field and Myrtle Stacy all a dither, for if she would be a lady she must of course marry a lord. Our definition of a Lady was quite different from those described in nobility's peerage, where, of course, a lady must be born, or married in the purple. So comes the fateful day, a decision must be made, would it henceforth be a castle in merry Old England with servants galore, with raiment befitting a queen, but again woman perverse and unpredictable as winter's swirling winds from Shavano's peak, gave him not even a kiss, as she bid good bye to Lord and ladyship, then married a mere Doctor and spent most of her life in, of all places, wild, wild Leadville. I wondered how in later years she felt about spurning a castle and title of ladyship in exchange for the life of just an ordinary woman, but let it be said in the prospector's code, she remained tops in our definition of what it takes to make a lady.

Through the Eyes of Youth

Memory recalls an incident of the past when for once I was not concerned as I watched the dangling form of an outlaw as he swung by the breeze to and fro from the cross arm of the sign post, and I paid no heed to the duel to the

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death on the sidewalk in front of Ben White's store even though the zip of the bullets were heard coming my way, and for once I found no pleasure in hooking a ride with Joe Dunn on his freight wagons behind his 4 span of mules as they slowly climb up the dusty road to Columbus. No, I had troubles of my own and I needed, most of all a little sympathy and I thought I saw it coming in the shape of Big Tex who was headed my way, but what a surprise and disappointment there was in store for me. Never betray the faith of the boy if you would be a hero and friend, and prove your words by actions, so on one particular morning I had attempted to ride a log down the mountain side with direful results, for instead of the log skidding down the hill I skidded down the log picking up a long sliver in the buttocks. I was aware of the sore spot even as I viewed the damage of a skinned finger, meanwhile looking askance at the bruised toe protruding from wornout shoes dangling from a pair of skinny legs, as I saw on the front sidewalk of the Last Chance saloon. My friend, Big Tex, looked at the finger in commiseration and said, son that's sure terrible, and you run right up to Lilly Williams (a purty and sweet Gal) and have her piddle on the hurt, and t'will be right as ever. I knew nothing of the definition of piddle then, or for several years later. After Lilly had given me a resounding slap in the face, but glory be, no more said than done, she took my head in her soft white hands, said so sorry, and gave me, through a dirty tear-stained face the sweetest kiss ever. Sure the hurt stopped right there, but she asked me who sent me to her, and I, of course, said Big Tex and I noticed at the grand ball Saturday night Tex never got a dance with Lilly, and I wondered the reason why.

Every Day a Battle Day

Hurts, heartaches and rebuffs are but short lived for the teen age boy, and every day in a boom town brought many diversions in the way of battles between the cursing mule skimmers and their wild horses and balky mules, gun and fist fights with bad men and police in star roles, and even the war between the sexes was a daily occurrence and now sitting in the shade of Doc Benges dancehall I saw with amusement Mrs. Stevens (a nervy, peppy dame) with blood in her eye emerge from the Exchange saloon with Jimmy 3 steps in the lead (and staying there) heading toward home while the missus kept brandishing a rolling pin, along with many derogatory remarks relative to his fitness as a man.

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Another diversion was the arrival of the stage coach, the driver had no more than stepped from his high seat, unloaded his passengers, when the kids' band composed of tin cans, whistles and washtub drums, with great noise and disharmony came around the corner, and away goes the stage coach and terrified horses, later to come back a total wreck, and while horses, harness, wheels and freight, were being untangled from the figure eights, nary a kid, the cause of it all, was in sight for the rest of the day.

Pop Higgins Comes to Town

Now going back over the trails of yesterday to a day in September in the year 1879, I see coming down main street, limping through the dust an old prospector friend, Pop Higgins. It was told and I believed it at the time, that nature had endowed all prospectors with one leg shorter than the other in order to balance themselves on the steep mountain slopes, at any rate I knew Pop would give me a "Hello, partner, hello," as I was a frequent visitor of his on Mt. Etna, while delivering by jackass the supplies for his mine. All the dance halls of Arbourville, Chaffee City and Junction City were decorated on special occasions with ribbons of various colored tissue, draped from the ceiling and hanging in clusters from the four kerosine lamp chandeliers, these with other lamps and reflectors screwed to the walls, cast rays of brightness across the murky lighted room, the spittoon (cuspidors now) have been cleaned and polished, and the shiny old box stove throws out a cheerful and inviting heat as the autumn chill creeps down from the snow crest on the Divide. The floor has been scrubbed and sprinkled with wax, and on each end of the polished bar reposes two great boquets of wild flowers to perfume and neutralize the alcoholic atmosphere, while just above the back bar hangs a life size picture of the mermaids on the rocks disporting themselves (much like our ultra nude modern girls) to lure the mariners and incidentally the old prospector to destruction.

Gold Diggers Galore

While the boom town dance halls are busy every night and open all night, pay day every 30 days is an event worth preparing for, so as evening approaches Doc Benges and the Last Chance saloon and dancehall will be the pivocal point, for has it not been rumored and spread throughout the hills that Doc has a brand new girl from way back East, that sure can sing, dance, contort and wiggle, and what's more

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wears peek a boo waists over a 40-inch bust, and tantalizing short, short skirts (shoe top length) covering 44-inch hips and beautiful bustle (natural, no stuffing), to say nothing about the georgeous black hair reaching right down to the waist.

Superstition Survives

Those old-time prospectors and miners were somewhat superstitious, claimed and believed that dark hair was a sure sign of a fickle but warm heart and blonde the reverse, while red heads were considered dynamite and not to be trifled with, but regardless of the fact that some men are fools about this, that, and the other gal, all men are fools about all types of women. My friend Pop Higgins was no exception to the rule, even if he was the present owner of the Mary Noland mine near the Daisy Dean on Mt. Etna.

Bacon and Beans Always DeLux

Now due to a small shortage in grub and a great shortage in old crow and tobacco he was working at the Uncle Sam to acquire another grub stake. His one great weakness was ladies and Pop prided himself on being a ladies' man, and the news of a new arrival in town made him eager, restless and very impatient for pay day to come around, but at last it's here and Pop dons a clean shirt, makes a futile attempt at combing the black and white tobacco stained, matted and gnarled mustachio and whiskers, and now is in town via the old Uncle Sam, Huffman Park and Middlefork trail.

A Welcome Guest

Pop was greeted cordially from all sides, for well they knew that in just a few short hours he will have spent his entire gold and silver poke, waking up in the morning an older but no wiser man. As he steps in the door Banjo Jim and John Thing starts up the old square dance to the tune of the Grasshopper Sits On The Sweet Potato Vine, following on with the polka to the air of The Little Brown Jug. Then into the more intricate schottische and refined Virginia Reel. Pop soon gets a sight of the new gal Annie Black, who is singing Silver Threads Among The Gold with so much feeling and pathos that tears are welling in the old prospector's eyes, and when the bartender introduces Pop, it's drinks for the house at his expense.

In The Siren's Power

I can see him now gazing across the bar at the mermaids declaring he did not believe in such stuff and the

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picture itself was an insult to all women, when right by his elbow was a siren that was not only going to lure Pop to financial destruction but all others that happened to come under her spell. Each intermission it was whisky or champagne at a little table in the corner where Pop declares vociferously that the girl Annie, and the name Annie are the sweetest ever, and that he once had a favorite great aunt with the same name. After each drink Pop must be reassured that Annie was his girl for keeps, and right there declared soon as he struck pay streak he and she would have a fine new log cabin in Junction City with real oil hanging lamps, brand new rag carpet, a swell organ and yes, some new factory made chairs "by gum."

Romance Sidetracked

A slight interruption at the poker table across the room stopped any further promises and was caused by Steve Rogers having four aces and a queen, while another player held four jacks and an ace. Well anyone knows in a case of this kind there is nothing to argue about, and after the smoke cleared away the game continued four handed from then on. Well, Pop had no eyes for any other gal, not even Wyoming Kate (an old flame) who was dressed as usual in a bewitching gown of satin of azure blue, trimmed with silver ribbon and a gorgeous sash of gold, but to be a good fellow Pop did drop a dollar or two at the faro table just for the sake of old times.

Consistancy A Virtue

Kate herself was a one-man woman for at least six months at a time, pretty much like our present generation who believe in short marriage and divorce, excepting that Kate removed formalities of marriage, declaring it bothered and cramped her style too much. Pop was also a one-woman man, believed in monogamy, and did have only one sweetheart at a time for perhaps five or six hours, or until his pocketbook was empty, but say this about him he was true blue until another fair charmer came along, and his courtship generally fizzled out after about one quart of crow and two bottles of champagne had vanished.

Fancy Wanes

So Annie passed out of his life like numerous others and I doubt much if Pop ever received as much as a good bye kiss from the siren's lips and small wonder for no woman could plant a smacker through that maze of tobacco-matted,

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flavoured whiskers and soup straining mustachio, but as a momento Pop often got a picture for his watch, or a photo to hang on the bunk house walls along with the other pictures of his many other past conquests. Pop's present name for his mine would be The Annie Black, but I say present for he changed the name frequently to fit any particular girl that met his fancy, but the prospect or mine remained stationary, as his whole dream and money was centered in the wealth that supposedly lay buried in that man-made cave on old Mt. Etna.

A Night of Bad Dreams

Annie went about her business as usual while Pop fitfully slept the night out on the card table and the next morning with a drink and a quarter from the bartender, a tired and disgusted man crawled up the trail to the mine, there to rant and rave about Annie, the girl that was soon to do him wrong, or until another new arrival was heralded through the hills. This was life in the good old days, those good hearted, lonesome old prospectors and miners with hearts of gold were easy victims of these gold diggers, who themselves would not rate 30 cents in the social register, yet were no better or worse than their associates.

