

BOOK TWO

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 the deltas.

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

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The Hermit Hell-bent for Mining Congress to Demand Recognition and the Restoration of Gold and Silver Money.

—3—

WANTED—HONEST MONEY

An honest to God money, the kind our forefathers did use,
Made of gold and silver metal, that would stand much abuse
The kind of money Pharoahs used 4,000 years and more ago
Even in the dark ages, before Croesus became king you know.

We want new and shiny coins, for all labor faithful done,
Even if the day's work, should be figured, from sun to sun;
Who cares about clocks, watches, that show the time of day,
When toil will be awarded, with real money and honest pay.

Whither are we drifting, by whom are we so ill advised,
Those that are in power, from us our honest money hide,
Why should I a free man, accept those filthy, flimsy bills,
Circulate as money, filled with germs, flu, and other ills.

What have we done, that our Government treats us this way,
Use filthy lucre (right name) as money, I protest and pray
That we be given back our honest hard coin of the realm,
Or change pilots here and now, place new men at the helm.

The clink of the coin that the bankers once handed to me,
Like the tinkle of cymbals in time of King Tut-Ankenee
To feel riches in my pocket, the jingling silver and gold
Midas and Croesus had nothing on us, those misers of old.

In fancy I hear the tinkle of coin in the Greenlight hall
Stacks, stacks, of gold and silver, bet on the roulette ball,
The ring of metal coin was heard throughout our great land
Dispense with gambling, but let our gold and silver stand.

Call it an illusion, to object to moneys that tear and mold
Those cigar coupons, phony, fiat, certificates, ragged and old
Well maybe that is the kind of money, for those on parade,
For other useless activities, real money ought not be paid.

Once great Empires, Kingdoms, they always tumble and fall,
Simply because greed, monopoly, labor demand more than all,
Take it from me, if we but stay with silver and gold,
This can never happen to us, a Nation with riches untold.

I sorely grieve at the tokens, a travesty on "Chinee monee,"
Why should intelligence take a holiday, and do this to me,
Such a silly game, with that trash babies would not play,
Yet coining them by millions, take them with the junk away.

Is there a man with soul so dead, that sees not the time
To carry on this vicious circle, will wreck yours and mine,
May the rumble of the earthquakes, the tornadoes of the sky,
Bring disaster to simple minds, who our patience thus try.

Let's adopt this motto, for honest labor, let's use honest pay,
Good old bright, gold and silver dollars, bring happy days;
Away with the rubbish, toss the microby stuff into the sea,
And never again let folly, bring intelligence to its knees.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

Back To Hancock Town

And I leave my cabin amidst the tall silver spruce trees,
and as ever my enemy and companion the Mountain Rat
eyes me with hate exemplified in every move, feeling per-
haps that I may not return, and he is to be cheated of a sat-
isfaction of feasting on my carcass. The hate is mutual and
on some final day it will be war to the finish between we
two. The caw! caw! of the camp robber (robin), whether
meaning good bye, good riddance or the reverse I cannot
say, but I do know my one tried and true friend (helpful in
many emergency) Minnie the porcupine looks on my de-
parture with regret.

Where Saints Have Trod

I take the road on the left of the Canon that skirts the
tumbling mountain stream, not even at this late day a good
trail, but at one time a proposed toll road leading toward
Chalk Creek Pass. Just why it was constructed I could never
understand, as it leads from the headwaters of the South
Fork of the Arkansas and if extended, would connect with
the Chalk Creek road, and by following this later road, one
could make a complete circle around Mt. Aetna, Taylor,
Shavano and Antero to the place of beginning. With a decent
highway this would make one of the most beautiful scenic
circle trips in the state of Colorado, but whatever the intent
the road like other ventures fades out before reaching any
objective.

Memories Awakened

I pass the wreck of an old prospector's cabin and turn
with my foot, old rusted tin cans, and wondering which one,
or ones, contained the substance that at one time supplied
me, a guest, with nourishment some 60 years ago. The few
sticks of split wood was a reminder of willing hands that had
at some time, saved many old prospectors from the perils of
the winter's blizzards. Yes, gratitude to those trail blazers
follows my every footstep as I travel over those trails of yes-
terday, and I never tire of paying tribute to those soldiers
of chance, that directed the way in and through the Gold and
Silver West.

Relics With A Story

Again I stop and look intent at an old wagon wheel, no
doubt once a part of a chariot that carried a calico gowned,
sun-bonneted queen from the effete East, to the rich, wild
and woolly West. What a story that broken and rotted wood
of an old wheel could tell, of Indians that camped at the

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trunk of a stately hickory tree and many a coon no doubt has been shot from its branches, yes, the man that turned those fellows and spokes, the smithy that welded the tire, even the seller, the buyer, and that angelic woman, his consort have passed over the Divide and down the sunset trail, so the story must remain forever untold. But there is a story of this I am sure, so with gentle hands I resurrect the old relic from the mire and lay it carefully against a stone, and here at least the reminder of an untold story of romance, adventure and tragedy will endure for a few more years of time. Here and there the snow slides have uprooted and tossed the broken trees across the road, while in many places one must watch his step else he bog down in oozy mud, and well over the usual high top boots.

The End Of A Vision

Now I reach the roads end, and the end of some man's unfinished dream, yet the work thus far has always been of some use to man. Here we junction with the Silver Bell and Moose Mine trail, it is now but a feint and narrow path leading up and up, and is not too hard to follow as the blazes on the trees are still visible, although sometimes fifteen feet above the ground. As I near timberline I note the trees getting short and scrubby and at times the wind has twisted them completely around (barber pole fashion), leaving but a strip of live wood and bark, and few branches, but they, like the old prospector, defy the storms of time, but again like him, many have given up the struggle, fallen prostrate to earth, to rise no more.

Now I follow the slide rock covered trail and soon arrive atop the barren ridge of Chalk Creek Pass. The winds are never still, at time but a gentle murmur and again they reach the velocity of a hurricane. On my left stands Monumental Peak and near the top of that fourteen-thousand-foot mountain I see the wrecked buildings of the Silver Tip Mine, Manuel Cope's dream of sixty years ago, the ore is rich but safe from these modern miners, who prefer mining with pencils rather than with picks and shovels.

A Treasure There Still

Monumental Peak is part of the Great Divide and runs parallel with the trail, while straight ahead and ten miles west, I see the main range again, that I must cross later in the day. Truly mother nature made this Continental Divide a twisty affair that zig-zags here and there, and it does take miles of travel to get you anywhere. Just around high pre-

BACK TO HANCOCK TOWN

cipice I could pass over the North Fork Pass, and within a few hundred yards reach the great Billings tunnel, and here, far above timber line about sixty years ago, one could have heard for miles around as the quiet of the evening came on, some of the most melodious and inspiring band music in the County, and by inspiring I mean it would be none of this distorted harmony and desecrated melody, these infernal swing and jazz bands hand out for music these days. With careful step I pass over the Divide, zig-zagging along abandoned grass carpeted trails, down along Chalk Creek and through the windfalls of rotted logs.

The Builders Go, Their Works Endure

On my right I see the dump of the Cammile Tunnel, and I remember one Maxy Tabor as one of the builders. High up and thousands of feet above the tunnel I see the old workings of the mine, and here at one time ore was extracted worth \$800 per sack. But again I remind you, no doubt great riches still lie buried there, and safe from these creampuff modern males, for as Shakespeare would put it, "Let no man extract therefrom one pound of gold, unless by so doing he release one drop of sweat," this makes the treasure secure from the auto miners, who ought to sweat more and ride less.

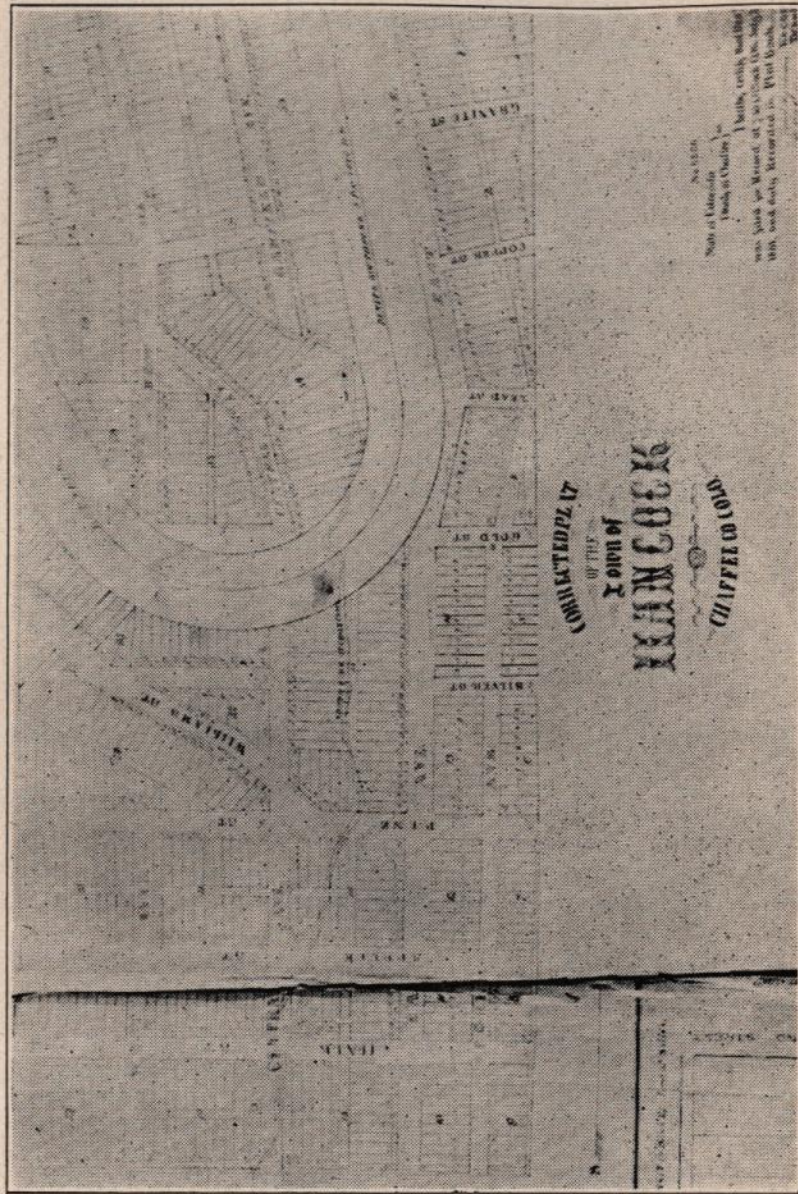
Real Kings Yet Uncrowned

Yes, believe me Chaffee County and The Gold and Silver West is always richer by millions whether a mining venture proves a success or failure, and some day if I have my way, the inscription or names of all these great promoters shall have been chiseled on their work so posterity may pay them tribute.

Here I am at the old Stonewall Mine and here sixty years ago the Chinese owners thought lay the wealth of Croesus, and here again I prove my assertion, that under the skin all gamblers in the game of chance against nature, are brothers, regardless of occupation, race or religion.

A Sanctified Trail

And now I set foot once again on the banded grade of the old Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad. Just a lowly, now rotted, cabin marks the spot of Hancock Town. Not a sign of the attractive painted depot, or a stove of the old red water tank is left standing, while in the old graveyard, just a few broken down rotted fences designates the grave of some loved ones, the builders of this one-time booming city. Yes, soldiers, good and loyal, of the Gold and Silver West, truly the world can live only by love, affection, sentiment and above all, patriotism for the town, state or nation



Town plat of Hancock. Ghosts alone travel the streets to-day.

BACK TO HANCOCK TOWN

we live in. Remembrances of a smile on a face, a song from the lips and love in a heart, endures as long as life lasts, and this I know from a letter just received from a far away corner of the earth, asking me to place a flower on a father's grave that lies in this very plot.

Soldiers Of Chance

My friend Parson the postmaster, and Quinalt, the U. S. Surveyor (the only two government men in the town) have passed on these many years, the beautiful bashful and genuine complexioned school mam with her fourth grade teacher's diploma, she too by now is, I presume, the great grandmother of somebody elses children.

Memory My Companion

I wander down main street of a once great boom town, and see nothing but desolation and devastation, I could weep to see the destruction of some man's great dream, and eulogize the man that planned and platted this site of a proposed and well mapped out city that has now come to naught.

Central Avenue, once the business street, shows just a trail that leads in and out between the tall trees, and as I pass by the cross streets, among them, Gold, Silver, Lead and Copper, (these too now overgrown with forest), I thought how appropriate the names for a mining town. Now and then I see the sign of a foundation, while on the hillside streets the myriad of excavations are the only evidence of former homes, and again I remembered when those lots were sold for a lot of money, and many of the habitations could only be reached by ladder or stairway.

The Building Of A City

In looking over the old town plat, one would think it covered a great open flat area, when in fact there was hardly room for one street in the gulch, and the other streets were on the steep mountain sides, and no place was there enough level ground to have a circus that once wanted to pitch their tents there.

A Whistle Heard No More

No more will the whistle from the Smuggler and Flora Belle tunnels awake one from sleep, both they and the promoters have been silent these many years, and yet I firmly believe another gambler will come along some day, and bring these old mines back in all their glory, for the Hermit tells you now that great riches still lie buried beneath that mountain.

I Yearn To Go Back For A Day

Memories nearly get me down and my footsteps drag as

BACK TO HANCOCK TOWN

I head toward the Alpine Tunnel, (the highest railroad tunnel in the nation), and as I pass by the old switch block, I still see evidence of the old ore bin. Here we unpacked the jackasses loaded with ore from the Moose and Mason Mines, and right here I want to correct an erroneous impresssion, when at times I have likened humans to jackasses.

This is not to be taken as an insult for they are wise if nothing else, and well proven when you see them head for two trees, just far enough apart for them to squeeze through and thereby scrape their packs from their backs.

Another smart trick is crowding a knotty old tree or projecting rock with the same results, and how smooth they slip under an overhanging limb and set one sprawling on the ground. No jackasses are slow and stubborn, in fact, just downright lazy, and in this respect do compare with humans, but to soften the blow and save their pride I use a more refined word toward humans and call them procrastinators, but the real meaning as you know, is calling them just plain lazy.

Memories Dog My Footsteps

I give one last lingering look at the ghost Hancock Town, the spot holds me fascinated, I think due to the fact that here is one of the last connecting links that ties me from the past to the present, and every worth-while event in my life lies within these sixty-five years. The world owes great tribute to Governor James A. Evans, L. E. Land, P. F. Barr and lastly A. M. Ghost, the originators of this venture. And it truly is a coincidence to find one of the incorporators named "Ghost", and see before me his dream and to find actually, and perhaps perpetually, a marker to his memory, The A. M. Ghost of the Ghost Hancock Town.

