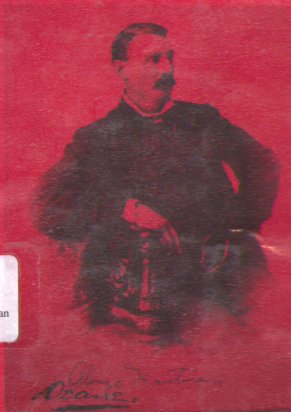


BIOGRAPHY
OF
ALONZO HARTMAN



WH
HOB
Hartman



My Life

by

Alonzo Hartman

W.H.
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Har Hartman, Alonzo
Biography of Alonzo
Hartman

DATE DUE	
FEB 12 '80	JY 23 '87
JUL 9 '80	JA 11 '88
SE 7 '82	SE 07 '88
FE 11 '89	NO 25 '88
JA 24 '85	AG 2 '91
JE 06 '86	AP 22 '99
DE 02 '86	JA 04 '85
DE 20 '88	SE 14 '85
AP 17 '87	JA 10 '86
JE 26 '87	

Gunnison County Library
307 North Wisconsin
Gunnison, Colo. 81230

I was born September 3, 1850, on a farm near Iowa City, Iowa, the oldest son of Thomas Hartman and Mary Boone Hartman. I had four brothers, Charles, Joe, Edward, and Sam. My mother was very proud of her ancestor, Daniel Boone, and she spent many long winter evenings telling us tales of his bravery, his strength, his kindness, and his unselfishness which had caused him to be cheated out of all the land he had fought so hard for. I suppose that is where we all got our love of adventure and pioneering.

Our farm yielded abundant crops, but everyone else had plenty too, so father could hardly sell anything. At that time there were no cattle or hogs from the west to be brought in and fattened on prairie corn. In 1860 father got discouraged with farming. For many weary months we had seen the emigrants streaming westward, a slow but never ending line, and at last he decided to join them. He loaded his wagon with farm produce which he hoped to sell to the emigrants.

In a letter received from him many months later we learned that he had bought a good claim in the mountains above Denver, Colorado, but would have to stay longer than he had intended. However, he said he knew we had plenty of food, and he would send money as soon as he found an east bound traveler he could trust.

The year after he left we fared very nicely. I was eleven years old-almost a man, I thought, and could plow and sow and hunt rabbits. But the next spring brought a killing drought which destroyed all our crops. We had no feed for our cattle so had to sell them for a small price. That winter turned out to be one of the most severe for years past, and snow piled up so deeply on our farm we could not get to town for supplies. Our corn meal ran out, and for a longer time than I like to think about, we had nothing to eat except rabbits. Thank heaven they were plentiful, but I have never liked rabbit meat since.

When we finally heard from Father again, he said he hoped we had received the money he had intrusted to a cousin who was eastward bound. That had been some months ago, and we had seen neither the money or the cousin--nor did we ever. But there was good news too: as soon as spring opened roads to travel, Father was coming after us and would take us all back with him.

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So in the spring of '63 at last we had taken our place among those steadily rolling wagons-rolling west with the sun over the long, lush prairie grasses toward the dim mountain peaks which reared gleaming white turrets high above the flat prairie floor. During our trip we passed great herds of buffalo and had been thrilled at the sight of graceful antelopes leaping off across the prairies. We met some Indians, but they were friendly; they had not yet begun to molest wagon trains, but a year or so later emigrants were to meet with much trouble from warlike tribes of plains Indians.

We had almost completed our journey, but before going into the mountains where we were to live at the mines until winter forced us down into the valley again, we decided to camp close to the town of Denver for a week or so. Denver at that time was said to be one of the fastest growing little cities in the world. At first sight it looked like a huge sprawling city of tents. The streets were filled with strangers like ourselves, and there seemed to be no end to the stream of covered wagons, coming and going. It was all very different and exciting to us boys.

Brick and building materials could not be supplied fast enough to meet the demand, and good bricklayers and carpenters could get \$15 to \$20 a day wages. Flour and cornmeal were priced very high too. But Father was making \$3 to \$5 a day in the mines-much better than farming.