Short Lived Queens

When there are 100 men to one woman in camp, just to enjoy a few hours of her companionship, carry a photo in your watch or picture on the wall makes her a queen to those human derelects, and the illusion ends no worse than many other nightmares. The characters portrayed in this narrative are not assumed, and those good and bad women and men of old, gloried in sailing under their own colors, both the gold diggers and their victims have long since passed over the Divide, and any words of mine would but pay tribute to those blazers of the trails and builders of our Western Empire.

A Late Tribute

Pop Higgins lived, died and was buried in the desecrated and now lost cemetery at Junction City. He owed no man a dime and every dollar spent was honestly earned by hard work. Man's work lives after him as evidenced by the indestructible gaping hole in Mt. Etna, and who knows that very bright and shiny dollar you now have in your pocket, or some of the gold and silver in the Kentucky Hills may be the product of Pop Higgins toil.

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The Iron Horse Arrives

And I remember when the first train reached the town, the crews and populace were soon engaged in one grand celebration. Red Eye then got control, and 'twas not long before the police were herding the now staggering railroad boys toward the calaboose, and with a few scattering persuaders in the shape of whistling bullets, they were safely housed therein. Well, that of course, put an end to the celebration, tied up the railroad and it took much telegraphing back and forth to Salida to effect their release. Yes, we could all laugh it off, and believe me the smiles were genuine in those days, and not used as masks as they are today to cover deception. And if you reached for a handkerchief or used an epithet even to a friend, you'd better smile.

Music Hath Charms

At the tinkle of the banjo I pass through the door of the Miners Exchange saloon, dance and gambling hall, there is much course banter and racy conversation at the bar, with the gold diggers as ever butting in, and right here I can prove they are crazy and always will be, they still shy at a mouse, but are totally unconcerned when bullets are flying. I see at the Faro table Wyoming Kate dressed as usual in blue silk, with wide bow of ribbon tied around that beautiful hair that reached nearly to the floor, and I think that exotic perfume she always used, had a good deal to do with attracting the unsuspecting males to her table. They always accused the gals of having mites when long hair was in style, and by gum, that was true, for I used a fine tooth comb to thin them out myself sometimes. As you know, sterilization, fumigation and disinfectives were then unknown. Yes, a woman's hair was her crowning glory in the gold old days and still would be, mites or no mites. She was 100 per cent sufficient and plenty angelic enough, why even the dogs had fleas, and the bewhiskered males rather prided themselves on having colonies of several varieties of parasites at times. Yet, in early days no one lost social prestige on account of a few germs.

The Beast Still Lives

It's strange that men, like dogs, are ever on the fight, and all at once the guns bark, the lights are out, and the first thought is to get under a table. Well, observation taught me that a rear exposure is mighty attractive to a gunman, and thereafter I believed the safest bet was to lie flat on the floor, and give the devils their dues, they were

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pretty decent about the killings and generally aimed at the heart so as to not muss up the corpse's looks. Well, quiet was restored, the lamps relit and the dead men removed (one of them happened to be my friend Two Gun Spike Murphy) but 'twas all in the day's work. Of course, there would be no trial for when the lights are out, nobody could prove who fired the fatal shots (and didn't want to). Soon the roulette wheel began turning, faro and poker games were going full blast and all was laughter, music and song, where tragedy reigned but a minute before. Yes, life was cheap and mourners were few, and as I stepped across the street to Doc Benges theatre and dance hall, the event was soon forgotten, because of course, one of the star attractions was the gal of gals, that sang the song. "Some Day I'm Coming Back To You," and I believe she would, if she could, ere it be too late. But the glory and life of the City was to be short lived and on another night such as this the cry of "FIRE" was sounded and soon the crowded City was in a turmoil.

Fire, The Master

Then as the flames spread, the fire shoots high toward the heavens, the dynamite from the stores and magazines explodes, the populace flees to the high mountains for safety, and for once the City's few glamorous years of existence the good and bad, friend and foe, saint and sinner, vice and virtue, sheathed their six shooters and ill feelings, and met on the one common ground of general misfortune. At each new blast the stone and debris flew high and wide, and there could be nothing saved from the holocaust. Flames light up the scene, while heavy black smoke blots out the starry heavens. The bridge across the Arkansas that separated the North City from the South City is now afire, and none dare venture forth to even try to extinguish the blaze.

Satan's Tools Feed The Fire

John Toms Hotel with entire contents, including the fancy bar fixtures, gambling paraphernalia and costly square piano is now reduced to ashes, and the charred and still burning logs from the Doc Benges dance hall and theatre, drops one by one through the blazing floor and into the basement below. The other 12 saloons and amusement resorts (including red light row) are soon to be things of the past. The giant powder from the general stores explodes at regular intervals scattering hardware far and wide over

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the doomed City, while horses and mules from the burning barns, even when unloosed made no attempt to escape, but rather ran back and forth into the flames to emerge no more, and soon the odor of burning hair and roasting horse flesh permeated the spark filled atmosphere.

Prayers Of No Avail

Utterly helpless we saw our homes and City go up in smoke with no time to save food, furniture or valuables, and many of the populace were without clothes. After an all night vigil on the mountainside, camped beside a friendly campfire with but scanty nightgowns and underclothes to keep out autumn's chill, and at the first break of day the now 100 per cent kindred souls in time of vicissitude return to the heap of ashes that was once a home or business house, and are soon digging from the still hot coals some of the metal from those once bright and shiny gold and silver coins, the metal just as valuable as ever before, in great contrast to our present phony paper money which would be nothing but ashes and beyond redemption. So passed the future and glory of Junction City that seemingly grew up over night, and was as suddenly destroyed in another night after but five short years of existence. So fleet the works of man, back to the earth again. Ancient and holy things fade away like a dream.

A Ghost City To Be

Fire, the most destructive of all the elements, leaving nothing but ashes in its wake, hence we find these unfortunate victims more helpless than in the building of the first City. Tools, horses gone and only night shirts for waists, skirt, and work shirts to stave off the chill of early winter, warm clothing not available but characteristic of the early pioneer they remove the ashes and with much hard work, sweat and perseverance a new City is in the building. Many homes and business houses were restored but the glamour, the wild, hurried and pulsating life was missing, perhaps the hurt and loss in the conflagration has dulled the senses, until hope itself fades from apathetic brain, now alive to the futility of the effort, or maybe the railroad that came and went through the City the prior year, building farther up the valley, thus moving the people nearer to the mines, was the cause of lost enthusiasm. The name of the post office itself was changed to Garfield in honor of our martyred President, but the glory has passed and the his-

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tory of the town is soon to be a memory, and only recorded by the old Hermit himself.

Noise of Industry Tuneful Music

Music to my ears was the screeching of the brakes, rattle and chug of the heavy straddled, iron tired, newly painted ore wagons of Johnny Marvin, Bert Beeler and Jack Carnes, piloted by the well groomed, smooth curried, nickel trimmed shiny harnessed, grey, black and bay teams as they came down the high and rocky road above tow with ore from the Shamrock, Alaska, Ben-Hill, Mountain Chief, Mason and Gulch mines, and this with the raucous ear splitting curses of the jack puncher as he urged the jack train down the trail from the Evening Star echoing back and forth across the canon added to the harmony and also added much gold and silver to the Treasury of the U. S. A.

Notes Fade Away With the Years

Those tuneful notes of that era never to be heard again, nor will you see D. K. Felton with horse and gig climbing the dusty road to the Shamrock Mine or James K. Sabin with mules and buckboard going by with silver bars from the mill. Never again see the heavy ore wagons and bob sleds in action, now rotting and rusting away with horses and jacktrain long extinct, and who would have dreamed in those days that ore would be delivered down the Mountains on rubber tired gas driven conveyances sans the noise of squeak, groan and rattle, but even with this modern improvement in transportation the same old gold and silver mines must be depended on to keep full the treasure vaults of the Nation.

Monuments Only Left Behind

To call the roll would be useless, nary one of the old captains of industry could answer and only the monuments left on the mountains are there to call to mind, Gimlett, Seavers, Keesler, Nolan, Goodrich, Buck, Sperry, Hampson, Costello, Hope, Acker, Emersons, Farrell, Abbot, Crosby and Dr. McClure, the latter one of the greatest of prospectors that not only dug the gold and silver from the hills but delivered the babies of the wives, future gold diggers of the West, and be it day or night, rain or shine, snow or blizzard, he answered the call, many a time with but a thank you for remuneration. Myself and two lone companions, Lloyd Felton and Joe Fuller, are left to wander mid the ruins of a once great city. The pioneer builders of the old

