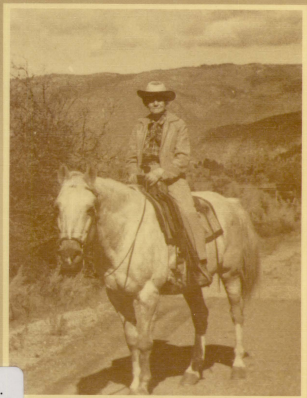


AS NEAR AS I CAN REMEMBER
— MY LIFE HISTORY —



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BY MARGARET MORGAN

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Morgan, Margaret.
As near as I can remember



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Gunnison County Library
307 N. Wisconsin
Gunnison, CO 81230

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AS NEAR AS I CAN REMEMBER

My father came to Colorado in 1882. He was twenty-one years old. He and a friend probably came on horseback.

The country in Colorado was so much nicer than where he came from. After looking around for a short time, he went back to Illinois to get the family. His father, young brother and he came back to Colorado in a covered wagon. My grandmother did not want to leave their home; therefore, she never came here to live.

My father, Louis Reynolds, and his brother, Arthur, settled on Divide Creek. My grandfather took up a homestead on Garfield Creek. The three of them built a road over the hill to where my father's and uncle's ranches were. It was about three miles from ranch to ranch. My grandfather's ranch was six miles from the town of New Castle. All three kept very busy building log cabins to live in, clearing land and putting in crops.

My mother was reared on a wheat farm in Kansas. Her parents came to Kansas from France when she was a year old. A second child was born but died in her infancy.

When my mother was in her late teens, I understand she ran away from home and came to Salida, Colorado, where she found employment with a judge and his family. About that time the Hotel Colorado was being built in Glenwood Springs. She and a friend decided to come to Glenwood Springs where they found employment at the beautiful new hotel. This is the same Hotel Colorado of today. The girls stayed with my father's relatives. This is where my father and mother met. They were married in 1893 in Glenwood Springs. They moved to the ranch on Divide Creek. My brother, Edwin, my sister, Mary, and I were all born on that ranch.

Before my parents were married, my father took a teaming job into Aspen. Aspen was then a big gold and silver mining town. All supplies had to be hauled in by wagons. My father also drove the stagecoach for awhile.

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My parents, Annie and Louis Reynolds.

Uncle Arthur and Aunt Sadie stayed on their ranch and did the work on both places, including taking care of the livestock.

A ditch had to be built for irrigation. That ditch is registered in the Garfield County Courthouse under the name of Reynolds Ditch. We still hear the Reynolds Ditch mentioned occasionally.

My father and uncle both loved horses; therefore, several were raised every year. They also had cattle.

The families lived on the Divide Creek ranches for many years. Uncle Arthur and Aunt Sadie had two children, a boy and girl. They both died with scarlet fever. They were buried on the hill overlooking the ranches. When the ranches sold, their bodies were transferred to the Rosebud Cemetery in Glenwood Springs.

About this time, there was a large gold strike in Alaska. Uncle Arthur wanted to go there to do some prospecting. So the ranches were both sold. He and Aunt Sadie left for Alaska. They did real well with mining. They purchased a home in Seattle and moved there during the coldest part of the winter months.

Another couple and they purchased a boat and did a lot of

ocean traveling.

Aunt Sadie did not stay in Alaska very long. She moved to California, and the last time we saw her was in Los Angeles in March of 1929.

After Aunt Sadie left, Uncle Arthur spent the rest of his life in his cabin in Alaska and did some prospecting until he got too old. He lived nine miles from the nearest neighbor. He drove his dog team to the nearest town, which was Coal Creek, for groceries, mail and whatever else he needed. This consisted of a day's trip. After he became quite old, I tried to get him to come back here to live, but his desire was to remain there. When he was 81 years of age, Uncle Arthur was on one of these trips and was found robbed and murdered. We received word several months later, at which time we contacted the commissioner there, but nothing could be done at that time.

After the ranch sold, our family moved to Glenwood Springs. Dad either purchased a grocery store or worked at one. He took fresh fruits and vegetables to the coal mining camps on Four Mile Creek by wagon. The Sunlight Coal Camp was one. The Sunlight Ski Area is located there now. The wives of the coal miners were very glad to see these wagons arrive. This was the only way they could get fresh fruits and vegetables. While still living in Glenwood Springs, my little brother, Arthur, was born. He died at the age of 18 months with whooping cough.

Dad did a lot of hunting, as he was very fond of riding the hills just for pleasure. On one of these pleasure trips, he spotted a beautiful valley south of Glenwood Springs on Three Mile Creek. It was open for homesteading. He filed on 160 acres in this valley in 1903. He immediately started living quarters, which consisted of a large tent. He boarded the walls and put in a board floor and fly over the tent to keep the snow and rain off. He also built shelter for the livestock.

The tent had a cook range in one end, and a large heating stove in the other. On each side of the heating stove was a double bed. A table, benches to sit on and cupboards were built. We moved to the ranch in the middle of the summer.

I was very young, but I still remember slowly moving up that steep, rocky hill. The team of horses was straining to move the heavily loaded wagon. My mother was sitting on the seat with Dad, holding my sister, Mary, on her lap. My brother, Edwin, and I were riding in the back of the wagon. Our Jersey milk cow was tied to the back of the wagon. When we came over the top of the hill, in sight of that beautiful valley, we were all spellbound. There

was a large meadow with a spring in the center. We called it the Bubble-Up Spring, as it bubbled out of the ground and formed a swamp. The grass was as high as the horses' knees. On one side of the meadow was a large grove of aspen trees. On the east side was a mesa.

A few years later, that mesa was cleared of sagebrush and planted into potatoes. At the far end of this meadow and on a little rise in the ground, there was another large ice-cold spring. This is where Dad put up the big tent for living quarters. There was a lot of work to be done before winter set in. Dad mowed the tall grass in the meadow for feed for the livestock for the winter. He hauled grain and supplies from town to last for several months.

On September 11, 1903, my brother, Harry, was born. He spent his first year in the tent. The snow got very deep that winter. It was hard to keep the road open. The team could hardly plow through it. We managed that winter and were very comfortable in the tent.

The following spring, there was land to be cleared and crops to be put in. The folks also planted a large garden. My father's next project was to build a house. He built a very comfortable log house. He also built a stable and a larger chicken house. The logs were cut near where the buildings were put up. These logs were sawed down by hand and snaked in by horse. They were hand hewed and fitted closely together, then chinked between the logs to keep the cold out. Plaster was put between the logs on the inside of the house. Our house was about one hundred feet from the spring. That spring furnished water for domestic use, for the livestock, and for irrigating the garden. There was also much fencing to be done, and a ditch to be built from Three Mile Creek for irrigation.

After a year or two, a road was built that cut off three miles between the ranch and Glenwood Springs, where all our supplies came from. One year my Dad was road overseer for Garfield County. That year he helped build a new bridge over the Roaring Fork River across from the Rosebud Cemetery. This bridge is still standing, but not used for cars.

The nearest school was in Cardiff, five miles from our ranch. We kids rode horseback and sometimes walked to school. When I was ten years old, I rode my 3-year old colt bareback to school. Dad had given her to me when she was born. I played with her from that time on, so when she was old enough to be ridden, she was well broken to ride. My sister, Mary, rode my



On our way to school from Three Mile Ranch in 1906. Mary and I on our horses; Harry and Edwin standing.

brother's horse to school when she was eight years old. She rode a saddle, so we tied a sack of hay on behind her saddle for our horses to eat in the middle of the day. When we got in high school, we rode to Glenwood Springs, which was eight miles one way.