In '64 my brother Charley and I, now in our early teens, decided to stay in Denver and find work to pay for our board and room so we could attend the full term of school. I found a place working for a widow woman who kept transient boarders. I was given a place to sleep upstairs in an unfinished attic.

One day two men came to the boarding house to ask for board and room for a few days. My landlady told them she had no extra rooms, but they insisted they could pay her well; so she put them in the attic where I slept. I didn't see much of them as they generally came in long after I had retired, but one day an officer of the law came to arrest them. After searching the whole house what should they find but several gold bricks, under my bed, of all places. They were identified as stolen from the U.S. Mint. The robbers had filed some gold from the bricks and tried to sell it, pretending they had mined it, but the gold had been sent to the Mint and identified so the men were easily traced. I felt very lucky, as I might easily have been involved in the crime.

About this time the business section of Denver was moving from Febyr Street across Cherry Creek toward the east. One spring Cherry Creek and the Platte flooded their banks and wrought much destruction. The church which we attended was swept away by the flood. The Rocky Mountain News was housed on the bank of the creek; the flood waters filled the building and washed away a safe containing

many valuable town records. Many years later this safe was dug out of the sand and the records recovered. For some time after the flood I remember having to use a boat to ford Cherry Creek.

Golden City was the capital at that time, and Central City was a fast growing mining town. It was there that I met the Block family, some members of which still reside in Denver.

One summer I worked for a lady who served meals to passengers of east and west bound stage coaches passing through Golden. She charged two dollars a dinner and made a lot of money. Another job I had was with Mr. Chessman, who had a drug store in Denver. I remember him as a very nice gentleman and a shrewd business man. I distributed handbills for him, and he cautioned me not to throw them into the road but slip them under the doors of houses where the dwellers would be sure to find them.

Eventually Father sold his mine and moved to Littleton, where he bought a ranch. But I and most of my brothers drifted farther into Western Colorado. I crossed the Continental Divide in the late 70's, arriving in Gunnison on Christmas Day, 1872. My job was to guard the cattle and generally look after the interests of the Ute Indians. The first winter was the worst; five feet of snow fell. I rode a government mule from Los Pinos Agency to the Gunnison river. It snowed all day, and we were soaking wet when we arrived in camp, but Jim Kelley soon had a good blaze in the fireplace and made some coffee, and we were O.K. We spent the winter there without seeing anyone for over three months. We had 2000 head of sheep and 3000 head of cattle to take care of in that deep snow, but we never lost a single one. We were busy every day changing the cattle from place to place to keep them on the best feed we could find and keep them scattered so they would not all bunch up in one place.

The Ute Indians had their first reservation near Denver, but as the country around there settled up, it became necessary to move them where they would have more hunting grounds and be far from ever-reaching civilization. The Gunnison country was chosen as the site of the new agency as it was then a wild, unsettled region-no roads or bases of supplies to attract settlers of prospectors, the government thought. So in 1868 the agent was established near Cochetopa, with Adams as agent. The Indian agent became storekeeper, advisor, and counselor to these wild children of nature whom Uncle Sam wanted him to civilize. But woe to him if the Indians didn't like him.

The Utes were a mountain tribe and not as warlike or savage as the plains Indians, and I never knew of them causing the white man trouble unless there was just cause. Ouray was chief of the Utes then, and I was welcomed by him and his wife Chipeta and many of the other

Indians whom I had known before. Ouray talked good English if he was speaking to one whom he knew he could trust, but he conversed with most white men in Spanish. He and I became fast friends and I often talked with him in English.

Most of the other Indians understood little or no English nor did they seem interested in learning any. The government desired to educate them and provided a teacher but did not have much success in rounding up a class of pupils. One winter Mrs. Adams kept a bright little boy named Antelope in her home and taught him and dressed him like a white boy. He learned fast, but in the spring he became homesick for his own people and had to be sent back to them.

The country abounded in game—deer, elk, mountain sheep, mountain lion, bear, wild cat, lynx, while the streams teemed with beaver, mink, and other animals. The Indians spent summer and fall hunting and preparing the meat for winter. They were careful to kill only as much as they needed. The agency supplied them with rifles and ammunition so they did not have to depend on bows and arrows. The paposes, however, were taught to use bow and arrow, and it was marvelous the skill they acquired.