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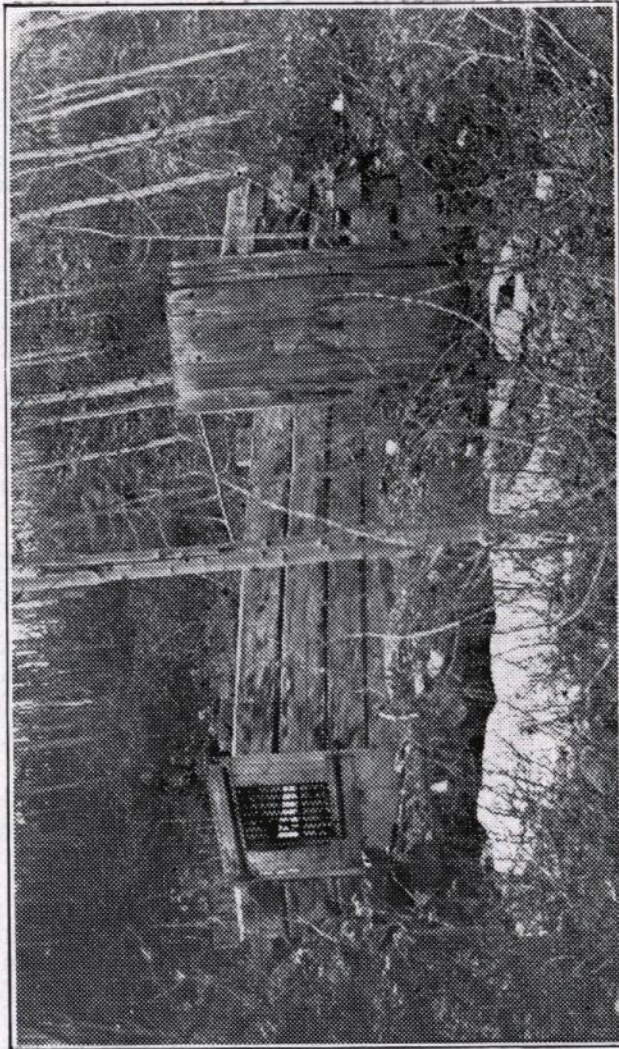
gold and silver West have passed over the Great Divide and so far, I can see but few with initiative enough to take their places.

Markers Along the Trails of Yesterday

The rushing, turbulent South Arkansas river comes down from the Middlefork, tumbling its way over and around great boulders and fallen timber. The water is clear as a crystal until it reached Columbus and there (because of the stamp and roasting mill) takes on a blood red hue and then appears like a glistening, silky ribbon of red as it passes through the city on its long way to the junction with the main Arkansas. It is of the trails of memory I speak about that wind along the river banks with the scent of the wild honeysuckle and rose, a natural setting for romances that never die. Truly, it is not the trails where we met the Utes in mortal combat, or where the grizzly bear barred the way, or even where the mountain lion attempted to stalk his prey, but memory is vivid and each trysting stone is remembered along the trail of romance where once a man rambled with a maid by his side. Yes 'twas the vixens that left the markers, the unforgettable initials carved in the bark of the trees, the still inviting grassy nooks, fallen logs, stumps and resting stones, venerated paths that wind through the mountain fastness, City Parks, silent forests or pasture lanes, and as long as man (if he be a man) may live, he wants to go back and travel once again those paths that saintly mother, provocative sweethearts, loyal wives and children's feet have trod.

Ghosts Ready to Take Over

Time drifts on and each year the population dwindles away. The old board walks are rooted up and rotting away, log houses tumble to the ground or torn down for fuel, frame structures with warped and loosened boards are scattered by the blizzards that sweep from Aetnas peak, and the glory of a once proud City is soon to be gone forever. The Judge picks up his six shooters from the bench spits a quid of juice at the old box stove and folds up the docket for the last time. The council departs from the City Hall, the Police Chief unlocks and throws open wide the iron barred jail door, pockets the great iron key as a keepsake, and the law enforcers tramp the deserted streets and alleys of Junction City no more. So faded the hope of great men that built a City, only to see it fall to earth again.



Junction City Jail—So fleet the works of time, ancient holy and unholy things, fade away like a dream.

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Poverty Stalks Our Footsteps

Now the year of 1893 brings more gloom and sorrow to the few remaining survivors. The Last Chance, Shamrock, Feint Hope and Darling Mines still struggle hopelessly on with a demoralized metal market and diminishing returns. Each day through the winter's snow and blizzards the jack trains with their packs of gold and silver ore unload at the now abandoned railroad station, and each night the ragged (and near naked) women (God pity their pilfering little hearts) empty 10 dollars worth of ore from the canvas sacking onto the ground, thinking little (or did they) of the poor devil, the miner, his sowlbelly and beans, but more of self, then ripping out the bottom, cutting a V-shape in one end and trimming with home made lace and embroidery, they did convert these 16-ounce duck sacks into beautiful and durable skirts and panties.

Wenches on the Grab

Could one blame them when for many years they must need wear the men's cast-off wool union suits to keep body warm, but here now was to be a battle between the sexes with no quarter, for in the dark of the night the miners and prospectors stole softly up to the clothes line in the back yards and took unto themselves their own, that in spite of much washing, carried the inerasable bright red stencil mark, FEINT HOPE, LAST CHANCH, PRIDE OF DENVER and DARLING mine on the seat of each pair of the improvised pasties, and thus the terrible winter passed, the women stole, cut out, sewed and embroidered sacking to make undies, and the men stole right back again the panties and petticoats, ripped out the fancy work and resewed to make ore sacks, and incidentally or inadvertently we did now and then find a pair made out of soft and delicate flour sacking (not silk) to put under our pillow as a good luck charm. Women, bless their perplexing and irresistable ways, for a sight of a piece of calico we old prospectors walked 50 miles, sorry when we met up with one of the viragoes and sorrier when we need say goodbye. So we dreamed, sweat and toiled for the illusive gold and silver in the hills, only to pass it on to the gold digging females, bad cess to every hair on their devilish little heads.

The Jail Doors at Junction City

They will once again swing on the old rusted hinges. Chicago Jim, Theodore Martin and James Sallee, chiefs of police, were guardians of those doors and their posterity no

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doubt still have the keys to the massive locks, and now after more than half a century of inactivity and for perhaps another fifty years, they will guard the powder house and dynamite for the Atlantic and Pacific Tunnel Co. They were made in 1880 and built for service rather than beauty with three thicknesses of two-inch plank, studded every few inches with big wrought iron nails, the wickers of one inch diameter round iron with hinges of one half by three inch strap iron were forged and assembled by the City blacksmith and considered a work of art in those days.

No prisoner ever escaped through those doors and the jails once housed such characters as Moccasin Jim, Irish Jimmy, Frank McGill, Spike Murphy and Texas Pete and were of interest to Frank and Jesse James and Billie The Kid, tho these three bad men once looked the domicile over, but never did anything while on their one visit to the district that would demand their incarceration therein, but it did have a sobering influence on these and many other quick shooting gentry, and to this day the doors bear evidence and marks are still visible, of many futile attempts made by early bad men and desperadoes to escape.

Heroes Many and Medals Few

A tribute is due and herewith given to Chicago Jim, Chief of Police at one time, and let it be said if you ever directed a profane epithet to him you'd better smile. No braver man ever lived, always garbed in swallow tail coat and big sombrero hat, immaculate in appearance, a polished gentleman with the most even and placid disposition of any men I ever knew. He never became flustered and as a bystander watching his fight in a duel with sixshooters, he walks over, picks up his mortally wounded antagonist, gently lays him on a pool table and said "sorry son it had to happen this way, but it was your life or mine and it happened to be you" and at 11 o'clock on the same day Chicago Jim conducted his Sunday school class as usual in the little old log school house across the way. These are no doubt the oldest jail or calaboose doors in the County, and I doubt if there be any man living today that was once a guest behind those bars.

Walking Through the Valley of Devastation

Now at a later date I pass the Ghost City again, naught but the city hall, school house and Odd Fellows hall remain of the many bright sports, I gaze with reverence over the site of old Junction City and see only the stone foundations

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of The John Toms Hotel, Nigger Aunties and Isherwood Hotels and not a stone is left of the Arcade, Doc Bengé, Miners Delight, Pioneer, Last Chance caloons and dance halls (called night clubs now), but scattered about I see myriads of little doll houses on wheels occupied by a great army of nomads, that are but wanderers on God's footstool, with no spot left on earth to call their own. The pity of it all, no indian was ever less secure, the men know not where home will be tomorrow, perhaps breakfast in Junction City, dinner in Grand Junction and supper in Salt Lake, no wonder women wear but few clothes, held together by zippers, and wives must be on the order of quick change artists ready to change and travel on a minutes notice. Here temporarily is a city of perhaps 50 families, all streamlined modern women, with but ten scholars in school, contrasting greatly to the good old days when just 10 old fashioned buxom mothers would have supplied fifty school children of the right age.

Arguments Simple but Wholesome

In memory only I see again the City Park and recreation ground with its parquet section and the great swing, these the only sports, including quilting and sewing bees, that refined ladies would indulge in, and I call to mind the thrill of swinging your best gal higher and higher and then passing under, where for a moment one was smothered in billows, pleats and tucks, and got a glimpse of a beautiful shapely ankle encased in high-top shoes, and where if a friendly breeze was blowing you might get a view of a shapely calf just above the shoe top amid the lace and flounces of petticoats and skirts, and the sight so embarrassed modest men, they must sit down quickly to regain their composure, and if the innocent cause of this feeling should even suspect what happened she would die of humiliation. Yes, bless their sweet, modest, mysterious, innocent little hearts, of course we let them win at croquet thinking we might get one more dance on the program and hoping some day later they might be the mother of our children, fortunate creatures indeed with such an heritage. Yes I am thinking now of the unfortunate children of today with their problem parents, pity the poor urchins having to call these artificial immodest inhuman imitations of femininity, "mothers."

The Old Bear Hole

I wander across the rotting bridge, the bridge of sighs, where many a man passed on his last walk to the jail and execution, the timbers will never again rattle and shiver

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with the hoofs and wheels of the old stage coach, bound for the still wide open frontiers across the great Continental Divide, and never again will man hear the echo across the canon, of Wheezy Wicks, the driver's string of profanity which was the envy of every other skinner in the district.

