

BOOK THREE

OVER TRAILS OF YESTERDAY



STORIES OF
COLORFUL CHARACTERS
THAT LIVED
LABORED
LOVED
FOUGHT
AND DIED IN

THE GOLD AND SILVER WEST



PUBLISHED BY THE HERMIT
ARBOR VILLA VIA SALIDA, COLO.

PRICE 50¢

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The Hermit of Arbor-Villa
F. E. Gimlet



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



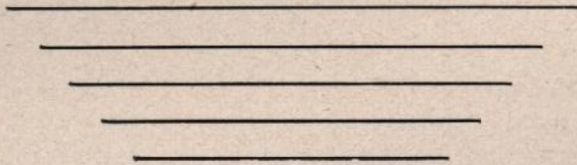
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INTRODUCTION

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

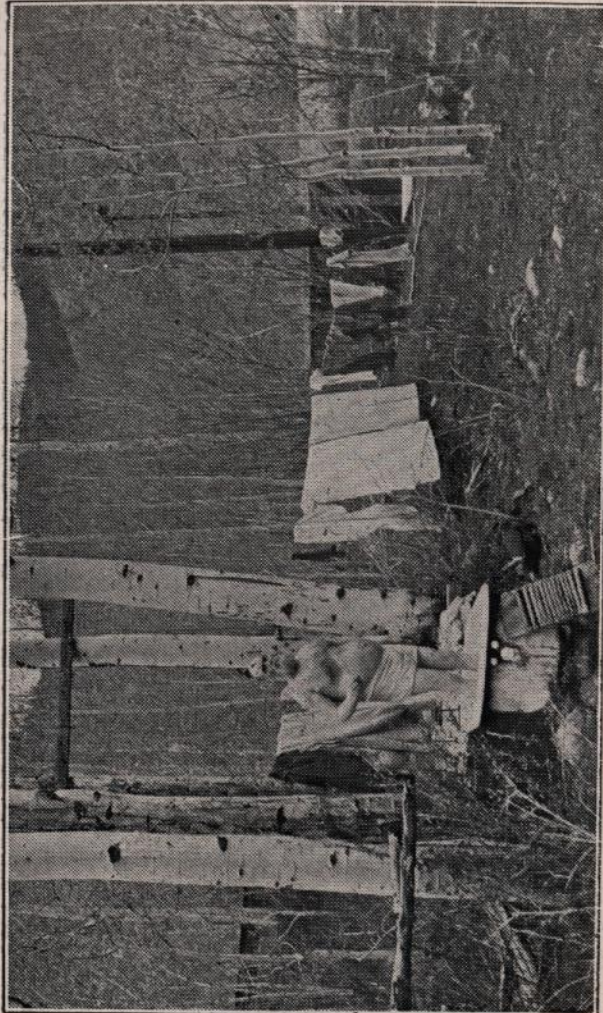
THE HERMIT OF ARBOR VILLA

Per F. E. Gimlett



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Wash Day at The Hermit's

WASH DAY AT THE HERMIT'S

My bathroom is part of the great outdoors—
Walls of aspen, tinted with leaves of green,
Ceiling of blue, with border of gold above,
A grassy floor, like a carpet of velveteen.

The wainscoating is a real natural painting,
Of roses, all colors, with perfume so sweet—
The singing of birds, high up in the trees,
Make the task of bathing a joy complete.

No women need knock at my old cabin door,
To mess up that floor so neat and clean;
The bath and laundry are combined in one,
Just as Nature so intended, it would seem.

No nickle plumbing to get out of order,
No taps that drip all the night and day;
Black streak in the tub need vex no man,
For there are no neighbors to say, nay, nay.

Suppose the clothes are not snowy white,
And perhaps some dirt shows on the line—
Well, out in the open, its nice, clean earth;
In the city, its dirty dirt all the time.

The Bluejay looks on with much surprise,
And the porcupine eyes one, devoid of fear;
But you know in this my earthly paradise,
Modesty is forgotten, no prudes abide here.

No policeman on the corner to look askance,
If my attire harmonize with hypocritic idea;
Prudery and her cohorts are not welcome here,
For there are no women in Arbor-Villa—See!

Of course you don't envy, nor do I envy you,
All dressed up, and a thousand censors fear
I have no audience, but the birds and bees
Living with me in paradise, where life is dear.

So fate decrees you go your way—I go mine,
And perhaps in heaven, our friends we'll meet;
And there we'll all be dressed up the same,
As few of us parade the golden street.

So in fancy my thoughts carry me far away,
And as I float in my outside tub and dream,
If at this time I pass down the sunset trail,
Sins are forgotten—mind and body found clean.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA

Chaffee City (Monarch) In Its Glory

The first the world knew of the district in a mining way was in the year 1878, with the location of several mines, including the Madonna, Columbus, Uncle Sam, Little Charm and Monarch. The building of a town occurred in the early '79 and was named Chaffee City, after a Senator of that name. The change to Monarch was made later after the Monarch Mine, a mine of much prominence and even then shipping much ore. Then again the idea of having Chaffee City in Chaffee County, (so named after the separation from Lake County) just didn't meet with the approval of the populace.

Road Building Par Excellence

The Boone Brothers, under the direction of Otto Mears (the trail blazer), were just building the stage road over the pass (also named Monarch after the mine or town), to White-pine, Tomichi, Gunnison and all points West. Good heavens, just think of the low cost of \$500 per mile against the present cost of \$40,000 to \$200,000 per mile, and we should wonder why there is so much poverty when money can be wasted that way; then on second thought I remember the contract for the railroad grade was under \$20,000 per mile, and today that would not even pay for the survey.

Sanctified Trails

Over these trails passed all of our great men and prospectors, including Creede himself, who gave away the Madonna which later produced 40 million dollars, because it only ran 6 ounces in silver to the ton.

These Were Busy Days

The new line of stage coaches were filled both ways with passengers and always carried the Wells Fargo gold and silver chest. Of all the names to eulogize and revere, that added so much to the glory of the Western Empire was the outstanding one, "THE WELLS FARGO EXPRESS CO." It was this company that, in spite of bandits, holdups, Indian raids, blizzards and floods, supplied the gold and silver coin to meet all payrolls and keep the business life of the wild and untamed West moving forward.

Speeding On At Two Miles Per Hour

Freight wagons with trailers powered by as many as six span of mules or horses were passing back and forth through the city streets and over the pass loaded with supplies for dis-

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tant mining towns, loaded back with ores on the return trip East, while the heavy ore wagons from Zero and No. 1 on the Madonna, and those from the Columbus with silver bars, were rolling deep in the powdered dirt toward Maysville through Poncha and on to Pueblo, (there the valuable freight to be loaded in cars for the smelter and refinery at Omaha), the heavy traffic forming a veritable cloud of dust sifting through everything, and blotting out the sunshine itself. Yes, Chaffee County was then third in mineral production in the State, and the City of Chaffee (now Monarch), was alive with its share of activity.

Modern Homes On The Arkansas

The houses on one side of the street abutted on the river, and the 2 and 3-hole crappers were built over the river itself. The plunk, plunk of the expurging solids and the spattering drops of fluid (fountain effect) as they struck the quiet flowing water, was music to the ears, and for why I don't know, but here men were wont to sit, tarry and muse, while it was a popular gathering place for women and, "believe it or not," more reading was done, gossip distributed and secrets told in the privacy of those crappers than around the fireside of the homes themselves.

A Sewer Without Cost

Truly the river was a natural sewer for twelve thousand people in the valley, and every Monday (washday) the dirt from the miners' clothes colored the water yellow, to the junction of the main Arkansas; yet it met with no objection from the residents below, unlike the present day when we have a population of only eight thousand in the county, and our lower valley neighbors are complaining much over pollution of the stream.

Once A Reality, Now But A Memory

The Arkansas Trevellers, Missourians and Texans with those old squeaky spokes and loosened tires (the latter wired on wheels) held up the wobbling old prairie schooners (with the usual water kegs roped on each side) and generally powered by raw-boned and even half-starved horses and mules, were in those days creeping up the valley in much greater numbers than the Okies and Arkies now travelling in the broken down jalopies today. We passed them now and then stuck on the steep hills with a fire built under a balky (I think starved) horse, trying to get him to move on up the grade. Sometimes he would move forward just enough to pull the wagon over the fire and set it ablaze; then again he would back up to escape the flame, thus making the situation that much worse.

Trails Lead Skyward

While they looked forward to the long, weary climb up the

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mountain with fear and hesitation, the women and children (generally on foot), sure enjoyed the pure skarkling water tumbling down from the snowbanks beside the road, and at each clearing one would see them camped alongside the stream shaded by tall aspen and spruce trees, and soon see a hastily stretched line filled with hurried washed clothes, or rather rags, would be a more fitting description. The women (most of them) and passels of children, and I noted about half the men were barefoot, and naturally those old-fashioned gals did have larger and more serviceable feet than these streamlined, miniature anemic dames of today. They were otherwise, and with but few exceptions, fine examples of those beautiful May West-shaped females—real lines were hidden from view by the old stlye Mother Hubbard dresses, with nary a draw string to pull them in at the waist, but one need not draw on the imagination through the thin calico there would be exposed against a background of space a series of graceful curves. Now and then one could get a glimpse of a beautiful limb protruding below the hem, well coated with a layer of dust (clean dirt) but nevertheless what transformation a little soap and water always made. Truly from these migrant hoardes many of the prospectors snatched some mighty fine gals for wives.

Kitchen Equipment De Luxe

The old Dutch oven was much in use, placed on the hot coals by the campfire in which a mixture of doughgods or pones was slowly baking. Yes, a can-opener was not then the insignia of a first class cook, and as I watched those determined and self-sufficient amazons with that crowning head of long, lustrous hair (when washed), and supose at times a loose hair from the braids dangling at each side of the face, did get in the food (who cared), as she stooped to turn the sowbelly and beans briskly frying in the pan. I mourn the pasing of these adventurous females and but for them the Gold and Silver West would still be a wilderness, and it is the descendants of these trail blazers that now enjoy the fruitful spots of God's footstool, all the way from the Mississippi to the Californias.

A Job For Every Man

But, unlike the present day, there was work for every man—no need for hunger or government dole in a land of opportunity and industry, where the jobs were always more plentiful than the men to fill them. Truly the loss of our frontiers with the millions of idle men creates a problem still to be solved.

Oil Lamps Kept Burning

So there was no night in the Valley of the Arkansas, the Cities (to call them towns was as much an insult as to call a

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prospector's mine a hole in the ground), Maysville, Poncha Springs, Junction City, Chaffee City, Columbus City and Arbourville were wide awake the full 24 hours. The depravity that history tells about was tame and consisted of but few vices, much cleaner than our numerous, complex and vicious habits of filth and degeneracy we now find ourselves afflicted with in this modern day.

Vice Condemned Virtue Commended

Yes, in the good old days evil women were few and far between, and while the old prospector played with the bad, they hungered for and worshiped the good, and yet "with desires suppressed," the antidote for romance and love (and practiced much) was the regular dose of one-half inch of dynamite (taken internally) twice a month, the cost ten cents, and heaven knows no man could support a wife for anything like that sum.

Men Judged Not By Clothes

Yes, men were real he-men in the good old days, and women, God bless 'em, knew it, proving their worth by supporting their wives, contrary to the present day when the order is reversed and the women must suport the cream puff husbands.

Good Bye Stagecoaches

The arrival of the railroad in 1883 turned all eyes in our direction, and The First Train In, consisting of three passenger coaches, baggage car and combination mail and express car, was met by the entire populace.

A New Order

It was a gala day in Monarch (once Chaffee City) and great preparations were being made for the celebration of the Fourth of July. In addition to the regular passenger, special train of ten cars powered by three engines, was to arrive from Salida about 10:00 o'clock A. M. so the flags were hung from the windows of the homes and many were floating to the breeze from the upper floors of the hotels and business houses. Bill Goard's Palace of Pleasure and Frank Ozman's Gambling Casino were decorated with long streams of various colored tissue, and the floors were well waxed in the Eureka Hall for the great event of the evening, The Grand Ball. All is in tip-top shape and with much tooting of whistles, the excursion train pulls in. The Scenic Line Band leads the procession up the street and the crowd soon scatters and takes part in the many activities. The drilling contest (and one of the winning contestants, Tom Penrose, is still with us) holds the interest of the crowd until noon, and then we all rush for dinner at the Saddle Fork and other restaurants, including Katie Finn's Hotel and the Welcome House, the tables

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were loaded to capacity and no restriction as to quantity.

From Hoof To Belly No Stops

In the good old days, you must remember, we had no frigidaires, ice boxes or ice (except in winter), and all meat was delivered to the City on hoof. Each day the regular order of procedure was to bring pigs, sheep and cattle from the pasture into town, into the slaughter house, into the butcher shop, then into the pots and pans, and finally into the public, all within 24 hours and at a cost of but 10 cents per pound, including anything from soup bones, pork chops, to tender loins, with the heart liver and kidneys free for the asking. Here was a system of direct action, no lost motion, no transportation, and small distribution charges.

Simple Sports For Simple Folk

The races, gunnysack, horse and relay, up and down the street; baseball at Monarch Park, horseshoe pitching and jumping contests, were the attraction for the afternoon, and one of the most interesting and pitiable things I ever saw was the club-footed contestant in the foot race, and I still think he should have won the decision.

Nights More Alluring Than Days

Now evening approaches, the two, great square oil lamps on the bridge at the Palace of Pleasure, two more on the sidewalk in front of the Casino, and one over the door at the Eureka Hall brightens up the night, while reflections from the hanging chandeliers of the saloons and business houses shine through the open doors and light up the streets.

Music To The Ears

You can hear the clink and jingle of the gold and silver coin as it passed back and forth across the gaming tables (we used real money then), hear much loud banter, swearing and laughing as they win or lose, but mind you there is not a decent feminine voice heard in these halls of vice, in great contrast in what we have today when it's a fifty-fifty mixed assembly.

Joy Is Unconfined

There are great numbers of the sporting fraternity, seemingly happy and contented as they dance through the open door of the Palace, across the bridge and rest on the benches beside the railing, and there watch the tumbling waters of the Arkansas go by on its way to the sea.

Songs Appeal To Heart And Pocketbook

Tressa Wendell's rich soprano voice is heard trilling "The Mocking Bird," a free concert for those on the outside, but costing plenty for those on the inside. Stella DeChane follows with a song, "Someday I'm Coming Back to You." If she only would. Truly folly reigns supreme in the Palace of Pleasure where joy

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is unconfined. Yes, the devil and his imps stay on the East Side, while just across the street at the Eureka on the West Side, decency is encamped and never the twain shall meet.