Now with time pressing I proceed on my way along the railroad grade, just rotted ends of ties, rusted spikes, rail splices and chucks are left of what was once a well kept up railroad line with a crew of section men, station agents and telegraphers, every few miles apart.

Scenes Take Me Back

While alone with my thoughts, fancy again takes me back fifty years and more and on this same old grade (now but a path), I pass a section crew busily ballasting up the track with as much pride in the job, as some executive displays in the orderly arrangement of his mahogany furnished office, and a little further on I step aside for the whistle and passing of a train of coal, with fire flying from the screeching straight air brakes, as the engineer carefully lets her

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down the four per cent grade, and now coming up the grade at ten miles an hour speeds the Fast Express, and within those cars are the Tabors, Moffats, Reynolds, Walshes, in fact a trainful of gamblers, both sexes (not card slickers), but gamblers in the game of chance against nature, real soldiers of industry that made the whole world aware of the beauty, and added to the lustre and glamour, of The Gold and Silver West.

A Rag, A Bone, A Hank Of Hair

Yes, and among the passengers is that Gal Samantha, who waves a beautiful perfumed hanky to me from the car window. What a gal, and why the good Lord ever allowed such a gold digger (not first handed), with so much allure and charm to make saps and slaves of the old prospectors and miners, I do not know, but this I do know—the prospector differs with this type of gold digging in that he extracts the gold from the earth by hard work, and Samantha extracted it from him with sometimes but a smile and not often genuine at that.

Angels Travelled These Trails

Yes, and greater than all other travellers (to my mind) was pretty brown eyed, brown haired Stella DeChane, and in fancy I can see her now, the cynasure of all eyes, in fact, a queen, as she rode along this very same trail, that petite song and dance artist, breaking the hearts and pocketbooks of the lowly and great, sucker males, as from time to time she crossed over the Continental Divide to the Golden Slipper Theatre at Pitkin, thence on to the Gaity Theatre at Gunnison wandering wherever duty called, and well I know, if I was sitting in the Bull Pit close beneath the oil footlights, she would sing that same old sweet song, "Some Day I'm Coming Back To You," and I wondered if she would, and when, and someday before I reach the end of the sunset trail that lies just over the Divide, I'll tell my readers whether she did or not. Yes, week after week, month after month, year after year, our trails would cross and recross, and that same old song was heard in every theatre in Colorado's booming mining camps in the Gold and Silver West.

Yes, women must ever remain an unsolved mystery, most of them are ruled by their hearts, but in Stella's case she was following the dictates of her head, and while ten thousand men were crazy about her and wanted this Jill, this Jill wanted but one Jack and I had reason to believe it might be me.

BACK TO HANCOCK TOWN

Women At Any Price

What a problem it was in the good old days to find entertainers for the dance halls and variety theatres, and their managers were sometimes forced to the point of kidnapping, abduction, mis-representation, threats and coercion, and even to the extent of sending flashily dressed, handsome men (if they could be called men) back through the Eastern states, and under the promise of marriage, (sometimes carried out) they would lure, those young unsophisticated, gullible dames to their destruction, and yet as I look about me those old institutions of vice, were but kindergarten schools in depravity, compared to what I see around the booze dumps and honky tonks of the present day, and I believe the problem of collecting disciples of sin would now be an ABC affair. Truly the old variety theatre (or any other theatre) or dance hall in the good old days, were classed as cess pools of iniquity and dissipation, but would be rated now as bordering on the Sunday school environment.

The train passes on with much puffing amid a cloud of black smoke that darkens the sky, and a few short whistles apprises me that the train has entered the tunnel, and will soon be using brakes instead of power as the engineer lets her drift down the **Pacific** side of the Divide, and so in those days of faith in your fellow man, confidence in the future and the initiative to do and dare, those trains of the Denver, South Park & Pacific rolled through the nights, the whistles are heard and headlights gleam, and truly no man was ever lost with two shining rails that would always lead to home and civilization.

The Tenacity Of A Bull Dog

A story is told of this most wonderful of all scenic railroads, that day after day for twenty-five years they would pick up their trainload of coal at the Baldwin mines, and with three, sometimes four engines, head for the pass of the Continental Divide. At each siding they would switch a new car next the engine, finally negotiate the pass, then repeat the same performance to lift the train over Trout Creek Pass. Then again as they reached Kenosha Pass, the entire train load of coal had been used for power, so they headed back to the mines for more coal. There is no doubt some exaggeration to the story, and to state that they never did reach Denver with a car of coal is rather far fetched, but for perseverance and tenacity of purpose, the operators of this railroad deserves the plaudits of the world, in trying to overcome the difficulties of steep grades, three passes, land, rock and snowslides with wash-ins, wash-outs and floods. But read-

BACK TO HANCOCK TOWN

ers, Colorado lost something which I doubt she will ever regain, when the Denver, South Park & Pacific pulled up the rails and said good-bye. The good-bye was final with the abandoning of the branch over Boreas Pass, through Breckenridge, via Climax over Fremont Pass into Leadville. Yes, I loved this little old railroad and will forever mourn its passing.

Man Against Nature

Well I remember the blizzards of the '80s when we would just get a trail shoveled out and another storm would come up the same day, and only by superhuman effort and continuous work, were we able to get the train of Jackasses over the Chalk Creek Pass and down to Hancock Town. There it took sledge hammers to break loose the ore sacks from saddles, while great icicles were hanging from the eyebrows and whiskers of the faithful old beasts. Many times it was already very late in the day, and to make any attempt to return and go back over the trail to Middlefork would be just plain suicide, so we stabled the jackasses in the barn for the night, while we made up a bed of saddle blankets in the corner and there on a couch of new hay we rested and what I mean, slept through the night. Bright and early next morning after a breakfast of sourdough flap jacks and black coffee, we were on the trail back, and many a time it took the entire day to make Camp Summit.

Again my thoughts revert to the present as I near the portal of the railroad tunnel, great masses of rock have slid from the mountain and nearly closed the entrance, and gazing through a small opening at the top I see deep pools of water, while the walls of roof and sides are glazed with ice. Yes, the work of man soon reverts back to nature again, and I presume neither man, beast auto or train will ever pass through that tunnel again. I remember the toll of lives it took in the construction, as well as the many lives of railroad men lost in keeping it open so trains could travel through. But what a monument for the planners and builders to leave behind them. Their names should be chiseled on the stone walls along with that historical name, The Alpine Tunnel.

Solitude Reigns Supreme

The day is not yet done and to proceed, I must climb the old mountain trail over the pass above the tunnel and now I find myself atop the world, the Continental Divide. From here I can see hundreds of miles to the East or West and right at my feet and at right angles starts the divide extend-

BACK TO HANCOCK TOWN

ing South, it separates the Tomichi Valley from the Quartz Creek Valley, and from the great mass of snow several trickles of water leads to the Tomichi and Quartz Creeks, then into the Gunnison and Colorado rivers and into the Pacific, while another leads into the Arkansas, into the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic ocean, and with just a mark of my shoe, I can divert all of them either way, but lest you forget, it takes many a trickle to make a river, so I do not effect the flow of these great rivers very much, but a trickle like this on the sands of a desert, would be worth a fortune.

Graves Of Soldiers

Beneath jutting cliffs where the winds and storms of more than half a century have carved grotesque figures on the massive granite stones lies a lonely grave where seven great soldiers of chance or industry rest in peace.

They were the victims of a premature explosion and the remains unrecognizable were carried hither piece by piece from the tunnel in powder boxes.

Let it be said to their memory the sacrifice was not made in vain, they did their bit in building the trail to the empire of the Gold and Silver West, and we owe them great tribute.

Each Man Sufficient Unto Himself

No government came forth with lavish hand to place a cross or marker here, or care for widowed wives or orphaned children. No. To me soldiers are soldiers either in war or industry, and in both instances fight and build for their country, and in both cases they should be rewarded, but only in event of incapacity due to mental or physical injury.

The Forgotten Men

Gathering together the scattered stones, I replace them on the sunken mound and pass on my way, and I doubt if any traveller will find the spot again. So fleets the works of man. Back to earth again. Ancient and holy things fade away like a dream, (Tabor Theatre Curtain) and this holds true today of the planners, the builders, the operators and traveller of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railway.

A World Of Enchantment

I see far in the distance the town of Pitkin (named after Governor Pitkin) nestling in the valley at the foot of the mountain, truly once a boom town of the good old days, but now just resting in gloom awaiting like thousands of other old ghost towns, a revival of mining, when once again she will come back in all her glory and I trust without the depravity prevalent in the good old days.

BACK TO HANCOCK TOWN

Wandering around on the crest of the range, not a sign of human footsteps do I see, and only the tracks of mountain sheep prove that even animal life still exists there.

The rails on the West slope like those on the East have been removed, sold for junk and perhaps even now are turned into shrapnel to kill the Chinese. What a tragedy. It would have been better to have left them lay. I am sure if the builders of that railroad knew what destruction their well intentioned efforts had produced, they would turn over in their graves at the sacrilege.

In Search Of A Story

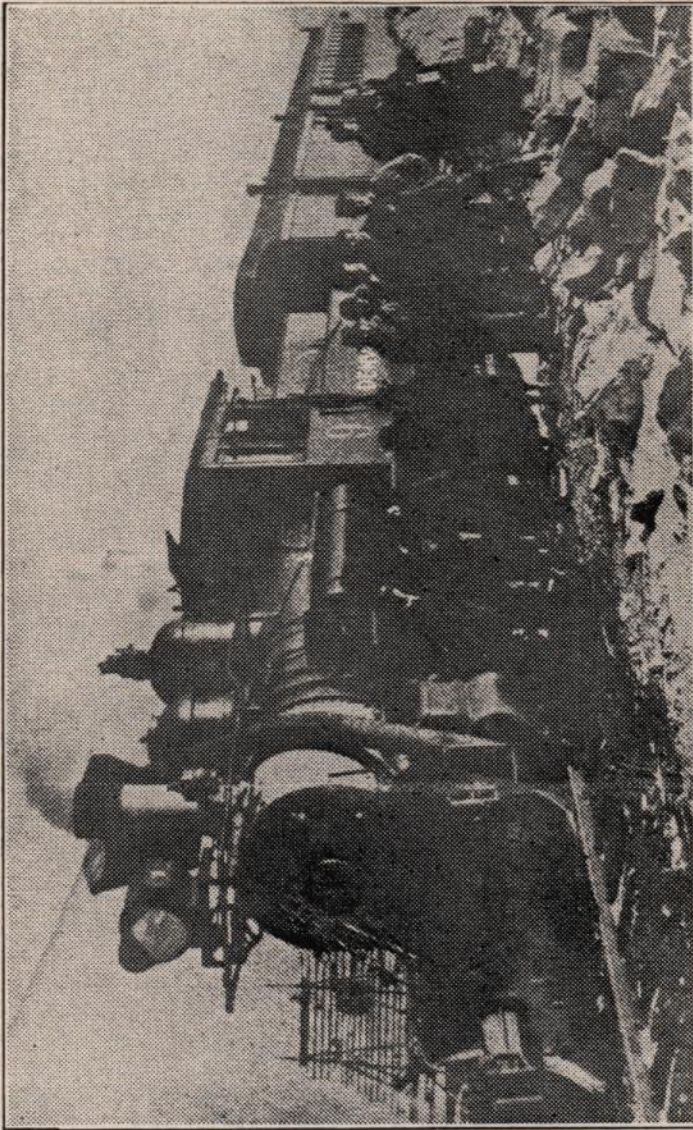
Down the track I see evidence of an old mine dump, and little or big you may depend on me to look it over, thinking perhaps if the old sourdough had just gone one foot farther he might have found the glory spot, but my interest aside from this was to find the name of the digger, pay him a tribute as well as look over the crude implements at hand. The old windlass with not a piece of iron on it, has fallen into the caved in shaft, and the old square now delapidated bucket, built of rough boards, lies nearby.

Angels In Skirts

For why, I just don't know, but I can visualize some woman in those long ago days emerging from that old wreck of a cabin a half mile down the trail, bringing to those prospectors their noonday lunch, augmented with a pot of hot coffee. The women behind the men, behind the pick and shovel. What faith they had in men, what faith they had in those prospect holes and in the Gold and Silver West, and I wonder if as long as they kept that faith, and whether they win or lose (as far as riches were concerned), if they were not happier than we who want, yes demand security, regardless of whether we take a chance or not. No, readers, to the gambler against nature's obstructions belong the spoils and a bare existence is due the plodder and nothing more.

Time Waits For No One

Time flies when you are day dreaming, or night dreaming either for that matter and I must reach the town of Woodstock, did I say town, I mean an area where prior to the great snowslide that killed many people, there once upon a time did exist a booming mining town. Why I dwell on these so-called ghost towns of the Rockies, I don't know, except as a chain of reminders that connects the past with the present, but the tumble-down rotting foundations, remains of old cellars and wrecked homes and business structures are sanctified spots, and do bring me in touch with departed friends,



Fast Express Train (speed 10 miles per hour) on the old Denver, South Park and Pacific.

BACK TO HANCOCK TOWN

and by their works they do deserve to be eulogized with words of reverence.

Old Monuments Disappear

Here too the depot has gone, no more my friends the conductors and brakemen say "all aboard," no more the engines fill up at the water tank and the engine crew waves a greeting to a populace, who knows this little old railroad train is their only connecting link, that leads to civilization and the world to the East. Yes, reminiscing does take time, but I will sacrifice time anytime, just to enjoy a few hours of rest before back tracking for home.

Sol Leaves Me To My Fate

Old Sol is slowly setting, and will soon fall behind the Elk Range of mountains and I ponder at the efforts of the forestry department to help revert the West back to the primitive. Boys, she is already there automatically. Regretfully I give the old spot one last look (perhaps the last), and meander back up the grade, each footstep recalling memories of great events, and the colorful characters that had at some time passed over the self same trail.

Over The Sunset Trail

LaPlant of the Flora and Allie Belle have passed from the picture, along with Napoleon Jones, Pap Snyder, Dan Gabner, who they accused of dieting on mountain rats (which I doubt). Yes, the trail is certainly abandoned, and the fast express and coal trains no more roll by on the ribbons of steel. We worry no more about the snow slides, that at times kept the trains and passengers high up in the Rocky Mountains days at a time, until the line could be cleared of snow by men and plows, both before and behind. Yes, the right-of-way is permanently deserted, so today even if the railroad were still in operation, none of the original crew or passengers could stop at an old log cabin (now abandoned), and order any time, day or night, a supper for crew and impatient passengers, the same as in the days of yore, for as you surmise they have long since passed out of the picture, and 99 per cent on over the Divide along with the glory and vantage of the once booming, surging, throbbing life of Old Hancock Town.