I stop on the far side of the bridge and kick aside with my feet some of the charred embers of the old bath house, containing the only tub (and that wooden) in the City of three thousand souls. Not a shingle remains of the blacksmith, shoe, baker, grocer, and butcher shop, where once upon a time a friend, Three Fingered Mike, when the butcher's back was turned, deftly slipped a nice juicy steak within his shirt next to his hairy chest. I chided him on the unsanitary act, but was reassured a few body mites did not in the least affect the flavor of the beef.

On up Indiana Avenue, once a street of homes, and nary a log now in evidence. Soon I reach the lime cliffs and see once again the Old Bear hole. At one time there was a great dead spruce tree that had fallen beside it, and the old timers said each year an old black bear would come down from the Mountains, climb up the tree, crawl into the cave and hibernate. No one bothered him in his lone slumber, but for years it became an obsession with me to see into that bear hole that always seemed inaccessible. One day in exploring about the base of the high cliff I found a much smaller opening, and adventurous like, I climbed into, and could just squeeze through many of its narrow spaces. Up and up, and wonders of wonders, all at once it opened into the Big Bear hole, and here far back I found the bear's nest, empty at the time of course, but I also found an army of rats and bats who resented my intrusion, flew in my face, bit my hands and ears, and I was glad to escape their vicious attacks and made my escape the way I had come, and as far as I know no one has been in there since, for a full sized man himself could not get through the same opening. It has been many years since Old Bruin made his winter's headquarters there, and no doubt he was long ago killed for his hide and meat.

So as I sit on the old trysting stone (a perpetual marker) reminiscing, I am aware that the two log bridges are rotted and gone, the great upright poles and cross arms of the swing are but memories, passed on back to earth along with

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with the glamour gals, the cause of much wasted energy and many a heart throb, Dottie, Lilly, Katie, Eva, Anna, Mabel, Stella, Alice, Lucille, and Hattie. I wonder sometimes if they ever realized the mistake of following new uniforms, gold buttons, Sheriff's silver stars, or the rich man's money bags. Of course regrets at this late date are but water over the wheel, and as I looked at the final results of these broken romances I wonder if I did not come out more fortunate than the winner.

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to the bright and shiny yellow flakes beneath the six inches of cold crystal clear water, I wondered if it might be gold, but here let me say, there was an inherited antipathy against not only placer gold, but the placer miner himself, and from the lode miner's point of view there was a certain disgrace connected with just picking up the stuff so easy, and I think perhaps this feeling came about because for ages past, the lowly Chinese made this his profession, and of course, socially, a high minded man would not condescend to engage in a like profession, at any rate I was not interested enough to examine closely.

One must need duck his head to escape the sharp points of the stalactites hanging from the roof, in many places having the appearances of a natural chandelier, they were of opaque limestone, smoothly polished with variegated colors, and one must use caution in dodging the needle pointed stalagmites covering much of the floor.

Fear Is Confusing

By now my ball of twine was exhausted and none too soon, and I surely became fearful when trying to retrace my steps, my life line had been broken by the strong water current and left me without a guide. With only half a candle remaining I wandered down stream, hoping I might reach and identify where it came to junction with another stream I remembered to have crossed. Luck or the Lord must have been with me and guided my footsteps, for after several futile efforts in many directions I came upon the one end of broken twine, and found it still heading upward against the flow, and sure enough it brought me to the place of beginning just as my last inch of candle dropped from the stick. As far as I know, even unto this day, no man has explored that underground river to find out, if the floor be of real or fools gold, and now man can not find out unless he retimbers and cleans out The Old Mine slope.

Dreams Bring a City to Life Again

The scene has changed and today, after years and years of time the old Hermit again stands on the abandoned City square of the once booming town of yesterday. The same gentle whispering wind as of long, long ago sweeps down from Clover Peak bringing with it the scent of the tall spruce trees. Eve is fast approaching as the sun dips over the Divide mid clouds fringed with silver in a sky of

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golden hue. Hills about reflect the art of the master painter as his brushes tint the aspens with gold, brown and yellow hues. Peace and solitude now reign supreme in this ghost town of the Rockies as I stoop to quaff the cool mountain water flowing down the street, through wooden conduit that comes to surface every 50 feet within closed boxes once serving as frigidaire for numerous families, each secure in knowing his neighbor coveted only his own perishable food preserved in this community cooling box. There is still evidence of the town's greatness in the charred timbers, foundations and bridges of the destructive fire of 1884. The broken down roof of the then two room modern jail that was blasted from solid rock and is a grisly reminder of sordid events. Some of the heavy iron bars are still in place, and while there were several men that died in that domicile, there was never one to escape.

Memory Wields the Pen

In fancy I see Wyoming Kate with her pearl handled six shooter hold back the mob and finally with persuasive voice, save the life of a young fellow accused perhaps unjustly of horse stealing, well knowing that it was common custom to hang them first and determine their guilt later.

I see the great crowds assemble as Irish Jimmy and Frank McGill display the petrified body of a man, which they were fortunate enough to dig up while prospecting near the old Indian burial ground. Heavy gold rings of two-inch diameter hung from the stone ears, and protruding from the left side was part of a perfect arrow head showing how he died, while on one of the petrified fingers still rested a large and tarnished silver ring with a coat of arms engraved thereon, thus proving the man was of Spanish descent. The find did give credence to the story of the many attacks made on the Spanish gold caravans by the Indians, and the sale of the petrified man to Barnum and Bailey circus, that served as one of their main side show attractions for many years proved the authenticity of the story.

I see again the three handed duel between the Munn Bros. and McMannus, and knowing now that if they had not been such good shots, I too might have been one of the victims, and again I hear the bark of the guns that snuffed out the lives of Jim Baker and Joe Pippin, and with re-

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pulsion see the bandit as he swings to and fro suspended from the great sign that serves the dual purpose of scaffold and corner light post.

A Dainty Tid-Bit

Vividly I see the timid New England Puritan schoolmarm as she alights from the stage and see her tremble from head to foot at the army of wild looking bewhiskered men that surround her, and see her later at the organ in the old show house singing, "I Stood On The Bridge At Midnight," with so much pathos and feeling that tears were soon dripping down the gnarled old beards, and with that song she sung her way into the hearts of everybody, and from that day she was safer in Junction City than if she had been at home in her New England state.

Through the open door of the Doc Bengé Theatre I hear the tinkle of the banjo, the strumming of the guitar, the soft tones of the violin as they accompany the sweet voice of Stella De Chane in a song, to the tune of "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen." I awake from my reverie with a start and as I walk the mile long abandoned street not a human do I meet. I look about me with awe and reverence, and now perhaps for the last time want to pay tribute to these departed friends and pioneers, and extoll their virtues, constancy, modesty, honesty, simplicity and sincerity.

As to their chastity, if it be true, which I accept with reservations, that a kiss from any woman's lips is the key to her bedroom, it was still true in the past that there were few keys distributed, but even then it meant marriage, and sometimes shotgun persuasion. "So much for chastity."

Modesty And Constancy Prevail

To cite you an example, my old partner, Billy, who came West, left a sweetheart in Iowa State who remained constant and true for 40 years, and no doubt she would have still been waiting if Billy had not up and died. "So much for constancy."

Another example is my old hard rock pardner Tom Barrett, married 30 years, admitting to me confidentially that he could not say if his wife was knocked kneed, bow legged or with a perfect form, that he had never looked upon his wife's undraped figure. "So much for modesty."

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Woman And Honor Takes A Tumble

Yes, modern woman has fallen from that pedestal of modesty and mystery, and today they are artificial from the painted toe nails on their feet and fingers to the bleached hair on their heads. They would rather be promiscuous play girls to an always devilish, and now unscrupulous play boys than reign as one man's queen over him. "So much for perversity." As to honesty, sincerity and simplicity, everybody had that, in great contrast to our modern day when no man's word is as good as his bond. And now one must give surety backed by money and friends before he can even serve as scavenger or dog catcher. "So much for honesty." Truly in the good old days there was but one Jack for one Jill, and courtship and marriage lasted to the end of life, while nowadays one Jack seems acceptable to any or many Jills, "and visa versa." And courtship, marriage and divorce consummated all within 24 hours. "So much for fidelity."

Cause For Lament

Yes, all too soon the highway vandals and ghoultiteers will lay waste the City square and five miles of graveyards on National highway 50, and according to present plans, will unearth the bones and spirits of these old pioneers, the trail blazers and builders of the gold and silver West.

History tells us that Ghandi Kahn, the prince of barbarians, once paved the highways with the skulls of his enemies while we now go him one better, and grade our highways with the bones of departed friends and pioneers. Truly, the spirits of these departed souls will forever haunt this hallowed ground in search of peace, but I doubt much if they can ever get together or find themselves when Gabriel blows his horn for ressurection day.

Ghosts Walk Abandoned Trails

Once again I walk through the Junction City graveyard where the spirits of Jim Baker, Two Gun Spike Murphy, Two Fingered Mike and One Eye (Patch Eye) Pedro, and including the second edition of Wyoming Kate awaits in great suspense to see if their bones too, are to be scattered along the highway grade, and great would be the surprise if the engineer of that mechanical ogree (the power shovel) should uncover a few petrified bodies of these bad men of old, and never forget if they do, the spirits unleashed will bring them many sleepless nights.