The second year we were on the ranch, the folks bought another cow, as we needed more milk. A couple years later we had both cows and their heifer calves. One night after dark two men stopped by. They were on horseback. Dad went outside and visited with them. They were stangers. The next morning all our cows were gone. We rode the hills day after day looking for them. The sheriff was notified. After three months, we located the two milk cows and one calf. We never found the other calf. Someone recognized our brand and reported seeing them in the hills back of the South Canyon Coal Mine. Dad and I left early one morning and rode down the river to where the ferry crossed the river. We loaded our horses on the ferry, crossed the river, and later in the day found the three cows. We brought them home over the hills to the ranch.

We missed our milk cows so much while they were gone. They were all dry when we got them back, so until they came fresh again, we were without milk. We needed that milk very much. My mother made butter and cottage cheese, and we had all the milk and cream we could use. The dogs, pigs and chickens also missed the milk.

By now much of the ground had been cleared. Hay, grain and potatoes were planted. The potatoes did very well, so more acres were planted. Two large potato cellars were built. When the potatoes were dug, they were put in the cellars. They were then sorted and sacked. Dad hauled big wagon loads to town. They were sold to the stores, restaurants and hotels.

When my brother, Edwin, was 11 years old, he took milk and eggs to a coal mining camp. The camp was about three and one-half miles from our ranch. My Dad tied two cans of milk of even weight on each side of the saddle. My brother walked and led the saddle horse. The miners' wives were happy to get the fresh eggs and milk. This went on for two or three years until the dairy was started.

After we got into the dairy business, we delivered milk to Glenwood Springs. My father, brother and I did all the milking. When I was eleven years old, I was milking seven cows before going to school. I also milked them at night. My sister helped my mother with the cooking and house work.

The milk was cooled in a large vat inside the milk house. Ice cold water from the spring ran in and out of the vat. The night milk was skimmed for cream. The milk and cream were loaded in our Silver Pine Dairy spring wagon, covered with a wet blanket, then a heavy canvas over that. The milk was still cold when we got to town. The milk wagon went to town every day. My sister, Mary, and I took turns driving the team while Dad peddled the milk from door to door.



The Silver Pine Dairy milk wagon.

My mother filed on forty more acres of land joining the ranch. That gave us more land to cultivate and for pasture.

Four years after we moved to the ranch, my sister, Sadie was born. My mother made all our clothes. Our petticoats and underwear were made from bleached sugar and flour sacks. I can remember how my mother put lace on the bottoms. She also knit our gloves, mittens and stockings. From the garden she canned vegetables. There were wild raspberries, chokecherries and sarvis berries. There was a large patch of raspberries about three miles from home. One day my mother fixed a large lunch. Dad hooked up the team and we all spent the day picking raspberries. We had jellies, jams and sauce to last all winter from the wild fruit.

Our grandfather Reynolds lived with us. He was not very well. One spring he passed away when there was still snow on the ground. His body was taken by sleigh part way to town, then transferred to a wagon. We kids missed him very much. We would sit on his knees and he would sing to us.

One summer my grandmother on my father's side and his sister, Ella, came to visit us. They were from Omaha, Nebraska. Another time my grandmother on my mother's side came to see us. That was the only time we kids ever saw our grandmothers. We never did see our grandfather on our mother's side.

We lived on the ranch year round for several years. The snow got so deep, my father could not keep the road open. We kids lost many days of school because of the deep snow and cold weather. The worst months were January, February and March. We finally moved closer to town for those three months. A couple of years later we moved to a ranch at the bottom of the hill. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rohwer owned the ranch. It later became the Bershenyi Ranch. We lived in the old ranch house. Hay for the stock was purchased from Mr. Rohwer. Another year we moved to the island. That is where the Roaring Fork and Colorado Rivers join. Judge Noonan owned the island and some land on the west side of the Roaring Fork River where we kept the horses. There were about 15 head. Every day my sister, Mary, and I would drive the horses across the bridge to where they could get water. There was a comfortable house and other buildings there so we got along very nicely for the three months. When spring came, we were all happy to go back to the ranch on top. The springs were beautiful in that valley. There were many kinds of beautiful wild flowers. My favorites

were the wild roses and columbines.

I will always remember the birds in the willows by the spring. They would awaken us in the mornings. In the meadows, the meadow larks would let us know spring was near. It was about time for nesting.

Those years on the Three Mile Ranch were the happiest years of my life. I am sure it was the same for my brothers and sisters.

The folks were getting older and the work on the ranch was getting harder and harder for them. They decided to sell. The people who bought the ranch owned a home in Fort Collins. The folks took that place as part payment on the ranch. It was at the edge of Fort Collins. There were five acres of land, a nice home, stables and other buildings. My mother wanted to move there, but Dad had been there twice and each time the wind was blowing very hard. He said he did not want to live in a place where the wind blew like that all the time.

I was sixteen years old when the ranch was sold. We were all very sad for we had lived in that beautiful valley for so long. It was hard to leave and make a home in town. We loved our animals. They were a part of us.

We moved to Glenwood Springs, where we had a large garden spot, a comfortable house, a stable and a chicken house. My sister, Mary, and I kept our two saddle horses. We also kept a milk cow and some chickens. The rest of the stock went with the ranch. We later heard all of the horses we left on the ranch, except two teams and one saddle horse, were sold to a horse buyer and shipped to Florida. There probably were at least fifteen horses.

After we moved to town, my father bought a beautiful team of grey horses. I drove them, even broke the gentlest one to ride. One day Dad drove to New Castle. When he came home, he was driving a team of mules. He had traded that beautiful team for the mules. It about broke my heart. I cried and cried.

At Fulford, south of Eagle, Colorado, there was some prospecting going on. Dad did some prospecting there for some time. He never found anything worthwhile. My sister, Mary, and I rode to Fulford from Glenwood Springs to visit our Dad. The first night we stayed with some friends near Wolcott and rode on to Fulford the next day. The two day trip was around 55 miles.

Dad finally rented a small ranch on Salt Creek, out of Eagle, purchased a young team of horses and spent the next few

years ranching. About that time I guess he got short of money and mortgaged the Fort Collins property. He never did pay off the mortgage, so he lost the place.

My mother stayed in Glenwood Springs where we kids were going to school. During the summer months, my oldest brother, Edwin, my sister, Mary, and I went to Salt Creek and spent the summers with Dad. Mary and I rode our horses back and forth from Glenwood Springs. Two summers I worked on a cattle ranch cooking. I didn't know much about cooking, but I learned at that ranch. At times there were as many as fourteen hired hands. We would come back each fall to stay with our mother until I graduated from high school.



My high school graduation picture, 1916.

A few years later Dad rented a ranch on Spring Valley and we all moved there and raised hay and potatoes. While there I got married. I was twenty years old. We moved in with my husband's parents, who had a dairy near Glenwood Springs. When they sold the dairy, they moved to a dairy farm near Boulder. There is where my daughter, Catherine, was born. When she was three months old, her father was drafted into World War I. The three years he was away, my daughter and I lived part time with his folks and part time with mine. When he came home from the war, we were living with his folks at Edwards, Colorado. They had a dairy on East Lake Creek. Later we took over the dairy, which consisted of thirty head of Holstein cows. The two of us milked the cows by hand and cared for them as well as the calves, pigs, chickens and horses. There were twenty-four to twenty-six cows milking at a time. Twice a week we took ten gallons of cream to Edwards to be shipped to Salt Lake City, Utah.

One day when I was taking the cream to the station, the young team I was driving ran away. A tug dropped down and hit one horse on the leg. They took off like a shot. I reared back on one line and turned them in a circle until they finally stopped. A rancher saw me and came running to help. We wired the tug to the single tree and my little four year old daughter, Catherine, and I continued on our way.

After we sold the cows, my husband took a job hauling supplies to a mining camp seven miles from where we lived and came down on weekends for supplies. He worked in the mine during the week. On one of the trips to the mine, we had a load of dynamite on the wagon. It took four horses to haul those forty boxes of dynamite. While going up a steep, rocky hill, the king bolt slipped out and the front end of the wagon dropped to the ground. I was driving. I slammed on the brake. As fortune would have it, the wagon held until we could block it.