Appetite and Fatigue Close Companions

My feet are heavy and muscles aching, but memory is still active as the shades of night are falling over the now deserted valley. I have my blankets cached on a limb beside my wickiup, so the chilling twilight winds hold no terror for me.

BACK TO HANCOCK TOWN

I soon have a camp fire going to fry my rasher of bacon, and this, along with baked beans, sourdough bread and a pot of black coffee, indeed makes me feel, and yes, I know, I am Monarch of all I survey and without a human to dispute my claim. Just for tonight I will again light up the old pipe, well filled with good old merschaum tobacco, and while in a retrospective mood by the camp fire glow, bring back the old town of Hancock to life again as it was on the dedication of the holing through of the Alpine Tunnel.

A Real Estate Boom

The sign at the Main street corner said, "Lots for sale, 25 to 500 dollars," and on this day they raffled those that were least valuable for 10 dollars a throw. They went like slap jacks, and some buyers certainly needed a rope or balloon to get to their holdings. They were sold to all nationalities alike; even some Chinamen held title to those lots (pieces of God's footstool), and in spite of the location 'twas not long until some miner had a cabin hung on the mountain side.

Lots in this town were later advertised and sold in every state in the Union, and for years after the demise of the city, the clerk of the County was kept busy with inquiries as to what the lots were now worth, with instructions in many cases to sell, when they reached a value of one thousand dollars.

What a task that was to carry water from the creek at the bottom, to the cabin on the hill. But then again there was very little bathing, for after all that dirt was clean dirt that clung to your person. I remember old Sol Tupper saying it was a crime to wash, unless you panned the dirt for gold that was contained therein.

Just One Of The Good Old Days

So on this summer's day in the 1880's, Parson, the postmaster, and Quinalt, the surveyor, with the help of Pap Snyder, the preacher, (who Pap said ruined the town when he built the church), Deputy Sheriff Ray Stark, Ex-Gov. Evans and several other prominent personages, opened wide the town for this, its first celebration.

The hall over the Miners Delight saloon and over the general store have been well decorated, the lamps with reflectors hung to the walls, cleaned and polished for the occasion, and the accommodations will be ample, so they think, for the crowd. But they reckoned far short as events later proved.

A special train from Buena Vista, St. Elmo, Alpine and Romley, and another from Pitkin, Quartz, Woodstock and

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intervening points filled the town to overflowing, with a scattering of high muck-a-mucks from Gunnison and Denver.

From Hanson Creek, Strawberry Gulch, Tin Can Hollow, Dough God Ridge and Starvation Point came the dames, with arm loads of kids, in their clean, newly ironed sunbonnets and swishy starched calico gowns. Those onery old cusses, the prospectors, just waited impatiently and hoped those gals might take a tumble, which they sometimes did, thus exposing a neat and pretty little ankle, which was always a treat for eager eyes, to say nothing about a possible peek at a cotton stocking-covered calf of a limb (legs now). Why, I've known those feminine starved old sourdoughs to sneak around after dark, remove some unmentionable from the clothes line (stenciled Pride Of The Rockies or Denver Best) and believe it or not, in the calm of the eve by the old fireplare and while under the spell of the old cob pipes, they would draw that keepsake from under the pillow for a look see and feel not guilty but proud as a peacock over the treasure. It looked downright silly to me, for it was a darn long way from a pair of panties beneath the pillow to a wife in the kitchen.

Yes, let a man keep his illusions as to angelic womanhood, his vision as to the gold and silver hoard that lies just a foot ahead in the shaft or tunnel, yes, let him live and die with his dreams still intact.

Modern Do-Dads Still Unknown

This was still in the days of wooden tubs and pails (metal ones unknown), and proud was the housewife who had one, with painted flowers or landscape on the side. As you can surmise they were always clean as it was necessary to keep water in them all the time to keep the staves from falling apart. So this day of all days, the women were busy shopping in the general stores for new styles of calico, and what few kitchen wares they might afford to buy. It was true then the same as now, people were afflicted with champagne appetites, but must get along within their beer incomes to a far greater extent than now, when seemingly we can keep borrowing on the future to indulge in luxuries today.

Purveyors Of Real Music

The St. Elmo Band and the Billings Tunnel Band from over the range at Northfork will furnish the music, while 13 saloons and hotels, including Pansy's Exclusix Boarding House, will furnish the liquid refreshments and food. So once

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again all is alive as the crowds jam the streets of the booming Hancock Town.

Among the visitors, or rather entertainers was Mimi, the Tuff, from Pitkin, with Silver Heels (the gal of mystery) and our old friend Buckskin Joe, from Fairplay, all making whoopee at Last Chance dance hall, while just outside Jumbo Jim (ex 250 pound boss on the tunnel) did his one good deed a day, by bulldogging a bucking broncho on which some practical jokers had placed astride Sweet Annie, from the Carbonate Theatre at Leadville. Only fools would have put a woman, tipsy from mule eye, on a fractious horse that forthwith threw her, with one foot still in the stirrup. For his part in saving the dame from a gruesome end, Jim should have his statue in the hall of fame.

On this memorable day we had come down from Monumental with the jacktrain, and as we were passing over Chalk Creek Pass there happened the strangest of all things. On the clear mountain air, the clarion notes of cornets pierced the solitude, followed by the blare of the french horns, with the tuba, base horns and drums that split the silence like a bolt from the blue, the music reverberating back and forth across the valley walls. It came from around the rocky cliff of North Fork Pass. Well, were those packasses surprised only little more so than we), to find here thirteen thousand feet atop a mountain pass those band boys playing like nobody's business. Well, those jackasses, unfamiliar with that noise, stampeded like you never saw before, and believe it or not, there were sacks of ore scattered the entire distance from the pass to Hancock Town, and even to this day we never did succeed in finding them all. If any of you should find a sack of silver ore at this late date, please remember it belongs to one Sam Murdock, the present owner of the Mason Mine. After rendering several tunes of real music, the boys, unconcerned but not unaware of the effect of their musical outburst, walked on in to Hancock for their part in the celebration.

Real Melody, Real Money, Pals

No, never again will I hear music so close to heaven, unless perchance I change my ways and hear the angels on the silver trumpets and golden harps. It does seem strange that everything in relation to heaven is closely connected with musical instrument of gold and silver, money of gold and silver, yet those Eastern shin-plaster advocates expect to reach there, via the phony greenback route. But believe the Old Hermit, it will take honest gold and silver dollars to buy

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their way through the pearly gates, and even then they will be looked on with suspicion as old passers of that spurious fiat paper money.

Where There's Hope There's Life

So the streets of Hancock thronged with people, the drilling contest, gunnysacks and 3-legged races (ball games then unknown and couldn't have been placed anyway account of no level spots big enough to play on). There was much activity in real estate, many of the choice lots selling for 500 dollars on main street, while others on the hillsides went much cheaper.

Little did anyone know that in a few short years you could buy these selfsame lots for a song, in that abandoned Hancock Town.

Stable Odor A Deterrent

As a jacktrain driver I did not rate high with the calico dames, but was no worse off than the bullwhacker and ox-driver. The mule skinner and teamster were looked upon by the ladies with some favor, while the stage coach driver was a man of real importance. It seemed that some women were allergic to that horsy tang odor, while other classed it as a pleasing aroma along with the smell of an old, old pipe. The prospector and miner held their own with the femmes, but the flashily dressed gambler, with his sparkling diamond stud, held the younger gals attention.

Women Ever Deceivers

Yes, women were ever subtle, clever and intriguing even in the good old days, the same as now. If you felt a pair of those soft perfumed arms slipping around your neck it was wise to keep your hands on your pocketbook. Yes, they were generally smart enough to pick out an easy berth (if there were any), and when they discovered that oil smelling engineer with his high pay, they did turn up their noses at the dirt diggers. And, as usual with women, the brass buttons and gold and silver braided uniforms of the conductors and band men sure got their hearts to palpitating. No wonder I'm again 'em for their gold digging propensities, and then again I never forgot that box on the ears from the puritan schoolteacher, for saying out loud in the school room, legs instead of limbs.

Woman thy name is inconsistency. They raise your hopes to the heavens, acquire habits that drive you to tears, then drop you with a thud, and even when you swear you cannot live without them they are willing to ditch you and see if you can. Hearts of stone, if you believe the Old

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Hermit, and with the cunning of a Delilah.

Patience Rewarded

Well, old Hank and I did get a couple (not too pretty gals) to feeling sorry for us and they did give us a few dances. And right here and now I want to say that ever since that time I'm for the homely, freckled-faced gals, although I might wish she be right as to bust and figure. But with or without, my actions prove my assertion, that never since that time did I leave a homely gal sit out a dance as a wallflower, whether she was short, fat, tall, thin or homely, as long as I had breath or strength to swing her around. No man could show more gratitude to the stronger sex (mentally), in return for a kind deed than this.

Kind Acts Rewarded

Some of my readers complain of my hostility to women, and yet I give them more space than I allow the hero himself. The writer admits this to be true. I do often divert from my story and blame all of the ills of the world on women, yet give her credit for all the good. Without her I could not write a story of The Trails of Yesterday and the Gold and Silver West would not even be a dream.

Well, that was a gerat celebration and with more people outside the dance hall that couldn't get in than were inside, that couldn't get out when some of the more playful boys started shooting out the lights. It surely was a complex situation. But outside of a free for all scrap, and the tossing out of the windows of the Miners' Delight saloon two troublesome varlets, the affair was one grand success, and now for two long hours I have been reminiscing on this event with occasional breaks in reverie while replenishing the wood on the camp fire.

Never Again To Happen Here

The night has waned, the celebration is over, and as I look again down Central Avenue the ten oil lamps on posts (city style), placed at the cross street intersections, cast out a feeble glow, while from the open doors of the few saloons still occupied by a few belated revelers, gleams of light stretch across the now deserted street.

Yes, as the music faded out a tired populace tumbled and staggered over the stumps, stones and fallen trees of the side streets, to a tiny cabin home. The show was indeed over for that day and night, and forever. Never again did Hancock Town have another gathering of such notable and colorful characters as met there on that one occasion. I have turned back memory's pages and lived in fancy just one 24-hour

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day 58 years ago, and I doubt if it will ever happen again except in story.

Vanished Threads Of Steel

It seems that as each ribbon of steel was pulled up, the railroad abandoned, each mine closed down, then for certain each old booming town of the good old days reverted to a ghost city. Whenever this happens I rebel at the destruction, not only of dreams, but the destruction of monuments, that has come about in the name of so-called progress, while I stand helpless and must accept the new order of things.

Yes, I bewail the passing of these old relics. I bemoan the loss of these historical old towns with no new city, modern or otherwise, built on these hallowed spots. Now as I look up and down that perfect grade, that winds in and out through the mountain fastness, I extoll the engineers and planners, and pay tribute to Governor Evans for the birth of a vision, that turned into a reality, and I condemn the indifference of the present generation that has allowed this reality to revert to nothing with no modern dreamer, gifted with vision enough to restore it to life again.

Well, two days have passed as I make my way toward Chalk Creek Pass and I see at the foot, a trail that leads upward and through a narrow defile, and in fancy I see again those band boys, all dressed in uniforms of blue, with trimmings of gold and silver braid. Some day I will pass over that narrow pass, walk down the North Fork side to the abandoned Pride of The West Tunnel, and on that same day I will take my chisel, and on that massive cut stone work will chisel one name. John Billins, the greatest one man benefactory that Chaffee County ever knew.

Another Trail Leads Home

In another hour I find myself over the pass and not retracing the trail of the day before, but keep to the other side of the canyon. Just on my left lies the Barrie Tunnel, where a few whitened bones of two old jackasses still lie, that were killed out of mercy, yet served as food for old prospectors and myself. As I pass the Mohammed Mine I bow my head in reverence for old Hobb McGhee, buried hundreds of feet beneath the old mine dump, and I wonder if the three little Hobbs' now grown to old men and women themselves, knows anything about the last resting place of a once proud and loving father.

Passing by the Hampson old log cabin castle, another historical spot, I reach the Hermitage, a king's castle to me, with the old rat, robin and porcupine to greet me, and here

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I now write this little story of another trail that revives memories. Whether of interest to you or not, they do keep me alert and alive, so I can work and strive for a return of hopes, initiative, and incentive, coupled with the simplicity of living and happiness, that we once enjoyed in the good old days, in this Gold and Silver West, and which the present generation evidently cares for no more.

—The End

WOMAN A PARADOX

She is - Neat and Messy
Nice and Nasty

Meek and Mighty
Inspiring and Rejecting

Timid and Brave
Passive and Turbulent

Calm and Tempestuous
Loving and Hateful

Secretive and Gabby
Modest and Brazen

Happy and Sighing
Smiling and Crying

Grateful and Greedy
Morbid and Cheerful

Warm Hearted and Frigid
Docile and Rebellious

Honest and Tricky
Careless and Finicky

All these she is, yet
Irresistable, So what?

'TIS EVER, NO NEVER THE SAME

—●—

'Tis the same old sun, it keeps on shining
On Hancock, just another old ghost town
The same old dark night keeps appearing
When the animated creatures, quiet down.

'Tis that some old unchangeable moon,
Coming around yon barren lofty peak,
Casting weird shadows through the trees
Where phantom spirits, play hide-and-seek.

'Tis the same old snow keeps falling,
Blanketing the valley year after year,
Covering again this graveyard of dreams,
Bringing with it dread blizzards fear.

'Tis the same old gurgling little stream,
Tumbling so merrily on its eternal way,
The same old clear and sparkling water,
That served man this day, and yesterday.

'Tis the same old silvery golden clouds,
Encircling Western mountains in the sky,
Bringing one's thoughts to heavenly forces,
An unseen supreme power, on whom to rely.

'Tis the same old dismal chilling winds,
That through the branches sigh and moan,
Bringing on a sepulchral dreary feeling,
Adding to the solitude of one now alone.

'Tis the same century old spruce trees,
Standing in all their majesty's around,
Truly breaking the monotony of silence,
The breezes whispering a mournful sound.

'Tis the same old showers, sleet and rain,
The same old rainbow hangs over the vale,
That led men forward to the pot of gold,
Accepting fates decree, an off' told tale.

'Tis the same twinkling, scintillating stars,
Lighting up heavenly sky's of twilight blue,
A sad reminder that everything is the same,
Except on infinitesimal thing called you.

'Tis just as it was in the long ago days,
Minus the faces pictured in memory's frame,
Not a friend remains with kindred thoughts,
Without these, life never is just the same.

THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

The Silver Bell Mine

To reawaken thoughts and pay tribute to the old trail blazers memory alone directs my footsteps as I follow the trail up the Middlefork to the South Arkansas, to the Silver Bell Mine my final destination. My first stop for the night is at The Twin cabins, Gimlett's 1050th mistake or folly (or is it), as the cabin has served many a wanderer in times of stress and blizzard.

Sanctified Spots

The doors swing loose on the rusty hinges and panes from the windows have been shattered by vandals. The home-made bunks have also felt the touch of the ingrates hand, so my bed for the night must be made up on the rough board floor.

The first task is to kindle a camp fire just outside the door (the old rusted stove inside wrecked by the unappreciative Huns), for the chill winds of June are still wafting down from the high snowbanks. My next effort is to cut many spruce feathers from the near-by trees, to serve both as mattress and springs on which to lay my blankets, and then with beans steaming, bacon sizzling in the pan, all swizzled down by good old black coffee, I am ready for the night.

The Pest Of The West

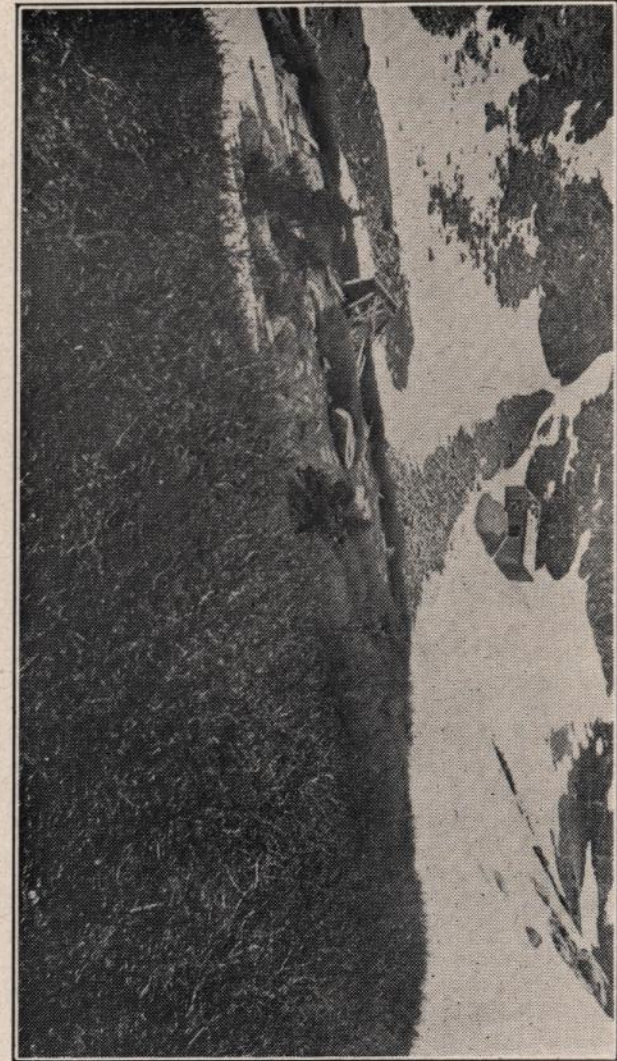
Well, I know the old mountain rat will make the night hideous and sleep will be spasmodic, and I do find the necessity of brushing him from my face many times. But later I feel a heavier movement over my bed and experience has taught me that it is either a skunk or porcupine. Experience has also taught me the wisdom of making no move toward swishing him off with a stroke of the hand, thus taking the chance of him expurging a spray of that indelicate perfume, and if it be a porcupine those quills would prove to be quite painful. So the proper method is to simply pull the blankets over your head and pray that your guests wander on their way.

It seems strange that of all the wild creatures, the rat, skunk and porcupine are the tamest, make friends easily, but again I warn you watch your step on the first acquaintance with the latter two.

Morning Welcomed

With a cold wash in the spring and a weighty breakfast of flap jacks and bacon, I take up the trail bright and early; the very same trail where once upon a time Billy the Kid, Dick Russel and Jess Gilliland traveled in search of adven-

The Silver Bell Mine, a dream without end that passed to father and son's, sons.



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ture (at any price).

Now I pass the wreck of the Dick Russel cabin. In fancy I see many of the bold desperadoes sitting beside the now fallen fireplace, concocting some scheme of deviltry which was nipped in the bud before execution by the formidable Miners' Protective Committee. The snowslide from Clover Mountain has since removed all evidence of the cabin from the scene, and strange to relate that slide has never run since 1885.

Ribbons Of Silver

Crossing the river at the Sunrise Tunnel (Motts dream), I find this little settlement of deserted cabins have also now been taken away by the big slides. I follow close to the stream and see now and then a sign of the nearly obliterated trail and cover a distance of perhaps two miles.

Here, at the base of Monumental Mountain, I find the ruins of Honeymoon Castle. I rest on a rotted stump from which Hennesy had cut a log for the castle, long, long ago, and remembered that according to him (and others) it was to, and did, house a queen. In anticipation of that event each morning and night after a hard shift on the U. S. Treasury, the saw would be heard and the chips did fly, and log by log a dream castle took shape right out of the raw. Yes, with the labor of but his two hands, and freedom from restrictions and taxes, and without one nail this man created the best habitation in the valley.

Reprinting Memory's Negatives

Memory now takes me back to one eventful day of long ago when Jim Hennesy's sweetheart came from a cultured home in the East, to rejoin Jim in this new Eldorado in the Gold and Silver West. They met again at Maysville, were married by the circuit riding preacher and they were sure a happy couple as they stepped from the old Concord stage coach at Junction City.

A wedding dinner was prepared at the John Toms Hotel, and then the bride, all ablush to the tips of her dainty ears by so much attention, was placed, silk finery, long wedding gown and all, on a side saddle (the proper acoutrement for ladies) firmly cinched to a gentle jackass. No bride or honeymoon cavalcade ever had a more admiring and interested following than this couple as they travelled the six miles to the castle. Truly the lowly jackass at times carried some notable burdens, emissaries from both the earthly and heavenly sphere.

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Sentiment Still Lives

Yes, the love and touch of a woman's hand makes a castle out of a hut, and in reverie I see again that bride as she sat on the old log bench strumming a guitar and singing the old sweet songs. This was the gathering place in the evenings for the prospectors and they came for miles to listen to that music, and admire the beauty of the singer. Yes, 500 feminine starved men desired that woman, (or any woman for that matter), but she had eyes for but one, and that one was Hennesy.

In secret and in envy we would look from the mountain tops, through the telescope, and view the wash on the line. Yes, those panties of red flannel and cotton flour sacking, stenciled Lilly White, was in truth a great protection against immodesty and the blizzards of the hills, and yet by no hint or remark did the lady herself know we had seen those unmentionables, quite a contrast to today when these same unmentionables of modern women are displayed in every window of drug, hardware, novelty stores, even to the filling stations, with not enough material in them, or womens' entire skimpy wardrobe, for that matter, to make a breech clout for a Fiji Islander.

Immodesty Glorified

Yes, the Hermit is sickened and surfeited with these disciples of immodesty and these undraped venders of this, that and the other at all sales resorts, with their exposed, unshapely, pimply legs and unsightly moles elsewhere, and it is just about as unappetizing and unsanitary as the tortillas that were rolled out on the naked thighs of the Mexican housewife, that they served me with in the State of Sonora Mexico.

Lures to Heaven or 'ell

I thought I might leave mere women out of this story, but try as I do they are a vital part of, and always step right into any picture or story of the Gold and Silver West. I do deplore the passing of the angelic type we had in the good old days, and it was true that where there was a little 'ell, there was much heaven, and it is true in this modern day, where there is lots of 'ell and little heaven, in both cases you will find the women.

Builders and Wreckers

Yes, women are responsible for all our joys and all our woes. In the good old days she rocked the cradle and ruled the world, and now that she quit rocking the cradle she has ruined the world. Yes, women build castles and they also

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tear them down, but in this case time alone did the razing.

I linger on and view the wreckage, the ridgepole has now broken in the center, and the sod-covered lagging has rotted away. In one corner I still see the log-built bridal couch, which along with all the furniture in the old days was part of and attached to the cabin itself. The feathers of soft spruce boughs and needles are still in evidence. The old fireplace of rock devoid of lime mortar or cement, has crumbled away and nothing remains but the old pot hook and cross bars. Yes, here is a castle where the kitchen, bridal chamber and reception hall were all within one room, the home at one time of an uncrowned queen.

The touch of the woman's hand is mostly erased, except for a touch of paint here and there. A few faded sheets of newspapers are still hanging and partly stuck to the wall, while strewn about are the rusted remains of the cooking utensils (mostly made of tin cans), that were always kept clean and polished, the pride of that household and added to the popularity of that housewife. Held safely in a crack of the old log cabin walls I find a cooking recipe, the pencil marks made by a woman's hand and still legible.

Yes, to matter of fact modern materialists not a thought is given to what was once a honeymoon castle on the Middlefork, yet if we but knew, it might hold one of the greatest stories ever told.

A Land of Desolation

I leave this spot of memories with regret and make my way up the steep zig-zag trail, and after much prespiring find myself at another group of wrecked cabins. A tribe of rock chucks (lone survivors of ghost towns) with angry bark scurry beneath the rotted floor, while a few camp robins (robbers) perch on a scraggly and gnarled old dead spruce tree, scolding and wondering, no doubt, what a trespasser would see in the ruins, in which only ghosts of old memories are in evidence.

The three tiers of bunks in the cabins with remnants of straw mattresses are still visible, but like the former occupants, of service no more, yet they were soft to any man after a ten hour hard day's work, and what an extravagant wage that three dollars seemed to be in the gold old days (and still is), with no expectations of full paid holidays, travelling time or expenses.

Simplicity Was King

Yes, those were the days, when simplicity was a virtue, honesty prevalent and tenacity of purpose coupled with hard

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work, and this alone could keep the larders filled.

The heavy wire (now rusted) cable is still anchored in place, a life-line that once, guided, protected and kept the miners themselves from falling over the cliffs, in case a foot slipped as they passed to and from cabin to mine.

High on the mountainside I see the Silver Bell Mine itself. The name implies that in some way the locator had in mind an ornament of beauty and utility that would signify both the richness of the mine, and perhaps a predominating spiritual thought. In any event that old silver bell never pealed out or chimed the news of a great silver strike to the world.

Most men had as much pride in their mines and buildings as the farmer had in his barn, or the business man in his office, so on the stone portal of the tunnel was chiseled the outlines of a bell. The general scheme or symbol, be it hobby or foolish, was followed out to the extent of having a silver bell (silver plated I presume) hung on two posts beside the boarding house door. The acquisition of the bell was accidental, being purchased at a bargain price from three renegades, who had dropped into the booming city after having purloined it, any many silver crucifixes and other ornaments, from the churches down Mexico way.

Bells Revive Spiritual Thoughts

But it served its purpose in a general way, and at meal time the clarion tones of its "ding-dong, ding-dong" would resound across the valley calling the outside workers and timber jacks to drop their tools and come and get it. The bell, like mine whistles, gave the time of day to the old prospectors on the mountain and in the valley, and instilled them with a certain amount of reverence to their creator. With the advent of the junker nothing is sacred or secure, so no doubt the bell itself has long since been molden into canon shells.

Three great things of interest in the entertainment line in the valley of the Middlefork was the old Hermit, tenor voice and old sweet songs, the whistle of the Columbus mill, and the ding-dong of the old silver bell.

Man an Emotional Creature

In most instances you could judge a man's disposition, thoughts and ambitions by the name he might give his mine. For instance, The Last Chance meant discouragement and just one more whirl before giving up in despair; The Silver Deal, so named because the deal was consumated in silver dollars; The Gun Shot Mine, located with the intention of

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being salted (and was) with the aid of a shot gun; The Silver Chest and S. Treasury located in the belief that they veritably did contain chests of treasure; American Eagle and ncle Sam, these locators had faith in their emblem and their government and their loyalty could not be questioned; Monitor and Merrimac owned by a Southern Colonel and Yankee Captain, and when these two met, the Civil Was was fought all over again; The Columbus, located by another explorer; The Mary Murphy after a gal of the Gold and Silver West along with the A. Y., Minnie, Flora and Allie Bell; Fenian Chief, located by an Irishman from the old sod; Bismark, you can guess, a full blood Fritzie; The Josephine and Joan of Arc by a Frenchman, of course; Cleopatra, named so by a historical and romantic old dreamer; Feint Hope, with little confidence; Madonna, Chruibim, and Seraphin, by a man of letters, with a trend toward religion. Tell me of a name given to a mine, and I will tell you of the locator's idiosyncracies. So, too, in our county court houses through the West, find the name of the prospect, and here you will find an untold story of the foremost thoughts in the mind of the prospector at the time.

In mines we locators always named our prospects for the thing most dominant in our mind, and by this token I could describe the characters of the old prospectors. Each mine has a story of love, romance, adventure and tragedy, and very few, if any, but had some woman as the motivating spirit behind the man, behind the pick, shovel and drill.

No prospector was ever convinced that his mine was no good and history proves that hope still remained until the last pound of beans, bacon and flour had been exhausted. So strong were those visions and dreams instilled in the average prospector, that while he was often forced by necessity to leave for other fields he carried that faith and the name of the prospect to the grave. The disease of Mineafobia is no doubt the most chronic of all diseases, actually a plague and plenty contagious, and in the old days really infectuous to the point of becoming an epidemic to any that might come in contact with it. Yet those afflicted with its virus, win or lose, proved to be the real builders of our Western empire, enriching both the individual and community.

Bread for The Worker

Each month for forty years a check would arrive at the Silver Bell Mine for payday, the owner himself would come west once each year to inspect his holdings. A heavy man of perhaps 300 pounds it took great preparation to find a

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pack beast sufficiently strong to carry him up the mountain. But go he must and with such faith and men like this, we built up the Gold and Silver West and lacking this faith today, we are tearing it down.

The Passing of A Soldier

So on a certain day we were awaiting the arrival of this soldier of chance when a long distance call came in from Denver advising that man had suffered a stroke, suddenly losing the power of straight thinking on arrival at the Union Depot, and was incoherent both as to words or speech. Two words only could be understood, The Silver Bell Mine and the name of E. Gimlett, its manager. This was to be the last journey the Grand Old Man, one time speaker of the House, State of Missouri was to make, and what a sad trip that was as the writer accompanied him back to his home in St. Louis where he died a short time later. On his demise the West lost another great benefactor and gambler, and for his donation to our County and State, the Hermit does (and the people should) pay him great tribute.