A Lady Can Be Defined

Truly both classes of ladies are dressed in silks from the neck to the ankles, (inclusive), and both know what the word modesty means, and but for the flashy jewels, one could not be told from the other. This story must have a moral and I would dwell at length on the double standard, and the power women held over men, and now that they have reverted to men's standards, their power for good is nill. Surely I voice the sentiment of the old timers both women and men, and believe it or not, the old Hermit will continue to rebel at the vulgar display of feminine pulchritude of today, it might be called modern, but not new in any sense of the word, for it has been practiced among the South Sea Islanders and cannibals for two thousand years and more, (why ape the cannibal?)

Modesty Demands Respect

Believe me when I say the real he man's respect for the ladies dwindled in the same proportions as feminine dresses and mystery diminished. The miners, through the generosity of the mines, had payday six days ahead of time and as they passed inside the Palace of Pleasure, old Bill Goard says, "Bys, this drink is on the house, but believe me, from then on the drinks for the house is on the bys." Well, from the bystanders' viewpoint and the participants, it was time to awaken from your lethargy and get in the game (yet dare not), as we watched those girls and boys dancing at \$1.00 a dance with no thought of the headaches for tomorrow. It was a temptation as we listened to the music of old Otto Hinkle at the piano, with Banjo Jim picking the banjo, and Frank Ozman at the violin adding to the harmony.

Comes A Breathing Spell

We all stop the strenuous activity long enough to see the fireworks display from Monarch Hill, and now we leave the Palace of Pleasure and enter the Eureka Hall where the elite and social elect hold forth. Lucille, always the belle of the ball, had her programme full before she got across the hall, and if and how many times you were to dance was fully decided in the first fifteen minutes. After the Grand March, Virginia reel and Tucker quadrille, they call the old-fashioned waltz under the strains of the beautiful Blue Danube. What joyous rapture to take those dainty demure, unsophisticated lassies in your arms, those corsets and stays plus many thicknesses of starched silks and unmentionables, kept your lady perfectly rigid and at a dis-

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tance. The feeling of your arms around the waist was of no moment, but when you see peeping through that tiny V on those high-cut lacy waists, a view of creamy neck, see those laughing grey, blue, brown or black eyes looking up into yours through a haze of exotic perfume, then truly you realize that within your grasp was a mystery to be unraveled, a miracle of femininity next to the angels themselves.

A Mystery Ever

I must always think of those women of the good old days as sprites, and what a chase they led you before you finally got one to the altar. Modesty, charm, sincerity and consistency, where have I heard those words before, and that little feminine curtsy all passed out with the good old days, and I have no doubt the words themselves have by now been erased from the dictionary, and it is doubly certain they are never used in action or conversation.

Sweet Music Soothes The Beast

Boy, what a contrast with the waltz today under a crazy, distorted tune of "You're My Baby Now," and "Hicky. Hicky, Hula," and as you put your arm around that hunk of skimpy-dressed vibrating anatomy called modern women, (I shudder at the thought), feel in your hand the touch of bare flesh, veer your head to one side to escape the loud breath of beer, limburger and garlic, heavens how can romance survive under such a terrific handicap

Music Takes A Nap

Our orchestra started with twelve pieces and now at 3:00 A.M., it has dwindled to three—the fiddle is silent, the bass horn pretty well bogged down with beer, while the organ player knows not the difference between the treble and bass clef.

Across the way at the Palace the miners and sourdoughs are repeating under foggy breath, the worn out phrase, easy come and easy go, as their month's paycheck disappears, and are shedding tears in the schooner of beer as Tressa sings, "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."

Booze With No Restraint

Truly it was the happy days, and perhaps the boys did commemorate the event with an overindulgence in the cup that cheers, but remember it was pre-prohibition days, and we were a happy crowd as we all headed for the train. The engineer is already beyond awakening in the smoking car, while the fireman sits propped up against the coal in the tender, complaining about the dark-brown taste in his mouth. With much effort we get him firmly seated on the engineer's side of the cab, he still has enough vitality to pull this, push that, and turn the other, so with the

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brakeman to blow the whistle and ring the bell, we start down the grade. Boy, what a jerky, jumpy and stoppy ride that proved to be, but by the time we arrived at Poncha the fireman was pretty well sobered, the engineer came from under his swoon, and and after removing the usual pair of rails (more about that later) we came on into town, a happy, tired, older and headachy crowd, but no wiser. Now a tribute to those two hundred women all perfectly sober and well behaved, in sharp contrast to the big per cent of alcohol-soaked stiffs, (their husbands and sweethearts) even now I sometimes think, and blame the women not too much for selecting a pekeneese, instead of a boozehound for a life companion.

A Ghost Town To Be

This is a story of Monarch in one day of its thirteen years of glory, and now we reach the national presidential campaign and the election of Grover Cleveland. Currents of doubt are in the air, so in the early part of 1893 the government stops purchasing silver; the Madonna, Eclipse and Silent Friend mines closed down, and now comes the exodus from the soon-to-be ghost town of Monarch and The Last Train Out.

The Last Train Out

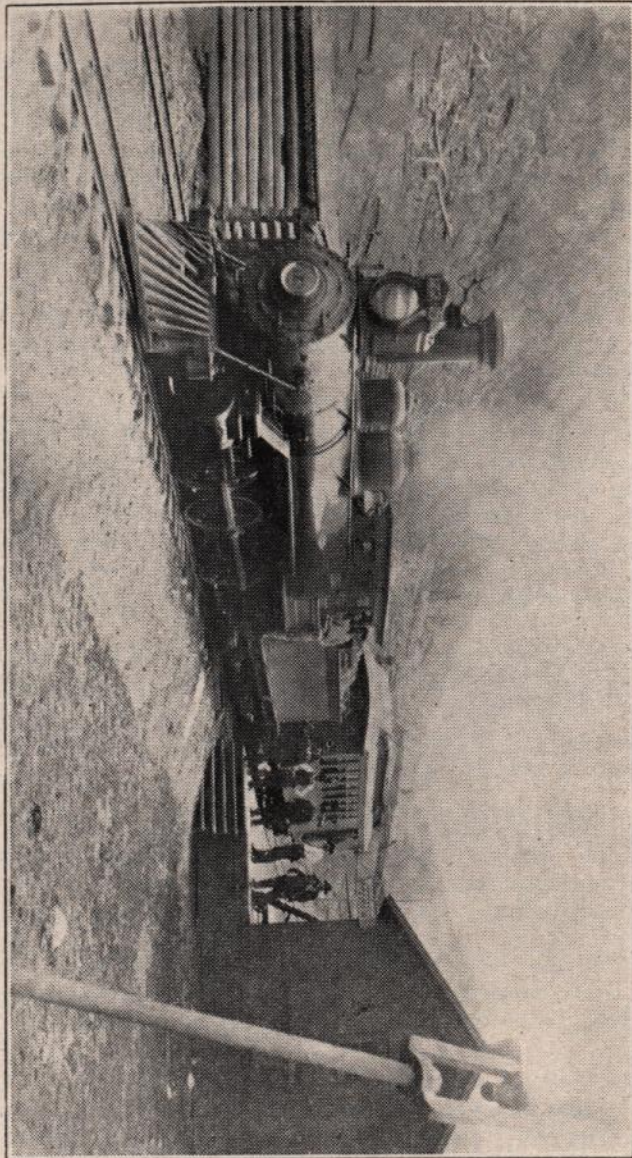
So memory again takes me back to the year 1893, when the few remaining inhabitants of the once booming town of Monarch (Chaffee City), stood on the station platform as the last train pulled out, bearing away any and all that had the price of a ticket or a place to go.

Spirits Are Low

We stood in woeful silence beside and inside the little old red depot, and were not ashamed to shed a tear as we passed a word of cheer with our last goodbye, and then as the little old train passed down the grade, across the bridge and around the bend we sang in unison the old familiar song, "I saw the train go 'round the bend, goodbye, my lover, goodbye; 'twas loaded down with women and men. goodbye my lover, goodbye, bye baby bye, O, bye baby bye, O, bye baby bye! O. goodbye my lover, goodbye.

Songs Everybody Knew

The song, even then an old song, contained but a few simple words, but the tune was known by everybody, and we sang it with much gusto on this fitting occasion. To all it meant more than just a train leaving town, for it was the one connecting link between us and civilization, and that particular train meant the parting of wives and husbands, hopes and desires, while to me it left a vacant feeling, for inside that coach went Mabel.



Old D. & R. G. No. 173, and the last train out of Monarch (Chaffee City) in the panicky year of 1893.

CHAFFEE CITY (MONARCH) IN ITS GLORY

A Broken Tryst

We plighted our troth, and promised come weal or woe that sometime, somewhere we should meet again, and in the interim letters should pass to and fro with frequency. She promised faithfully to do this and so did I; in fact a few letters were exchanged, but later being faced with the choice of buying stamps (then only two cents), or buying bread, we chose the latter as the craving for food was even then greater than the craving for love; so the letters became fewer and fewer, finally ceasing altogether, proving true the old adage that to be out of sight you were out of mind, and the last I heard of Mabel was being one of the moving spirits in the Klondyke gold rush.

Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind

He who loves and runs away, lives to love another day, and I am sure whomever may be concerned will consider this and remember that it all happened in the good old days, and while the love for Stella, Lilly, Dotty, Agnes, Loucille, Amelia, Flora, Alice, Annie, Louise, and a few others, proved to be but passing infatuations, it was great fun while it lasted, and furnished the experience to know real love when it finally came along.

A Changed World

So passed the glory of Monarch, Don Valdez and his old mule furnished the sole means of transportation and communication and every so often we would get news through him of the doings in the outside world. Don and John Chabonier looked after the Madonna mine, keeping the tunnels and stopes in workable shape, thinking that every day it would open again. Well, it did open with the two old sourdoughs as the whole force, and did get back to a healthy production but never reached its former glory.

A City Disappears

Yes, panic was abroad throughout the land as winter came on and the survivors in the abandoned town began tearing down the buildings, one by one, for fuel. The Palace of Pleasure, the Miners' Exchange, Arcade, Last Chance, Eureka Dance Hall, and the Welcome Hotel disappeared, roof by roof, wall by wall, and well I remember the fancy bars and fixtures standing exposed to the weather and storms, and one so inclined could play a game of pool or billiards any time on the bare floor with but the sky for a ceiling.

CHAFFEE CITY (MONARCH) IN ITS GLORY

Medicine But No Doctor

Compounds were still in evidence in the deserted drug store, while articles of apparel were scattered about on the general store shelves. For several years the few straggling Arkansaw travellers with half-starved, skinny horses and prairie schooners, stopped and outfitted themselves (free of cost), with a pair of shoes, and other wearing necessities, including calico for the women, and believe it or not, they took only what they needed, leaving plenty for travellers who might come later. A fair question to ask is why didn't they move the stock? Why, bless your souls, nothing was worth the transportation cost, and could not be sold for a dime in Salida or elsewhere. Truly the City faced gloomy future with the two-legged and four-legged rats in complete control. Board by board, this old ghost town of the yesterday faded away, and a few years later a snowslide came along finishing the wreck, causing the death of several old citizens, including Steve Skinner who, with his partner, Henry Thomas, braved the goldrush of the Klondyke. Henry succumbing to the grim reaper on top of White River Pass, while Steve lived to return to the old stamping grounds, and there to be killed by a simple snowslide that he, for so many years, had defied.

A Collection Of Antiques

On one occasion I visited my old friend Jessie Smallwood along the old stage road. Reaching the portal of the tunnel I could hear emanating from far back in the bowels of the ground the strains of music, and walking through pitch darkness toward the breast, here at a cross-cut I found Jessie seated, pumping and playing with great feeling, what he called an old familiar tune on the organ, the vintage of the year '65, and looking about me saw several more (many fancy) and numerous other fine pieces of furniture and utensils, that had been left on the floors of residences after the walls and roofs were torn away. It was no crime to take them, for at that time they weren't worth a nickel. For several years after the exodus, old Jessie could sell you anything from a billiard table, saloon bars, candeliers, sewing machines, coffins, and tombstones, and any kind of household fixtures, including your choice from dozens of baby buggies.

Buried Treasure

Even today in that caved tunnel, there are no doubt, far back in that underground museum, many antiquated treasures of great value, that are soon to be covered deep by the new highway grade, and forever hid from the sight of man.

CHAFFEE CITY (MONARCH) IN ITS GLORY

Where Solitude Abides

No more in this city of solitude we hear the shout and the laughter of children, the puffing of the engines and the screeching of brakes as the twenty cars of ore are daily let down the grade. No more hear the shunting and switching of the ore cars, the noise of the long car tram and the tramping of 500 men over the old board walks. A city of 2,000 souls yesterday—today a city of blasted hopes and devastation.

No Down Hills Going Up Valleys

An interesting story was always told of the steep railroad grade, with only straight air for brakes. Each day the sliding wheels would move the track inch by inch from Monarch down, and when the slow-moving train finally reached Poncha town, they must unbolt one pair of rails and lay aside, before we could switch to the main line, and finish the ride. Each morning on the paddie car behind the train, the rails were loaded up and bolted to the track at Monarch again.

Travelers Were Few

Only a few travelers came or attempted to follow over the pass; no one could stay on the washed out road or keep in the driver's seat, without someone riding a boompole on the wagon to keep it right side up.

Either Feast or Famine

Truly I think what fools we humans be; here today we enjoy a feast of plenty and yet bring on hunger and famine tomorrow, this all happening in a land of natural wealth and rich resources.

Memories More Sad Than Glad

My steps were sad as I wandered up and down the mile-long street, and in fancy I recall familiar faces that once passed that way, I pause at the crumbling stone foundation of the old Gott homestead and memory takes me back more than fifty years, when one lone, brave woman with a leveled sixshooter halted the bloodthirsty mob dragging Peg Leg Wilson to his death. She won her point but too late, as the victim had already passed on down the sunset trail. The act itself was a blot on the City and a disgrace to the many decent citizens that abided there, The happenings of yesterday are but memories today, while the visions of today are often realities of tomorrow.

CHAFFEE CITY (MONARCH) IN ITS GLORY

Memories Only Survive

I lament the passing of the good old days, I yearn still more for old customs that are forgotten, I grieve at the dearth of modest maidens, over whose unadulterated kisses real he men fought.

OLD DAYS, THE BETTER DAYS

'Tis but the rantings of a sour old Hermit,
'Tis but recalling dreams long, long forgot,
'Tis but memorys that bring back yearnings
Of a life once lived in this hallowed spot.