Sometimes during the week, I would take the mail to camp on horseback. My little daughter would ride with me in the saddle. One day we met a big black bear. Our little dog chased him into the timber.

While my husband was away, I milked nine cows and cared for all the livestock. I had thirty-five head of livestock to care for every day. We lived in a two room house on East Lake Creek. We did not have the conveniences we have today. All of the water we used came from the creek. On laundry days, the water for doing the wash was carried in buckets. It was no pro-

blem for me to carry two three gallon buckets up a steep hill about fifteen hundred yards. I was in my twenties and was used to hard work. Back in those days, we didn't have washing machines. We had two tubs, a boiler and a rub board. The white clothes were rubbed on the board, put in the boiler on a wood stove and boiled until white, then they were rubbed again, rinsed twice and hung outside to dry.

When the mine closed, we had a sale. We then moved to a ranch near Edwards. I drove a bull rake during haying. At noon, I would rush in and get lunch and then go back to the hay field. My little daughter took her afternoon nap in the shade of the haystack. While living there, I helped a neighbor on his ranch. He raised head lettuce. The lettuce had to be packed in the forenoon while it was cool. I packed lettuce in the forenoon. After lunch, I harnessed the team and worked in our neighbor's hay field. The hay on our ranch had already been put up. These two ranches joined. After haying, we moved to a road job between Gypsum and Dotsero. There were four men with their teams. I did the cooking for the men. That job didn't last too long. When it was finished, we moved to Silt. That school season I picked up the children on Silt Mesa and took them to school at Silt. My school "bus" was a wagon and a team of horses.

While living in Silt, we divorced. Catherine and I moved in with my parents. The next spring my father and brother, Edwin, leased a large ranch near Glenwood Springs. That ranch later became the Westbank Development and Golf Course. Potatoes and hay were raised there. I worked in the fields along with my father and brother.

When school started in September, my little seven year old daughter, Catherine, started school at Cardiff. She rode her white horse, Pete, two miles to school. The other children all envied her riding her very own horse. Quite often she would come home with a friend riding behind the saddle on Pete. The other little girl would then spend the night.

In March of 1925, I was asked to take a job at Redstone. The owner of the town of Redstone and surrounding area started getting everything in order to move back after it had been closed for fifteen years. I went to Redstone to help the housekeeper. The workmen slept and boarded at the inn. I waited tables, made beds, cleaned rooms and did other odd jobs.



Catherine on her way to school on her own horse, Pete, in 1925.

Mr. John Cleveland Osgood, the owner, had opened the coal mines at Coal Basin in 1902. A railroad was built to the mines for transporting the coal to the main railroad at Redstone. This had all been done in the early 1900's.

In 1902, he built a beautiful mansion a mile south of the Redstone Inn. He and his young wife lived in the mansion for several years. They had blooded horses and pedigreed dogs. I was told they showed them in Denver and other places. The only transportation at that time was by horse and buggy.

Mr. Osgood also built a large game pasture where he kept elk and deer. These animals could be seen from the mansion grazing on the hillside. The caretaker's house was near the pasture. It was a large, beautiful home. There was also a very nice stable for the teams nearby. He also built a private lodge one mile from the mansion. It was a very large, beautiful building set back in the aspen trees. This building was called the Big Horn lodge. A large big horn sheep head was mounted above the entrance. The lodge had a large living room with a beautiful fireplace. There were thirty-two bedrooms upstairs and a large bowling alley in the basement. All the dining room and kitchen dishes and cooking utensils were silver with the big horn emblem engraved on them.

We were told Mr. Osgood lost the coal mines in a law suit. When this happened, everything was closed and only a caretaker stayed on to look after things. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood went back to New York. This Mrs. Osgood was Lady Bountiful, but they were later divorced.

In the spring of 1925, Mr. Osgood returned to Redstone with his new young wife, Lucille. The grounds, inn and mansion were being remodeled as the Osgoods were moving back. The inn was opened for the workmen. There were electricians, painters, plumbers and many others. The whole town was bustling with men getting everything ready for the move.

The Osgoods moved into the mansion about June 1 of that year. On June 10 the inn was opened for tourists. My job then was waitress for the rest of the summer.

When I moved to Redstone, I took my horse, Smokey, with me. There was beautiful country to ride in. In the three years we lived there, Smokey and I covered all the trails in the mountains around. I rode a lot, mostly in the evenings, as I worked every day.



A picture of me with Smokey in Redstone, Colorado, 1925.

One night after work, several of us rode to a cow camp eight miles away. We took our lunch and the cowboys made coffee. One cowboy played the mouth harp, another the guitar. We danced, sang and just had a good time all night long. Mr. Osgood's nephew was with us. We got back to the inn just in time to get things ready for breakfast.

When I first went to Redstone, I left my daughter, Catherine, with my parents on the ranch, now called Westbank. After I got situated, I sent for her and she stayed with a family who had a little daughter about her age until Mrs. Osgood told me to bring her to the mansion and stay with me. She was given a room right next to mine.

The inn closed after Labor Day. Mrs. Osgood asked me to go to the mansion as parlor maid. I waited tables for the family and guests, washed the dishes, and kept the parlor and music room in order.

Sometime during the early fall, Mr. Osgood became very ill. At regular intervals, Mrs. Osgood would take him to Denver for treatments for cancer. During those times, I did a lot of horseback riding by myself and sometimes with friends. Mrs. Osgood's personal maid, Jan, started riding with me. Sometimes the houseman and upstairs maid joined us. Jan had never been on a horse before. She learned very fast and became a fair rider. With much coaxing, we finally encouraged the English butler, Steve, to go with us once in awhile.

One weekend, five of us went on an overnight fishing trip. The wrangler, the maid and the chauffeur were with us. The two men fished while the wrangler took Jan and me on a beautiful ride near Capitol Lake. On our way home the second day, we built a campfire and cooked the fresh fish for dinner. We got back to Redstone long after dark. Winter came on, so our riding days were over until spring.

Mr. Osgood's health became worse. Blood transfusions were being administered regularly. A nurse and doctor were with him constantly. Mrs. Osgood had planned a costume party and dance at the club house for New Year's Eve. Everything was in order for the party. All arrangements had been made. The food had been purchased. Three waitresses from Glenwood Springs were already at the mansion. Mr. Osgood became seriously ill the day before New Year's. Of course, everything was cancelled. He passed away January 3, 1926.

In February, Mrs. Osgood closed the mansion and greenhouse. All the help was laid off. The greenhouse was full of beautiful flowers and it furnished fresh vegetables for the mansion. The heat was turned off and everything froze. I thought that was a pity.

Mrs. Lucille Osgood was young, only in her late twenties. Had Mr. Osgood lived another year or two, she would have known how to manage everything.

At that time, Mr. Osgood had several coal mining camps in Colorado. I was sent to Chandler, near Canon City, to one of the camps to wait tables, make beds and help the cook in the kitchen. The miners stayed at the camp. Every morning I would fix forty-five lunches for the miners. The cook would lay everything out on a table. I would make the sandwiches, fill the thermos bottles with coffee and pack the lunch boxes.

When I went to Chandler, I had no transportation to Canon City, which was nine miles from Chandler. A friend of mine, who worked with me at Redstone, got employment in Canon City. In order to get together once in awhile, I purchased a Model T Ford for \$75. I had never driven a car. A friend gave me one lesson and after that I was on my own. One night after dark, while going home, I drove up a wrong lane. I was stalled as I did not know how to back the car. I stopped a car and told the man my car was stalled. He showed me what was wrong and after that I had no trouble.

When I received word to come back to Redstone, I picked Jessie up and we drove to Salida, a sixty mile trip which took us all day. We were delayed a couple of hours because prisoners were working on the road.

In March I got word to come back to Redstone. Mrs. Osgood opened the mansion and stayed there until the inn opened in June, then she moved to some rooms at the inn and had her meals in the dining room. I went back to the inn to wait tables. That year I met and married Ray, my present husband, on June 1, 1926, when he was working at the inn. After a short honeymoon on the eastern slope, we moved to the ranch south of the mansion. I continued working at the inn until it closed after Labor Day.