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Spirits Restless If Disturbed

And Irish Jimmy, that now lies buried 100 feet under water in his own mine, The Finian Chief (common belief) will be interred 100 feet deeper with the muck and rock from the new highway grade, but after all, Jimmy's inclination was to travel toward the nether regions, so I presume this will cause him no inconvenience, and now I commend my friend Whitney, the highway engineer, for moving and preserving the grave of Irish Jimmy's little girl, the three-year-old tike who once upon a time, pled with the vigilantes Judge and Jury to reverse a verdict of guilty, allowing her to take Jimmy by the hand, lead him away, saying "come on home daddy and leave them bad mens be" thus averting more tragedy.

The Desecrated Pioneers

After several months of watching and waiting with numerous pleas to the highway engineers to spare this hallowed spot, they like a thief in the night, steal upon the lost and almost forgotten cemetery at Junction City, desecrate and descimate along the highway grade the bones of the old pioneers. The old Hermit feels weighted down with shame and remorse and while not duly appointed guardian of these departed souls, "builders of the Gold and Silver West," he at least wished them to be shown proper respect. I feel doubly guilty for my failure in not preventing the crime as I walk over the desecrated spot and see here and there signs of departed friends.

Devasteers On The Rampage

Following the usual high minded methods of the modern highway devasteers and deaf to suggestions or entreaties of the populace, they not only abuse the rights of the living, but in a manner befitting disciples of Lucifer, lay waste the Cities of the dead. Did these ruthless despoilers of the living and dead heed the advice freely given as to the location of this hallowed spot where the pioneers of the good old days have rested in peace for 60 years and more? They did not, but ruthless in their purpose, vicious in execution, and seemingly immune to the spiritual rights of the dead, they come forth in the dead of night with that insatiable ogre, the power shovel, and with these jaws of Moloch, and with fiendish glee, did dig up and crush the bones and

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caskets, dump in the trucks and haul away the remains to build up the highway grade. This modern method in great contrast to the railroad engineers and graders who, when building through this same cemetery with caution and great reverence, removed the bodies one by one to individual graves elsewhere.

Conscience To The Rescue

But behold by the glare of the bright head lights, the shovel man sees atop the loaded truck a grinning skeleton, staring toward him through eyeless sockets, from a skull still covered with long sandy hair now waving in the breeze. An accusing human or superstitious through predominates and a feeling of guilt and remorse overcomes the man, and still imbued with a spark of respect he lays aside the desecrated bones, several skulls with bullet holes still in evidence, and others with long and still living hair, "womens of course with their crowning glory," as exemplified in the good old days, but the damage has been done, and atonement comes too late, the wreckers and devastators have made the debacle complete. If these devastators would have been more human, more careful and subtle in their methods, perhaps some of their wives or sweethearts might even now be wearing many of Wyoming Kates sixteen thousand dollars worth of diamond ornaments that adorned the skeleton of this dazzling personality of the good old days.

Rich Pickings For The Vandals

I wonder yet if perhaps in the glare of the big spot light if those glistening gems were not detected, and I wonder about the solid silver handles and trimmings on the casket, were they salvaged? Or did they go the way of the bones that now lie buried deep beneath the highway grade. I think of the two thousand dollars of tainted gold of Munns and McMannus of gun shot fame, this too, has gone over the grade, for no doubt the glitter was gone after 60 years of time, tarnishing like our gold in the Kentucky hills, and of course the tinkle and jingle of the coins could not be heard above the roar of the shovel. What a sorry resurrection for Munns and McMannus buried with their boots on without benefit of box or clergy, yet the honor of having the Junction City band lead the funeral march, keeping step to that old familiar tune, "We Won't Be Home 'Till Morning," "And That Was Irish Too."

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Music Leads To Heaven Or Hell

In those days of real he-man and women the band honored the dead according to the works with music to fit the occasion, so Wyoming Kate was laid away under the strains of "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen;" the little puritan schoolman "I Stood On The Bridge At Midnight," her own favorite song; and Irish Jimmy's little girl, the most pathetic of all, with that old beautiful hymn "Safe In The Arms Of Jesus." But now, what a contrast, to be awakened by the rattle and grind of the gears, the deafening roar of the exhaust of the power shovel and trucks; truly the sleepers must have thought ten thousand demons were unloosed, and may God have mercy on their souls, for highway builders will not.

Spirits Will Ever Seek Revenge

If but for 15 minutes Two Gun Spike Murphy, Three Fingered Mike, Jim Baker, Patch Eye Pedro, Moccasin Jim and even Irish Jimmy himself, now buried hundreds of feet beneath the debris, might come to life again then for sure there would be grand rout of the desecrators, and a dearth in highway devasteers, while the peaceful souls so rudely awakened from their long sleep would look on in amazement and fear, yet glad to see again a repetition of a free for all, in the same old way as they many times experienced in the days of old. In the future as I wander over this ghastly stretch I would tread softly in awe and reverence. I would call the names of these restless spirits one by one far in advance, and as a friend could perhaps pass safely over this ever haunted highway, but as far as the Hermit is concerned when the dark of the night comes on, and the grotesque ghostly shadows fall across the grade, I would shun and keep many miles of space between me and the thoroughly aroused and vindictive spirits of the days of '79.

Truly A Ghost Highway Of The Rockies

No one will ever know how many skeletons and souls not yet redeemed lie buried beneath the highway grade, and the gruesome act of burying the few salvaged bones and intermingling these and skulls in one box, interring them in one shallow grave does not vindicate the despoilers. Well, I know there never will be peace on this "The Ghost Highway Of The Rockies," mingling souls and bones of deadly enemies

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and foes, paragones of virtue and disciples of vice, saints and sinners, they will not lie at rest, and their rebellious spirits will forever haunt this stretch of highway in search of missing parts and seeking a spot where they may abide in peace and alone. The last has not yet been said and the second, third and fourth generation of the old pioneers and soldiers of chance are and will be heard from, and before the smoke has cleared away from this sacriligious, revolting and ghastly outrage, the State may suffer for this insidious plague of the century, "the highway devasteers."

A Martyr May Die But Never Gives Up

The die has been cast, the damage done, the cost yet to be paid and the one-man war against the mistakes of highway engineers comes to an end. It's true a prophet is without honor in his own country, without prestige in his own town, and without authority in his own home, but let it be said the old Hermit hauled down the flag of capitulation by the force of superior numbers and not super intelligence, and in the years to come when future engineers correct the mistake of present engineers, it will be too late for the Hermit to say "I told you so." But soon the day of judgement arrives and we will all start climbing the golden stairs, the engineers (high hat lords of creation) will hurry on by the common herd as usual, but when they reach the pearly gate and St. Peter reads the record, with many frowns and few smiles, he will ask is it possible that in a lifetime of endeavor, errors were ever predominant, the engineer with guilt on his face, and a conscience that will not down, answers, "No-no-no", as he comes back down the stairs on his way to the nether regions, then the old Hermit will indeed chortle with glee, and say, "I told you so."

Kind Acts Recorded

But thanks engineers for letting the dead at Arbourville Cemetery lie in peace and the addition of 50 feet more of earth on top of the graves will arouse no great ire in the sleepers there. As for you, Stella DeChane, 'tis a long, long time since the applause of the multitude enched your songs to the rythm of dancing feet. Now the carryalls have softly and gently covered your grave with new earth, so as not to disturb your years and years of slumber. Sleep on and on, the ten thousand shattered hearts you left behind. Time erased many of the scars of your victims, but now

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they too, have passed over the Divide, forgiving the hurts meted out, because you were a beautiful woman.

A Last Farewell

Here once reposed all that was mortal of Colorado's colorful historical characters, soon the bones of the best and worse to be intermingled, all gathered together by the steam shovel and scattered along the highway grade, what an ending for those old and noble creatures of the good old days to find what's left of their skeletons resting side by side with the rubbish of humanity, when on earth they wouldn't even spit on such trash. No more can the Hermit rest in peace, for the ire of those disturbed souls will be so great they will perhaps not even recognize the voice of a friend. Truly this will in fact be a ghost highway and heaven protect those who superstitiously inclined, travel this stretch during the midnight hours.

Progress An Enemy Of Content

Far be it from me to stop progress but I do want to restore honest gold and silver money, restore saintly women back on the pedestal from which they have fallen and if with progress we are to lose our visions, then we have gained nothing. Only to those that dream can memory's pictures be carried in mind. Only to those that dream on forever, will life be made worth while. Visions themselves are but the stepping stones to heaven with its pearly gates, streets of gold and silver chariots. To believe in none of these is to place you as a drifter, a derelict in fact, with no end in view, while life and its beauty pass you by, so I say a last GOOD BYE to ghostly scenes and leave behind a dead City, and graveyards of desecrated souls in a valley of gloom.

THE HERMITS LAMENT

Samson (my jackass) treads carefully
I'm singing a low mournful song,
Wandering down Highway 50, toting
my few earthly goods along.
I finally reach the City of Maysville,
another of the old ghost towns,
And find a four per cent hill to climb in a
valley of four per cent going down.

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I step from the cart, the task
is great for Samson I fear,
But with encouraging words
I push mightily from the rear.
With much effort, both dead tired
and nearly ready to drop,
Finally master the up hill going
down, and reach the top.

Again we travel down the valley
toward the City of Gold
Salida it's called, where lies
riches of Croesus we're told.
But alas and alack, now again we
find ourselves in a hole
And facing a six per cent grade
we cannot master to save our soul

Samson remember, is aged with
creaking and aching bones
From climbing yesterday's trails
o'er miles of sharp and rolling stones;
While I, too, look through dimming eyes
turned toward the beckoning East.
'Tis useless, this hill cannot be
mounted by man or beast.