In old Chaffee City (Monarch) I met Lucille,
I was young, and she was the age of twenty-one
She promised to wait until a big man I'd be—
Years pass slowly, the race could not be won.

Then along came the Sheriff, bad cess to him,
Sombbrero, Prince Albert, diamond stud he wore;
Feted and praised, her head he turned askew,
Another romance shattered, and free once more.

I have her picture hid away in memory's cell,
Smiling blue eyes, curls reaching to the waist,
Sparkling jewels hang from those dainty ears,
A gorgeous bustle, appealing to men of taste.

Yes, 'twas but another passing infatuation,
But the picture I'll most carefully put away,
When reminiscing 'twill come again to light,
As I dream of love lost in those yesterdays.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

The Old Gulch Mine Of Silver and Gold

The outcropping of the vein was discovered in a deep gulch, hence the name GULCH MINE was a symbol of the location, rather than being a paramount thought emanating from the locator's mind. It had been said you could read a prospector's character by the name he gave his mine, but in this case it would not apply.

A Moment To Initiative

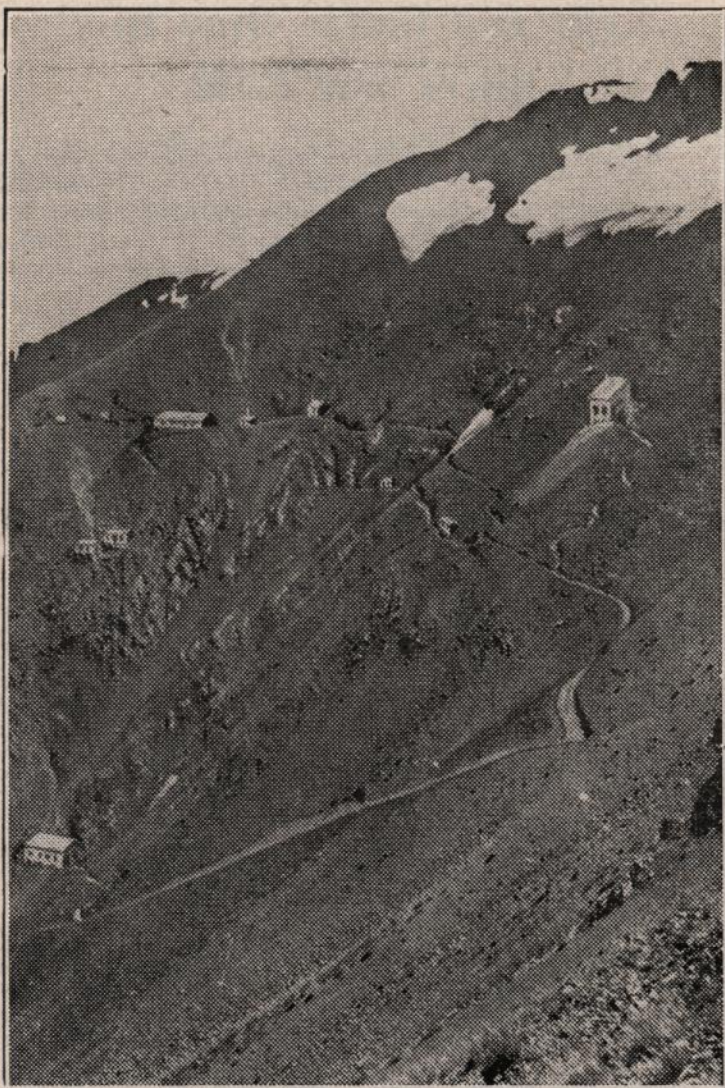
The mine now stands deserted, time and the elements have nearly erased the efforts of man. The ice-filled stopes, drifts, shafts and caved tunnels are but reminders that once upon a time miners passed that way. The locator, Ralph Walden, has long since been forgotten and if it were not for our County Records, the world today would never know that such a man existed. The watchchain he once sported, made of gold nuggets extracted from the Gulch Mine, was the envy of every man in the district.

The Search For Buried Treasure

Nature seems to have placed its wealth of gold and silver in most inaccessible places and it sure does defy the nerve, ingenuity and strength of man to disgorge them. The mine itself lies on the north slope of Clover Mountain, forming and being a part of the great Continental Divide. Winters sun never shines on the place, the wind is never at peace, it shrieks and roars by at a 75-mile pace. The pebbles break through the windows and disturb your rest, like the rat-a-tat-tat, from a machine gun nest. The wind retreats after each assault with a sigh and moan, then back again with a vengeance to claim its own.

Where Illusions Lie Buried

In great vaults in the hills of Kentucky lies most of the gold and silver of the world; to be sure it must be guarded forever by soldiers of the realm, yet there in the Gulch Mine lies the wealth of Cressus, safely guarded, not by men at a tremendous cost, but by nature's almost impregnable walls of stone, and unlike the folly of men that buy and bury the people's talents (gold and silver), this wealth is already buried and can be extracted just as needed. So, in this spot high on the rocky cliffs, a supreme power deposited for the benefit of man great riches of silver and gold, and demanded in return that only by the sweat from labours' brow shall all that wealth be extracted. Now here among the mountains of the glamorous, alluring Gold and Silver West, we will, from time to time, extract enough of the glitter-



The Gulch Mine—A-top the Continental Divide

THE OLD GULCH MINE OF SILVER AND GOLD

ing metal to supply all Nations with honest coin, with that inspirational and spiritual phrase, "In God We Trust" stamped on each coin to prove its genuineness.

The Miner God's Banker

The miner is much like the bank teller, but different. He in fact, creates and handles all the money (in the crude), yet none of it belongs to him unless perchance he might and often does act both as miner and owner. There is a great difference between the poker player gambler and banker. It is true they all work hard in exchanging dollars, but unless these dollars represent or creat substance, it is but lost time and effort at most, while the miner, a gambler against nature's vicissitudes, creates both labor and an increasingly number of dallars, which of course represents additional subbstance.

A Prison Without Bars

The mine was a prison in fact for forty men at times, all cooped together and crowded in a 16 by 30-foot cabin room, impossible to escape nature's destroying forces awaiting its victims just outside the door, except by adhering to that old rule: all for one, and one for all. No man today can realize the hardships endured by the miners, jacktrain drivers and teamsters that faced the raging winter blizzards, when the temperature sometimes reached 40 degrees below zero. Like the prisoners in the mines at Siberia, we too, were digging and delving in ice-bound mines of Colorado; but unlike the prisoners there, we had no man-made bars between us and the outside world, and let it be known the Continental Divide at this elevation of 13,500 feet, is eternally frozen to a depth of 200 feet and more.

Real Men Take A Chance

The tragedies of the trails and in mines were depressing and I can remember that oft repeated warning, never to sit down and rest as this was a fatal act. It has been said and true, that freezing was an easy way to die, proven by the fact that in most every case the victims, when dug from the snowbanks and slides, always had a smile of content on their faces. Yes, memory takes me back and I recall those never changing menus that we thought fit for Kings, stewed dry apples, sowbelly and saltside. In the winter plenty of frozen beef, (in the summer none) coffee as black as tar, and boiled down until not a vistage of strength remained in the grounds. The above with the usual doughgods, including the old reliable whistleberries (beans) constituted the regular rations.

Rules Must Be Obeyed

You may believe there were set rules and regulations and manners that must be observed to the letter, particularly when

THE OLD GULCH MINE OF SILVER AND GOLD

you must consider thirty-nine other men's likes and dislikes. One outstanding crime ranking above all others, was the unpardonable sin of permitting, intentionable or otherwise, asleep or awake, the muffler or loud explosive blasts of whistleberries. At the first boom, thirty-nine men raised from their bunk on elbows, with ears attuned, at the second barrage thirty-nine men hit the floor, at the third salvo thirty-nine men took the guilty atmosphere contaminator, blankets and all and without ceremony or mercy, tossed him over the dump amid deep drifts of snow. It was a sure cure, but the act seemed inhumane to me and my friend, Baldy Volke, says to 'ell with such a pack of onery skunks; I'll live a free man or die, and forthwith hied himself, bed and all to a safe place in the 40 below zero orehouse.

Gravity Reversed

As far as I know this is the only place where gravity reverses itself, and works upward instead of downward, due to some invisible centrifugal vacuum like phenomena. Dishwater must be thrown uphill, snow, rain and dirt falls uphill, and even in exercising the necessary habit of effusion, all efforts must be directed upward toward the mountain top; any attempt to vary this rule will result in having the substance, like a boomerang, return with great force and smite one right in the face.

A Battle Without Victory

An event worth recording was THE BATTLE OF THE TRAILS, between Irish Jimmy and his gang on one side and Hank Zilhaver and his gang on the other, and woe be the innocent bystander that would try to run that gauntlet, and so as I headed the jackasses up the trail and reached the junction, the pling, pling of rifle bullets as they struck the rocks, distracted my attention. Looking high on the mountain side for the cause, a stentorian voice says: "Who goes there," and I saw facing each other 30 yards apart, behind a rampart of rocks, groups of stern visaged men, but with the assurance that I was not delivering anything to either beligerent, but to a mine on the other side of the Divide, I was allowed to proceed on my way. Well, experience had always taught me that the bystander generally gets shot, and I thought of that angle and did not really feel safe until I was out of rifle shot. The battle waged about a week and was finally arbitrated, as all matters of conflict should be. Curiosity leads my footsteps to those old forts and sure enough there I find evidence of the Battle of The Trails, in the shape of old, rusty, empty gun shells, but the battlers that

THE OLD GULCH MINE OF SILVER AND GOLD

were, have long ago passed down the disputed trail for the last time, and have gone on and on and over the great divide.

Scenes That Seldom Recur

Today as I stand on the dump of the Old Gulch Mine, the clouds are hanging low, forming crested white waves, level like a sea that reaches far across and just below the tip of Aetnas Peak. It seems so real that one feels he might take a canoe and paddle or drift to the other side, 3,000 feet above the valley below; truly it should have been pictured as I have only seen the phenomena twice in a lifetime. The clouds finally break and as I look down the mountain I see the myriads of nearly obliterated trails and memory recalls the names of many old timers (salt of the earth), that once traveled over them. Foot by foot my eyes follow along one certain mountain trail and now it stops at the Ajax Mine where I see the evidence and a few reminders of what was once a home for Peewee Tucker, a 250-pound giant, and his family.

Sufficient Unto Themselves

I remember the self sufficiency of those individuals, each one on their own resources and life hung on a slender thread at times. I recollect again in those days home was where the man worked; it might be atop of a mountain peak, in the valley below, or alongside a city street. So here at this spot under great stress a new life came into being and well I visualize the scene and turn back memory's pages, and again follow these soldiers of chance during one hard winter of the 80's, as they climb up and over those crooked trails, the men and their consorts, inseperable even to the end, be it bitter or sweet.

Snow, Nothing But Snow

The snows had covered deep the valley, with no connections with the outside world except by snowshoe. The horse doctor from the city below had advised Mrs. Tucker the event was not so close at hand, and here he made an error, but with a few instructions to the Mr. (half understood) as to what to do in an emergency, the matter was closed for the time being. But before he had hardly passed out of sight the emergency had arrived and she dropped off into a state of coma. Yes, there were forty willing hands on the mountain 13,500 feet above sea level (available medicine — castor oil and salts), but they were there to do the best they knew, which wasn't much. The woman, helpless in advising, the husband generally useless in emergencies, we placed, on someone's suggestion, two hot bricks on her belly,

THE OLD GULCH MINE OF SILVER AND GOLD

and they must have been red hot, for we soon discovered we had in reality roasted spaces of flesh the size of piepans right off that unconscious woman. The climax came when word passed around that said husband was instructed to perform, otherwise catheterize the patient, but husband like he was unequal to the occasion, so passed the responsibility to the watchers on my shift, the task was finally delegated to me but believe it or not, regardless of the urgency, or whether that operation meant life or death, 'twas not for me to perform, for I knew just about as much in reference to that operation than as I do now, and that is nothing.

No Doctor On The Mountain

So we watched with great sympathy and not much help, that women moaning and groaning with no power within our knowledge to ease the situation. Well, in spite of all the kind intentions and much abuse, with the aid of old George Chinn, a mid-husband of some experience, that mother came from under that spell and 'twas not long until Peewee was the father of a healthy baby boy.

As far as I know he is still living and I trust when the census man comes around and asks where you were born, he will answer atop of Clover Mountain, and a monument is still there to mark the spot.

The Spirit Of Venture Is Dead

It sure gets me down to think how soft the present generation is today. Why that event would now require two doctors, a bevy of nurses, several trips in and out, and occupation of a hospital bed, and in the end it would be just another pusillanimous specimen of humanity. What else could you expect of a little 28-size midget of a mother?

Yearning For Things That Are Past

Well, this was a touch of life in the past, and I find that great strong men are but overgrown babies after all. They love to be mothered, and on a woman's bosom cry, with weary head in woman's lap they sigh, as soft fingers stroke their hair (if any), asking not the reason why.

Tis But Wishful Thinking

Well, today this is only wishful thinking; there are no ample bosoms on the modern 100-pound, streamlined, masculine, aping female on which to cry; there are no soft cushiony, shapely limbs to provide an expansive lap on which to rest and sigh, so we resign our right to a poodle (a dog by any name), bewail our loss but wonder at the reason why.

THE OLD GULCH MINE OF SILVER AND GOLD

Love Of Ideals Do Survive

Well, I loved them as they were, never again as they are. I had been taught that women were akin to the angels, and still believing in that illusion, even while they were discarding their feminine apparel, piece by piece, I looked on with amazement as this mysterious creature was being transformed into an undraped statue, and bewailed that I had been born thirty years too soon, but now that I have seen her in all her imperfections, truly my illusions have been destroyed and I feel that I was born thirty years too late.

A Christmas Of Gloom

I remember once again the fatal Christmas eve of fifty years ago, when the force all came down except one faithful soul who elected to work one more day, for \$3.00, just so the kiddies could have a better holiday. Now when Christmas came in bright and clear, and John Whittington, as per promise, did not appear, back up the mountain we climb to relieve our old pal from the slide that came on Xmas day.

An Oft Told Tale

When we reached Camp Summit it needed but a glance to tell the tale. Not a sign of the cabins or other buildings remained. Willing hands with shovels soon found our friend asleep in his bunk, the time, as recorded by the clock crushed in his skull, was 8:00 P. M. Christmas eve. Well, in fate decrees that one must die, what better way than to pass from a natural sleep into the eternal sleep of peace

Not Always Heartless

Corporations have no heart or soul, they say, yet I have known cases where they use every man on the mine at a cost of a thousand dollars a day, to recover one body that was buried in the snowslides of the yesterdays.