Ray raised a large garden, put up hay and did other odd jobs on the ranch. Later in the fall we moved to the mansion as caretakers. Mrs. Osgood went to New York. We lived in the mansion all that winter. Catherine walked to school from the mansion to Redstone. She was eight years old. Sometimes the snow would get so deep, we would take her back and forth to school. One man stayed with us that winter. The caretaker of the inn and village lived in Redstone.

His wife, Mrs. John Kenney, was the school teacher. Sometimes there were eight children, and the last year we were there, only two, Mrs. Kenney's daughter, Winifred, and Catherine.

The three men put up ice and filled the large ice house, as

that was the only refrigeration at the time. They also filled the large ice rooms at the mansion and inn. The snow had to be shoveled off all the buildings. The big stable at the ranch caved in because of the deep, heavy snow.

The train ran between Marble and Carbondale. We got our mail and groceries regularly. A carload of coal was brought in. The men hauled the coal with a team from the railroad car and filled the bins at the mansion, school house and caretaker's house.

In the spring we moved back to the ranch. That fall, we moved to the coachman's house, which was called the Casa, near the stables. That house was beautifully furnished. The dresser drawers were full of pure linen pillowcases and sheets.

Mrs. Osgood did not return to Redstone that spring, so we decided to leave after three years. We then decided to go to California. We loaded our Model T Ford and left on that long trip to Los Angeles. It took us seven days on dusty, corrugated roads. We had a tent and camping equipment, so we camped some nights. Catherine stayed with her grandparents while we were away.



Ray and I went to San Francisco, California in 1927.

We stayed a short time in Los Angeles where Ray worked some. Then we drove to Oakland and San Francisco. Ray worked a short time in the Chevrolet factory in Oakland, and I worked at a canning factory in Sunnyvale. Ray had relatives in Oakland and we stayed awhile with them before heading for home.

We came by way of Reno, Nevada and stopped at Johnstown, Colorado to visit with Ray's brother and sister-in-law.

Soon after getting back to Glenwood Springs, Ray worked for the county for a short time. Then he went to Crested Butte and worked in the mines. He stayed there all winter.

My father had leased a large apple orchard. I helped him pick the apples. Where Catherine and I lived, there was a full basement under the house. The apples were stored there. We sorted and boxed them. There were twelve hundred boxes. Dad sold some to stores and peddled others from door to door. He also took a large truck load to Leadville.

The next spring, Dad rented a ranch across from our present hospital. Ray came home and he and I helped with the ranch work. We lived on the ranch. We raised a large garden and also had chickens and turkeys. Hay and potatoes were raised on the ranch. There was a cherry and an apple orchard at the north end of the ranch.

That fall, Catherine and I went to Los Angeles, California with a friend and her two daughters about Catherine's age. She had a small restaurant in Los Angeles she wanted to open for business and eventually sell. Ray went back to Crested Butte and worked in the coal mines all that winter. We ran that restaurant all winter until school was out. Then we came back to Glenwood Springs.

That spring, Ray and I purchased a Whippet car and the three of us went to Oregon. We visited with some friends for awhile. Ray got a job on a cattle ranch helping put up hay. The first day they started putting up the hay a fire started in the stable and it burned to the ground. The men had gone in for dinner when the fire started. This ranch had a large dairy. Twenty cows had been put in the stable and were milked and turned out. Another eighteen head were put in to be milked after dinner. Those eighteen cows and six teams of horses were burned to death. The teams still had the harnesses on. Two horses got out, but were badly burned. I doctored the worst one and he did get well. He was badly scarred and all his hair came off. The fire

either was caused by the gasoline milking machine or a cigarette.

The large stable had stalls on both sides of a large driveway where the men were stacking hay. Ray continued to help with the hay. The rancher had to borrow teams, and he used some of his mares with colts to put up the hay. The man who was driving the stacker team quit. Ray told Mr. Campbell that his wife could drive the team, so I got that job and stayed with it until the hay was put up on that ranch. The rancher had a daughter about Catherine's age, and they played and rode horseback all summer.

Ray and I were asked to stay and feed cattle that winter, but it was ten miles to school and I would have had to drive Catherine back and forth. That would have made me drive forty miles each day. We thought it over and decided to go back home.

After we got home, we rented a small place west of town. Ray went to work at the South Canyon Coal Mines. He stayed with that job for twelve years. I got work off and on with a dude outfit. While working there, I took two ladies on a two week pack trip. I had never met these ladies before. One was a doctor practicing in Glenwood Springs, and the other a lady from Kansas who spent summers here.

We went over the Flat Tops. We stayed at the ranger's station at Deep Lake a few days, fished and just had a good time. We had two pack horses. I cared for the horses, packed and unpacked them and did all the saddling. The ladies did the cooking. This was the most enjoyable trip I had ever taken.



Caring for the horses on the 1930 Flat Tops trip.



The Flat Tops Deep Lake Ranger Station.

The ranger station at Deep Lake was twenty-two miles from Glenwood Springs. While there, we went to Sweetwater Lake, Coffee Pot Springs, Trappers Lake, which was twenty-two miles from our headquarters, and other lakes in the area. We stayed two days at the lodge at Trappers Lake.

It was in August when the wild flowers were at the peak in the high country. There were all kinds of beautiful flowers blooming on the hillsides. The weather was favorable most of the time. Once we got caught in a bad electric storm.

When the lady from Kansas quit riding, she purchased a jeep and I took her on many jeep rides during the summers she was here. We even camped out some. The doctor and I continued to ride together until she quit riding and sold her horse.

In the fall of 1930, after the trip with the ladies, Mr. Thomson, the owner of the Dude Stable, asked me to go on the big game hunt as cook for the crew and hunters. When we got all lined out at the foot of the hill, Mr. Thomson gave me a four horse team to drive up the hill to camp. The wagon was loaded with all of the hunting equipment: tents, food, sleeping bags and whatever else was needed for a hunting camp.

There were fifteen, including the help and hunters. We were camped three miles from the nearest water. We took two pack horses, each carrying twenty gallons of water. We went to the spring every other day. At times I would have to make the trip alone. We used this camp for several years as hunting was very good. This particular year, only four days were allowed for hunting. That seemed to be plenty, for all hunters came out with big bucks.



On our way to the big game hunting camp on the Flat Tops, 1930.

The hunters at this camp included Mr. Tutt, owner of the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. Thayre Tutt, his son, came to camp a couple of years. Otis McIntyre and his wife, Dorothy, and the Maytags also came. Otis McIntyre was head of the Game and Fish Department. The Maytags were the Maytag washing machine people. They were all from Colorado Springs.

After a few years at the Pot Holes, a new camp was set up at Fort Defiance, an old mining camp in the early 1800's. Everything had to be packed into this camp. The trail left the main road about ten miles from Glenwood Springs. It wound back and forth along a very steep mountain. Some of the log walls were still standing at Fort Defiance.

The big cook tent was stretched out there. There was a large spring near the tent and wood close by. There was a large sheet iron stove in the tent for cooking. At the old camp I cooked in Dutch ovens over a campfire. Cooking was a pleasure on that large stove at this new camp and the tent was always warm.

At the first camp, I baked biscuits in the Dutch ovens over a campfire. One day I made apple dumplings and cooked them in the Dutch ovens.

One stormy day, Mrs. Thomson did not go hunting, so we decided to make raised doughnuts. Those were the best doughnuts I had ever made, and we made a lot of them. At home, raised doughnuts were a must. We were just finishing

the last of them when four elk hunters rode in. They were cold and hungry. Those doughnuts and coffee went over big with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, who put on the big game hunting, put several camps up each fall. Sometimes these trips were really bad weather-wise.