A Monument Everlasting

The abandoned Silver Bell Mine lies up among the rocky craigs on the slope of Monumental Mountain, the tunnels and shafts followed a true fissure vein that proved to be (at least so far) one of the most barren leads in the district, as shown by tunnels of 700 feet on the West slope and 800 foot tunnel on the East slope, and the headings of these two entries were not more than ten feet apart at the finish. In this 1500 feet of tunnel work, (exclusive of hundreds of feet of upraising and shafts) not one pound of ore was extracted, but such is faith and J. G. Merriot believed until the last that somewhere in that mine lay the treasure chest of Gold and Silver, and no doubt if he had lived longer he would have sunk a shaft perhaps a thousand feet or more in depth, still hoping to find a glory spot, and who knows through eons of years, the values may have filtered to a greater depth than now explored.

A Bell That Rings No More

"THE SILVER BELL," just another dream, just another game of chance wherein a lifetime could not see the finish, and while the sponsors deprived more enjoyment and pleasure from the venture than from a game of golf, poker, or a thousand other useless sports, the money was honestly spent, honestly earned and the whole million expended and invested in the Arkansas Valley.

THE SILVER BELL MINE

Monuments That Endure

A monument in the cemetery in Missouri, stands to honor this great constructor and builder, but long after the inscribed stone has turned to dust, the permanent and ever lasting tunnels of the Silver Bell Mine will endure, and the records of Chaffee County will give the name of J. G. Marriot as its creator.

The Creator and His Creation Lost

I doubt is there be a man living today could point out the place, and only by the records of Chaffee County, and a staff of surveyors could the corners again be found. Just another venture of the good old days where we did so much work for so little money, compared with today where we do so little work for so much money. The Silver Bell, a magic word for 60 years in this man's home, and today the children and the children's children, wonder perhaps if they too should not take up the task, complete the dream (still unfinished) and continue on, and it might sometime yet, prove to be a bonanza. And so the dreams pass from father to son, the lure of gold and silver is still there and beckons on, perhaps just ten feet more to go, who knows?

—The End

Man's desire is to be footless and free
Nature a despot, decrees he sweat and slave

—
An insatiable obsessive appetite
Stronger than fear of consequence.

—
John Barleycorn and his pals weak minds
Boon companions in this world of crime

—
The instigator of crime, Red Eye and dope
More to blame than his tools the absorbers

—
Blame women not too much for moral decline
'Tis the cocktail, a friend, bears watching

—
Great Engineers many times commit blunders
When common sense could point the way

—
Who excells in things of fancy or folly
Deserve little of lasting glory or honor

—
The greatest man in a Nation of big men is
A gambler taking chances in natures game.

A Letter To My Senator

Arbor-Villa via Salida, Colo.,

Feb. 24, 1940.

Washington, D. C.

Dear Senator—

I am enclosing you a design of money, the kind our forefathers once did use, of a certain weight, size and fineness. It will be an honest money with the proper number of grains of precious metal, and thus the intrinsic value will be contained therein.

There will be no change in the coins except the 1c, 5c and 10c pieces, who in the 'ell ever conceived the idea of a penny and a nickle being larger than a dime, and the metal itself being worth nothing, must have been a crack pot for sure.

Mr. Senator, 18 years ago, the men who framed our constitution also designed a money to go with it, and at that time our beautiful gold and silver coin was fixed with a certain weight and fineness, even the lowly nickle and a 3c piece had enough silver to make them worth their face value in metal, and now these phony, germy, microby paper money advocates want to repudiate this honey money and go on a managed currency basis.

Now I want these paper money agnostics and infidelists without a conscious, that cannot stand the "In God We Trust," stamped on our money, to also advocate the elimination of the oath in all courts and congresses, in fact, anything that pertains to God in the heavens, and even re-write the Constitution itself which is pretty well sprinkled with reference to the almighty.

Now in lieu of this, place in our halls of Congress an image, not of a gold and silver calf, but an idol (a paper idol) entirely made up with these spurious, fiat, germy greenbacks and shin-plasters, so they (the pagans) may worship this paper or false God of their own choosing, and may God have mercy on their souls, as for myself I would prefer to see them in 'ell.

Mr. Senator, now is the time to go back to a metallic base, and as a creditor Nation the whole world would soon adopt our standards of money, weights and fineness, and for the

Honest Money The Life Blood Of Any Nation.

SILVER 1.29 OUNCE

3.71Gr	1 Cent	1945
18.5Gr	5 CENTS	1944
37Gr	10 CENTS	1944
92.8Gr	25 CENTS	1944
185.02Gr	50 CENTS	1944
371.25Gr	100 CENTS	1945



GOLD 20.67 OUNCE

116.1Gr	5 CENTS	1944
232.2Gr	10 CENTS	1946
464.4Gr	20 CENTS	1942
	100 CENTS	1945

BI-METALLIC STANDARD 16 TO 1

Gold and Silver Coin is the Key to the Pearly Gates of Heaven with its Silver Chariots and Streets of Gold.

A LETTER TO MY SENATOR

sake of the Nation quit buying that foreign gold at the inflated price of \$35 per ounce. Wipe out that mythical seven billions of value and restore it to its former and honest price. Raise silver to \$1.29 per ounce, and if the raise in silver will not compensate for the drop in gold, pay the misled domestic gold producer a bonus of ten dollars per ounce, providing the mine will not pay a profit otherwise.

Mr. Senator you are one of the men that can bring this to pass, and the world will pay you homage for correcting the asinine situation we now find ourselves in. I had hoped to talk to you across the table and try and iron out some of our problems in National affairs, as we already agree on many things in common. I am enclosing a story of the gold and silver West, from the pen of a rank pessimist who arrived that way by living in a state of uncertainty, in a City of Gloom and in the valley of despair.

As you know I am keeping an eagle eye on my snow bank at the Hermitage, who these false prophets lay claim to, under the right of priority or divine decree, and now as I look about me and see high on the Mountains, the old mine dumps, wrecked cabins and abandoned mills, and know there is not another human within one hundred square miles from where I stand, and here fifty years ago there were ten thousand souls within the same area, you too can understand my feelings, and see why I go Pessimist.

Mr. Senator, after careful study, I am convinced that during the past fifty years when the tax structure stood at one per cent and has now reached five per cent in our cities, it has destroyed an invested capital of 200 billion dollars as far as earnings are concerned, and there is nothing but taxable wealth left, and that is diminishing fast, then with our borrowing, corporate and government of another 200 billion on posterity the future does look black to me.

Now do not be offended at the cracks I take at Congress, and I honestly believe our educators are at fault for creating so many pencil pushers, dominated by greed with a superabundance of self and collective ego, with a biased brain so atrophied it has lost the power of straight thinking, and of a true sense of values. Yes, Mr. Senator, I still think the high hats are surfeited with too much luxury while the producer goes short, far short, on necessities, and then of course, I am "agin" you all for debasing my bright and shiny gold and silver money.

Yours truly,
THE HERMIT OF ARBOR-VILLA.

To Leadville Via The Old Stage Coach

The year was 1879 and after a dinner, family style, consisting of venison, brown potatoes, beans and good old sauce of stewed, dried apples served on clean, tin plates, all washed down with coffee, in shiny tin cups, we started from Bayles stage station near Cleora with four fresh horses and the old stage coach loaded to the limit with passengers inside, four more passengers safely stowed away on the top, and the boot in the rear piled high with trunks and rolls of bedding.

Brave Men Held The Reins

Old Ike Jordan, the driver, climbs aboard with a guard beside him, grabs up the reins and with a crack of the four-horse whip that never touched a hide, we are off at a full gallop, Leadville bound. The U. S. mail bag and Wells Fargo gold chest sets beside old Ike's feet with a rifle standing muzzle up between his legs, while Ike and the guard both carry the usual side arms and woe be the stage robbers that would attempt to hold up that stage.

The Day of Wide Open Spaces

We rolled over the sage brush covered prairie where Salida now stands and keeping to the South of the Golden Arkansas river, we soon pass the Harrington ranch, the first in the valley, then on by the French, Naylor, Sprague, Cameron and McCalmont ranches on Adobe Park, and at no time were we out of a trot until we reached Squaw Creek. Here we found a hunting party of Utes bent on trading some venison and Indian blankets for beads or Old Crow whiskey. A trade was soon made and we were heavier by two carcasses and a couple of heavy Navajo blankets.

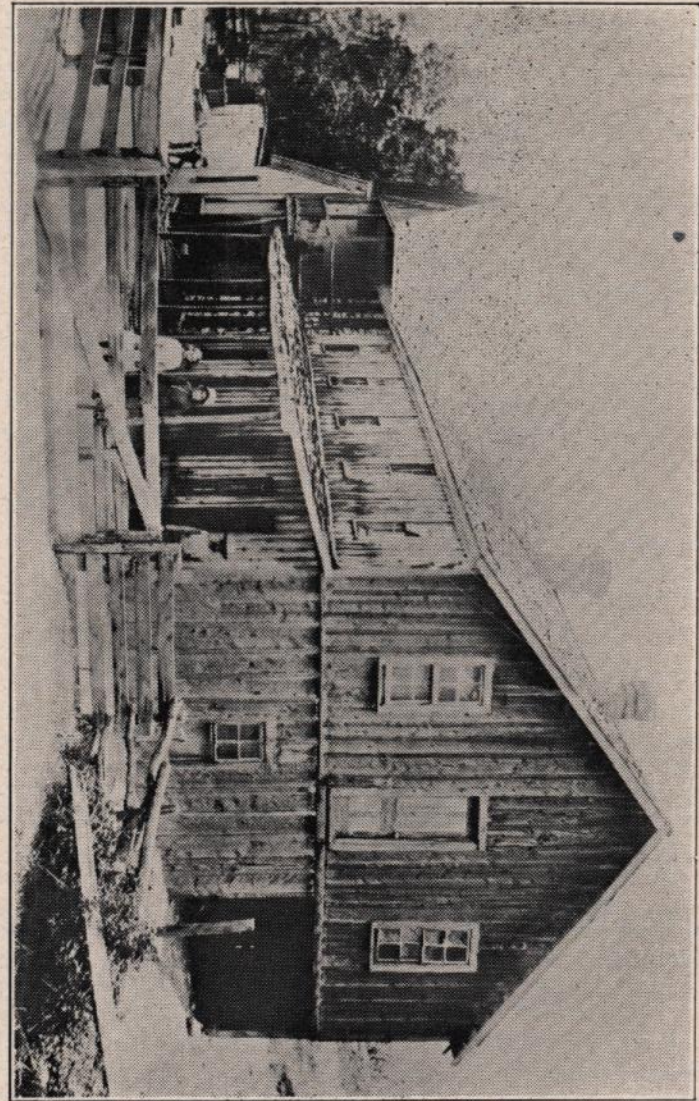
Buried Gold

Passing over the old battle ground where the Indians and the Spaniards fought for the possession of the first gold from California gulch (still cached in a mule hide and undiscovered), we arrive at Erhart ranch and then as now, I wonder at the wisdom of those horses as they swung in and around those sharp curves following the ruts with no visible effort of the driver to guide them. The dust that permeated the coach caused no comment and the flavor itself, as it settled on the lips, was of good clean dirt, neutralized more or less with a horsey tang, and as we brushed it from our faces and clothes, we could laugh at such small discomforts.

Adventurers All

I took note in observing my fellow passengers, the two

The Bayles Stage Station near Salida, on the road from Pueblo to Leadville.



TO LEADVILLE VIA THE OLD STAGE COACH

gamblers, each with a brace of six-shooters, Prince Albert coats, wide sombreros and the usual loud checkered vests, plus the flashy diamond shirt stud. Three ladies occupied the rear seat and were of those regular 42-inch busted 150-pound variety with beautiful ostrich plumes on their hats, and the hats themselves weighing at least five pounds and must have cost twenty-five dollars or more. The talk back and forth was of the fabulous amount of money that was to be made in the new Eldorado and I looked in sympathy at the five old sourdoughs and miners who were to be their victims and it mattered not whether they struck it rich or poor, they were scheduled to soon be shorn of their hard earned gains.

Angels That Were

Another woman, just an old-fashioned mother, with her three small tots and a brown haired daughter, still in her teens, sat quietly in the corner, taking in the general conversation, thinking plenty no doubt but making no comments, her heart all intent for the sight of her man, who had left home in the East a year before and was now waiting impatiently for her in a brand new home of logs with dirt floor and lagged roof covered with sod. A fine home in the good old days, and with the touch of a woman's hand what a grand place that would soon turn out to be.

Love Still Undefined

Love to a woman can be a thing apart and to a man his whole existence and while you may possess a woman's love, her spirit and soul may be undefiled, yet her talent belongs to the world and the devil. This Stella DeChane, the brown-haired lass, who was destined to make history, was a girl of this type, and for many years our trails crossed and recrossed in the boom mining camps of the Rockies. Men lived only in hopes as far as possession was concerned, and the song of her own improvising, that she sang in every dance hall and variety theatre, was to the air of "I'll Take You Back Kathleen", but her title was "Someday I'm Coming Back to You." Women by nature are all actresses and major in the art of deception. Acting the part, that song might apply to anyone who came under the direct glance of those appealing eyes (a hit in those days), and each fool super-egofied male (including myself), thought she really meant those words for him.

It would seem strange to the modern woman to talk of love and constancy while she herself could belong to the world and its wiles, and so it was with Stella DeChane, the

TO LEADVILLE VIA THE OLD STAGE COACH

song and dance artist, who reached the top in fame and riches by breaking the hearts and pocketbooks of men who followed her path. Fools they were, even as you and I, to waste life or substance on professional or career women of the good old days, and fools we men are to waste love and affection on modern, messed up and mauled over damsels. Now at this late date I admire the cave man and his style of grabbing the fair maid by the hair, carrying her to his cave to be his exclusively henceforth and forever, and if perchance he failed to provide skins to cover her nakedness, she was still his with no divorce and no alimony.

That Mystery Called Woman

This preamble is to pass to the readers the importance of the different types of women and their part in the building up and destroying both character and morals of the men of the good old days and while we have many monuments there are very few to honor these women behind the men, who really made the gold and silver West what it was, and what it is today.

Close Your Eyes and Grab

There are but five types of women in the average man's life and the pity of it all is that seemingly no one woman can fill all the requirements. Any one of the five would have made a real armful in the old days compared to our modern streamlined janes, where one would need a microscope to find out whether he had anything in his arms or not.

Matrimonial Lottery

We had first of all the baby doll and cuddly type that were made for much loving and petting but not much for thinking, restful to say the least, after a hard days work, and to some men inspiring and a sufficiency. Then the companionable type, a 50-50 composition, give and take and no foolin', expecting no favors, a feminine type with cool indifference and not inclined to effervesce and many a man passed out too soon by trying to cheat this kind of a gal. Now comes the domestic type, believing the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, entirely helpless without a man around, yet satisfied with anything in the shape of a male. To this type we owe a tribute as mothers.