If, perchance, you should happen
to pass along this highway grade
In the near future, tarry a minute
by our campfire in the shade.
But if you delay too long
in reaching this fateful spot,
You'll find two mounds, a man and
jackass the engineers forgot.

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So by the mistakes of yesterday
we should improve our way.
But Highway engineers are repeating
grievous errors each and every day.
In a prayer to the highest I would
humbly ask but for a crown,
For engineers that don't build
roads up hill, going down.

—The Hermit of Arbor-Villa



MY PET PEEVES

I criticize The Politician, for promising so much and doing so little,
and that little wrong.
I censure the Highway Engineers for eternally building roads up hill
going down valleys.
I berate the Scientist for advancing life's expectancy to 60 years,
and designing means to mow him down in less than 40.
I deplore Educators trying to fit so many technical square heads,
into practical round holes of endeavor.
I have no faith in Bankers, who know nothing about money, but wise
only in simple, compound interest and discounts.
I decry the Lawyers brand of justice, who would keep no count men
out of jail, that should be hung.
I chide the Doctors who do (through sympathy) keep no count men
alive, that should be dead.
I overlook not even the preacher, who strive in getting souls into
heaven, that should go to hell.

—The Hermit.

THE ROAR OF A LION ALTERS THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS

Life it self is but a series of small inconsequential happenings. That small organ, the heart, a pumping plant that distributes the fuel and keeps the body alive, and yet the prick of a pin could bring disaster and stop the entire movement. So it is with all big things that are made up of myriads of little gadgets here and there, even the small button on the President's desk opened the valve of the great Hoover Dam, yet if any of the small trinkets cease to function the big machine is dead.

So on one occasion in the course of human events the simple roar of a Mountain Lion changed the fate and destiny of two men, two women, two generations of children and many more generations to follow and will perhaps affect the fate of the State and Nation.

In the now ghost town of Junction City, way back in the good old days we had much activity, while two miles further up the valley was another lively City called Chaffee. Now after 15 years of booming times both towns felt the effect of the silver panic, and both were relegated to become ghost towns and even up to today have never recovered their former prestige.

For the few of us that returned to the old stamping ground after the panicky years of the 1900s, our only amusements were in the shape of good old fashioned dances with music furnished by the Wolfrom orchestra with Dad on the fiddle and Maggie at the organ and boy how they could put out the Turkey in the Straw and the old Virginia Reel.

On this one occasion the dance happened to be at Chaffee City and in those old days we young fellows had a sweetheart the same as now but just one or two in a lifetime mind you, and not a dozen or more like you modern lads have today. It really takes about ten lines in a two column newspaper space to list the numerous marriages and divorces of the modern man and maid and the last name on the list would of course be the lady's current moniker.

The two mile walk is nothing for youth in love so we reached the dance in good time (too good in fact from the petting standpoint) and as usual enjoyed ourselves hugely. But all good things must end and with the last strains of the Home Sweet Home waltz fading out in the wee hours of the morning we made our departure. Just outside the City limits

THE ROAR OF A LION

and while slowly walking down the trail we were startled by the fiendish roar of a Mountain Lion. I had heard the same roar on several different occasions during my life in following the trails of yesterday and recalled distinctly one particular night after I had taken the prospectors' supplies to the mines and after unloading I jumped on the back of one of the three jackasses and it was then my job to pilot them home. When about three miles from camp and pitch dark, a Lion suddenly jumped from below the trail and at the same time emitting a furious roar.

At that time the jackass I was riding gave just one buck and I found myself in mid air, but lucky for me I came down feet first, and was I scared. I had been told by the old timers with experience that in all cases when man was stalked by lion, bear or wolves he must not run, and at once if possible build a fire, and partly for these reasons the old trail blazers, including myself gave first thought to matches, but knowing beasts fear of fire I still forgot for the moment, because of the close proximity of the beast that was following me.

Well was this to be a race to the finish, for I don't believe I was more than 10 yards behind the fast running jackasses and I don't believe the lion was more than 10 yards behind me. Never let anyone tell you lions will not attack humans. Many times I have seen the carcasses of prospectors that had been torn by the claws and eaten by lions, perhaps because the victims were lamed or stricken with other ailments of some sort, but I have never known a lion to attack a full grown man and the shot from a gun will scare them into a frenzy. Yes, the Lion is a cunning beast, knows a victim's weakness and would destroy boy, jackass, cattle and even horses when hunger is gnawing at the kittens and mother's belly. I soon became winded and could faintly hear the steel shod hoofs of the jackasses fading away in the distance and was aware the danger was greater because of my aloneness. With his frequent cries and roars I knew the lion was getting ahead of me to block the trail and sure enough about 100 feet across the corduroy bridge, I saw the gleaming eyes and of course stopped dead in my tracks. Though shivering with fright I quickly struck a match and lit some dry pine needles beside the road with my eyes ever on those fiery orbs ahead, as he came no nearer confidence returned as I kept adding fuel to the fire, for now I knew that soon as those jackasses reached town alone, someone

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would be after me and sure enough in about one hour's time the clatter of hoofs and human voices reached my ears and the lion was slinking away with belly still empty of food.

Thus only once before in a lifetime was I as scared by a Mountain Lion as now, and up until then I had always admired the clinging type of women but now I prayed that she might be one of those Amazonian types, then I could have felt more secure. There was plenty of clinging at the moment but it seemed to be more of the drooping variety while I felt as though I was holding on to a rope that had been cut off at the top.

Through chattering teeth my companion said wh-a-a-at w-wa-was th-a-a-at, I said Th-a-a-at w-was-was a-a m-mo-un-t-ta-in l-li-on. My partner now absolutely limp next said ha-a-ve y-yo-ou g-go-ot a g-gu-un. I said n-no and when she said c-ca-an y-you-ou p-pr-r-ay and when I said n-no, the conversation ceased right there.

Now I remembered the old prospector's warning never to run from a lion but stand your ground and look him right in the eye. Well the warning was useless for I couldn't have run if my life depended on it, and I could see those fierce red eyes through the trees very clearly, but he was a better and more persistent looker than I, so that didn't get us anywhere.

The behavior of that lion was unusual by his persistence and lack of fear of two full grown humans. He had now followed us for about a mile and a half and never more than 30 yards away at any time. He would now and then give out one of those blood curdling roars then fall into a whine, then again give forth those plaintive cries so much like a baby in distress. Well he didn't fool me, for there had been 20 babies in distress it would have been just too bad for the babies as far as I was concerned.

The old lion followed us to the outskirts of Junction City and we could still hear the beast as it climbed the mountain side, moaning as it went along and now I have been wondering if perhaps the old fellow was just lonesome for company. With gentlemen of the old school chivalry came first and we believed in the lady being first in everything, and this case would have been no exception and if I could have run, the old lion might have enjoyed that dainty piece of femininity, for after all ladies came first, last and all the time, that was our motto, and who was I to change the rule.

When we reached the town our spirits revived somewhat

THE ROAR OF A LION

and my up-to-then sweetheart said what a fine protector you turned out to be, why that old lion might have eaten me alive as far as you cared and I couldn't deny the charge, and from her tone of voice she meant what she said and seemed entirely unconcerned as to what my fate might have been.

In a spirit of anger at what I thought was unfairness the argument became fast and furious, and as she slipped my two dollar diamond ring from her finger, instead of returning it as a lady should, she tossed it into the South Arkansas river where it still lies, and believe it or not, we wound up the evening not with a goodnight kiss, but with the remark she never wanted to see me again "and she didn't."

A few years later I met up with another fine lady that knew nothing about the foregoing incident and when she reads this secret so closely guarded all my life, she might opine that the old lion did her a measly trick.

Years later I found my former sweetheart had up to then enjoyed the pleasure of three husbands, much alimony, one set of triplets, two pairs of twins and five singles and in thinking about this, I just smile and think the OLD MOUNTAIN LION did me a very good turn after all.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

GINGER PEAK

Some 15 years ago while prospecting on the high peaks of the Rockies it was my privilege to gaze across a great deep valley at a tall, showy and streamlined Peak poking its snowy crest high above the clouds.

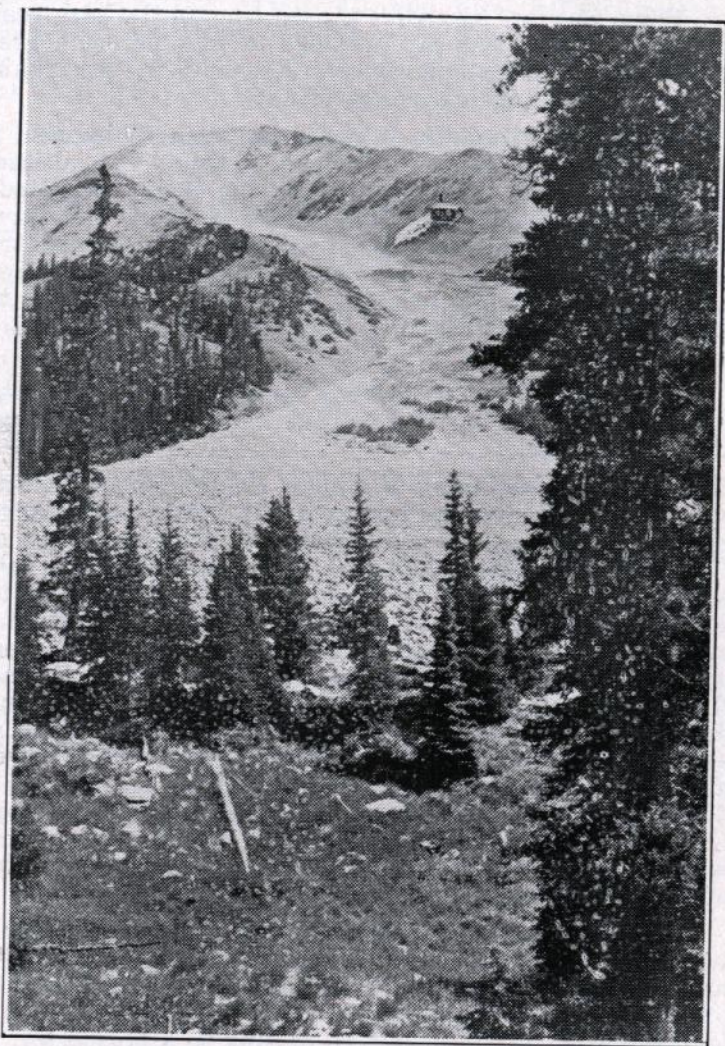
Unexpectedly in life miracles do seem to happen, as from my vantage point at thirteen thousand feet altitude, and just above the level of low hanging clouds, unfolded a scene reminding one of a wide expanse of ocean, with waves of snow white crests rolling across its surface. It appeared as a mirage yet so realistic that one felt like launching a canoe and go paddling over the two-mile wide valley to the Mountain itself, a picture seldom seen, never pictured or forgotten.