One fall when we took the camp to Grizzly Meadows, we had rain and snow, and ice froze on the horses' manes and tails. We arrived at the camp just at dark. Six inches of snow had to be shoveled before we could put up the tents. The first thing to be done was to unpack and hobble all the horses, get the camp in order and then prepare food for the crew.

One fall, an elk camp was put up at Deep Lake, twenty-two miles from Glenwood Springs. We got started much too late for the long trip. There were three of us with thirty head of horses, each of us leading nine packhorses. It got dark and I think the young fellow who was in the lead went to sleep. The horses drifted off the trail. I was in the rear and knew we were off the trail, so there was nothing to do but camp. It was midnight and very dark. We unpacked, unsaddled and hobbled the horses. Then we dug into the paniers for gas lanterns and some food. We were all famished, as we had not eaten since eleven o'clock that day.

The next morning we had all those horses to saddle and pack. It took us about three hours before we could get started. We arrived at Deep Lake in the middle of the afternoon.



Some of the successful hunters and their game.

The following day, Harold, the camp cook and I left Deep Lake with twelve horses to go to another camp site near Coffee Pot Springs. That was twelve miles. I helped Harold put up the big tent, got myself a bite to eat, then left for Dotsero with seven saddle horses for the seven hunters who would ride in the next day.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomson picked me up that morning and we went to Sweetwater Lake to take in hunters for that camp. It took us until eleven o'clock that night to get to Deep Lake. It was a beautiful trip as the moon was full and ever so bright. I went on these hunting trips every year for eighteen years.

One fall, Mrs. Thomson and I drove twenty head of horses across the Flat Tops to Buford, which was fifty miles away. The horses were rented to some hunters. My sister, Sadie, and Catherine rode until noon with us, had lunch with us and then they returned home while we went on to Buford.

We had been living on a two acre place on South Grand Avenue in Glenwood Springs. While living at this place, Sadie, Catherine and I took in all the rodeos within horseback riding distance, including Rifle, New Castle, Glenwood Springs, Carbondale and Redstone. We rode in quadrilles, ladies' races, free-for-alls, stake races and musical chair races.

One Potato Day at Carbondale, Sadie, Catherine and I helped drive the bucking horses from Glenwood Springs to Carbondale for the rodeo. On the way, we stopped at a big ditch to water our horses. Sadie rode in to wash off her horse, Dixie's,



Our quadrille which opened the Strawberry Days Rodeo in Glenwood Springs in 1936.

white legs. Dixie started to jump up the high bank on the other side, so Sadie pulled back on the reins. This made Dixie lose her balance and she sat down in the water. Sadie fell off her back into the water. All we could see was her big cowboy hat. It was cold and Sadie was soaking wet. We were near some friends' ranch, so we rode in and asked them for some dry clothes. The bucking horses were a long way ahead of us at this point, so we galloped to catch them. Each of us held a garment in the wind and by the time we arrived in Carbondale, they were dry. Sadie was embarrassed wearing her wrinkled clothes. She had dressed especially nice to go to the rodeo, for we all three rode in the ladies' race.

When we left Redstone, I bought a little black horse named Sarco from Mrs. Osgood. I didn't ride him while in Redstone, but I fell in love with him. Whenever they wanted to use him, the stablemen would ask me to catch him, as they could not. He was from a wild bunch of horses over in the Meeker country. He was very fast. On Fair Day in Rifle in 1929, I won the Denver Post trophy riding him in a race. After that, I entered him in several races, riding him myself and sometimes hiring a jockey to ride him. It was a lot of fun training and racing him.

In 1932 we bought a place on the Four Mile Road, three miles south of Glenwood Springs. There was a small log house, two cabins and a two car garage on the place. We had enough land for our horses, one cow, pigs and chickens. We built a shed for the horses and cow and a chicken house. A few years later, we built a new log house, a large barn and a new garage. We have been on this place fifty-six years.

The following year, 1933, Mr. Thomson leased seven head of horses to some government surveyors for six months. At that time, Mr. Thomson was superintendent for a CCC Camp at Durango. These horses were to be taken there and delivered to a ranger station. Sadie and I hired out to deliver the horses. At the last minute, my sister decided not to go, so I made the 238 mile trip alone into strange country. There were packs on each of the six horses I led. There were extra saddles, bridles, pack covers, bells, hobbles, etc. I also took a bed roll and enough oats to feed the horses twice a day.

After Sadie decided not to go with me, I decided I needed some kind of protection, so I wore a pistol all the way on the trip.

The first night I stayed with Mr. Thomson's sister and family, who lived on a ranch on the Muddy. That was a forty mile trip



My fourth day on the 238 mile journey from Glenwood Springs to Durango in 1933.

from Glenwood Springs. The second night I stayed at a ranch near Paonia. The following day I stopped at a livery stable in Crawford to inquire about a place to spend the third night. There I met a man, his son and daughter, who owned a sheep camp a few miles out of Crawford. They said I could stay and keep the horses there for the night. Their camp was on a shortcut through the cedars to the main road five miles out of Montrose. That was the only night I had to use my bed roll. The fourth night I rode into a ranch close to the highway. The ranch lady and her two small children were the only ones home. She turned me away. She said her husband was not home and she didn't know what to do, so I mounted up and started to leave. The ranch hand had just come in from the fields. I guess he mentioned to the lady they could take care of me and the horses for the night. She called me back. I was very pleased as it was getting late and the places where I had stopped before had turned me away. It was five miles to Montrose. We could have gone on, but it was late to ride that far. Dark would have overtaken us.

I was treated very nicely at this ranch. There was a country dance that night, and they invited me to go with them.

The fifth night I stayed at Ouray. I stopped at the livery stable to inquire about a place to stay. The stableman wanted more

money than I had to put the horses in the corral and feed them. The grass was high close to the boarding and rooming house. I got permission to graze the horses, so I unpacked, unsaddled and hobbled them. I took all the saddles and equipment to the back yard of the boarding house. While crawling through a fence, a cinch ring hooked on a nail and I wrenched my back. After I had made arrangements for a room and dinner, I went to the livery stable to get grain and hay for the horses. The stable man told me to bring the horses and put them in the corral. He only charged me for the feed.

The next morning my back was so sore I could hardly get out of bed. After a nice breakfast and a lunch the lady fixed for my noon meal, I headed for the stable to saddle and be on my way. The stableman helped me saddle and pack. I still had two more days to go. By the time I got to Silverton, my back felt good. I guess the riding exercise straightened it out. At Silverton, one shoe had to be put on my saddle horse. She lost it on the way and was beginning to get sore footed.

Near Silverton, I spotted a large corral and stable. With a little inquiring, I found the owners. They gave me permission to use the corral for the night. After unsaddling and feeding the horses their grain, I walked back to town, had my dinner and rented a room in a hotel.

The last and seventh day was my longest of the trip. The sign at the forks of the road said forty-nine miles to Durango. I was to deliver the horses at a ranger station three miles south of Durango. Just at dusk on that narrow, dusty road on the Million Dollar Highway, I met about twenty-five army trucks. The CCC Camp was moving from Durango to Yampa. I met the superintendent of the camp the day before. He told me about the trucks. I arrived at the ranger station after dark. When I got there, no one was home. I saw a light not far away, so I tied the horses and walked to a ranch house. The ranger and his wife were there.

The following morning the ranger took me to Durango to catch the bus headed for Grand Junction. I loaded my saddle onto the bus and headed for Glenwood Springs and home.

In November, after elk season, I went back to get the horses and brought them back to Glenwood Springs. On the return trip I stayed at the same places. The following day Mrs. Thomson asked me to take six horses to the CCC Camp at Yampa, which was a two day trip from Sweetwater Lake.