Not For Us To Question Why

God works in His mysterious way; for instance, if we had stayed on the mountain one more day, someone else would need tell the story, as thirty-nine men would have been taken away. With the cabins all gone and no place in which to stay, the mine

THE OLD GULCH MINE OF SILVER AND GOLD

has been idle since that long ago holiday. One feeble attempt to reopen the mine by the writer brought a rich reward of a quarter beef, bacon, canned milk and vegetables, including butter, that had been buried in an ice-filled drift, still edible and in a perfect state of preservation after fifty years of time.

One amusing instance of those long-ago days as I recall
Was when the 300-pound cook came to camp, late in the fall,
With effort we managed to get to the foot of the slide
With mules and bobsled, but not another foot would she ride.

We devised a plan with windlass, cable, belt around her waist
We hoisted the best cook I ever saw, 600 feet up to the place
When Xmas came the lovable creature miners would not desert
And celebrated the holiday event for all they were worth.

Old John Thing, with the mouth organ, and his fiddle and bow
With the wind outside howling, and the weather was 40 below,
This wonderful cookie was crowned queen, belle of the ball.
With aprons on some of the men, happy Irish Jimmy to call.

We danced all night, feasted on biscuits, bacon, a little gin;
In the morning some had a headache, and the rest were all in;
If you City softies, pink tea women and men, would again see
What excells Switzerland's trails and life as it used to be.

Climb up that bleak and barren, steep, deserted mountain side
There you'll now find what's left, after the big snowslide,
You'll see a rotting floor, that was kept so neat and clean,
And see the once polished stove, now smashed to smithereens.

Then you'll see the rusty lock and hinges on the tunnel door
And see at a glance that 'twill never be needed no more,
For nature's forces has closed, the Gulch Mine treasure chest
Defying feint hearted, timid men, any of its riches to wrest.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

The Delta-ites Sufficient Unto Themselves

Yes, sufficient unto themselves in all things, as the members of the McCarthy gang found out to their sorrow, when on one memorable day in 1893 they made an attempt to rob the Farmers and Merchants bank of this little self sufficient community, that lies far away to the Southwest on the banks of the turbulent Uncompahgre river.

The wages of sin is death, as evidenced by the picture of two of the robbers standing braced upright against the side of a building (the side walls themselves riddled with bullets by the vengeance of the mob) posing for their last photo, and to serve as a warning against any further attempts in this line, and thus far the example has served its purpose well.

Was This The Garden Of Eden

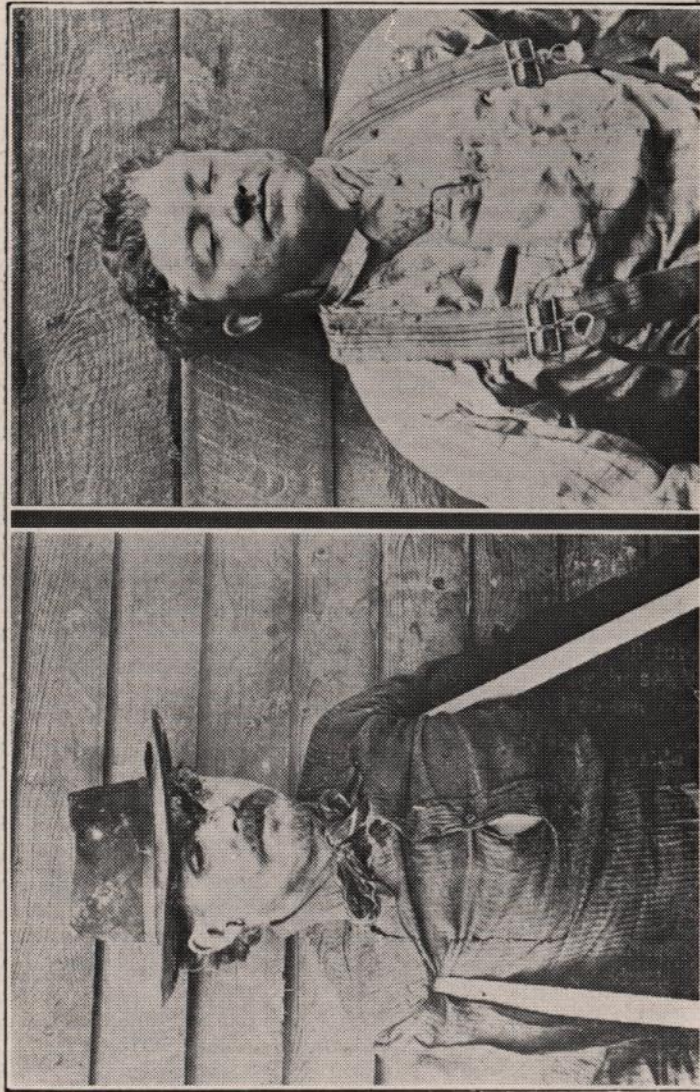
So in this valley of the Delta-ites (where they claim, and I think truthfully, they can build a fence around themselves, sever contact with the outside world, and live in luxury) there came away back in the '70's a few hardy trappers, and admitted, they did on numerous occasions cavort around with the dusky Ute Indian maids, and did learn to sing the old Indian love songs beside the waterfalls, and they did settle down and marry (according to Indian rites) and it was considered respectable to be called a squaw man at the time. They did multiply and form a colony along the banks of the Uncompahgre and live happily ever after.

Love Comes To The Brave

A few hardy adventures later dared travel the Blue and Black Mesa and after many perilous escapes along the rim of the Lost Black Canon, they did succeed in reaching this Eutopia. Soon they too were intermingling with the squaw men. Indian wives and halfbreed maidens, this new additional taint of white blood bringing forth a sturdy set of pioneers, six feet tall men and a strong streamlined race of women, perfect except for two slight growths, or protruding bumps along the bust line (either natural or padded) with a form straight, hipless and curveless, with well rounded, conical-shaped limbs (legs to you moderns), surely as perfect a specimen of womanhood as one would wish to see, (with exceptions aforesaid), yet a joy to behold for modern men, those with flitting eyes (modesty forbids me a peek).

Trails Of Steel

As time goes on, we now find the little old narrow gauge,



Delta Bank Robbery, 1893, and the fate of two of the holdups

THE DELTA-ITES SUFFICIENT UNTO THEMSELVES

dubbed the baby railroad of the Denver and Rio Grande moving westward to open to the world a new empire, and while this venture was looked on with suspicion by the natives, we were allowed to proceed thru the Delta-ites valley. In spite of careful watching, some of those railroad renegades did break into and mix with these self sufficient people, thereby creating a new generation still more Aryan in features.

So today we find them far from the copper color Indian hue, but rather of a tint or combination between the bronze and olive, but I would, in simple language describe it as a perfect peaches and cream complexion, with a tinge of strawberry red on lips and cheek bones.

Smiles Are Repressed

Yes a peculiar people, Quaker-like in their habits and demeanor to the point of stoicism. I remember when jovial Tom Gassoway, a friend, settled in the valley and later was married (to one of these self-sufficient dames). I went to visit him in the land of Eden, grabbed his hand in the good old way and said, "Boy, oh boy, I'm sure glad to see you."

Well he seemed to have settled in what I thought a state of coma, thoroughly inoculated with that repressed self-sufficiency Delta-ite feeling. His hand had lost that spontaneous hearty grip, and his eyes, that eager look, so common to us wild oat sowers in the good old days. I was still nonplussed, wondering about the change, when his wife stepped in the office with that holier than thou look, on a beautiful olive complexioned face, and while a dimple was plainly visible in the background, a smile was not allowed to bring it out in its first beauty.

I laid this perhaps to embarrassment on this our first introduction, then came the three little Gassoways with the same look of superiority or aloofness, so I knew it was a permanent stocial expression, inherited from those old Ute warriors.

Satisfied A Plenty

Strange it was by no means a timid or hang dog look, as we would describe it in our hurry up city life, and neither was it the look of a defeatist, so I figured it was just a high and lofty air put on just to impress or discourage us commoners, who would invade the sanctity of their domain. I could see the futility of even thinking we pagans might meet a welcome in this Paradise, the land of everything.

A World Unto Themselves

Yes, a sufficiency in growing their own beets and mill to grind them into sugar, coal to heat their houses and run the

THE DELTA-ITES SUFFICIENT UNTO THEMSELVES

factories. A world of trees with sawmills to make them into lumber, all kinds of fruits and vegetables, with canning factory to care for surplus, meaty birds from ducks to turkeys, to supply eggs and feathers for ticks and pillows. Hogs for pork chops, lard and pig skin gloves. Cattle for T-bone steaks, milk, butter and hides for shoes. Sheep for mutton stew and wool.

There are still many old spinning wheels and looms in evidence, and a few cobblers still hold the fort as in the olden time, but adopting a few modern ways, they do send their hides and wool to Utah, with a trade of three pounds of wool and hides, for one pound of cloth and shoes—reciprocity it could be called.

Yes, honesty exemplified to the 99th degree with outsiders, even most of their home trading is a trade and barter affair with no loss, and if on the day of Jubilee (balance day) occasion demands a little money they bring out the shiny gold and silver coin, and when I say bright, I mean just that, for a housewife's first duty in Delta-ina is to keep their money just as brightly polished as the household silver.

Gold That Franklin Never Found

The story is told that when Franklin called in the golden money, they all rushed post haste to the bank and drew out their gold coin, burying it in the back yards.

"Well, I'm for them," had they not labored hard in those San Juan mountains, and with their own hands, had at odd times dug the metal from the mines, sending it to the mint and returning it back to them, in pure shiny gold and silver coin.

Real Democracy, Or Is It

It has been said that this modern self-sufficient valley, sends a few of its brainiest boys and girls to Western State College, and even while there following their usual sufficient unto themselves custom, huddle up in a couple two-room apartments, accept no dates from the pagan outsiders (no in-deedy), then after four years of study return to Delta-ina, serve as teachers for six years, and allowed to marry after this period of probation.

Love Making On The Quiet

It is common knowledge that there is no love making among the Delta-ites, and as for osculation the word is seldom heard and the act itself never executed. But there must be a secret language of the eyes that is used when Jack meets Jill, for an old lady (a hotel proprietor) waxing confidentially, says moonlight and roses mean nothing in this self sufficient

THE DELTA-ITES SUFFICIENT UNTO THEMSELVES

valley as far as romance is concerned, but love must find a way somehow, as evidenced by the healthy birth rate, and there is another unwritten law that childless couples are social outcasts, ignored by all and finally leave this valley of content for other climes.

White Lights Hold No Allure

In Delta-ina there is and always has been an entire black-out after 9 p. m., and clocks themselves are of little use. Work hours stretch from dawn 'til dark, and as we all know, tired men and women are always peaceable, home loving and contented humans.

No Exposures Here

Yes, in this land of no pretense, the ornate colors of the rainbow are missing in dress, only the grey, drab and black in the winter time, and in summer just plain white (all wool at that) but outside of the shortened skirts they have aped from the tourists (the limbs themselves fully encased in stockings), they do represent purity akin to the angels, as we old timers were taught to believe all women were, in the good old days.

Explorers Venture Forth Again

Every now and then some brave adventurer dares the danger of the trails across the Blue and Black Mesa, and if they escape tumbling in the mighty chasm and crossing the deep gorge, they are carefully scrutinized and questioned by the Port of Entry Patrol, and I doubt if any could now enter this Eden permanently, much less marry into the family circle.

Guests Are Welcome, Or Are They

Yes, they will allow you to visit the valley as a guest, and accepting the invitation and feeling somewhat thirsty, I entered a tavern there (booze dumps elsewhere). The maid dressed in the natty customary uniform of drab, says in a polite way, with the usual curtsy (obsolete in Pagan land) "coffee sir." I says beer please. "We have a new brew of tea." I says beer please. "Try some of our nice fresh milk and buttermilk," says she. I says just a beer please! So under protest and very reluctantly, she finally gave me a glass of beer with the admonition that they are there to discourage the use of strong drink, which proves they also are superior to us Pagans in the matter of good habits and manners.

Conscience Is Their Guide

I had heard much to the credit of this valley of the Un-compahgre and its people, that it was the most law-abiding town and community in the State of Colorado, so much so, that even today the jails are empty of all except perhaps some

THE DELTA-ITES SUFFICIENT UNTO THEMSELVES

interloper from the outside, who was caught trying to crash through the gates into Eden, and thus start to disrupt its quiet and puritanic atmosphere.

Crime Never Glorified

I can vouch for the statement that the Delta-ites are thoroughly puritanized for while there, and through some mistake, the picture of Jesse and Frank James appeared at the movie, not a hand clap, whistle or other applause was heard proving that criminality was not to be glamourized or heroized here, as they themselves at one time dishonored and massacred robbers that were active in that profession. Their lack of humor was, I thought pitiful, when Snow White came on later, and as you know has some comedy moments. Well, believe it or not, I was the only one laughing out loud, and when I saw those looks of consternation and disapproval, I felt properly subdued and knew for sure their Quaker training was with them every moment, day and night.

Progress Not At The Price of Content

Well, it just goes to show how darn contented these people are with their self sufficiency, nothing moves them, either comedy or tragedy. Just so satisfied with themselves that nothing from the outside arouses their ire or laughter.

Well, I found the same thing at church. Beautiful singing in that don't dare a smile tone of voice, and as the preacher shook my hand and said, "welcome, brother" (with a "will be glad when you're gone" expression), I could feel thoroughly chilled and suppressed, and knew that all emotion was for the time being carefully guarded in this valley of content, and yet I wondered if on the departure of the Pagans from the outside world, if in the dark of the night they did assemble, laugh and smile awhile, and if mirth (like the dance of the dolls) really did break out forthwith, and joy was loud, long and unconfined.

Modernity And Simplicity Join Hands

Well, progress may come and happiness may go, but believe me that sufficiency does exist in all things in this valley of Eutopia (and I envy them), but perhaps it will not go on forever, and pessimist that I am, I think I have found the antithesis to sufficiency, and that is deficiency in the matter of pride in the fact that they have within their border, the eighth wonder of the world. The Lost Black Canon, and in their happy thought selfish state of mind, they seemingly care not if the rest of the world views this supreme work of the creator or not.

No this is not an exaggeration of the resources of the

THE DELTA-ITES SUFFICIENT UNTO THEMSELVES

Delta-ites, just a story of a people with emotions so controlled, they know Paradise when they have it, and you who would be allowed to enter there, be prepared to leave sin and folly behind.