Now the sirens, these love me little, love me more type when money is plentiful and flowing freely, that flitters away to new fields at the first mention of poverty. The old camps were well represented by this type, yet their colorful lives have been woven with the great men and happenings of the gold and silver West. And last we have the masterful

TO LEADVILLE VIA THE OLD STAGE COACH

type, the head of the house, wearing the proverbial pants and, believe it or not, 75% of men need these dominating creatures, for say what you will, women from 16 to 60 want to play mothers, and men are but children and pass from first childhood into second childhood with but few (if any) intervening years for manhood between.

I have wasted considerable space in describing women as I have known them for 65 years and as I follow the trails of yesterday each type will have its hearing and receive just tribute, for all of them have at some time been the motivating power behind the man and builders of Western history.

Trail Blazers That Were

We now arrive and dip down into Brown's creek on the trail to Leadville and at the old Harrington ranch (where he himself met death by the assassin's bullet). We change horses again, the beasts we just unhitched are all a lather, dead tired, and docile as kittens as they are led away to the barns. We tarry but a few minutes and this rapid transit again thunders on at full gallop. Over the mesa, down into Chalk Creek, and by the first flour mill in the valley, built by Nathrop himself, and into the town that still carries his name.

Here, up the creek, was the first log cabin home of John Grodal, one of the few and great characters of the valley since the year 1875, and you may be sure the trails he left behind him were righteous trails, and safe for anyone to follow, which is a tribute in itself.

An Oasis in The West

Here at Nathrop were many tents and cabins of prospectors and miners, surveyors and grade builders, the latter laying out the grade for the Denver, South Park & Pacific railroad that was to follow up Chalk Creek and over the continental divide to Gunnison, while another crew was working on the Rio Grande toward Leadville.

A Breath of Dust and Manure

We arrive at the change station of Helena, where 20 stages are going to and from Leadville daily and hundreds of freight wagons rest and change horses. An ad in the July Chieftain of 1879 reads thus: "Wanted 1,000 teams to haul ore from Leadville to Pueblo." This gives one an idea of the travel on the roads and the difficulty of transportation.

A Landmark Still

There were a few houses and cabins at Buena Vista and many more in the building, with much activity in the mines on the collegiate peaks, while the city itself was to be the

TO LEADVILLE VIA THE OLD STAGE COACH

junction, or on the main line of three railroads. On we travel by Riverside and from here the river is lined with placer miners and sluice boxes. Gold, gold, gold everywhere, the lure that brought the soldiers of chance to the gold and silver West and only a small per cent if they but knew, would ever return to civilization with their pockets fully loaded.

At the Pine Creek station we hook up another fresh string of horses and after a quick lunch swilled down by too hot black coffee that burned our throats, are on our final spurt to Leadville.

Horse Power Limited

We now and then pass into a walk and as we cross Clear Creek and take out over Arkansas river bridge, we are held back by the six and eight-span of horses and mules and oxen with their freight wagons and trailers creeping slowly along. There are but few places to pass on the one-way canon road, but in due time we do arrive at Granite, the center of much gold activity and the junction where the Barlow and Sander-son stage lines takes off for Aspen.

Granite was then the county seat of Chaffee County and where but a short time previous Judge Dyer was killed on the bench, whether by the vigilantes or renegades was never definitely settled for no one was ever brought to justice for the act.

Speed One Mile Per Hour

Much of the travel that came West was by way of ox team and prairie schooner and much of the freight moved from Denver via South Park. There remains but one survivor who remembers the great snow storm and blizzard that occurred in South Park when the whole train of oxen were killed and many of them eaten, to keep the drivers and the oxen themselves from starving and freezing to death.

Gold, Gold, Everywhere

We now leave Granite and follow the North side of the Golden Arkansas and see the miners washing gold along the entire distance. Here we find the source of gold and our dreams come true, the very same gold that we had followed from the mouth of the Arkansas river 1500 miles to its source, and now we find it in nuggets sometimes as big as hens eggs instead of the finer flour gold so light we could see, but were unable to save, farther down the river.

We now pass the store of Haw Tabor at the fast disappearing Oro City and as we returned to the stage station at Leadville the horses were ready to drop from exhaustion, yes, and the passengers, after riding 70 miles consuming

TO LEADVILLE VIA THE OLD STAGE COACH

twelve hours of time, seeing every mile new and changing scenes, never to be enacted again in reality. We are a tired bunch of travelers, but not too tired to mix with those happy-go-lucky citizens in the newly incorporated city of Leadville with our genial Haw Tabor as its first mayor.

Liberty Short Lived

Here we did enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and while in many cases it was but for a day, we were in truth, masters of our soul but not sure as to our fate. While we are prone to dwell on the glory of the good old days we must never forget our graveyards were growing as fast as our cities, and only by the influx of new arrivals were the towns allowed to remain on an even keel as far as population was concerned.

The Spirit of Bravado

Another strange thing about our boom camps, few men were killed by enemies, for in many cases the word simply passed around that so-and-so, the bad man from Aspen, Junction City, Kokomo or Fairplay or some other boom town was to be a visitor and everybody cleared the streets, for when two bad men meet it's too bad for the bystanders, for at least one of the participants and perhaps both are slated to pass over the divide. Many a time I have seen the victor take a look at his victim and mutter, "No, I've never seen the man before."

Two Gun Law Enforcement

I never fail to pay tribute to the police and sheriffs of those good old days and while many of them were hard eggs themselves, most of the killings were done in self-defense and while often the would-be bad man or tenderfoot really never intended to shoot, the simple gesture of reaching for or toward his gun meant death.

A King's Castle for The Prospector

Safely housed in the Grand Central log hotel we found a bed among seventeen others in the attic and reached by a ladder only. Rooms were at a premium and seldom, if ever, available for the common herd. Well, I never saw as many animated creatures in my life and sleep was impossible, yet one of my bedfellows says, "Think nothing about it, pardner, it's all a matter of habit," and he admitted they were annoying until one got used to them, and after so long you really got attached to the little devils, then showed me a pair of greybacks that he said had been with him for years. Believe it or not, anything animated found a welcome with those old prospectors who were compelled to spend months at a time

TO LEADVILLE VIA THE OLD STAGE COACH

in solitude. As old Loco Bill said, he loved his two pets but damned if he could support their prolific offspring. It's day time all the time and there is no night here, this is true of all the boom mining camps and doubly true of Leadville.

The 1879 summer passes into autumn, autumn to winter and what a winter that was. Gathering necessary fuel to keep the booming city warm was no small task and with that city swarming with new arrivals. What added to the problem was the fact we had nothing but wood, some seasoned, but most of it still green from the newly felled trees. I firmly believe during this particular winter, that one-half of the people were kept busy with the old cross-cut saw and axe, keeping themselves and the other half warm. One could hear the man-power saws and axes long before daylight and far into the night. As I look back and see my married friends working ten hours at the mines and another five hours at the woodpile, I was lucky to be a celibate, and glad that one certain lady deferred the marriage date.

Truly there were some things in the good old days, that I now realize weren't so good after all. When I think of stuffing wood into those old box and kitchen stoves it was veritably like throwing energy (man power) into the jaws of an ever-consuming Moloch. I will add, in all truthfulness, I think we old pioneers put in twenty-five years of an average lifetime in feeding those insatiable gluttons, the old wood stoves.

Winter Takes Its Toll

Winter came in with a flourish, by day the streets would be hub-deep with mud and slush, and through the night would freeze into solid ice. The glistening frost particles would be falling as the thermometer slowly dropped to 10 and even 30 below zero, then as the morning came in bright and clear the cruelty that was meted out to man and particularly horse flesh was pitiful, as the iron-shod hoofs broke through the crust of frozen ice and gravel, leaving trails of crimson stain branching out in all directions from the city proper.

For many years after the discovery of Leadville, the most pathetic sight to meet the eyes were the hundreds of worn-out magnificent horses pastured on the hay ranches below town, all of them lamed, scarred, and with hocks as big as beer kegs from trying to hold back the too heavy loads on sleds, wagons and stage coaches as they careened and raced (in spite of brakes and roughlocks), down the mountainsides.

TO LEADVILLE VIA THE OLD STAGE COACH

Clouds With Silver Linings

While Leadville was to be dubbed the City of the Clouds, many of these were artificial, caused by the spouting and belching smoke from the smelter and mill stacks and believe it or not, those clouds were silver lined, and the reflection, like a magnet, drew more attention than any glistening star in the heavens.

Leadville, the magic gold and silver city of the West for lo these many years, still exists today, not the wild and wooly town of sixty years ago, but a quiet and prosperous community with the roughness mostly polished off. Now I'm walking the streets again today and I'm calling to mind my old friends who have passed over the great divide and from time to time I will pay tribute to them singly and collectively, and point with pride to the great monuments each of them have created.

Wine, Women, Song and Trouble

As the eve approaches I come to the end of the street overlooking California gulch and I'm sitting on the very same stone and in fancy see beside me Stella DeChane. Again I remember my first night at the New Pioneer State Street dance halls and variety theatres, and hear again the sweet strains of "Someday I'm Coming Back to You" (and I wondered if she would), and feel again the thrill of a kiss that endured to the end of time, the kiss that cost me nothing but heartaches, while the world could, and did, buy them for a value greater than her weight in gold

Leadville, A Magic Name

So began the glory of Leadville, the mecca of the adventurers of the world, the land of solid silver and nuggets of gold, where the candles were always burning at both ends and the middle, and life itself was cheap. Leadville, I will record your virtues on the stone walls of shafts and tunnels on the mountain side, and your mistakes on the shifting sands of California Gulch. The city in the clouds, where water and air is ever pure and the greatest enemy of man is man himself. Where the smoke of many smelter stacks once darkened the blue of the sky and the slag pots light up the murky night. Where main rail and switch engines made night hideous with the whistles, rattle and clang of the ore and passenger trains travelling to and fro.

Leadville, we praise you for the riches you have given
We honor you for the cities your gold and silver build,
Your name and your deeds will be recorded in history
Leadville, we salute you, a state with riches you filled.

The Columbus A Silver Mine in the Sky

Again I revert to the past when once upon a time the prospectors wend their way up the Middle Fork of the South Arkansas River, and at the foot of a great high mountain lay down their weary bones on the usual bed of spruce boughs and dreamed of the silver mine high up on Taylor Peak near the sky. Next morning like many other mornings of frustrated effort and fruitless search they make their way up the steep slopes. It seems for each step upward they slip backward two steps on the loose slide rock, but persevering they finally reach the top of a rocky perpendicular bluff and set themselves down to rest. Their attention is focused on the fast floating clouds passing over their heads that seemed fringed with a glittering whiteness, look about them for the cause, then stumble on to the glory spot of bright shiny metal protruding from a great wide vein in the rock, small wonder the sun's reflections were tinging the clouds with a silver lining, with a setting in a sky of evening's golden hue.

Thus a great mine came to light and now riding in a swangy buckboard, powered by two agile mules besides a great man "James K. Sabin" (the superintendent), we start for this new discovery. We take the high road from Junction City (now Garfield, Colo.), emerge into the open from the big 50x150-foot Columbus barn where were housed the hundred work horses and mules and start up the 25% grade. About a mile further on we turn to the right where they are even now burning charcoal in the old-fashioned log kilns for the roaster and boilers, and I note that to one side the Columbus City of the dead has already several occupants (died with their boots on), under new mounds of stone. Up and up we climb, all about we hear the woodsmen axe as he works the timber into cordwood and the mountain sides are covered with great long ricks ready to be hauled to the mill. The steep hillsides are lined with prospectors who carefully examine each stone and take particular interest in the little dumps the groundhog (a prospector himself) has brought to the surface, and believe it or not, many a mine has been discovered because of the mine digging propensities of this little animal bringing to light of day, the particles of float from way down deep in the moraines. It seemed at times to be impossible that mules could negotiate some grades as high as 35% as we neared destination, and

THE COLUMBUS
A SILVER MINE IN THE SKY

the last 200 yards were veritable stone steps cut from the solid layers of rock, but I believe those two mules could have actually climbed a ladder if need be.

Truly the lure and love of the gold and silver started with the beginning of man. The floors of the seven seas are covered with the ships of adventurers in quest of the white and yellow metal, the mountains, valleys, prairies and deserts are strewn with the bones of the prospectors and their jackasses who were ever in search of the gold and silver fleece. The love of the maid, both Ute and Navajo was lost because of the lack of gold and silver trinkets, while brainy women (princess of gold digging) spurned the love of any man without gold and silver money and a horde of jewelry. Yes, great empires have risen and died for lack of gold and silver in the treasury vaults. True tragedies occur because of love of gold and silver, but the dollar honestly earned and honestly spent brings great happiness, while dreams, the father of initiative and incentive fade away for lack of opportunity in continuing the search for the precious metals.

We luckily arrive in time to have dinner at the 100-foot long boarding house already built precariously atop the rocky cliff. Resting later on the discovery dumps, we see below us numbers 1-2-3-4 and 5 tunnel dumps and watch the tram towers in the making. What big dreams men had in those days and what simple tools they must use to make them come true, but persistence accomplishes wonders and now I marvel with all the tools at hand, why a modern world of science does so little good with the power and precision machinery available.

The great spools of heavy cable are reposing on the dump of No. 4 tunnel, hauled there along with the great bull wheel for the upper terminal and soon as the machinery is in place and the cable safely wound around the sheave, that 35% grade of temporary road will be abandoned, so with the aid of block and tackle this comes to pass, and now after weeks of strenuous work, gravity is made to hoist the timbers and supplies up to the mine and lower the precious ore from the mine to the mill in the valley below. I do not ride back with my friend Sabin but follow the tram line on my way down over the flats at Columbus Park, and neither I or the builders could dream that the snowslides were to undo with one foul sweep, in less than 5 minutes all the work that a thousand men and years of time could create. On over the

THE COLUMBUS
A SILVER MINE IN THE SKY

hump and below me two thousand feet the completed mill was already taking shape, and belching smoke seen arising from great tall stacks. The stamps are in readiness, the roaster ready to urn while heavy flasks of quicksilver line the walls waiting to aid in the extraction of the beautiful silver metal. But sad to relate before a wheel was turned, fate decreed that fire level the whole structure to the ground. The ashes were still hot when the sawmills on the river bank were again sawing like mad, and behold in eight more months there stood a replica of the first mill in all its glory.