That fall before the horses were to be brought back from

Durango, the Thomsons had me go to Snowmass Creek to pick up nine horses that had been leased to the CCC Camp. The Thomsons' son, Jimmie, and I left home at four in the morning. Jimmie had to get back to school, so he unloaded the halters and my saddle and left. The horses were in the pasture. There were twelve of them. I saw a light in a house close by, so I inquired who owned the three extra horses. The lady said the three belonged to the rangers, but she did not know which horses. I knew some of the Thomsons' horses but not all of them. As luck would have it, I picked the right ones. I picked up another horse at the Woody Creek Store. A road went over the hill to the Woody Creek bridge. I decided to tie the extra horses and ride to the store. While I was tying the horses, a friend of mine came along who was delivering milk to the CCC Camp. I loaded my saddle in his truck and rode to the store with him to pick up the other horse. That saved me a three mile ride. I rode into Basalt about the middle of the day. I was hungry and wanted to stop for some lunch, but there was no place to tie the horses, so I went on to Carbondale. I arrived there at six o'clock. I called the Thomsons to ask if I should come on in or stay in Carbondale. Mrs. Thomson said to put the horses in the stockyards and she would come for me right away. There was a feed stable close by, so I got hay for the horses and waited a couple of hours. No one showed up, so I went to a restaurant for some dinner. A couple of men I knew from Glenwood Springs were in the cafe. I got a ride home with them. The next day I went back to Carbondale to bring the horses on to Glenwood Springs.

The Thomsons, whom I had worked for off and on for several years, were managing the wilderness rides. The rides were put



Trailriders of the wilderness.



Margaret, the lunch girl for the wilderness riders in 1946.

on by the Forest Service and were made up in Washington, D.C. They hired me as lunch girl. There were two and sometimes three, two week rides put on each summer. On one ride, there were fifty people and ninety horses. We had a camp cook. When the camp was moved, he was the first one to leave with his pack horse.

By the time we would get to where we were to camp that night, the camp cook would set up camp and make coffee. After the cook left, the guests and guides would leave. The last to leave camp would be the packers and tent crew. These trips lasted two and three weeks. Sometimes we would stay over two or three days so the guests could fish or rest. Finally these trips were given up. How I did enjoy them. There was always someone with a banjo, and in the evenings we would sit around the campfire and listen to the music and sing.

In 1935, a New York broker purchased a ranch across the road from where we lived. His name was George Summers. I was employed by him as a riding instructor and guide for the family and guests. There were three children in the family, ranging in age from ten to thirteen.

The stable was the first project to be built on the ranch. This stable consisted of five box stalls on each side of the driveway and two rooms at one end. We used one room for recreation and the other for a sleeping room for the stableman who was to be hired at a later date.

The family lived at the Hotel Colorado that summer.

Mr. Summers bought three horses in Denver and I bought some more. We had nine saddle horses, including my two. Every morning the whole family came to the ranch to ride. At times they would bring friends. I was alone all that season and kept very busy.

In 1936, the Summers' family rented the mansion at Redstone for the summer. I went to ride with the children and guests. The Summers' home was being built on the ranch during these summer months. Catherine and her school friend worked there until they left for business school in Denver. At first they took turns making beds, waiting tables and doing dishes. Later on Mrs. Summers hired more help, as they had many guests spend the summer with them. That spring Mr. Summers hired a man from Key West, Florida to work with me. He was a slender, red-headed Englishman in his early forties. He knew horses. All he ever did was work with them. I learned a few good pointers from this man.

We took twelve saddle horses to Redstone. This man and I were both kept very busy, as the family and guests rode every day and sometimes all day. Mrs. Summers did not ride that year. On our way to Redstone her beautiful Kentucky Whip mare got sick and died that night.

There were many guests all the while the family was at Redstone. One weekend they had a big party planned. Mrs. Summers thought it best not to have the young boys and girls there, so the stableman took the boys on a fishing trip and she sent the girls with me to Glenwood Springs. We stayed at the Hotel Colorado. There were four girls ranging in age from eight years to fourteen. Mrs. Summers told me to go to the Ford garage and get a car to use. We had a nice new car to drive around in. We all had a great time. The girls went swimming in the pool twice while we were there.

One weekend, I took four boys to Shorty Walz's cow camp for a two day trip. The cow camp was on the south fork of Thompson Creek. I made a list for food, as I always did, but the chef said he would take care of everything this time. At noon we stopped for lunch in a nice shady spot. When lunch was over, the food had all been eaten. For supper at the cow camp that evening, we had hot biscuits and venison steak with fried potatoes. The next morning we had the same for breakfast. For lunch on our way home, we had biscuits and venison sandwiches. Shorty, who was over six feet tall, was noted for his good biscuits. This was quite an experience for those twelve and fourteen year old boys. None complained.

Later, while still at Redstone, I took three boys to the North Thompson cow camp for three days. Slick Leonhardy, the pool rider, invited Sonny Summers and his friends for a little stay at his camp. It was a long trip from Redstone to the Thompson Creek camp. On the way, the trail went part way on an old railroad grade. My horse, Socks, bruised the frog of his foot on a railroad spike. I had to leave him at the camp. Slick gave me a horse to ride back. Ten days or two weeks later I went back after Socks. I couldn't get away from Redstone until five o'clock that evening. After it got dark, I just gave the horse his reins and let him pick his way, as I knew he was more familiar with the trail than I. It was pitch dark when he suddenly stopped, there was a closed gate which I could not see. All I could see was the horse's white neck. From this gate, I could see a light at the camp and was surely hoping I would get there before the light was turned off, which I did. I arrived there around nine o'clock. Early the next morning, Socks and I headed for Redstone at a fast pace. We got back in time to take the riders out in the afternoon.

Later in the week, the girls wanted to go on an overnight pack trip. We went about two miles from the mansion. I picked a nice level spot in a draw. There was a place close by for the horses. I got the horses taken care of, then proceeded to get the tent up and prepare some food. We all went to bed early and were sound asleep when it began to lightning and thunder. I became very worried because we were in that draw. Had a big storm come up, we would have been washed away. We saddled up and headed for home. We left all our equipment and went back for it the next day.

The season soon ended, as the children had to go back to New York to school. They closed the mansion and we took the

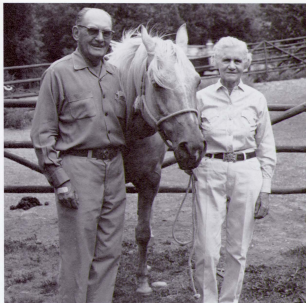
horses back to the ranch in Glenwood Springs. The next summer the family moved into their new home on the ranch.

Before leaving New York that summer, Mr. Summers called and asked me to check on some horses that were offered to him for a certain price. I went to Divide Creek to look at them. There were three mares with foal and two young geldings. They were all well bred horses. To me the price was very reasonable. The three colts that were born were very nice. They all had good breeding, as the mares had been bred to a thoroughbred stallion. From then on, there were several colts born every spring. When the colts reached six months old, they had to be weaned. They were stabled and broken to lead during the fall and winter months. I also had four dogs to care for. After the first summer I had help at the stable while the family and their guests were in Glenwood Springs. The help was laid off in the fall, then I was all alone again.

I broke the colts to lead by taking them from the stable to the paddock, which was just across the road. It didn't take long to break them as they were happy to get out where they could run and play. At night they were glad to be back in the stable. The days were long for me. The stable had to be cleaned, fresh straw put in each stall for bedding, and the colts and dogs fed and watered. As the colts became old enough to break to ride, I did that also. I would work with them in the fall and spring, and by the time the family came in June, some were gentle enough to ride.

During the summer months, we would take pack trips and sometimes jeep trips. One day I took Mrs. Sumers on a jeep trip to the reservoir and the land they owned. We took our lunch and spent the day. Another time she asked me to take her to the Eames' Cherry Orchards near Grand Valley, now called the town of Parachute. Also, on moonlight nights we would have a wiener roast or just take rides in the moonlight.