The Utes were given heavy canvas the right size for teepee making, though elk hide teepees were also popular. They were also furnished with blankets, which they wore around their shoulders or hung them from their arms. The Indian women were fond of ornamenting their buckskin clothes with beads and would use only certain kinds manufactured for this work. The government sent a consignment of suits, but the bucks wore only the coats and vests and ripped up the pants for leggings. Chipeta presented me with a full suit of beaded buckskin, but it was unfortunately stolen.

The squaws carried their paposes on their backs or slung on two poles behind a pony and, true to tradition, did most of the hardest work when moving camp, jerking meat, and tanning hides. The bucks concerned themselves largely with hunting.

Of their marriage and burial customs we knew very little at the agency, as they were very secretive in these tribal rites. I do remember their having a sort of tribal dance but do not recall any drums or other instruments. They sang as they danced, a monotonous Ki-Yi-Ki-Yi sort of tune.

Their manner of eating varied little from that of their wild state. They ate principally roast meat, game, bread and coffee. They like sugar in coffee. Their bread they made by mixing flour into a stiff dough and baking it by standing it upright near a fire. It would become a nice

brown and quite tasty. The Indians did not grow vegetables or fruits except a wild variety such as chokecherries, or sarvis or raspberries and strawberries or some which Mexicans would bring on visits. The government had Mears bring in several tons of potatoes, but he had to destroy most of them as the Indians did not care for spuds.

When the agency was moved from Denver, the government had purchased a hundred of the best cattle available, mostly milk cows, and had them driven to the agency, but the Indians didn't care enough about the cows to milk them; so the animals were driven to where Gunnison is now located and let run on open range. When I came to the agency some years later, the herd had grown to several hundred and were as wild as deer. Since Adams knew nothing about cattle, he asked me to go down into the valley and care for them.

I found that some of the cows were still so gentle that I could ride up close to them. The steers were fine large fellows but so wild it took a pretty swift horse to keep up with them. But I had been furnished with some fine cow horses and several men to help so we succeeded in corralling some of them and driving them back to the agency. However, several took to the high timber, and we never did catch them. These were the first cattle to survive in Gunnison County. Earlier some men had brought in longhorns from Texas, but the hard winter proved too much for them, and they all perished.

A few prospectors had come to the Cochetopa but nothing valuable had been found. Yet prospectors and hunters kept encroaching on the Indian domain. It maddened the Utes to see how wasteful the white men were with game. They would kill a whole herd of deer just for sport, carrying away only one carcass. Indians were afraid the game would soon be gone and their people would starve. They knew nothing about mining, cattle raising, or farming and were not interested in learning. Their agents asked that a treaty be made which would grant certain rights to miners but protect the Indians.

At that time Indian affairs were under control of the War Department. Commissioners were sent from Washington to Fort Garland. They brought their negro servants and a detachment of soldiers. Ouray was chief spokesman for the Indians. He would talk to them only through an interpreter. He refused to negotiate at all until the soldiers were sent back to the fort. He said it looked too much as if the government was forcing his people into signing a treaty. After the soldiers left, Chief Ouray told the government representatives that the Utes did not want to give up their hunting domain to miners; they wanted to keep it for game and they felt that there were enough of

them to keep out white intruders indefinitely. The answer to this was the proposal to send a delegation of Indians to Washington, hoping if they could be made to realize just how powerful the white men were, they could be more easily persuaded to come to terms. This sounded fine, but none of the chiefs could be persuaded to leave home, and Ouray went to Adams in despair. Mr. Mears thought he could solve the problem and dug into his pockets for a handful of silver dollars. The Indians prized these, not to spend but for ornaments, and a delegation was soon secured. I had been promised that I could go, but Adams asked me to stay and look after things in his absence; so I swallowed my disappointment.

From the point of view of the white men, the trip was a great success. The braves were shown all over Washington and treated with honor, but, of course, they perceived that the whites were thick as the leaves of the forest and had big guns to enforce their will. When they returned, the treaty was signed. As usual they were guaranteed hunting rights in the Gunnison Country as long as the sun shone and the rivers ran. But the whites were allowed to come in. Worse, Mr. Adams was given an appointment to represent the United States in Brazil. We all hated to see the family leave; for they were fine people who respected the Indians.