With this preamble thereby hangs a tale, a story that reads like fiction, but proves that truth is often stranger than fiction itself.

From the beginning of Ginger Rogers career I always admired her ability and genius as an actress and dancer, mailed her a verse now and then to this effect, and while sitting on the old mine dump or gazing through the cabin window after the day's work was done, I could envisage her in comparison with the beautiful Mountain Peak, tall, symetrical and streamlined, a golden crown upon her head, a chilly atmosphere encompassing her at times, slightly thawing out around exterior fringes on close acquaintance, but with an interior perpetually frozen. But more than all, as I watched the glistening flakes of snow, swirl and sweep about the crest of the Peak, revealing the outlines of its delicate lined symethical form through the mist, I envisaged Ginger in her dances gowned in flimsy, lacy diafanous skirt, whirling and floating about displaying at times the outlines of a modified, curvacous figure of perfection.

Thus I named the Peak GINGER, and going so far as to dig a bag of gold from its heart to exchange for the heart of Ginger herself, yet knowing that until the feint lines of crowsfeet of mature age appeared the chance was hopeless. But what matters time or waiting to a prospector "be it months or years," whose life is ever a series of disappointments.

It was no reflection, but rather an honor for Ginger to have this beautiful Peak named after her, for the prospector



Ginger Peak so named because of its likeness to Ginger herself.

GINGER PEAK

loved not the soft, warm impulsive clinging type, but yearned for women to be like his Mountain Peaks, cold, frigid, hard to approach, hard to embrace, and harder yet to retain. So it was with Pygmalion, and so it is with man, he wanted his Galateas beautiful, distant, unyielding, but ever there to adore and worship.

There was some opposition to renaming the Peak, both by members of the interior department and the Governor of Colorado himself, but knowing mines covered the Peak and with dire threats of digging it down unless allowed the privilege of renaming to suit myself, thus leaving Colorado with only 49 peaks over 14 thousand feet high, and one less for the United States, opposition died down and now by usage and tacit consent it will be known as GINGER PEAK.

A MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

Arbor-Villa via Salida, Colo., Oct. 2, 1945

Chairman House Banking & Currency Committee,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I am much concerned about the move by the Treasury department making a reduction from 40 to 25 per cent in our metallic (now disconnected) reserve to back up the issue of Federal Reserve Notes, and I am also much disturbed by the gold bloc requesting Congress to inflate the price of gold still further, to 56 dollars per ounce, but more than all I question their motives, when neither group demands that coins be minted and circulated.

These moves and requests, if granted, will satisfy the ill-advised greedy gold producer, and please the disciples of inflation, both totally unconcerned as to bimetallism and the gold and silver standard, with the coins themselves serving as a medium of exchange. Why don't the pagan foes of gold and silver money, and their willing dupes, "the gold miners," who are aiding in its demonitization come clean and stop deluding the public by reserving a mere 25 per cent backing, "that you can't get." To me it matters not a damn whether the backing be 100, 70, 40 or 25 per cent, "if you can't get it," and what do I care whether a gold dollar as 23, 15 or 8 grains, "if I can't get it," and if by dishonoring and degrading gold and silver, "you can't get," and reducing the percentage of the debased dollar "you can't get," will cure all our monetary ills, why not go whole hog and raise the price of gold to 100 dollars per ounce "you can't get," reduce the backing to 1 per cent "you can't get," thus creating sufficient metallic reserve to print 3 trillion dollars of Mariner Eccles greenbacks, enough to pay the total war debt, past and present of all Nations, and leave us several hundred billions, to keep on with our grand and glorious spending spree. It's not as simple as all this, and to be eternally talking of reserve "you can't get," to back our present pagan currency, reminds me much of the good old days in the free for alls, and proving about as sensible as having a good friend in reserve, who backs you up by keeping his six-guns in the holster and hands in pocket, while you are shooting your way out. To hell with such backing as this and to hell

A MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

with a gold and silver backing "you can't get," and this inert and useless backing "you can't get," costing Government a perpetual 2 and 3 per cent interest to purchase and store, and God only knows how much to guard, and this is what our monetary magicians propose to use as a foundation for a National and International currency.

I have in my possession a One Thousand Reich Bank Note (now worth 25c) issued by Germany with a 2 per cent gold reserve "you can't get" to back it up, and based on our old price and weight of gold 'twas equivalent in value to about 8 per cent in our present plan, and the results will correspond to about what our crack pot monetary theorists and economists have in store for us—viz. a Thousand Dollar Mariner Eccles Bank Note, eventually to be worth 25 cents in substance.

Mr. Chairman, to hell with this inflated value and deflated backing "you can't get." When I want a pork chop for my belly, I don't want just 25 per cent of it, neither do I want it to stay in the hog, nor do I want an invisible, unattainable gold and silver "I can't get," back of my currency. For 14 years we have lived on credit and money inflation, but never yet has a cure for our ills been suggested by deflation, and if the powers that be, have no regard for honest labor, paid for with honest money, at least they should have some respect for the wear and tear on the money printing presses, the wasting and denuding of our forests and depletion of our mines, all done just to circulate a dollar bill or coin now worth 10 cents, then 5 cents and ending like all inflationary currency, worth nothing.

Good Lord, Mr. Chairman, how long does it take a supposedly intelligent people to learn that labor is everything, an inflation in wages brings an inflation in everything else. And this proves doubly true in the mining game where the misled metal miner and producer is no better off now under present wage scale, than he was on the old wage scale and old price of gold. Of course, government borrowing for the past 14 years is responsible for all our inflationary ills, and contrary to the laws of gravity, we now say what goes up, **must not** come down.

As for me, I'll keep my gold and silver where "I can get it" and if I starve in the crusade I'm still standing for the 1792 bimetallic standard, 16 to 1, the standard and money

A MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

that made this the greatest Nation on earth, and will remain in that position if we preserve honest money. The war dance is over, Mars the fiddler yet to pay, the financial legerdemain of pulling rabbits out of the mythical hat of plenty is just about finished. I trust we can yet dispel the fumes of inflation so Congress can awaken to the dangers that beset us, begin to deflate in our economy and thus inflate the value of the dollar the long, long way back up to 100 cents, so we may honor and respect it as in the days of old. I ask that this be done to avoid the destruction of our money and save me and my people the agony of saying "I TOLD YOU SO," when soon again we meet face to face in Washington.

Wish you would read this to your committee and enter in the record for reference, in my next message to your very courteous committee.

Yours truly,

The Old Prospector,

F. E. GIMLETT.

THE OLD WOOD STOVE OR REBELLION OF THE VENGEFUL SLAVE

The Preamble:

Now that I have time to muse and reflect, safe from female censure, scorn and brick bats, I want to pay tribute to those long suffering pioneers of the good old days, those like my self, martyrs that entered the wood burning endurance contest with the wife as opponent and stoker of the damnable old and new (devil's invention) wood stove. From the time I was a wee lad the one familiar, and continual refrain was "the wood box is empty," "split some wood," "saw some wood," "chop some wood," "carry in some wood," there was no peace or rest, just an everlasting, never-ending job and in the repressed, suppressed and depressed emotions, and futility of living, was born a hate beyond understanding.

Not knowing any better, male and youth like we men, traded liberty for love and romance, then henceforth and forever after, man was to be chained to the OLD WOOD STOVE with a wife the merciless driver. Pity not the galley slave but we men who suffered more and worked harder 24 hours, 365 days per year upon years, minus but 16 hours per day off for productive labor and sleep.

At times man did have a little stove wood ahead, other times a little stove wood behind (supper also behind), but in a lifetime I never knew of but one human that beat the game, and when Gabriel blew his horn, he had won the contest by only a few sticks ahead, and was so emancipated, exhausted and frustrated he could not answer the resurrection call.

I have envied the cave man with his open fire, whereon the whole log could be cast without chopping, sawing or splitting. This would have been a boon to the wife also, and to be fair I want to add a word of tribute for these contenders in the race, they too, during these many years, fought a gallant and fair fight and from early morn to late at night poked the wood into this monster of iniquity, this ever hungry wood consuming stove, with but few hours off for productive work or recreation.