Delta—Where day is day, and night is night,
No clocks move ahead, stopping time in flight.
The candles burning not at both ends we know,
In the land of content, where all things grow.

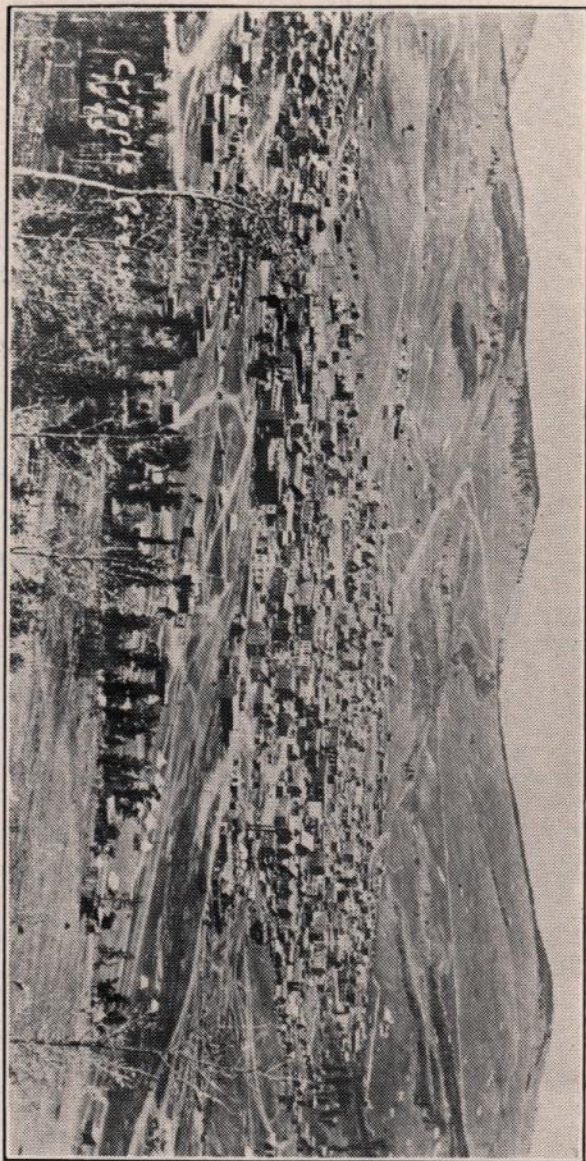
The golden sunlight lingers, and is loth to go,
Rivers like silver ribbons, in the evening glow,
The Gunnison freed from a chasm, dark and deep
From shadows where rays of sunshine never creep.

What care we for the world, its storm and strife,
We live to be living, enjoying a full saner life.
So thought the Aztecs, in the dim dark long ago,
Camped at the Delta, where rivers meet, you know.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

Habite are variable, when fixed and unchangeable—thoughts
of initiative and advancement are dead.

The Golden Crater, Cripple Creek, 1893
Still in it's wild west day of stage coaches and freight wagons.



Cripple Creek or Bust

While the old slogan smeared on the old prairie schooners read: "Pike's Peak or Bust," if they would have just reached across the peak they would have discovered thirty years sooner, the greatest gold camp in the world; not only in production of gold, but everything else that made a boom mining camp famous, and from then on the slogan would have read: "Cripple Creek or Bust."

The Demise Of Silver

So after the assination of silver, and the silver mines had ceased operations, I heard rumors of this district where everything you toched (like Midas) turned to gold. Leaving Junction City a waning boom silver town, I traveled down the Golden Arkansas river arriving at Canon City, the taking-off point for the district, and climbing aboard the old Concord stagecoach at the Fremont Hotel, the driver well fortified with several shots of Old Crow, away we go over the hills to Garden Park as fast as those horses could gallop. The sweat is beginning to run as we fall into a trot and start climbing the old shelf road. If you have never enjoyed the thrill of riding beside the driver, you have indeed missed something, when at no time were you ever on four wheels at the same time, on a one-way mountain road with a drop of hundreds of feet before you — in case we lost a wheel or failed to gain our equilibrium.

Trails Of Yesterday

As we pass up the rutted one-way road, we stop now and then to let the six and eight span of horses, or mules, with freight and ore wagons rattle by, and soon arrive at the half-way station. Here, quicker than I can write about it, we hitched on a new string of horses and were on our way again, diverting from Four-Mile Canyon northward.

Frontiers Still Open

My fellow passengers were prospectors and experts, a professional gambler distinguished by his Prince Albert coat, checkered vest and diamond stud with the usual two guns in holsters, hung on a well-filled ammunition belt; two flashily dressed females, (and from their conversation I knew they were not members of a church choir); and last, but not least, a demure little brown-haired lass accompanied by her father and mother, and by the latter's looks I knew he would not be here long.

An Oasis Along The Way

We arrived at Lawrence and had passed over the divide and were on our way down the gulch toward Arequa, when I heard the loud command to halt, and that command, enforced by a shot through the guard's right shoulder that tumbled him off,

CRIPPLE CREEK OR BUST

then with four more six shooters as persuaders, with the sights directed our way, the driver stopped mighty suddenly and obeyed the order of "off with the Wells Fargo chest of gold and silver coin," and we complied plenty quick, as the leader yanked open the stagecoach door and says, "out with you passengers and up with your hands," we hurriedly obeyed that order, too, all except Slicker Jim, the gambler who, as you must know, had a prestige to uphold as a badman, he attempted to draw as he stepped from the stage and for his effort lost the third and fourth finger from the right hand by a shot from the non-monkey business bandits. Well, in less time than it takes to tell, they frisked me of my watch and \$2.00, got \$200.00 from Slicker and many dollars and jewelry from the others, to a greater or less extent, until they reached that timid little maiden, and after one quick glance the leader said, "instead of taking from you I will give you something to remember me by as long as you may live," and with that he raised the bandanna handkerchief from his face and kissed her smack on the lips and then with a "so long, folks," they were off.

Changing Hands But Never Lost

Perhaps the loss of gold and silver to Wells Fargo amounted to only a few thousand, but what matter when we were taking out millions in crude gold that later came back to us in glittering gold coins.

A Feeling Of Gloom

Well, that incident sobered the bunch up right now, and all were bemoaning the loss, except that girl, and darned if she didn't smile right through. Just give a girl a kiss or a hug and right away she will sacrifice her next week's meal ticket and passport to heaven, then tumble head over heels into romance that would lead to headaches and heartaches—and believe it or not, that fool woman (the subject of this story) did this very thing while waiting for this bandit-hero to come again. But shux, our modern dizzy dames are doing the same thing—just crazy to be some racketeer's moll or gangster's sweetheart. Strange things, these creatures called women. I've been trying to understand them for sixty-five years, so now I'll just have to delegate the task of unravelling the mystery to you modern scientists.

White Lights Attract Human Moths

Soon we could see the bright lights of the city and hear the bands playing as we careened up the highway on two, three and sometimes four wheels, and let me say this about the old stagecoach drivers, drunk or sober, generally drunk: they always got

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you to your destination, but I have thought many times since, it was because the horses had more sense than the drivers.

Music The Devil's Aid

The old-time bands always played music of a quickstep variety and we soon forgot our sad experience, as our feet began to shuffle to the beat of the drums, and believe me, we were soon out of that coach and entering fairyland, and I thought "a heaven on earth" before the horses had really stopped.

Lonely In A Crowd

After milling around with the crowd, I made my way to the Anheiser Busch Hotel, now under the management of one-arm Butch Cassidy. Here, for the first time in my life, I enjoyed the use of a modern bathtub, which both the hotels and barber shops were installing in this new Eldorado, this City of Cripple Creek. I call to mind the installation of the first bathtub in the Anheiser Busch Hotel, that was an event well worth recording which we did in our own uncouth way. So we celebrated the occasion with what we then considered a wild party, (a common event now), the crowning of the Queen of the Bath, (herself a popular entertainer at the Topic Variety Theatre), who was immersed in a generous supply of champagne, bought at the expense of a lucky miner, at \$760.00, consisting of seven cases, and each one who, when in Rome does like the Romans, drank of that sparkling water with concealed reluctance, but outwardly with great satisfaction, but believe it or not, we never, knew until forty-six years later that the mermaid of the champagne episode revealed the fact that she had not taken a bath for two weeks prior to the event. Until then we had looked back on the party as just one of those pleasant, yet crude or vulgar happenings of the good old days that passed for pleasure, but now that the truth is out one feels a little sick mentally, and like the day after the night before, one's stomach can be upset at the reminder.

The Passing Of The Old

Here, the old miners with high boots, mustachios and long whiskers, were giving way to new characters of clean shaves, in fact, this was really where the habits, customs, dress and deportment of the uncouth, rough-and-ready badmen of the good old days were being replaced by the more polished type of gentleman renegade, and here, to my way of thinking, was the last

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of the old Gold and Silver West, and the historical characters that went with it, that would never again be what it used to be, and must adopt itself to a new era and style. Here was the beginning of a new Gold and Silver West, and I say again and again that, unless there is more thought given to using honest coin as money, it will soon revert to just the plain West.

One Colorful Character

Cassidy, on the night of my arrival, was complaining of the dearth in femininity in the growing city, so he and the other proprietors of sporting activities sent an envoy East for recruits, returning later with two carloads of Kansas corn-fed girls, who were enticed hither with rosy promises of easy, high-paid and profitable work in the hotels and beer gardens and other sporting resorts. They did not like the first impression, rebelled, and forthwith filed to the stage station for departure. Here again they forgot the advanced fare, and with gentle, coercive and would-be forceful hands, they were returned to work out their passage. But let it be said, any numbers of the denizens of gaming houses, theatres and dance halls were in principle one-man women, but even as today they were judged by the company they kept, but decency while not much glamourized, was respected, while depravity was much glamourized but not respected, but never the twain did meet on a common footing, in great contrast with today when vice and virtue ape the same manners, the same clothes and intermingle seemingly with no disgrace to either, (or is there?).

Thrills Each Day And Night

Such was life for the unwary in the Gold and Silver West, and within a week they, too, were a part of that life, the women behind the colorful characters that made up the glamour of the rough and ready, wild and woolly West, but strange as it may seem, outside of a few notable feminine characters, the myriad of others dropped into oblivion, their voices unheard, their praises unsung, their part in the building of an empire forgotten—and yet if depravity was to be glorified (and it was with males), they should also have been eulogized as partners in crime, (or was it?).

Law And Order Not Much

Yes, there was law and order—much shooting to be sure, yet brave old Jim Marshal, Chief of Police, with thirteen bullets

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in his body, lived to die a natural death. Cripple Creek by daylight was a sight for all eyes, and veritably there were a million holes and mines on the mountain side. The Almighty must have smiled and bubbled over with generosity when he showered that five-diameter miles so profusely with gold, and at the end of the day's shift hordes of miners filed into the city, and then as night came on there was always great confusion and a babble of voices and activity, so much so that sleep was impossible even if one were inclined, and here like Leadville that day was considered lost, that ended without a fatality. Fools we were, not realizing at the pace we were going the population of the City of the Dead (Pisgah), was growing at a faster rate than Cripple Creek, the City of the Living.

Hours Seem Like Minutes

Those were the happy days, and for six short years it was daytime all the time, with me, and there was no night there (Cy Warman), nobody slept and there was as many people on the streets at 2:00 A. M. as there was at 2:00 P. M.

A Real Gal Of The Gold And Silver West

This is but a preamble to a true story, of a Real Girl of the Gold and Silver West, who, for two long years walked the straight and narrow, just waiting for that onery bandit to show up, so she told me in more than a half serious mood, yet I surmised she was passing time, and as a second choice, wondering if among those thousands of would-be he men, there was just one of fine enough calibre to really appreciate a fine specimen of womanhood like herself. Fools, fools men are (even as I)—they could be excused for not knowing a diamond in the rough, but when it comes to those already polished, one would think they had sense enough to grab it.

Virtue Stands Alone

From time to time I would meet her on the street, head up, determination in every step, her queenly demeanor a protection against any insults, the cynosure of all male eyes, and truly a luscious bite for five thousand lascivious hungry men, and so she was indeed alone in a city of ten thousand souls. Gold, silver, diamonds and silks were hers for the price, yet she often went hungry for bread. Chastity of More Value Than Gold—because she willed to say no, ten thousand times no. The tale has been often told, virtue must carry its own reward and the helping

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hand is generally extended too late, but now at this late date the old survivors of those glamorous days in this City of Gold, honors this maid for what she intended to be, rather than for what she was. Now on that memorable day when her spirit was bruised and resistance broken, she mounted a table at the Palace Bar and Gambling Hall, voicing these words: "There are human wolves" (she called them) "that have desired me without benefit of clergy or marriage vows, and now I offer myself without reservation to the highest bidder."

Virtue Sold To The Highest Bidder

Five thousand men wanted that one lone woman, only one man could have her. The excitement was tense as the bidding started at one thousand, two thousand, three, four, and finally reaching the munificent figure of twenty-five thousand dollars, and in auction parlance she was knocked down and sold to Steve Branta for her actual weight in gold—and so follows the story:



(Author's Note:—The gesture of the band in playing such a rebald funeral march was not with disrespect, but knowing the lady's inner feelings so well, a hymn, "TAKE ME AS I AM," would have been more appropriate to her wishes. The all night's carousal or celebration in her honor, was those uncouth, old timers' (with hearts of gold) way of extending their tribute and well wishes. The closing of all business was evidence of the high esteem in which she was held.)



Man classified the most intelligent yet the most brutal of all the beasts toward the female of the specie.

ANNIE ROONEY

Of course this was not her real name,
The daughter of a father who once came
Too late to Colorado's great camp of gold
Hoping therefrom to gleam, as often told,
Wealth and strength enough to help regain
The health that was lost, before he came.

The father did not tarry long with us
When the reaver called, and go he must,
And leave behind a wife so weary and frail,
With a daughter, the subject of this tale;
And as she grew to fill a woman's place,
The mother too, passed on, her God to face.

This woman now so young, sweet and fair,
I saw her often in the church choir there,
Playing the organ for the service each day;
She new what it meant to kneel and pray,
Yet hoping in vain for the helping hand
To save her from joining satan's hand.

As time rolled on, her hat so shabby and worn,
Her little fur coat so tattered and torn,
The tiny shoes now run down at the heel
With the soles so very thin, she must feel
Winter's chilly blast as she goes tripping by,
This lady so beautiful, timid, dainty and shy.