One Labor Day Ralph Lafferty, the Summers' son-in-law, and Barbara had friends from Texas, John and Lupi Murchison, visit them, so Ralph wanted to take them on a six day trip to the high country. We went up Castle Creek to the Conundrum Hot Springs Ranger Station near Aspen, where we spent the first night. The second day, we got to Copper Lake. That night it snowed four inches. The horses strayed and were headed home, so it took quite awhile to get them back to camp. The third night, we stayed at Emerald Lake. From Emerald Lake we went over Schofield Pass to where the trail left for Little



Nugget between Ray and I in 1975.

Snowmass Lake. About halfway down the pass, we came to a large snow slide that had come down in the spring. I wasn't too worried about it, as it had stopped in the creek bottom. I asked the riders to wait until I had crossed it. I walked and led my horse. It seemed safe enough, so I waved for them to come on. We had to rent three pack horses for this trip. Before I started over the snow, I handed the pack string to a girl who had come along to help. Going around a sharp curve, she didn't slow the lead horses enough to let the horse in the rear get around the curve. I looked back just in time to see the horse in the rear being dragged over a big boulder. I thought the whole string was going over the canyon. The horses were tailed. One horse lost all the hair in his tail, or there would have been a bad disaster.

The next year the Murchisons came to go on another trip. This time we went to Blue Lake, on the Flat Tops, where we stayed two nights. We got permission to stay at a cabin. Ralph

and John threw their sleeping bags under a large tree. That was a very enjoyable trip also. The weather was very nice and the wild flowers were beautiful.

One Sunday, six of us planned a three day trip to the Weaver cabin on the Flat Tops. There were three girls and an eight year old boy from the ranch, Catherine and I. Hickey Summers wanted to go to church and said she would meet us at the foot of the hill after church. We rode the horses up the canyon from Glenwood Springs to No Name Creek, which was six miles from where we started up the hill to the cabin. The cabin was twelve miles from Glenwood Springs. We waited a couple of hours for Hickey, but when she arrived she had decided not to go. Probably because by this time it had started to rain. It rained on us all the way to the cabin. One girl would not put her sweater on, which was tied on behind her saddle. She said it belonged to her sister and she did not want to spoil it. We were all wet and cold when we arrived at our destination. I immediately started the fire in the large cook range. Then Catherine and I unpacked and took care of the horses. When we went inside, we saw the sweater spread on top of the hot stove to dry. Of course, it had burned holes in it. The day we stayed over, we went for a ride just to see the country. Our trip home was uneventful.

Another time Mr. Summers made arrangements for me to take three teenage girls to a cow camp on Piceance Creek. The Summers' girl insisted on driving. A couple of cowboys waited at the ranch to show us the way. While going up a steep hill with deep ruts, Hickey drove into a rut with a sharp oak stump in it. Bang, we blew a tire. I got out to get the spare to change the tire. There was no spare, nor was there a jack, so we were stalled. We started walking. The men missed us, so came back to see what happened. We all got in the pickup and went on to the camp. The boss's wife had a real nice dinner for us. The next day, we gathered cattle and corralled them. The two cowboys branded, earmarked and vaccinated the calves. It was nearly dark when we got back to camp. We headed for home. This was quite an experience for these New York girls.

When school started, Mrs. Summers and the children would go back to New York and Mr. Summers would stay here for a while. One fall after the house closed, one of the maids and I decided to go to Denver. When Mr. Summers heard we were planning this trip, he asked if he could ride over with us; otherwise he would have to ride the train. We were happy to have him with us. He relieved me of part of the driving. We all stayed at



Nugget and I at Hughes Reservoir on Three Mile Creek.

the Brown Palace Hotel. Mr. Summers had breakfast with us and paid for our hotel room. When he left that morning for New York City, he told the clerk at the desk to let us stay as long as we wished and to give us anything we wanted at his expense. We thought this was very nice of him.

When World War II began, the Summers' boy went into the service and the oldest girl got married. Mr. and Mrs. Summers came to the ranch during the summer months, but there were very few guests. When anyone wanted to go riding, they would call me.

Ray also went into the service and was there for three years. One summer while he was away, I went on two trail rides, both on the Flat Tops area. Each ride took ten days.

Shortly after this a mechanics' class was started for women and held at night. I decided to join. One night a local garage owner came in looking for help. He hired me to drive the canyon school bus and work in the garage during the day. This

was a motorized bus, not a team and wagon this time. While not driving the school bus, I would pump gas, grease cars and do some mechanical work. After Ray came home from the service, I quit this job.

When Ray came home from the Navy, he had never been big game hunting. I wanted to take him out. The Thomsons left a tent and camp equipment for us to use. Ray had a service friend, who was a chauffeur at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. Philow joined us for this trip, but could only stay one day. We arrived in camp in the late evening. The next morning, we got up very early and were out before sunup. We didn't see a single deer. Philow had to go back to Colorado Springs. Ray and I stayed over another day. I got a four point buck. We broke up camp, loaded it and the deer on the two pack horses and went home.

In 1948, we purchased a jeep. Ray and I took many trips in the mountains, especially over high mountain passes like Taylor, Pearl, Schofield and others. Sometimes Catherine and her husband would join us. We did a lot of camping out and fishing during this time also. Ray's brother had a cabin on Cement Creek out of Crested Butte, so several times we jeeped over Taylor and Italian Passes and stayed a few days at this cabin. This was delightful, as Ray's brother and his wife would join us for dinner, and then we would play cards before they went back to Crested Butte. Usually we would go home by way of Schofield Pass.



A 1985 ride up Three Mile with Catherine.

One of our jeep trips was to Canyon Lands in Utah. Ray's brother and sister-in-law from Johnstown joined us on this trip. This is one trip we shall never forget.

Also during this period of time, nine of us ladies started snowshoeing for winter fun and exercise. Besides going to Three Mile, Four Mile and No Name, we took trips to Aspen. It was very nice snowshoeing on Independence Pass road and Maroon Bells road. We would get together during the summer sometimes and have picnics and moonlight barbecues.

Early one fall, seven of us ladies rode to Snowmass Lake for a three day trip. Catherine lived in Aspen and had her two saddle horses there, so she and I rode them. The other people trucked their horses to Maroon Bells and then we all rode from there. We rented two pack mules from a dude ranch. When we got to the lake, we hobbled the horses and turned them loose back of the lake. We got the tent up and built a fire. For supper we had hamburgers and beans. While we were eating, I looked up and our two horses were leaving the others and headed for home. They had to come right close to where we were, thank goodness. We took them back to the rest of the horses and fixed a barrier so they couldn't get out. On our way home, Catherine and I decided to take a short-cut to the dude ranch. We got lost and had to go back, which was a long way. We got into a very bad electric storm. When we finally arrived at the dude ranch, Ella Stephens was there waiting for us. The others had all left. We left our horses there and Catherine came for them the next day. She had them in Aspen for the summer.

In 1958 on the Fourth of July, four of us ladies rode to Trappers Lake. We had our horses trucked to Sweetwater Lake. The four were Dr. Bea Waller, a friend of mine, Ella Stephens, a friend of Catherine's whose parents lived on Sweetwater Creek, Catherine and I. We arrived at Rim Lake, where we had lunch. It was quite a climb from Sweetwater Lake to the top. We arrived at Trappers Lake around six that evening. We stayed two nights, doing some riding around there. Ray and Don, Catherine's husband, came by car to meet us for the two days. It took them almost as long coming by car as it did us by horseback. They were quite put out as they had run into quite a lot of construction work. This was a very enjoyable trip. We did have to go around several snow banks. It had been quite a hard winter and it was taking some time to melt the snow. Very beautiful though.

After twenty-eight years, the Sumers' ranch sold. The Holy

Ghost Fathers purchased it. The ranch was turned into a school for priests, and the Sumers' home was a retirement home for priests. That was the end of my job. We are still in touch with most of the Sumers' children and grandchildren, especially the grandchildren and youngest daughter, Hickey.