Under the War Department there was constant trouble with Indians, for most of the agents were Army officers whose motto had been the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Finally it was decided to turn the Indian affairs over to the churches to handle; so the next agent sent out was a minister from Boston, who looked strange to us in his frock coat and high white collar. The Indians had had no supplies issued to them for months, and the minister thought it wasteful to give supplies whenever the Indians asked for them. On their side the Indians thought they deserved the supplies to replace the game the white men had slaughtered so recklessly, and they were furious and ready to mob him for cheating them.

The poor old man broke down and cried as he asked me what to do. I told him to read his government inspection papers, which advised him to give the Indians all the supplies they wanted. After he did this, there was no trouble. But he had never ridden horseback, and when it was necessary for him to ride out with Kelly and me to count cattle we had brought from Gunnison, he was so sore the next day he could hardly move. He finally gave up his job and went home. C.P. Foster had come from Boston with him. He was a good business man and helped much in keeping accounts. He was later a settler on the Powderhorn, then

County Commissioner, and later merchant of the Lake City region during the gold boom there in 1890.

And now came the troubles I can hardly bear to speak of. Nathan C. Meeker was an idealist who had helped make successful a colony on the eastern slope called Greeley. For the editor of the paper Meeker had edited. Some people had said: "It was a delusion, a swindle. Don't go there." But probably they were angry because no liquor was allowed—a strange thing in Colorado then. But in spite of the criticisms, the colony was very successful. So it was thought Meeker would be just the man to work with the Indians and teach them how to farm at Los Pinos. He had great energy but little patience. He put up fences, bought farm implements, including a monster threshing machine that belched smoke like a devil. He tried to make the children go to school instead of learning to hunt, he tried to make the men do "squaw work"—that is, farming. He wanted them to call him Father. He ordered them not to leave the reservation—which they promptly did, going to Denver to complain about him. He scolded them for gambling. He plowed up their race track, and Johnson, one of the Ute leaders, attacked him. Meeker sent for troops, some Indians ambushed them, while others killed Meeker and eleven of his employees, and kidnapped his wife and daughter and a woman named Mrs. Shadrach Price and her two children.

As soon as word reached Gunnison, people went crazy with fear. They gathered at Steve Watters' ranch and built a little fort on a cliff where two men stood guard day and night for three weeks. At White Pine 60 to 70 miners established day and night guard at camp. One sent to guard a fence just put up the bars and went home. No doubt he felt, as I secretly did, that it was all a lot of fuss about nothing. Irwin built a stockade, and everybody screamed, "The Utes must go." The White River Utes, who had done nothing at all were accused of giving ammunition to the Utes at Los Pinos. Of course, I knew that hadn't been necessary. By government orders, the Utes had been well supplied for hunting, and if Meeker had let them hunt instead of trying to make farmers out of them, he would have been all right.

But I had to keep my thoughts to myself. Poor Chief Ouray did the best he could under the circumstances. He kept Sapinero and Colerow from being hanged for murder by insisting that the only witnesses left alive were women, and it was contrary to Ute custom to accept the testimony of squaws. He himself had been gone or perhaps he could have prevented the trouble as he often had before. Chipeta rode to bring him back, but it was too late. The tribe was banished to Utah.

Ourray and Chipeta were allowed to keep on living in their cabin on the Cochetopa, but Ourray's heart was broken. He died soon after. Chipeta then went to live with her brother Sapinero, and every summer for a long time she visited me. Sometimes Sapinero came with her and we would have long tales by the fire. He was a dear old friend.

Mears was ordered to move them to the Uncompahgre. There were no roads and he made them as he moved along. Later he used some of those roads for toll roads and railroads.

I moved about 800 of their cattle down. I was given the cabins and corrals as it would not have paid to move them. Jim and I freighted in supplies and set up a little store in one of the cabins. We bought some cattle from San Luis valley and grazed them there. We had to get supplies from Pueblo and Colorado Springs, a hard, tedious journey over almost impossible roads and trails in summer and completely impossible most winters so we had to use a lot of foresight in buying. However, our store more than paid us, for people began to arrive in large numbers because of the gold discovered at Lake City.