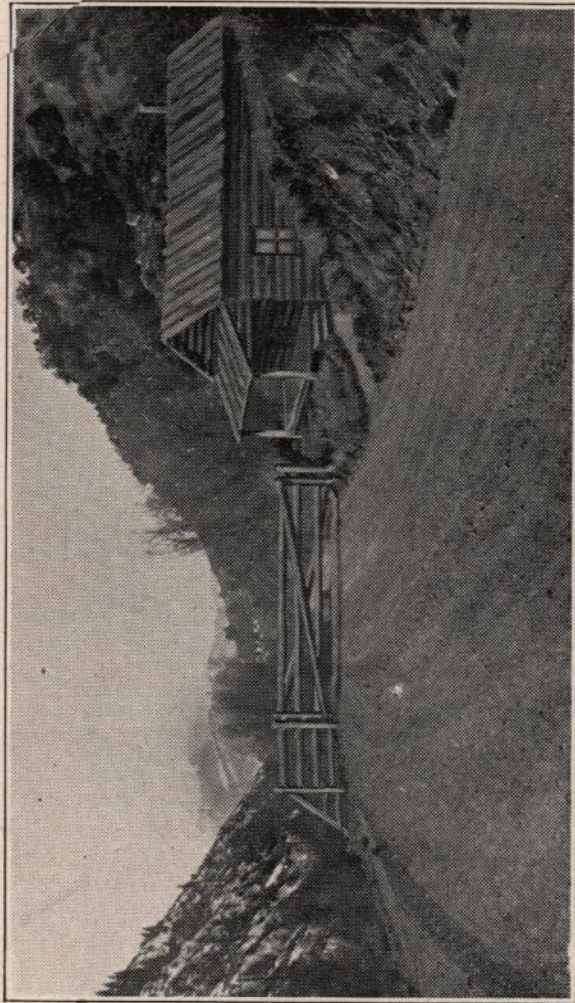
Wolves in sheeps' clothing bidding their time
To be in on the kill, for a morsel so fine;
Men may be kind and generous as they say,
But never forget, women must pay and pay;
With the odds 100 to one, of course she did fall
Into a life of sin, where there is no recall.

When I saw her again, dressed in satin and silk
And fur coat of seal, and a new hat a tilt,
Diamond necklace and pearl earrings she wore,
When all was despair and poverty before
Bought and paid for, for her weight in gold,
Ninety pounds for 25 thousand, a story often told.

Now the Queen of Faro, she looked the part,
Played fast and loose with no man's heart;
She never did see the dirt under her feet,
And fighting mighty hard against defeat:
When the time came to go, she only smiled,
Still with a spirit and soul undefiled.

The mines all closed, and the mills were stilled
The stores locked up and the streets were filled;
The brass band led the funeral march and the parade;
A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN, the tune played;
We buried her alone on the side of the Pisgah Hill,
And there she now rests, quiet, peaceful and still.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.



The last gate closed to free frontiers. No more can government guarantee a full life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, but only our share of these blessings.

A Challenge To Congress

The Hermit, alone, in a hermitage neath the crest of the Rockies, once the land of dreams, now a land of devastation because a Nation dreams no more. Alone in his thoughts, whether walking down Salida's busy streets (underlined with gold). **Alone** in Pueblo, the gateway to the Gold and Silver West. **Alone** in Denver, the capitol of the state, where the Mountains meet plains, the miniature Washington of the West and **alone** in the city of Washington, the capitol of a nation. Yes, a Hermit and alone and just one of the few, free surviving Americans left in America, and by this word free, I mean that never in a lifetime of labor did I buy a job, pay tribute to hold a job, never sold or received a dime, a position or the promise of a position for my vote, never asked Congress for a favor with a blackjack, blacklist or a bludgeon under my coat, in the shape of coercion, intimidation or threats of diverting one, a thousand, or a million votes unless some particular member of Congress gives me, or my group, a special class privilege.

Yes, a lone American wandering up and down Capitol corridors, passing the lobbyists of the subversive groups, the C. I. O.—A. F. of L.—Big Four, American Legion, Civil Service, political, fraternal, military, educational and a thousand other groups, that would sway Congress in legislating for 132 million people, threatening to stab my representative in the back politically, unless they legislate against, and betray the masses. Un-American, un-democratic all, that would and do breed social religious, political, class, race and unfair remunerative distinction.

Yes, the Hermit, a rough hewn product of the West, who finished grade school at 10, passed through the high schools of experience, graduating from the university of hard knocks, feels the arrogancy and thinly veiled slurs emanating from words and action of the technical would-be imperialists. I challenge you technical theorists, errorists and misfits (despite your pig skin diplomas) to debate the monetary, social, economic questions with a practical adaptist, in the light of benefits to 132 million souls.

Where are we going from here? If you congressmen could not answer this question in time of peace, how can you answer in time of war, and I am certain you cannot bring order out of the chaos or displacement that is to come as the aftermath of, or preparedness for wars, unless you, our representatives of a nation, will stare facts in the face, assume your

A CHALLENGE TO CONGRESS

responsibility and act accordingly.

For heaven's and the nation's sake, gentlemen, come out from that state of lethargy and indifference, come from under that dominating force of greed that has lost to you the power of straight thinking, and a true sense of values.

Take the wheel on the ship of state (on which you are pilot) and avoid that rock of military, political, social and technical imperialism, the foe of representative government that is sticking its ugly head above this spending wave.

Be an American, legislate for 132 million people and not for minority high pressure groups and let the chips fall where they may. You congressmen, many of you technical experts (graduates from snobocratic institutions), I challenge you to prove your fitness by your work. The greatest physiognomist bruiser and teeth dislocator, bone crusher and eye youger, pig-skin scramblers, baseball fanatics (in the game or on the bleachers) technicians, scientists and inventors that excel in undermining morale, creating instruments that are 100 per cent efficient in maiming character and destroying human life, has in the final analyst done nothing worth while, to earn awards, medals eulogy or tribute. But on the other hand the worker who toils, the social, political and spiritual leader along with the technician, who has provided man with the substance and the tools for a higher and better standard of living to him we owe great tribute, and to him only should we erect statues in the hall of fame.

So here in my isolation, I sit a lawbreaker and miser, and gloat with greedy eye as I lift and shift through my fingers, the glittering and tinkling gold and silver coins, a miser to be despised, but no more than you congressmen the misers that would and do hoard 22 billion in gold. You, the destroyers of illusion, the father of initiative and confidence, destroying a faith built up through habit on honest money. Godly money, that has been alive for 2600 years, and are you the hoarders and misers of this 22 billion to go scott free, or will retribution overtake and compel you to disgorge and return this gold to a people where it belongs.

So gentlemen, I pass through this land of America, the land of debt, depletion and hypothecation, sit in on the confiscating tax sales that are daily setting the home owner, farmer and business man in the street, this ever-growing debt and extravagant government spending, that is even now eating on the bones of vanishing capital.

Now, right now, before too late, reduce all government

A CHALLENGE TO CONGRESS

salaries 50 per cent, raise your income taxes 100 per cent, reduce your exemptions 10 per cent and then gentlemen, if it takes my last shirt to stay within the budget and current production, you are welcome to it.

Now as to this thing called democracy (a republic in fact) the last remaining hope of a free people, true, I doubt if there be enough wisdom and intelligence in the masses to conduct a real democracy successfully, but through our honest representatives we have built a great Nation. But again it is not the nation of 150 years ago where 13 million people could draw up a bill or rights decreeing to all the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and I would warn you now that our frontiers are closed to free enterprise and opportunity, and that bill of rights must be amended to read, we decree that each and all are entitled only to our share of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and if we do not defend and exercise this change in the constitution, the republic itself will also pass away.

I am still a believer in representative government, and a foe to every damn subversive individual or group that attempts to nullify its purpose, and believe me, gentlemen, this message is not given to you in the spirit of ridicule, but from the heart. I do make reservations and trust you will hereafter legislate for 132 million people and to 'ell with all the subversive groups.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

Modern Women Found Wanting In A Christian World

This is to be a story of women for women, a story of women that were women a thousand years past, two hundred years past, and 60 years ago as I knew them, and now, I scold, chastise and scurrify modern women, because I hate them? "No, never," but only because I love them, and want God to bless them (if he can), and see them once again those saintly, mysterious, modest creatures, exalted of the earth that men (not mere males), paid ever-lasting homage to, and worshipped as angles next to God himself. Like Atlas of old with the world on his shoulders, we had America with its stability, christianity and cultural civilization always depending on those broad, strong, purposeful, and dependable shoulders of women of the old days, and now transferred to the weak, narrow shoulders of the dainty, delicate, fragile, un-dependable modern female of to-day.

Perhaps it is through a hazy mist of memories I draw my conclusions (so you say), memories of that day far, far back, where simplicity, guided by christianity placed the burden of holding up the civilization of America on woman's innate superiority. Those shoulders of the women of the good old days were it is true, supported by those props of womanly virtues, sincerity, modesty, constancy, mystery, and the appeal of exclusiveness so desired by man. For these virtues men fought, worked for, and died, so that their posterity might inherit that kind of woman dominated world. It was these kind of women that gave the Nation its polish, manners, and tolerance that called for willing sacrifice in marriage and loyalty, and a code of behavior where-with mankind prospered, and with the passing of that generation, the modern women gives us immodesty, brazenness, deception, vulgarity and a cheap familiarity, that brings to a close, the hope of a man and Nation to future greatness.

Yes, we find deception at its highest when modern women will shudder at the vulgar display of **one** inch of petticoat showing below a short, much too short and pellucid skirt, yet they will display their entire person before gaping (moranic males) with a guileless indifference, that would have shamed even Diamond Tooth Lil of the indecent varieties of Leadville.

Modern women (with reservations) are thoroughly artificial, calloused and chilled, as far as deep sentiment is concerned, and stand for nothing, not even decency in thoughts, words or action. Men themselves being nothing, and never were in fidelity, (exceptions again), who say they care not for modern maids in-

MODERN WOMEN FOUND WANTING IN A CHRISTIAN WORLD

descretions, certainly prevaricate when they deny wanting perfection in women, or they themselves are bordering on the degenerate side of humanity.

The art of smoking, drinking, allowing a risque familiarity before men and children by women, are not assets in the eyes of any man, nor to the better women themselves, even the males opinion is of no moment in the matter, even if he himself, "always generous inclined toward femininity," avers that she is only playing the part of a good sport and, "so excusable." But in the final reckoning a woman is to be judged by her children, even they in spite of errors, respect, "but they venerate only," that woman (mother) without a flaw, but to give the devil his dues I commend modern women, tobacco fumed, boose saturated, "tho they be," she refuses to feed baby contaminated milk from mother's breast.

I am wondering in the early 90's as I saw the change in women taking place, if I had been born 50 years too soon, and was thus cheated of the sights soon to behold, yet now when I see women in all her imperfections and America going to the dogs because of the change, I wonder if for my own peace of mind and to retain my belief, that women were akin to angels, if I had not been born 50 years too late.

I do not attempt to villify, but rather pity, and yet will chastise women for her deliberate attempt to wreck this Nation by her lack of morals, modesty, mystery and sincerity. Then too, her alibi that modern style and custom demands freedom in sex familiarity and promiscuity, is as deceptive as her claim that a vulgar display of person is not for vanity or glamour, but to show the world what emancipation did give the gentler sex in liberty unrestrained.

They deceive again by showing all their wares emotionally and externally, when mentally, physically and spiritually they have nothing to give of lasting value, not even internal perfection or affection. Sorry was that day, and a sad day for men and the Nation, when we gave American women their franchise. Women are ruled neither by the heart or head, but are victims of whims, caprices, vagaries and a deceptive intuition, and to prove my point, dangle a royal title before her prowling eyes, and many will sell their soul and respect, aye even would marry (and does) a black, brown, yellow, red, white man, pagan or christian to climb the social ladder to fame or glamour, or to acquire a 2-inch headline in the daily press.

Nature made the woman an enigma, and from the cave day

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in the cliffs, on down to the apartment cave day, her sole purpose in life is to preen, pose, pretend, parade and conquer. In the old days the domestic shackles kept her in subjection, but you may believe a little welcome flattery, or a uniform with brass button, silver bar, and gold braid on any man will lure modern maid from cave or fireside, and now that we are to inject them into the army, admiring their own uniform will consume all of their own and the soldiers time, and satisfy for the moment that urge to display self. This will be honor enough to them and sans the hero stuff, even if the war be lost and they never get a chance to shoot the enemy, and win the medal of valor.

This is a story about women by a man who knows all about them, admits he does not fully understand them, no more than they understand themselves. To-day the modern miss of 18 knows more about the wrong things of life, than her grandmother knew at 80. Not for a minute is she to be frustrated in her desires for sex knowledge and experience, and our co-educational institutions are in the main (with exceptions) but proving grounds for the venture. Repressed desires are not for her, and by the science of contraceptives (learned there) she is allowed to live her own life and sin in secret. So as a noted professor of the higher schools of learning once said, his male pupils were not particularly concerned about whether his intended wife had experienced premarital relations or not. As a sower of wild oats (90% of males qualify) his opinion should carry no weight, and while these males are not to be frustrated in their desires either, it is of course only the children suffer, and are to be frustrated in expecting the right to be born of a mother above suspicion.

I wonder why I persist in this lone (some say hopeless) crusade, with so little chance of success. I know women are born actresses and their life is all pretense. The world is their stage and sap men their audience, and they practice the art of putting on a show from babyhood to old age, and even then will flirt with Charon himself and make a show boat out of the barge on the last ride across the river Styx. Yes, women are predatory by nature, and the promise they made us for emancipation, "if we would just let down the bars," "if we would take off the fetters of wife and home ethics, they would of this world, make an Etopia."

So the shackles were unloosed and the stampede was on, first it was the split skirt, then the short and yet shorter skirt, next they aped man's dress in the shape of pants and slacks, then shorts, and now the diaper style comes in vogue. Hells bells,

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and a couple of ding dongs, where do they go from here? Well, the old prospector will tell you the secret, straight on to 'ell.

If not for glamour and attention, why do they add to the prominence of the two protruding bumps at the bust line, and why emphasize the movements of the two (football shape like) rear projections on the hip line, unconscionably (I presume), keeping all four promontories on the quiver with a suggestive movement like the camshaft on a main rod. Yes, the editor can answer the question, but fear silences his voice, but as the great grandfather of two boys and future Americans, I demand that the Charybdis type of women and their whirlpools of danger be eliminated, and that modern women revert back to that old-fashioned queen, that woman who rocked the cradle and ruled the world, and who learned poise, grace and modest demeanor with a balanced book atop the head, instead of a jitterbug under the feet. Yes, we need a future America, we need no doubt army nurses, but far more important in building a Nation, we need more wet nurses and fewer bottle babies.