The town of a thousand souls was a busy community with its share of adventure, romance and tragedy typical of all boom towns, and at the big party of the evening with a feast that none but the old-fashioned Western women would know how to prepare, how was I to know that little girl in her mother's arms just across the table was to be Arlie Eames of Metropolitan Opera fame, and her father beside her to die one day later by the assassin's bullet. It never ceased to be a great phenomena to see a river of foaming white water, clear as crystal now turned to a bright red ribbon extending for a hundred miles down the valley. Of course, it killed all the fish life, but who cared for the fishy odor of something to eat, when the mind is dazzled and sated by the glitter of bright yellow gold and white silver, and what a Godsend it proved to be when the Santa Fe failed in their efforts to float millions of new cut ties down the river, these log jams as much as 50 feet high, furnishing most of the timber for building the towns, as well as supplying timber for all the mines thereabouts. Truly, one man's loss is another man's gain as exemplified herewith.

My footsteps lead me back again to the scenes of '79 and I travel once more the trails of yesterday warily picking my way around the fallen trees and rotting logs over the stones and debris brought down the steep mountain slopes by the snowslides of 60 and more winters. I pause for rest and go to reminiscing by calling to mind the many pioneers and builders now passed and forgotten that built and trod this age worn trail of olden time. Rudolph Good with the Prince Albert mine, James Salee (once Chaffee County's sheriff), and Charles Hughes owned the Alpha, Beta and Maverick at this time. Ed and Al Sperry with the old Silver King and J. G. Merriott the Tabor, George Washington and Timbuctoo. Henry L. Acker claimed the Golden Age, Vanderbilt and

THE COLUMBUS A SILVER MINE IN THE SKY

Waterloo. Denny Rooney, Patridge and Katie Finn with the Brighton way up high and Dan McGoldrick with the Feint Hope near by. Nigger Auntie with the Honey Boy never lived to see the gold and silver extracted from her dream, that brought to another miner's life riches and great joy.

Not one of these friends of old can greet me with that familiar "Hello Partner, Hello," or travel these trails again. These abandoned tunnels and shafts stands as monuments to the intrepid adventurers of yesterday, the pioneer that blazed the way for our modern highways and railways, built our towns and cities, and no doubt the very home you now live in. The history of mining brings up the matter of high-grading, no digger considered it a criminal act to take unto himself something that nature provided and in 70 years of experience I found very few that did not practice it to a more or less extent, but the greatest crime committed by miners was in timbering up, passing over, or hiding from owners a pay streak or glory spot in the hopes of sometimes returning, getting a lease and take unto himself this hidden horde for which the owner had paid him money to find. So in most of the abandoned mines of the West behind the square sets, cribbing, mud sills and caved stopes lie great riches unbeknownst to the owner, the finder left behind no charts, blueprints or maps and has passed from the picture forever, so if a Nation is ever to enjoy the benefit of this wealth new prospectors must take over and prospect again the mine found years before by another prospector of old, and so with the Columbus the pay streaks are many, but who can find the buried treasure in its miles and miles of workings.

Four hours and four miles it has taken me to climb from the Ghost town of Junction City up the Middlefork trail to reach the Columbus Mine above timberline so high it seems one could reach out a hand and touch the sky. It faces the South from Taylor Peak, and the winters sun shines on the abandoned tunnels, deserted and bleak. Not a tower or cable marks the tramway line, not a shack or building left standing at the old mine. Truly only the rock chucks, rats and the ghosts of yesterday enter into the silent gloom and tread the tunnel floors of this once going concern where human life once made it a beehive of activity. I recall the discovery was made by two old prospectors that were grubstaked by Geo. Sullivan and brother and later sold by them to the

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Jewetts, the present owners, and for so long, also the owners of the famous London mine at Alma. The ore was a rich silver sulphide with some gold content, and in the early days was packed down the mountain by jackasses or skidded over the snow in mule hides or stone boats. The erection of a mill and tram was always the first move in a new venture and the machinery for this was transported 200 miles by ox teams and mules from Denver, which proved a very slow process and very expensive. Memory recalls to mind the millwrights tied this mill together by mortise, tenon and hickory pegs, the old wrought iron nail being to expensive and hard to get at this time. Memory of youth is very vivid and I am reminded that after months of labor and terrific obstacles to overcome the job was completed, and on the very first night caught fire burning to the ground and destroying all of that beautiful machinery that had taken nearly a year to transport and install. Men of those days were undaunted by major catastrophies and before the close of another day a new mill was under way and within the year completed and in operation.

Among the many experiences of a life-time was the privilege enjoyed on numerous occasions to ride with the superintendent James K. Sabin in the old buckboard piloted by the same two mules on his daily deliveries of gold and silver bars to Wells Fargo Express Co. at Maysville, and greater than all was those cool rich tin cups full of milk purloined from the spring at the Finley ranch. So the Columbus mine and its early history are indelibly stamped on the memory of one of the very few remaining pioneers of the yesterday and I pass these experiences for those of tomorrow who otherwise will never know.

An Ode To A Mine

For years the mine worked, the tram kept running too
Silver and gold bars from the mill, coming fast and true
I don't know what happened, but everything at once was stilled
The workers left for unknown, new homes to build.

And lucky too for one year later the slide came along
The town of Columbus exists no more, even in memory's song
The two-thousand-pound range, still stands on the rotted floor
Minus walls and roof that was once the boarding house before.

A privy still clings to the ragged cliffs on the hill
No one to sit and muse, or enjoy the high scenic thrills
The door on leather hinges, swings at the winds will
A structure out-living every man, passing over its sill.

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Snow slides (peril of miners) pass each year in their race
Who cares about the past, much less remembers the place
The guards that once stood duty, at the mine portal doors
They too have passed to their glory many years before.

When by mistake a rifle carelessly fired by intent or jest
Struck a box of dynamite and sent them to eternal rest
I pause on the trail, think of the maker that decree
A thousand souls be saved, ere the avalanche be set free.

The capricious winds still pile the snow in deep drifts
The mine is still waiting with millions that are buried deep
Waiting for men of initiative, incentive and determination
That knows not the word failure or worries over defeat.

Sixty-five years have passed, the scene has changed and now I find myself a Hermit, not a kindred soul remains to converse in the language of the old sourdough, alone in the solitude of the Rockies where the footprints of the prospector is seen no more. Alone in defending gold and silver money the only hope of any Nation, alone in a crusade to replace saintly women on that pedestal of modesty, mystery, constancy and alluriveness from which she has tumbled. Depressing thoughts now follow my weary footsteps and resting beside the Old Stage Road I drop into a Rip Van Winkle sleep. Methinks I hear the creak, chuck and rattle of the heavy iron tired wheel of the overloaded freight wagon as the 6-span of steel shod mules, slowly inch by inch move up the grade urged on by the cuss words and oaths that only a mule skinner, ox drover, or horse wrangler can utter. Through the manury dust laden atmosphere I can see the reflection of the brightly polished silver letters on the collar hausing COLUMBUS MINE standing out, these ornaments the pride of all freighters. Now just around the bend comes the galloping stage with its four white lathered horses straining at the bits, and all traffic (wagon and buggy) including the prospector, jackasses and human flotsam, must make room on the one way road so they may pass.

But the dream now becomes muddled, I smell the dust drifting in clouds up the valley permeating my nostrils, but somehow it lacks the old familiar twang and the odor of hells fire, oil, gas and brimstone becomes a reality and wakens me fully, as I see that armada of mechanical horse power (the devil's aid) taking over all activities, and my thoughts

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are of the hell to come as I see below me numberless gnomes or satans imps tearing up the terrain.

Progress at what a price to the desecrated and disseminated pioneer. These modern vandals and ghouls (harsh words) of to-day do not give a passing thought to traditional landmarks or respect old soldiers of chance else they would not survey and build highway 50 through the Old Arbourville Cemetery. This was done through indifference, I would like to think, or perhaps no one called their attention to the matter, at any rate they did this very thing.

Here many of the old-timers and miners on the Columbus Mine were laid to rest, no one to say that the bones cast here and there might be those of Texas Pete, Arizona Jim, Two Gun Spike Murphy or even those of Stella DeChane, none to respect the sanctity of this particular mound of stone, where rest the bones of this once queen of the dance hall of old and the toast of the many boom towns of yesterday. Surely it must disturb the slumber of all the honest to God people that were buried there, to know that their bones now mingle with the best and the worst, many characters in life that they loved, and many others they thoroughly hated and despised.

It does seem strange that with all the valley to choose from the Highway builders should again go right smack through the Junction City graveyard where sleeps the locators of the Columbus Mine, disturbing the delirious sleep of old Jim Baker and Moccasin Jim, Big Tex, Munn Bros and McMannus of Gun Shot fame, all buried here in minus even a rough board box, tho with boots on, but without respect of clergy, and this applying to all the other good and bad characters of Booming Columbus town. It was lucky that Irish Jimmy and Frank McGill unearthed the petrified man before the wreckers came along, else Barnum and Bailey would be short one freak in the circus side show, and sorry I am to think of the frail Little New England school mam's bones mixing with Three Fingered Mike a notorious crook and bad man, when in life she wouldn't even spit on the old geezer, and Wyoming Kate the Faro Queen had her pride too, and she would not relish the mixture overmuch either.

Well, bones are just bones to our present day desecrators and like traditions, they become strewed along the highway grade or tossed in the discard of the scrap heap, but we do find one secluded spot where the vandals and despoilers have respected the sanctity of the dead, simply through an

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oversight I presume, so as we pass on up the Middle Ford trail and climb the Mountain Side. . . .

We find hidden among the pines, the Columbus burial plot
Undisturbed for more than half a century, long ago forgot
And here lies Jim Pippin, a victim of a murderous band
That cost the proud County of Chafee 50 thousand grand

And lest you forget he was proud father of Arlie Eames
One time high in the limelight of Grand Opera themes
Here lie the guards that stood duty at the silver mine
And accidentally killed by dynamite in those oden time.

Another marks a loving wife and mother's last resting place
To frail and weak to keep up with life's fast, furious pace
Inside a little picket fence, a pioneer baby sleeps nearby
As the soft and gentle winds hum and murmur a sweet lullaby.

Another spot a victim of bold robbers and renegades lay
Slain in cold blood the old-time settlers used to say
Then another mound and memory distinctly calls to mind
Indecision, too late on the draw, was the fate of his kind.

At another stone I vision what once seemed an angel to me
Her beauty, smile and charm graced the dance hall of McCree
Always the toast and life of the party, with a heart of gold
I wonder how St. Peter judged her when the story was told.

We could tell you many stories of those olden yesterdays
And what happened to the old-timers that have passed away
I doubt much if they would care to come back, stew and fret
To a land of jazz music, discord and 300 billion dollar debt.

You scoff and wonder what we got out of life in yesterday
And I wonder why you are so unhappy in this modern to-day
But at that, I do believe, we still have the will and power
To bring loyalty out of chaos, in this great land of ours.

—The End

If you should earn much, acquire and save
This act makes of your neighbor a slave.

Your services are worth to your fellow man
Not what you expect, but, what he can pay for them.

To excell in destroying morals and men
We pay no rewards - but rather condemn.

To know everything and not use profitably
Worse than doing little and know nothing.

Over Trails of Today Where Sophistication Consorts With Depravity

For 70 years I have travelled over the trails of yesterday, and now safely intrenched from any barrage of brickbats and bombs at my hermitage at Arbour-Villa, far back in the solitude of the Rockies, I dare tell you sophisticates what you have done, are doing, and will do to America.

These words are not from the pen of a defeatist (have made and spent millions) for life has been generous, so much so, that gold with its magic touch opened wide to me the doors to everything the world had to offer, but it is of the wreckage along those trails of yesterday and to-day I speak. Regrets and remorse will follow me all my life for my part in making America what it is to-day, and the sole purpose of this tirade, is hoping that reason might be awakened in time to prevent the destruction of America from within, by unbridled lasciviousness and depravity.

Who are these so-called sophisticators? None other than the would-be wordly wise who listen to Satans henchmen and women, who masquerade under the sham or pretense of being intellectuals, yet beneath their cloak of respectability hide the imps of worldliness, immodesty, disloyalty, dishonesty and decadence.

Your Editor dare not tell you what you are, and I doubt if he will allow me to do it. Man to man I know men for the rounders and perverts they are, and men know women for the simps they are (with exceptions, and for these God be praised). I know men prate of love, a polite name to mask or detract thoughts of women from man's real intent or purpose, which is the biological urge alone, and these rags and bones, and hanks of short hair are either too dumb, depraved or innocent, to accept the manifestations for what they are, but rather as something divine or decent (or do they).

Men are by nature dominant and insistent, and women by virtue of some God given instinct, passive and resistant. There was a time in the good old days when men desired wives, homes and children, others merely accepted them as liabilities the result of the biological urge. Woman's desire was never of any moment and she submissively accepted what fate handed out as there was no alternative.

To-day men are entirely indifferent to the idea of chil-

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dren, not accepting them either as a desire or as a duty, or loyalty to a Nation's future, and are interested in women only by reason of passion or convenience, and for these same reasons any shell of femininity (tho devoid of all real womanly attributes, chastity, modesty, constancy, honesty and sincerity) will suffice for the moment, yet right down in his heart he rebels yet knows her for what she is (damaged goods) but through a life-time of sowing wild oats, he himself has done his part in dethroning virtue and innocence, and is entitled to no better or as good a consort. In the cause of decency I attempt to remove the saintly and modern cloak of hypocrisy from the sophisticated, and have the victim's shown up in their true colors, and mebbe under the scorn of decency their public behavior will change for the better.

Its true all normal men are born with a dominating biological urge, and with this handicap are fools, and remain fools as far as women are concerned all through life, and women themselves profit not in cheapening themselves for the gratification of men, and the net results in the end leave but heartaches, regrets and remorse.

I state without fear of contradiction that men in the good old days had fewer vices than now, and the vicious habit of chewing tobacco while perhaps dirtier, was safer than the smoking of cigars and pipes adopted later, as for the pimp stick (cigarette) it was damned by all, while to-day it has become a fixed vice of all, both sophisticated and unsophisticated and again I state without fear of contradiction, that intemperance in the use of alcohol is but another sign of weakness, and shows the addict up for what they are, both fools and sinners. Women of America (and I could say France and England) have thrown aside the double standard as not worth while, and demanded equality in all its phases and she certainly gets it, by consorting with man on an equal footing, in the spirit of being a good sport she calls it) and for the amusement only of these male degenerates.

It was woman that God likened unto the angels, but to-day as I see the undraped hairy legged, whipcord muscled, pimply, varicosed-veined, red-painted toes and finger nails, lips and cheeks, mussed up, pawed over, promiscuous man-handled women surely heaven is not to be peopled by freaks like this, and if so, I want none of it.

Under the success of our modern sophistication, the intelligencia are advocating the teaching of sex enlightenment

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starting at the tender age of six, not realizing that curiosity is yet stronger than determination, particularly when applied to fools. This I admit is a harsh word, but in a world of 85% of thirteen-year-old mentalities to deal with, and the idea prevalent among women to lead their own lives unrestrained by any thought of spiritual and conscientious advice, just what will be the consequences?