Hotchkiss, for whom the town of Hotchkiss is named, had been prospecting with a partner in the hills near where Lake City now stands. They found a vein of ore that ran more than \$600 a ton. This discovery caused a rush. The ore was shipped to Denver in freight wagons, and guards were sent along to protect the shipment. Later Irwin, Crested Butte (for coal), and many other mines were opened.

Jim and I moved our cabins near Gunnison, and in 1875 I took up a homestead on the Gunnison River. The Tomichi joined the Gunnison there; so I called my ranch Dos Rios (Two Rivers). Here we were in the center of activities. At first the mail had gone to Lake City by horseback; then after the freight road was built, and passengers were more numerous, a stage coach came through Cebolla to Lake City. Later a post office was established in Cebolla. It was called White Earth. Jim or I carried the mail once a week, sometimes on skis or snowshoes as we called them then. As Gunnison grew we made the trip twice a week.

In 1879 the new town of Gunnison was formed by former Governor John Evans, Henry C. Olney, editor of Lake City *Silver World*, Loudon Mullin, Sylvester Richardson, and me. 160 acres were set aside for the town. But a disagreement arose, and the town split into east and west factions with Richardson and Mullins pulling for the west and Evans, Olney, and I the east. By 1880 there was a tent city with 500 men. The town was incorporated March 1, 1880.

On December 18, a freighter named Jackson killed an Indian—Ute

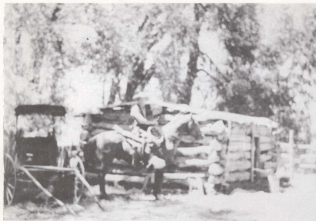
Johnson, apparently for no reason. The Indians immediately surrounded the other freighters and demanded that Jackson be given up or they would kill them all. He was surrendered. But immediately the town was up in arms. The wildest stories of torture, skinning alive, and mutilation flew around. I was asked to go with Dr. Hoover, Captain Kline, and J.A. Howard to find the bodies and settle the rumors. A deaf and dumb Mexican guided them to the grave. Chief Shaveno ordered the body removed to the agency for burial. Then we looked for Jackson's body and found it one fourth of a mile from where the Indians had taken him. It was lying in the snow and coyotes had stripped away all flesh but there was no evidence of torture or mutilation. All sensible people agreed that handing him over to the Indians for justice had saved us from a senseless Indian war. But some people are not sensible.

About this time General Adams came back from Brazil and was appointed postmaster inspector for Colorado. He appointed me postmaster for Gunnison. The office was in one of our cabins with a dirt roof, dirt floor, potbellied iron stove, and a box on a wall. After a while I made some shelves and boxes and a grill in front which I stood behind to pass out the mail. At first I could put all the mail in my vest pocket, but soon folks came from all around to get their mail. This led to a change in my habits; for smokers had a fetid breath which I could smell when they came to the window. I decided my breath was probably just as bad; so I quit smoking, and all alcoholic beverages. The boys teased me: "When you smoke, you're likely to burn yourself to death; with chewing tobacco the worst you can do is drown a midget."

Winter was extra cold that year, and men would gather around the red hot little stove and tell tales. One swore that he'd found a way to discourage the thieves that had been robbing our coal piles. "I put some dynamite in with my coal, and when you hear a boom and see somebody flying out through the roof instead of the door, you'll know I've found one thief anyway." This never happened. I guess it was just a windy.

This first post office was presented to the Pioneers' Museum. In June, 1956, on the first day of issuing the Pronghorn Stamp, one small batch of letters was taken to the old postoffice, stamped, and sent pony express style to the airport. (This item by Leah Hartman. Not part of autobiography.)