Alibis are of no avail, we have facts to guide us, and the guilt of the modern miss in not daring to face the child, is the dominant reason for 30% of our childless marriages, but the worth of these childless married and unmarried couples are nill to a Nation, and they should be classified along with the other subversive, unproductive and non-essential elements of society, and great numbers of this type are inhuman enough to love to distraction, cats, dogs and canaries, and would let a baby die for want of food or sympathy.

The story of man's transgression is not new, and would be as uninteresting now as if it had been written 10 thousand years ago. The story of modern women's transgressions could not have been written, one thousand, two hundred or even 60 years ago, when the downfall of woman and Nation really began, or until the time she had rebelled against the double standard, ask for, and accepted man's standard as her own, and on that day real modesty began fading out of the picture. The guilty as always will ignore the definition of modesty, will deny that it leads to depravity, and lay it to the state of mind of the objector, if they so much as criticize woman's dress or behavior.

Again women will parade in the nude and semi-nude with shameless abandon, all done as she says in the cause of art (really egotied vanity), yet she rolls her eyes, sticks up her nose in horror at the mere mention of the nudist doctrine, which is but one step farther than her own, in the display of nudity. Believe the

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Old Prospector, with so much exposure, women lost that appeal of mystery, and she lost real men's interest. Men as I have known them waited patiently, worked and loved from 1 to 30 years before capturing that elusive virtuous woman, that prize was worth the effort, but the venture (only half-hearted at that) of modern men in capturing the cheap, easy to get, pawed over modern woman, is as exciting and simple as falling off a log, and you may always believe anything gotten that cheap, will in the long run generally prove worth what one pays for it.

If women were wise (which they are not) they would first of all demand respect from man, and which they cannot get by displaying their many imperfections. The sight of knotty knee joints, ugly protruding whip cord muscles, goose pimply, hairy, varicose veined, knock-kneed, bow-legs, are no attraction, and had better be hid as they always were in the good old days. Then too, a hasty marriage before a civil court justice, adds no sanctity, dignity and welds no spiritual bond. Two witnesses, two yesses are about as binding and wearing as an oversize last year's straw hat that got caught in the rain. If man properly respected the women they are to marry, the women could demand and get a church wedding, so that not only they, but the whole world would hear his declaration of loyalty and fidelity, and you may believe neither of them would be so ready to welch on the contract.

So I would pass to all women this thought, virtue is worth whatever the price, and I state again that women being emotionally unstable is a creature of impulse, and as variable in her moods as the swirling winds from yon snow capped peak, and no more to be depended on than the locoed bronche from the open prairie, and never will man control the outlaw, without bit and bridle, nor will women be controlled without the fetters of modesty, saintliness and domestic servitude.

It is a sad commentary on the editors (presuming them to be males) that they are not good enough, or brave enough, to bring before the public the danger of women being allowed without protest, to follow sheep-like the bell sheep (dame fashion), over the cliff to moral and spiritual degradation. It is the good book that says when that day comes that women will ape the ways of men, it is to be then, that satan dictates the styles and writes the finis, woman, woman, the mother of little men, the sweethearts of young men, the wives of mature men, and companions of old men.

Yes, tho unpredictable, the women are ever in control of man

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IN A CHRISTIAN WORLD

from babyhood to old age, and now that women are on the stam-pede toward hell, there is seemingly no one but myself dares lift a finger to prevent that cataclysmic ending. Yes, here far back in the Gold and Silver West 'neath the crest of the Rockies, there is one man that dares tell women what they are and are not. They may strut and swagger down the street vulgarly displaying their wares. They should know they are drifting as well as leading the Nation far away from sane natural living and lasting contentment, just to experience a temporary thrill, that a life of polish, pretense, perfidy, folly and parade will give. They eat, drink and be merry, fearing tomorrow they will die, and they will die as far as the spiritual and natural life is concerned. Wine, women and song, the devil's opiate for hesitant victims on the way to hades, of these opiates in America, there is no dearth.

So I dare mail this epistle to an editor, himself no doubt imbued with pagan propensities, I have no idea he will dare print this truthful and scathing denunciation of women, but will as always, ride with the crowd and to hell with reform and the finish. Perhaps my readers will think I may be writing in a vengeful spirit, yet had not my friend Moccasin Jim said, "Son, women with their long dresses and long tresses and innate modesty are saintly creatures and close kin to the angels, perhaps some women did me wrong, and they did," but I forgive, for well I know those women of a hundred years ago that possessed those qualities, were the builders of men and America, and well I now know, modern women sans these virtues, are to be its wreckers.

For 40 years I never knew a woman had an ankle, and the spat from the teacher's ruler taught me to never mention the word leg. There was no jelly wabbling rumps or vibrating bubby bumps parading down the street, for the overstuffed bustle and padded bust hid these aggravating specimens from view, and mere man was not to know of their presence until the bridal day. No, those dames of old needed not to parade down the street in diaphanous waist (if any), tights, short transparent skirts, man-nish slacks and damnable shorts. They had what it takes to make men stop, look, listen, and want to be a benedict.

The old prospector is surfeited, sated, stuffed, crammed and disgusted as 'ell with the sight of nudity at the bathing beaches, night clubs, and everywhere else, and the mere covering by a breech clout or diaper is at best a poor protection for virtue. If I be mistaken and women are still classed as angels and will sometime enter the pearly gates, then its me for hell with the sinners, and you pagans may hoop, hoop, horray, follow the crowd

MODERN WOMEN FOUND WANTING IN A CHRISTIAN WORLD

and do as the Romans in Rome do, and you will finish just as the Romans and Rome did, but for me, "I'm still master of my fate," "captain of my soul," and damned if I'll be swerved from my course in trying to save the America I once knew.

GONE BEYOND RECALL

The glory of the Gold and Silver West has gone, the prospector has gone, the jackass, his friend through weal or woe has gone, and saintly women of the heavy buxom type has gone, and none too soon, for in this modern day the saver of life and inspiration, could only serve to hungry babe impure milk contaminated by nicotine and alcohol.

Gone are those girls as in the gold old days, firm in the resolve that lips that touch nicotine or wine shall never touch mine. Perhaps many died unknissed, but what of it? Promiscuous kisses that come from every Tom, Dick, and Harry bring no thrill, and are worth not even the time in executing them.

Gone that proper time, place, and that one delicately perfumed girl, she of the luscious honey flavored lips in a setting of roses and hollyhocks. Yes, all gone and in its place the cheap, cheap urge to kiss any and everybody's girl, where you find them and leave them where you kiss them, with breath perfumed with stale beer, limburger and garlic, mid a setting of alcohol fumes, tobacco smoke and the clatter of the slot machines and din of the jive boxes. Time lingers on, but the ecstasy of the kiss itself of short duration.

Manly Sports That Awake Sadistic Brute In Man

The Leadville Chronicle of 1880 with a 4-line item in very small print, calls attention to the **brutal** "so stated" prizefight to take place (for men only) in the old Arcade Arena, the bout to be staged in bare knucks with ringside seat One Dollar. No half-page ad or 2-inch headline to herald the occasion along with sport writers full page column describing in detail that it is to be for "ladies and gentlemen," and no 10 to 100 dollar ringside seats as we find them to-day. After the fight in which one of the contestants by fatal (said to be foul) blow died instantly in the 3rd round, the brutality so incensed and enraged the spectators that the winner was taken from the ring, tried by the vigilantes and hung from a cross arm. Again the paper in few lines and small print said it was the best bout witnessed in years, wherein it eliminated two worthless characters from an otherwise decent community.

Beasts in the Making

Again in the old City of Maysville, Colorado, the local paper makes note of the Wrestling Match "for gentlemen only," a match with no holds barred and to take place in a special ringed arena at the old Circus grounds. No seats, but standing room at one dollar per person. It was advertised as being a first-class performance, a hate and grudge match, with promise of much blood being spilled and fully lived up to expectations. Two huge hunks of beasts in human form and action, were at one another with savage ferocity that would have shamed a pair of wild gorillas.

The Savage Emerges

Arms were viciously flaying, flying and fists striking before being locked in close embrace. I had never seen the beast-like hatred so dominant even in the Mexican Bull fights wherein the bulls "despite the abuse" seemed much tamer in action, and where much less blood was being spilled. Soon two eyes were gouged out, one ear hanging loose and trailing in the dust, while blood was flowing copiously. All this along with the noise of moans, groans and cracking bones was distinctly heard and with one final twist of the testacles the defeated wrestler was writhing in agony. The match is over, a great performance for the edification of the sadistic brute in man, even tho the losing actor in the fray dies within the hour. But again the question pops up, was the wrestling match won on a foul or on the square. A negative decision became uppermost in the minds of the specta-

MANLY SPORTS THAT AWAKE SADISTIC BRUTE IN MAN

tors and vigilantes, the winner given a 50 step start down the street and fell punctured amid a fusilade of a thousand bullets. Again the paper repeats, the best wrestling match ever, two more undesirable beastly characters permanently removed from a decent and peaceful "I wonder" minded City. Let this be said of the Vigilantes, tho a victim was often innocent of the particular crime he was hung for, the vigilantes excused themselves with the assertion (and generally true) that the victim was being hung or shot on general principles, as he wasn't worth a dam anyway.

Cheap Entertainment for Morons

The prizefights and wrestling matches along with hocky and football of that day were thought to be uninteresting, unless many maimed and dead were carried from the field and arena. The patrons felt cheated with anything less, and while it was not uncommon to see fist and gun fights to the finish in the good old days, and while bare fists and hobnailed boots were much in evidence, they were personal grudge or hate fights, no admittance charges and never commercialized as good clean entertainment as advertised to-day.

Noble Women Enter the Picture

These events gave the W. C. T. U. grounds for their persistent, noble and successful fight in eliminating by law, both prize fighting and wrestling "gambling also" in 42 out of the 48 States, but now these acts by the help of organized morons and degenerates (abetted by morally loose women) have been repealed and the sadistic brute in man (at best but a step from the savage) is taking over with a return of these brutal and once outlawed sports, hocky, prize fighting and wrestling.

Morals Now Lack Defenders

Yes, they are back and being waged as never before, conducted on a highly advertised basis and now taking place in our gymnasiums, stadiums and auditoriums, not sponsored as yet by the schools, but the use of these facilities imply they are of high-class and add respectability to the events. For future use some higher schools of learning contemplate adding an automatic disappearing roped and ringed platform, complete with fluted floor and drain for collection of gore, thus the evidence as well as the dirt can quickly be removed before soiling the clothes and affecting the sensitiveness of the adolescent and teen-age school children, and who knows, from this source, we may eventually get our future blood bank for hospitals.

Refined Sports in Name Only

Now with the advent of the refined bull fight so much desir-

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ed by sport addicts, we may advance still further and get the good old gladiatorial contests back, and prove to the old Romans we are not such sissies after all, and to sate the appetites of blood-thirsty modern Americans, we can perhaps, copy other Roman amusements by breeding ferocious lions to consume the few (amid fast going pagan) christians remaining. All this for the edification of brutal sport crazed America now floundering in the quicksands of moral and spiritual decadence.

Remorse Comes to Late

I rebelled then and I rebel now that victims of brutal sports occupy beds and service at our hospitals when the more unfortunate worthy, decent, useful and essential members of society, can not even find rooms in these institutions or secure the services of already badly over-worked nurses and doctors, all because of these insane activities.

Civilized Man in the Unmaking

It seems man's closeness to the savage calls for blood and I was to be no exception to the rule. I followed the old brutal football game where players were equipped with hobnailed spiked boots and iron fisted corn-husking gloves and nothing unusual to see in the fistic encounters ensuing, a couple players dying in the fracas and many other hauled off to the hospital. I followed the wrestling matches where my next seat companions, ladies? and gentlemen? (morons by any name), called loudly and with vehemance for a killing in the match. Again I sat beside a frenzied mother in a prize fight begging her son, one of the contestants, to kill, maim or mutilate his opponent "my friend" by an uppercut to the jaw, but unfortunately for her, it was to be her son that was to die in the melee by a blow to the heart, and while curses were now turned to tears, no word of condolance or sympathy was offered by me to the bereaved, and I attended the rodeos where broncho busters were to die or be crippled in the attempt to make good horses buck instead of breaking bad horses to work or ride, and I like the rest of the blood thirsty patrons, asked for our money back because no cow girl was thrown, kicked, dragged or slain and no bulldogger gored in what was advertised to be "a thrilling entertainment."

Savage in Man Predominates

I had long yearned for the bull fights and Roman sports to return as feature sports of the United States of America, and I would perhaps at that period got a thrill to see the Christians being picked up on the horns of the vicious bulls and see the gladiators die by the sword with the mere downturn of the

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thumb.

Yes, those old style contests were at least scientific, where streams of blood were spilled cleanly rather than by brutal punching and beating, bone twisting, broken nose, eye gouging, and physiognomy mutilating as now practiced by our ear-chewing fistic gentry, but never yet did I know of but one or two, of our own popular National sport addicts and promoters from John L. Sullivan, Tex Rickard, Joe Lewis to the Terrible Turk, Angel Face, Man Mountain or the Blimp, "and what have you," that were fit specimens for a decent society, always poor imitations of real men, never an asset to civilization, but always a liability in the moral example they set.

As Sports Expand, High Principles Bedamned

Yes, after nearly four score years I finally emerged from this welter of blood. I am tired, weary and frustrated, have quit attending these moronic and degenerating affairs and when the lust and urge for blood demands relief, I make for the stockyards, hear again the agonized cry of the victims dying as the killers wade in gore to the knees, all done, not in the name of sport, but for the needs of humanity, and with appetite sated I retire until the dominating urge returns, but I doubt if ever again while sanity remains, will I pay good money to see my fellow man and human pummeled, beaten and broken all under the guise of sport. I have looked in vain for that era of peace, good will toward men, and plead for the return of those noblest of women, the W. C. T. U.'ers, the Carrie Nation's that conquered "the saloon," destroyer of both man and womanhood. Yes, women too, has fallen from that pedestal of modesty, mystery, saintliness and fidelity, adopted man's low down standard as their own and now there is no hope.

In Quest of Refined Entertainment

Referring to my daily paper, my curiosity is again being aroused by that descriptive ad and write-up of a first-class entertainment for refined ladies?, and gentlemen? "by whose standards" and I will attend to see if the sport has been improved, refined and is proper entertainment for the whole family as advertised.