Now to mothers (and there are so few real ones) I speak, what can or will you say when you look at your children with guilt in your eye, and realize that it is from you they must inherit the right of being well born, carefully nurtured and raised in the proper environment, and if you have been guilty of indiscretion never fear your guilt will find you out, reach the ears of your children and you should know (and do), that from that time on the word mother means little, for they realize you have been but a pawn for the amusement of men, and as always the transgressions will be charged to and the penalty paid by you women alone.

Referring to several articles recently published in your magazines by writers, professors and others, who profess to know the why and wherefore of preparation for happy engagements, marriage and motherhood, with these I wish to differ. As a traveller of much experience throughout this great land of ours, a student of human frailties and an observer of the habits and customs of the numerous Nationalities (including our own), I am convinced the advice and explanation as tendered are but theories of sophisticates, and if in the main were true or practical do not reach the understanding of either youth or grown ups, as they are indifferent to both the truth or right, and this applies particularly to those that attend our universities and colleges with more or less perverted minds.

First of all the natural and predominating desire and urge for sex experience is instilled and awakened in the boy in his under teen years, and from the start of sowing wild oats to the finish (if ever) and the boy be of a normal, natural disposition, he will have during a lifetime been more or less intimate with a thousand different types of women, and at no time was he particularly concerned about fatherhood and the thought of marriage to the majority, if it came at all, was in reality but the means of continuing a convenient yet respectable way for legalized prostitution.

As for the girl the predominant thought instilled in her

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mind by nature (denied by worldly damsels), was the creating and perpetuating of the human race, evident when the girl begs for a doll to hold in her arms, and this later to be supplanted by a real living baby doll. Motherhood to a woman was at one time her whole existence, while to a man but a passing liability to be met with the same as any other calamity.

To awaken or teach sexology is a grave mistake, and with the fear of disgrace and pregnancy removed by contraceptives, that insatiable ally of temptation, "curiosity," will take its toll, and heaven help us if these experienced, damaged, and promiscuous women are expected to be the future mothers of America.

We have only one book of influence (or has it now), that declares adultery and intemperance to be a sin, and chastity and temperance a virtue, the book is seldom read by modern youth or sophisticates, and never mentioned in schools, yet in spite of this, way back deep in the woman's mind there is a tiny spark left of that desire for motherhood, yet neither sex with the knowledge of prevention and unfitness for parenthood, will assume the responsibility of perpetuating the race, so a marriage to-day is but a contract for pleasure and companionship with only the sexual enjoyment in mind, heaven pity a Nation peopled by perverts like this.

Not so far back a learned professor of one of our colleges made a statement to the effect that he believed that 50% of the coeds had experienced premarital relations, and that inquiry among the male students as to this fact, met with the response by the majority, that they were not particularly concerned whether their future wives had been virtuous or not, and naturally a husband with no desire for children need not be bothered with a wife's mistake or disgrace, that would not be inherited by offspring even unto the 4th and 5th generation.

Another writer states that only 25% of our college graduates marry and have children and naturally an opinion by these slackers in duty, toward Nation and God, should carry no weight, and only those who have a future through posterity should express an opinion that affects the to-morrows.

As I know them, tails and top hats, upper crusts, frequenters of the night clubs where entertainment is only of the vulgar or licentious variety, are more to be condemned

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than the habitues of the beer dumps and honky tonks, the poor and lowly, both resorts condemned under the name of decency by Governor Dickenson, stink with depravity, and I doubt if the patrons of either should be heard or have a voice in matters of reformation of America.

Now that the bible that teaches to abstain and restrain is no more to be used as a guiding hand, and King booze firmly enthroned, chastity, and virtue, and even common sense has been cast to the winds. To you of the immoral intelligencia wherein we once thought lay the hope of civilization and America, we depend on no more, but must rely on the ignorant, less depraved, yet cultured in the art of simplicity, those that read but little, taught much and labor incessantly, those who possess little gold (the root of all evil). Hard work is the dominating force to restrain passion, and through physical workers only, will our Nation be saved for the righteous.

If we should listen to the advice of the upper crust, those that labor little, earn much, and spend lavishly and viciously to gratify abnormal passions, then indeed the world (if not already) will come tumbling in a wreckage at our feet. The emancipation of our women will mean the eventual downfall of man and Nation, and if a man be subject to temptation God knows modern women with all her wiles and lures, her suggestive dance, immodest display of self, and vulgar discourse aggravates the condition, and now that she finds her power, she uses that power to dig gold, besmear the Nation, and enslaves the males (poor fools) and to 'ell with posterity and the consequences.

These words are from the pen of a man of the world, well sophisticated and a graduate from the university of experience in the vices, and knows the cost thereof. I reiterate that all men and women are fools that play the game of chance, either sexual or financial, with the odds of 99 to lose, and 1 to win.

You may pass this message to your readers, as for the writer he answers to the pseudonym of the Hermit, lives alone with his regrets and remorse, and will defend these charges and give no quarter for depravity, yet knowing the world goes on with fools at the helm, faring no better or as well as we that lived in the good old days, when ignorance was bliss, and it was folly (and still is) to be wise.

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

A Letter To Dad and Mother

Arbor-Villa Via Salida, Colo.
Nov. 27, 1948.

Dear Dad and Mother:

In this letter, tho 60 years too late in delivery, I want to pay a tribute to the two most wonderful "to me" humans on this earth, "you and mother," and tho it comes at this belated date it holds thoughts "too long delayed in expressing," yet might perhaps serve to guide other sons and daughters in a proper appreciation of the gratitude we owe, to parents.

To you, Dad, a miner working in the coal pits far under the earth, and with but a pittance of wage, and never complaining, with no thought of self or personal reward, the effort being made entirely in behalf of caring for dutiful wife and unappreciating offspring

It was you, Dad, as the result of the panic of 1873, came West, to the new land of opportunity, to wrest from the new frontier some of its treasures, and it was you Mother, who held the brood together by bending over the old wooden wash tub and keeping boarders, many who seldom had the where-withal to pay a fair price for either service But the small bit received, supplemented by an occasional remittance of money from you, Dad, "this tendered with no thought of self," but with the will and duty to take on the responsibility of caring for family, and again never a thanks or word of appreciation from an ingrate son

Neither you or mother ever preached the gospel of sons sowing their wild oats and it was no fault of yours that I adopted this creed, not knowing of the price to be paid. How parents have for ages survived the ingratitude of offspring is one of the miracles yet to be explained, and today with few exceptions there is on the part of children, a tendency to demand and take more and more and give less and less in return.

And Dad, while you were blazing the trails through the Gold and Silver West, and while mother was slaving in the home, kitchen and over hot stove to feed a grasping and greedy brood of ingrates with never a kind word of sympathy, even when you both were bowed down with worry and poverty, and you Dad, near death with mountain fever. Yes, I regret my indifference, when 60 years too late, bow my

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head in shame and ponder at this useless gesture of atonement, but what a boon and encouragement it would have been to you if delivered when due.

Dad, I am alarmed even in this day of so-called enlightenment, at the lack of respect and the indifference of children to ward parents. It is true children are here by no desire of their own, but at least they could ape the lower type of animals who do, to some extent, respect and obey their forebears. If this is to be a world of children that take all affection, love and sacrifice and give nothing in return, it is high time children be raised in stockades (Russian style), know not and care not for parents, give or expect no love in return and tho parents may still have to pay in money and labor for their folly in conceiving, at least they need worry no more, and pay and pay for childrens lifetime transgressions

Any tribute of mine could pay but little justice to you, Dad. Yours was a long, hard trail, "85 years" and perhaps if it were not for worries over a wayward son, it may have reached into the 100's. Tears, regrets and remorse avail me nothing at this late date, but I want the world to know, that never in your (Edward Gimlets) lifetime, did you take the wrong trail of life, and if I would have but followed after you, neither would I.

Edward Gimlett born near New Port Wales, the son of father who knew not how to handle (who does) the cup that cheers "in a temperate way," and working as a railroad man, he was, while on a spree responsible for a railroad wreck that cost lives, destruction of property, and lost him his position, ruined his chances for a comeback, disgraced his family, and as a result, his son, Edward, was placed in the coal mine at the age of 12 years, and laboring for the magnificent sum of two shillings per day of ten hours work.

Dad you profited much by this lesson and tried hard to pass it on to others, and in all the years of our association, liquor never passed your lips. At 18 years of age, you migrated to America, arriving during the civil war between the North and the South. Your first stop was Pennsylvania, where you were married to mother, Elizabeth. The vow "with all my goods and lifetime of labor I thee endow, will love and cherish until death do us part," and you fulfilled this obligation to the letter.

The year's of the 1860's were severe and the panic of 1873 brought trying moments and much hardship, but frontiers were still open when you migrated to Illinois where you

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worked for a few years in the coal pits for \$1 per day, but what a buying power that 100 cent dollar had, and here the unworthy son of a wonderful father was born. The whole family then moving to Carbon, Wyoming (a city now extinct) the year of 1878. The next move was into the Arkansas Valley and into the Monarch district where you mined all your life except for a few years now and then, in Boulder, Cripple Creek, and Leadville districts

This is but a preamble to the background of a man, that while passing through a thousand temptations "and you Dad" came out unscathed, while others fell by the wayside. Going on my indifferent, joyful, carefree, way, I grieved not too much when you were part of that human pack train,, carrying 50 pounds of supplies up and 50 pounds of ore down on your back from the Mountain Chief mine, nor did it seem at the time to be any great feat for you to carry the mine rails from the Columbus to the United States Treasury Mine on Mt Aetna, all for a 3 dollar pay and 10 hour day I think of these things now because you did it for me and the family, your pleasures were in doing for others and not for yourself, and the simple amusements you enjoyed, was to make of you a better man morally and spiritually, not a worse man as the popular sports and amusements of this modern day tend to do, in fact Dad, your greatest pleasure was in your work and church.

I want the world to know that any trail you followed, be it through sleet or snow, sunshine or rain, perplexities, sorrows and adversities, you carried your God and your religion with you, and to my knowledge never complained of your lot in life, whatever happened or wherever it might be. Your word was as good as your bond when you talked or preached, yours was a living example of a divine and human message.

I've seen and heard you singing at the bottom of the shaft while the icy cold waters were dripping down your back. I've seen you following the treacherous trails unafraid, and living in a hut beside the Mountain Peak. Yes, you had joy in your heart while your companions were lamenting their (mostly self made) sad misfortunes

Myself and others are following those same trails you built and I am hoping that we too may carry now or eventually, our heaven with us as we journey through life. Your creed was work, you not only followed the scriptural teaching by sweating to live, but also sweating that others might live, which you did for 75 years Your church was your greatest pleasure, and was next to your God, and show me a man

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today that on every Sunday for years would walk back and forth from the Old Sedalia Mine (6 miles away) to attend church and Sunday school service. Any man that would do this is a man worth following, thus any man that was in the company of Edward Gimlett was in **good** company, anytime, anywhere and all the time, and sorry that I cannot qualify and say the same for myself, and most of the present, pagan-minded, dissipating generation.

In your day, Dad, your world and your pleasures were wherever you happened to be and your heaven was always with you, whether it be in a cabin on the mountain side, a cottage in the valley, a tenement in the slums, or perhaps in a mine a thousand feet under ground. Lasting monuments to your memory are the myriads of tunnels and shafts that penetrate our Mountain Peaks and the outstanding monument that will endure to the end of time is the New York Mine, that can be seen from our city streets. In reverence I view this your last creation where each drill hole and pick mark records the message "Well done my good and faithful servant, salvation is yours"

And as for you, Mother, remorse will follow me all the days of my life for every furrow on that tired face, for every tear that was shed and for every grey hair on your head. I hold myself responsible and humbly beg forgiveness. 'Twas your lot, Mother, to wait and grieve when I was far from home amid the solitude and fastness of the Rockies. You knew of the dangers "I did not" and when I was out the late hours of the night in the hell holes of iniquity midst humans of my own stripe, you also knew of the dangers thereof, but you also knew a word of advice on self restraint and good behavior would fall on non receptive ears Yet, in spite of all this it was you that always had the fatted calf prepared for the prodigal sons' return. Yes, Mother, I have learned much, tho the learning came far too late. Great should be the honor of boy and girl that can point with pride to a Father and Mother, wherein, in a lifetime of activity they can find no flaw So today as I follow their trails through the mountains, here's hoping I may be imbued with faith and sometime make amends, and that I too may carry my heaven right with me, and that I too may step from this earthy sphere into a heaven beyond, with the same last words on my lips that Dad uttered, "Glory! Glory!"

Yes Dad, you and your generation did your best in preserving for we that followed, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. You left us a future nearly free

A LETTER TO DAD AND MOTHER

of debt, personal, State and Nation, while we of this generation leave our children handicapped with just a State and National debt of 10 thousand dollars per capita, which they must pay out of diminishing resources for the right to live. In other words, what your generation passed on to us for nothing, we of this generation pass on to our children for 400 billion dollars. I hope Dad, our statesmen (so-called) responsible for this, will also beg the godd Lord for forgiveness. This was none of your doing, but by indifference it was partly mine, and strange, we of this generation, contrary to the Biblical rule, will not have to pay for our own folly, but leave this whole sorry mess to our grandchildren.

This Dad, is a new world, rich in many things except morals. We do not come right out but rather condole the sowing of wild oats by our boys, in fact by tacit consent, allowing our girls and future mothers to do likewise. A song revised, "Where Is My Wandering Boy (or Girl) Tonight," and she being so much more important to our moral economy. her loss of virtue tends to drive us much quicker to perdition.

Much water has gone over the wheel sice your day, Dad, propaganda via radio, press and movie, has done much toward lowering the moral standard, even we of this day do little toward keeping the moral standard of the home above suspicion, and do allow the forces of iniquity to flourish, hold forth in ornate castles of splendor along our by-ways, inviting, tempting, insisting that these home-cloistered, adolescent children, acquire the degrading voice, yes daring them to pass untarnished, unscathed, on pain of ridicule or being classed unsophisticated. You Dad, will grieve much over the decline of our Nation and in your generation would have done something about the cause; we do nothing but mourn over the effect.

Thus in my humble way I pay a last tribute to a father and mother, the greatest I ever knew, and all I wish is that every boy and girl could at least have the opportunity of being born right, raised in the proper enviroment, and unlike myself honor, revere and be ever grateful for the privilege, otherwise if we take the wrong trails our transgressions be on our own heads, and through no fault of father or mother. Greatness is not measured by wealth, popularity or social position, or the number of stars or bars in our uniform, but rather by the construction achievements of rightousness, and not by the wrecks that we may leave on the trails behind us

Your Remorseful Son,
Frank.