Two years after the Sumers' family purchased the ranch, Mr. Sumers built a reservoir six miles from the ranch on Three Mile Creek for irrigation. Hay was raised for the horses and cattle. During the spring runoff, the creek would get very high. At times the people living in the canyon below the reservoir were worried about flooding. The foreman was good about keeping check on the dam. At times large trees would wash down and plug the spillway. When the water was at its highest, a man would stay at the cabin and keep close check on everything. Occasionally, a dead tree would get crosswise on the spillway and would have to be dragged out.

After the Holy Ghost Fathers purchased the ranch, they didn't bother about checking the spillway. I worried about it because there were several families living in the canyon. Every year while the Holy Ghost Fathers owned the ranch, when the water was the highest, I would ride horseback to the reservoir to check. I was always lucky to find someone to ride with me. Once or twice we had to walk the last half mile as the horses could not get over the snow banks. There were always high snowbanks where it drifted. Generally, we could ride around them.

After seventeen years, the Fathers sold the ranch to a developer, so it was turned into a housing development, much to our sorrow.

I had a school teacher friend, who had a cabin on the Fryng Pan River. She loved to go to the cabin. She and her sister had a car, which they drove until she got too old. I started taking her, when I could find the time. The cabin was fifty miles from Glenwood Springs. We always stayed one and sometimes two nights. She loved to fish and so did I, so we had fresh fish for many meals. Elizabeth Elliott taught school in Rifle and Glenwood Springs for sixty years. After she quit teaching, she tutored until just before her death at ninety-two. She never married.

I still ride the mountains a lot. After my daughter lost her husband, she moved back to Glenwood Springs and we rode on weekends, as she had a job in town. We had three horses, sometimes more. When Catherine could not go, I always

managed to find a girlfriend to ride with. Our rides were day rides. We always took a lunch and spent the day.

The last girl I rode with came here from Denver. She brought her horse with her and pastured her across the road from my place. We finally got acquainted and rode together for seven years. She worked for a doctor, but had weekends off and sometimes a day during the week. After seven years, she and her husband, who was a policeman here, and their small son moved to Colorado Springs. My, how I missed our rides.

We lost our two older horses from old age, but I still had my horse, so Catherine purchased a registered Arabian horse, and we rode as often as we could.

My palomino horse, Nugget, was getting old by now. I rode him a lot when he was twenty-seven years old, but not in the mountains, only on level ground. He was saddled up once when he was twenty-eight. That was the last time I was on him.



My 90th birthday ride with my daughter Catherine, taken in 1987.

After that, we had a couple of friends who had horses and they would let me ride one of theirs. We made several trips to

the mountains. One of these friends took Catherine and me on a two hour horseback ride on my 90th birthday. It was hard for me to get on and off, as by this time I had developed arthritis in my knees, so I decided I should give the riding up before I got hurt. After I lost Nugget at the age of twenty-nine years and seven months, I was without a horse for the first time since I was four years old.

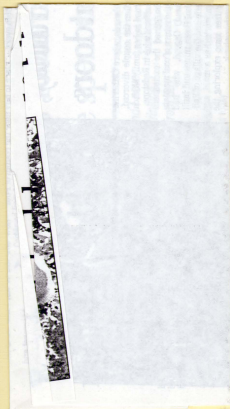


Descendents of the Reynolds family, four cousins: Catherine, Dorothy, Clinton and Edwina in 1986.

Catherine still has her horse and does get some riding in. We still go to the mountains where we rode horseback, but we go in our jeep. At times we take a day trip with friends and occasionally by ourselves, taking our picnic lunch and eating in a nice spot among the aspen trees.

At this writing and at the age of 92, I feel very fortunate to be able to take day jeep trips in the mountains where I used to ride my horse. To me it is not as enjoyable as it was on a horse, but I am very happy that I can still be in those beautiful mountains at this time and am looking forward to many more trips in the high country.

Of my immediate family, I am very fortunate to still have my daughter, husband, my sister Sadie's daughter, Dorothy, my brother Edwin's daughter, Edwina, and my brother Harry's son, Clinton. They, and their children and grandchildren all reside close by and I see them often.



Ranch girl celebrates 100th birthday, recalls her robust life spent outdoors

By **HEATHER MCGREGOR**
The Daily Sentinel

GLENWOOD SPRINGS — Hearty breakfasts and the outdoor life have brought Margaret Morgan to her 100th birthday today.

"I never smoked, and I never did anything like drinking. I was a ranch girl from day one," said Morgan, a Garfield County native who spent much of her life on horseback.

Morgan and her husband, 95-year-old Ray, now in their 71st year of marriage, live in a tidy home on Four Mile Road. Their daughter, Catherine Lucas, lives nearby and helps them with shopping and errands. A cleaning woman comes every week.

It's a quiet and comfortable twilight in the life of a woman who worked as a wrangler, guide, cook, gardener and family entertainer for two of the valley's wealthiest part-time residents.

"I never smoked, and I never did anything like drinking. I was a ranch girl from day one."

MARGARET MORGAN

Turns 100 years old today

Morgan was born to Louis and Annie Reynolds on a ranch on Divide Creek, south of Silt. In 1903, the family homesteaded a ranch high on Three Mile Creek, living in a tent for a year before building a house. They grew potatoes and sold milk and eggs to the coal-mining camps and townfolk.

At 20, she married and worked with her husband in his family's dairy

business at Edwards, where Catherine was born. After the couple divorced, Morgan returned to her family's ranch until she was offered a job in Redstone.

In 1925, she joined the excitement surrounding the return of coal magnate John Cleveland Osgood, who had opened the Coal Basin mines and built Redstone Castle and the village of Redstone. Morgan worked as a maid, and spent all her free time exploring the high country on horseback.

In 1926, she married Ray, a handyman who worked in Redstone. With Catherine, they spent a winter caretaking the Castle when there was only one other family living in Redstone. Their mail and groceries came on the Marble train.

In the next few years, the Morgans tried to make a go of it in California and

See **CELEBRATES**, page 2B ▶



CHRISTOPHER TOMLINSON/The Daily Sentinel

CELEBRATING A CENTURY OF LIFE, Margaret Morgan's birthday is today. She was born on a ranch on Divide Creek, south of Silt. She has been married to Ray for 71 years.

CELEBRATES: In 1933, Morgan spent a week riding to Durango

▶ Continued from page 1B

Oregon, but they always came home. In the winters, Ray worked in the Crested Butte coal mines.

Later, Ray found a job at the South Canyon Coal Mine and Margaret began her wrangling career working for an outfitter based in Glenwood Springs. She guided horsepacking trips on the Flat Tops and worked as a cook in the hunting camps, rubbing elbows with heirs to the Maytag fortune and the owners of the Broadmoor Hotel.

In her free time, she went to every rodeo from Rifle to Redstone and rode in ladies' races, free-for-all, stake races and musical chair races. At the 1929 Garfield County Fair, she won the Denver Post trophy.

In 1933, Morgan spent a week riding to Durango to deliver seven pack horses. She carried a pistol and stayed at ranches along the way. "Everybody thinks that's some big deal, but it didn't bother me. It was a lot different than now. You didn't have the cars, and I seldom met anyone on the road," Morgar said.

Meanwhile, she and Fay found a

place to buy near the bottom of Four Mile Road, where they remain today. A couple of years later, George Summers — then president of the New York Stock Exchange — bought a huge spread and built a rustic summer lodge for his family.

For the 29 years the family owned the place, Morgan handled their horses and guided the family on many horsepacking trips into the mountains.

"She took care of their livestock, she kept a huge garden there, and then in the evening she'd take them out for a wiener roast. I don't know

how she did it all," her daughter said.

In their spare time, Margaret and Ray loved exploring the mountains in their Jeep, although Margaret maintains that a horse is the best way to travel.

"I took him on a 32-mile ride once, and he never got on a horse again," Margaret recalled.

In 1969, Margaret Morgan wrote her stories into a book, "As Near As I Can Remember," a collection of experiences from the early 20th century. The book is available at Three Sisters Bookstore in Redstone.