My Impression of the Wrestling Match

Now to the point of expressing myself on the wrestling match of to-day and giving due credit to the Legion for bringing home to us the horrors of war by showing first hand blood and carnage as it really is, and educate the public to its futility. When the announcer in stentorian voice said, "ladies and gentlemen,"

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a cheer for the stars of the mat," nobody stood up, "and I thought perhaps there were no ladies or gentlemen present, or else they didn't want anyone to know they were present. At any rate, it started out a very tame affair and my friends decided to ask for their money back, but about that time things began to happen. I did think Everett could succeed in twisting Nenoff's leg off in the first tussel, but to simplify the game and avoid that brutal pulling and wrenching, why not make it permissible for the contestants to carry a small severing dirk in their teeth "a la Captain Kid, the pirate and buccaneer," and with a short gentle stroke, cut the tendons so the limbs could be easily twisted off. This would make the grunts and groans genuine and would give the audience satisfaction for their money. The act would be much more humane than that of using a red hot poker to separate the bulldogs in that glorious sport of dog fighting. But as an afterthought, that wouldn't do either, because they could do no biting and gnawing, and right here there should be a rule to make the boys have a clean shave before entering the ring. Trying to get through that mat of hair with the teeth is a handicap itself, and personally, I know a single hair in the soup will still gag the average man. Yet old Man Mountain himself, wins half his matches because his opponent cannot get through his defensive hair shield.

Romans Not So Cruel After All

Pool old Shylock they only allowed him a pound of flesh with no blood and if he were living to-day he could collect in full with plenty of blood, a couple ears and nose thrown in. And Emperor Nero, with those little affairs of the lions playing with the Christians and a few gladiators standing behind iron shields sticking one another with those miniature swords, this was tame sport compared to our modern wrestling and prize fight bouts, just another case of living thousands of years too soon.

The Giants in Gentle Action

Myself and others voiced our protests quite audibly in hisses and boos when one of the contestants in the preliminaries with a strangle-hold "that not quite strangled," threw his opponent out of the ring into the lap of a gentle, motherly lady, who for a little "so-called high-class" diversion, was induced to attend the match, but the repulsive part of the act was in the fact it disturbed the baby "then feeding" at the breast. In this my sympathy was not so much for the mother as for the baby who had been cheated out of his dinner, so I was glad this bout was over and settled by a hammerlock that took the vanquished out on a

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stretcher. Well, when Everett came in with his airplane spin and slam the thought occurred to me, why don't they do away with the mat and just have the concrete floor, then there would be no need to jump on, stamp or kick an opponent in the slats to make him stay down, and this feature would eliminate any element of cruelty in the exhibition, and still another improvement would be the enforceable rule of spiked shoes and corn-husking gloves to provide a better grip.

Thrills Without End

Well, I thought that poke in the jaw was worth a set of lower teeth and was disappointed in that too. But just then the fun started, a little rough mebbe, but boys will be boys and when one Zacharias, a descendant of the old-timer that slew the army of the Philistines with jawbone of an ass, started action, I do believe if Tom had the jawbone at this opportune time, history would have repeated itself. But we sure could die laughing when the policemen and firemen got in the fray, "there is too darn many of them anyway," but I hated to see the Courtesy Patrol get their new suits all messed up, and if we could only have got the army and navy on opposing sides, that would have been a bucket of fun.

A Lady in the Modern Day

The lady "I guess" sitting beside me in a high state of hysteria jumped up on her feet and on mine, and complained vociferously, demanding that someone kill and someone eat him alive, well, she was certainly excited and kept pulling my hair and striking me on the back, and kept a continual barrage of half-chewed peanuts flying through the air, thus obstructing my view, and here again I would suggest the management supply the patrons with a small tough piece of raw meat to chew on instead of peanuts. At the finish the lady apoligized profusely and introduced herself as the hostess at the Mad Bull Tavern and said if we cared to come up and "see her sometime," she would have the bouncer put on his every night act that beat the wrestling bout all hollow.

Free Fights More Honorable

I always liked a three-cornered or free-for-all fight. There's nothing personal about the matter and you can wade in without hurting anyone's feelings. It sure brought back memories of the good old days of the 1880's, when we used to have our free-for-all in the Bucket of Blood on Union Ave. in Pueblo. Those were the happy days. Another thing lacking in the evening was one bout by Lady? wrestlers, they add dignity and refinement to the affair, and those ear-splitting screams take one back to the good

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old days if Indian massacrees, and yet it's hard to think of actual and potential, lovable mothers biting and kicking, and pulling hair just to entertain a few degenerates, but such is modern life.

Slaughter Houses for Sport Arenas

The whole affair was a disappointment, leaving behind a dark, brown repulsive taste and disgust of man in general, and again, I resolve to never attend any sports event wherein it be necessary to whip up the sadistic brute in man whereby he reverts to and adopts the habits and tactics of the beast, all to amuse a population no better in principle than he himself.

Tho sports now dominate the schools and enjoy the use of their facilities, I am sure brutal contests will never get the sanction of the churches or use their auditorium for their degenerating exhibitions. Slaughter houses and and packing plants are passing up a golden opportunity by not building an auditorium next to the killing pen, they would have a full house all the time if they would put a few wrestlers and prize fighters in the shutes with the bulls to make the game more realistic and interesting. If they succeed in killing the bull or visa versa, give them their freedom by a decisive vote of the audience with a thumb up or down indication as the old Romans would do. This feature would add zest to the occasion and educate the coming generation to a knowledge of good clean sport. The public is getting all fed up on these sissified sports such as baseball, basketball and tiddlewinks and demand action for their money, and who can blame them? Well, a good time was had by all but me "I guess," but I sure wish I could have Marshall and Nenoff as lead team with my yoke of oxen for spring plowing, and I do think before these fine specimens of manhood get to badly mutilated, they should be chloroformed, pickled and preserved in alcohol for posterity as relics of the good old days, when peace on earth and good will reigned supreme in America.

Foot Notes: Duels by sword or pistols are outlawed in the U. S. A., and if one would dispense with enemy or rival, be ordained by the boxing or wrestling commission as a prizefighter or wrestler, and under the guise of sport, one can still duel and beat by fist a rival to death, or under wrestling code, can choke or tear a rival apart limb by limb, maim or commit mahem. Now this must be done in a commercial way and before a dues paying moronic audience. Yes, one can do all this in peace loving America, and still be within the law. 'Tis also unlawful to commit suicide in the U. S. A., but for any so inclined get in the bull or broncho busting rodeo sport, and before a blood-thirsty audience your wish will be gratified. One other way to commit legal suicide without witnesses is via the airplane route, either as passenger or pilot. —The Old Prospector.

A THOUSAND TRAILS TO HEAVEN

With the readers indulgence and after passing through one war unscathed, taking part in several skirmishes in the war on industry, emerging somewhat battered financially but still fit physically, escaping the snow slides of more than three score years, surviving many stagecoach, auto, and ship wrecks, dodging the bullets of the bad men and bandits of the good old days, I dare now to touch on the most hazardous undertaking of them all, the discussion of your and my religion or racket.

There has been and is now an attempt to consolidate these trails that lead to heaven and I concur in the plan for in division there is weakness, in unity strength and I think we should support the movement, if for no other reason than a superfluity of cults under the guise of religion weakens our defense in the support of democracy.

I stand to-day bewildered at the junction where a thousand trails diverge, each one, (so they say) the right one, that will surely lead to heaven. It is not for me to say which to you might be right or wrong and who knows with faith in the Divine perhaps most of them do converge again and all enter through the pearly gate. But it is for me to say which one I will choose to follow and before deciding I will first of all take a good look at my guide and judge by his mode of living and advice whether I am to support a religion, superstitious cult, or racket.

Be sure I will choose one of the trails that lead upward, for looking downward I see multitudes passing through the dust of infidel-ism, paganism, idoltry-ism, ahetism and indifferent-ism, many leading in and out of the cess pools of vice and inequity, but common sense and the human wrecks along the way should convince us they are on the way to hades on earth if not below.

I will with calm and collected thoughts study materialism, fanaticism, emotionalism, hallucination, superstition and prejudice, and under the influence of these isms or cults (religion) to many of you, I will by the symptoms decide whether to roll on the floor, pray loudly, shout halleluiah, be submerged or sprinkled, annex 10 wives, eat pork or not eat pork, keep holy Friday, Saturday or Sunday, and vica versa, pay tribute or tithe of 10%, refrain from this, that, and the other 6 weeks in the year, believe in faith healing, medicine men incantations, chants, spiritualism, voodooism, hinduism or nudeism, but if I see first a sign post with the golden rule, and now and then pass another with one or more of the commandments thereon I will feel safe, and choose one of the trails of simplicity and sincerity of purpose, without too many fallacious trimmings.

A THOUSAND TRAILS TO HEAVEN

I would not censure much less condemn any cult or religion but I must be sure it has not developed into a racket that sometimes might interfere with a democracy that gives me liberty of thought, expression and action, and if you are sane believing in a supreme power I know you will agree with me that with unity, christianity would draw more converts, for trails like talents, the less used the more likely to be obstructed with windfalls of hesitancy doubt, and fear.

So to-day I see a sacntily traveled thousand trails leading to somewhere. I am confused myself and would not deter you in your choice, but of this I am sure, if we had fewer and more well defined trails directed heavenward there would be more travelers going that way. As for me, the chances are, when I feel sure of my direction I will, like the prospector has always done, blae my own trail that I hope will lead to heaven.

AS WE ARE

We admit blood is much thicker than water
Our racial ties stronger than friendship
Our different languages keep us strangers
Our many religions adding to our isolation
Our instinctive greed warps brotherly love
Our prejudices are deep seated and clinging
Yet spiritual faith or zeal dominates all.

AS I SEE IT

Skirts must be lengthened, says the designer and stylist. No— (and look who's talking), say the moronic and degenerate minded male "addict of the strip tease, short shorts and bare midriff type of women." No says femininity "dynamite by any name," intent only on luring, enticing and aggravating the male sex pervert. Yes, says I and the modest minded, once mysterious and alluring women of the "good old days," who we thought, any they proved to be saintly and akin to the angels.

Yes, I repeat, not lengthened just 4 inches, but to the ankle line, in defense of morals, woman herself, and in defense of the weak and vulgar minded male, now so active in espousing and vouching for present day attire of women.

No, I will not submit, says modern minded women to the padded shoulder, bust and hip, and the straight laced corset and 7 petticoat impedimenta, and including an armor of many other unmentionables, nor will I be harassed or frustrated in presenting my charms and suggestive movements.

No says the modern women (hell bound) intent only on exposing her imperfect wares such as goose pimply, hairy, varicosed veined, ugly whip cord protruding muscles, knotty knee joints, skinny, fat, knock-kneed and bow legs. No, women have gone too far by foisting on a once admiring public, these hideous imperfections, a public who once believed you were made of finer clay, with the attributes of an angel, who we trusting males thought perfect, and with the indecent exposure comes disillusion and loss of faith in the angels, and even in heaven itself.

Dynamite that you are to speak of discomfort, you women perverse and unpredictable as the swirling snows of Evans Peak, and whom within, the spirit of discontent ever prevails, you should be confined in cell or laced in straight jacket until that finer woman's instinct again prevails in America.

Come ladies, confess you dress as you do for two reasons only, to aggravate and entice the males or because you lack good sound sense. I deny the latter, affirm the former, but God in his wisdom did give man a break when he seldom combined beauty and brains in the same feminine personality, and "most women are beautiful."

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

F. E. GIMLETT.

OVER TRAILS OF TOMORROW WEALTH THERE WAS WHERE IS IT NOW?

Confusion is abroad in this great land where greed leads an apathetic public from democracy down the pathway to dictatorship.

This is not the time for the high and mighty, that even now are flittering away our American dollars in sports, pleasures and investments abroad, to rant and rave about the danger to democracy, and in the same breath deplore the activity of Government in trying to alleviate the condition of the low and lowly.

What's the matter with our income tax that would allow Barbara Hutton, Brenda Frazier and other useless play boys and girls to cruise around the world in quest of no-accounts, properly labeled "for trade" including millions of American dollars as a dowry, squeezed from the destitute in exchange for a title and no questions asked as to morals, occupation or run-down castles.

Our whole Government structure is top-heavy and the dollars the administrators are filching from the public are debased because there is so little service given in exchange for them.

How dare the political forces, from the President down to the underlings with the extravagance and debauchery carried on in the City of inequity (Washington and other fortresses of entrenched greed) even offer to pity the underprivileged "By their works we do know them."

The forces of entrenched greed are not only in the gilded offices of the bankers and captains of industry, but are circulating unhampered over the highways and byways of our Nation.

What does Lewis, Green, Whitney or Bridges care for democracy if it stands in the way of special privilege for their class groups? What does the civil service, American Legion and Townsendites care for democracy if it stands in the way of higher class pensions? "Not a tinker's damn," yet they rant and rave about dictatorship, brow-beat, intimidate and blacklist my representative until he takes away my right of representation as guaranteed by the constitution.

If from now on I must live under the brutal lash of class dictators then I pray for a National dictator who will at least assure me of a few schooners of beer and a chunk of black bread.

What kind of a Government is this that will take from me my honest gold and silver money, the lure that brought me across the seven seas and from the East to the gold and silver West. Fools they are to destroy man's love or illusion for the bright and shiny tinkling coins. Fools they are for not realizing that men

OVER TRAILS OF TOMORROW
WEALTH THERE WAS
WHERE IS IT NOW?

and women are but overgrown children and 85% of them go through life with but a 13-year-old mentality. Far better if they take the rattle from the infant, the doll from the baby girl and the toy gun from the urchin than to prohibit the use and destroy the older children's confidence in their toy (money).

Say what you will, there is a close connection between a man's love for his gold and his love for heaven, destroy either of these illusions (if this is what they be) and you have kicked out the ladder that leads to heaven and destroyed the foundation in Government itself.

Only fools would talk of an ever normal grainery, an ever normal money circulation or an ever normal average wage. What we want is an equitable distribution from an insufficiency of money, substance and labor.

Fools we are to confiscate all the wealth of the past and hypothecate all of the anticipated earnings of the future to pay exorbitant wages, salaries and profits to the few and distribute a beggar's pittance to the many.

So I wander through the devastated areas of dug out metal mines, pumped out oil wells, depleted coal seams, denuded forests and worn out farm land where wealth there was, but there no more, whereon my Government has borrowed billions to carry on this vicious system of mal-distribution.

Only through the magazines and public press columns can the public be awakened to the danger to democracy by the greed of class groups. The cure is simple—Deliver an honest days work, service or commodity for honest dollars—this with a graduated income tax from 5% to 90% will forever close that breach between extravagant luxury and dire poverty.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