The story:

The camp fires for the pioneers who were unfortunate

THE OLD WOOD STOVE

enough to possess wives, passed out with the Indians, and the rocked up and daubed fireplace in cabin with dirt floor and sod roof came into vogue. These open fireplaces I believe were the greatest man labor savers of that time and happy was that day when man built his log home with spacious fireplace in center and three-foot-diameter hole in the wall for log entry.

Our next attempt at labor saving came by snaking with oxen, mules or horses the wood (full length trees) inside the cabin. This was ever a bone of contention with the housewife because of the dust and general disturbance it raised. Soon the brainy among us devised a system of rollers with sharp spike sprocket wheel to itch the log inch by inch into the fire as it burned away. The easy turning crank of the contrivance could be manipulated by the wife, this also saving much man labor to say nothing of eliminating sawing and chopping.

Lucky and rich was the man with this modern appliance, and with great pile of long dry wood just outside the wall. It was indeed cheap fuel for cooking and security against old man winter's chilly blasts.

Now comes along some wise guy introducing board floors and with it discontented woman demanding a Sheet Iron Stove, this in turn calls for the tree to be cut in short length blocks and split in small pieces. This stove sufficed for many years, then passing on with the overstuffed bustles, padded bust and hoop skirts. Then enters progress with a new Cast Iron Stove, soon to be supplanted by polished Wrought Iron Steel Range, and little did I realize I was nursing a viper to my breast, when I listened to the super salesman's call.

Days had passed into weeks, then into months and years, the cross cut and buck saws already worn out would have encircled Mounmental Mountain and the axes destroyed would have supplied the U. S. with enough steel for a battleship. From the dawn of the morning until far into the dark of night it was cut and saw, split and carry in. The trails and roads were strewn with the bones of the oxen, mules, horses and jackasses while the graveyards were filled with victims who gave up the fight, all trying to keep the women warm and content in the kitchen with the pots, pans and babies, that woman who said in the beginning that all she wanted was love. And still I slaved day and night, it was a gruelling contest to see if I could saw, split and carry wood

THE OLD WOOD STOVE

faster than one little woman could burn it. Never a day passed without a greeting that the wood box was empty and never a day ended with more than three sticks to the good.

Now comes into the town a super slick salesman introducing new steel range, and little did I suspect this thing of beauty was later to become the most despicable of all slave drivers, nor did I realize at the time that all salesmen were to be much bedamned by me on account of this transaction.

Warnings are of no moment to youth, only experience can teach, so on this fateful day this salesman who fattens on the bullibility of the average man and wife, who are still living in that paradise of real or anticipated love, makes a call and with persuasive words he explains in detail the desirability of the 9 by 24 inch fire box, and all the while aided and abetted in his sales talk by the light of my life, I sign on the dotted line. He unloads from the buckboard that beautiful (so we thought) wood stove, with highly decorated and nickle-trimmed doors and handles, a wonder to behold, but who was to be proven without heart or soul and with voracious appetite that was to try the patience of a saint.

Yes, I'll admit, I first looked on that inanimate thing with pleasure, feeling that it was to serve me and mine with warmth and service to the end of time, but how was I to know that it was to be I that henceforth for 30 years was to serve a cruel master, and like the galley slave of old was never to know peace, liberty or rest again. A kindly fire had passed through our district leaving in its wake worlds of dry wood still on the stump, so with axe and saw the monarchs of the forests were to be cut down, dragged in by jackass, skidded by horse and hauled by wagon to feed the insatiable appetite of that monster, always hungry and calling for more, more and more fuel.

I have thought many times the wife was in collusion with the old wood stove, and felt really happy at the discomforts it brought me, and again I think she was a willing accomplice to the persecution, knowing it would keep a man home from a friendly poker game, an evening with the boys, or dancing in the old log school house, and I am here as a witness to say the method proved a success in that respect.

So the days of slavery began at 5 o'clock in the morning, it was saw, chop and split, and by much labor and sweat there was barely enough wood available to last through the day. No matter how hard the day's work at the Mine, when

THE OLD WOOD STOVE

the shift ended I must need skid great logs of wood from the Mountains, every glance at the wood box showed but a few sticks to the good. So it was saw, chop and split before and after supper, sometimes as late as 10 p. m., or until the man in the moon came up over the Mountain with a mocking smile to chuckle at my plight. It was to be thus for years and years, a repetition of "dearie, the wood box is empty," "what am I to do with the baking in the oven," "the stew's in the making," "no water for junior's or baby's bath, now be a dear, fill up the wood box, the fire box, carry out the ashes, and clean out the flue."

The glutinous hunger of that stove was appalling, veritably demanding a lifetime of effort and the throwing of an entire forest into its greedy maw. I could fancy it was crackling with glee at my misery, and at times it would thrust out its fiery tongue and spit at me in derision. I was becoming obsessed with a desire for revenge and purposely would at times spill water and spit on its shiny top to see it fume and sputter. I would let its innards fill up with ashes so it could not breathe, even let the soot fill up the pipe so it couldn't smoke. I knew it was war to the finish between us as it was forever demanding service, no Simon LeGree was a crueller slave driver and the pyramid builders even under the sting of the lash enjoyed an easier task than I.

I would tip toe in softly and try and sneak by those shifty red eyes peering through the draft shutters, intent on grabbing a minute's rest in the easy chair, but a crackling sputter gave notice to the missus that the slave was here. In fancy I could see that yawning fire box as the jaws of Moloch that was to be forever consuming my lifetime of labor, always demanding, insisting that it be fed under the dire threat of freezing me and mine. Like the ingrate it was, I would often feed it a juicy piece of pitchy wood, wherein it would spit at men hatefully, other times it would hiss and crackle with mirth at my annoyance. Goaded by threats and chided by wife to give the poor stove more care, it would (so she said) respond and in return throw more heat. Yes, sympathy for that insidious, insensate creature, but never a thought to the slave who was giving up liberty and would pay, and pay, and pay ten fold for that little comfort it emmitted. Yes, it was called a game, but to me it seemed a battle between me, the missus and the wood stove. With might and main I would try and keep the wood box filled,

THE OLD WOOD STOVE

with might and main the wife would try and keep it emptied. The recipient of it all, the fire box of THAT OLD WOOD STOVE smiled in contempt, a prejudiced umpire in the woman's behalf.

The forest had disappeared, the worn out donkeys had given up the ghost, only two horses withstood the fight. More saws covered the landscape and myriad more of dulled axes were scattered by the wayside. My thoughts day and night was how to get even and dispense with that ogree that was breaking my back even as Sinbad, the sailor's back was broken by the old man of the sea.

I had read and heard of the new fangled coal stove in the City where a measly hod of coal would last a day, and there was much ado about a new gas, oil, or electric stove where one would but need turn on a button to do everything. Now, lo and behold, on a certain day when the snow clouds were gathering around the Peaks, the forerunner to another hard winter of sawing, chopping, splitting, toil and sweat, fate stepped into the picture and in compassion for my misery, decreed that the family was to leave the Mountain cabin, and leave behind that abominable enemy of all mankind, THE OLD WOOD STOVE.

So wife and children climbed aboard the last train out and I was to follow later, no more were they out of sight when I with fiendish glee looked that old slave driver in the face and kicked him where his shins ought to be "to my big toe's regret." It was a cold day with but three sticks of wood in the box, the results of a winning battle and the remains of a lifetime of labor. I vowed I would retain those three pieces of wood as a reminder of those lost years, and my enemy now had no ally in shape of woman to back or cheer him up. I watched the fire die out with a hacking cough and final gasp, and soon I would hear his very joints creak with the cold, but nary a stick would I put on dying fire for my mercy was not for him.

Yes, now after 30 years of suffering I was determined to let that old stove freeze to death, as it had so often threatened me and mine. I could and did laugh at its misery and gloat over its to be, untimely end. I covered my shivering self with old coats as I watched his agony and at night wrapped myself within many blankets to keep from freez-

THE OLD WOOD STOVE

ing. Revenge was sweet (so I thought) as I gnawed on a cold piece of toast in the morning for had I not planned for years on what I would do when my fetters were broken. I viewed through the window the denuded forest now bare of trees all consumed by that gluttony WOOD STOVE. I despaired at the devastation round about me and futile attempt of a lifetime to meet the demands of modern women and progress. But now before me on the worn out kitchen floor stood helplessly the old slave driver with no one to stand up in its defense.

With cool steady nerves and no pity, I rolled and jolted (not too gently) that stove through the door, kicking it time and time again, meanwhile bumping its face against the jam. I shoved it roughly "tho protesting" into the old spring wagon and drove to a barren and distant mountain side. I tumbled it from the vehicle with a bang. Moving with diabolical cunning and without ceremony, I carefully extracted from under the seat 10 sticks of dynamite with fuse and cap firmly attached. My movements were stealthy and methodical for I must not fail. Perhaps I was possessed with the devil on that day and mebbe this was an evil thing to do, but drunk with freedom I lit the fuse, then grabbing the lines was far from danger in a minute more. I turned in the seat just in time to see the explosion and the parts of that tyranic and despotic slave driver flying high in the air, then fall scattering about the Mountain side. I shouted, laughed and chortled with glee. Peace, yes, peace after a life of servitude, even the horses seemed to feel a sense of relief at its demise, and though it was a despiseable thing to do perhaps, I have refused even to this day to return to the scene of the crime and give this once cruel monster, THE OLD WOOD STOVE, even a decent burial, but perhaps, after another generation of moons have passed and for the moral lesson to be learned, I may take my great grandsons by the hand, lead them over the battle ground and tell to them the story of the rebellion of THE POOR OLD SLAVE.

—The Hermit of Arbor-Villa.