In 1875 my partner, James Kelley, fell in love with Annie Tinguely. But her father refused his consent to their marriage. So on Christmas



This picture is what remains of the first postoffice. It was taken June 22, 1956, on the first day of the issue of the Pronghorn Antelope three cent stamp. Most of the special covers sent by collectors to obtain the Gunnison first day of issue cancellation were dispatched from the regular postoffice, but one small pouch of letters were brought to the old postoffice, postmarked, and handed to Sam C. Hartman, nephew of Alonzo, to be transported pony express style to Frontier Airlines as Air Mail.

Day I rode to Saguache for a justice of the peace. Jim and Annie were married in the cabin at Dos Rios. Then with other friends I helped the happy couple escape the wrath of Annie's father. Jim and Annie lived in Gunnison for several years. But after the death of their small daughter in a scarlet fever epidemic which also took the lives of four children of a minister's family, they left. I think it was believed that the high altitude was responsible for the many deaths. So I lost another good, never to be forgotten friend.

The minister also left. He was a skilled writer as well as a minister and had been sending sketches of Gunnison to *Harper's Weekly*.

I don't know whether those sketches were responsible for advertising Gunnison to Easterners, but at any rate the town suddenly began to grow.

When Captain Loudon Miller succeeded in building his Grand Hotel and B.W. Lewis built his spectacular La Veta Hotel, they started to erect a business block adjoining it on the south. They offered me a location free of rent for a post office. But I was already committed to a great many friends who had built on the east side of town; so in a spirit of unity I had to decline the offer. On December 1, 1881, we christened my brick post office building on Main Street by a dance given by the young people. It was called by *The Gunnison Daily Review* the finest building in the city, it was two stories high, and cost \$4,500. Many invitations were issued for the dance, and a large crowd, composed of Gunnison's best society was present. There was excellent music, and the dancing was kept up till a late hour.

Banker Gill had a good story of how he went to Denver to get a loan from Horace Tabor's bank to finance all this growth in Gunnison. Money was real in those days—gold, silver, and nickel. Pennies were never used then. He locked all this coin in a tin box, watched it two days until it could be loaded on a freighter's wagon, and then took the job of mule tender till he got it safe to Gunnison. Now there was a new brick bank on Main street, and I became first vice-president in 1881.

The courthouse was also built at this time. In it, as assistant in the office of the county clerk, worked a young woman—an almost unheard of thing in those times. Her name was Annie Leah Haigler, and she had come from Olathe, Kansas with her sister Lucy Eveline in search of a healthy climate. We soon became good friends and then engaged to be married. As an old bachelor of 32, I came in for a lot of joking from my friends. One of them showed me an item in the paper: For sale, at low figure, large tent 15x24, double canvas, divided into two rooms and a third room in the front half, now rented at ten dollars a month. Plenty of room for a small family.

I was glad that we were married at the home of Annie's parents in



Annie Hartman in 1843

Monticello, Kansas, and so escaped the charivari we had been promised. They reminded me of the July 4, 1881, when in getting a box of last year's fireworks out of the little room behind the post office. I dropped the box, the fireworks started to go off, and the firemen volunteers had to be called to douse the resulting fire. We'd had more of an uproarious Fourth than we'd bargained for. Jokingly they promised us another such celebration. Of course they didn't mean it.

But a strange thing happened. On February 24, 1882, we held a reception at the Mullins house to celebrate our wedding. It lasted till about midnight and was followed by supper, then dancing. Suddenly there were shouts of Fire! Then pistol shots. For a moment I thought it was a joke, but it wasn't. Fire had broken out in a small building in the rear of Walker and Thomas blacksmith shop. The shop and a woodwork shop beside it burned with terrible swiftness. The next building was a carpenter's shop. We all rushed in to remove the lumber to a safe place, while firemen pulled the shop down and carried off the pieces. So the fire was kept from spreading, and we could all go home. In the morning I saw a poor old woman looking in the ashes of the first house burned. She said she'd had two or three thousand dollars in gold and silver there. But no trace of it was ever found. In pioneer fashion the woman was offered a place to stay, clothes, and money.

Annie and I lived in the cabin at Dos Rios for awhile, but driving back and forth to the post office in all kinds of weather was hard. And ranch life was lonely for Annie. I had 1,080 acres then and could find plenty of intelligent men to work for me. They didn't need supervision. But it was almost impossible to find a hired girl. With the shortage of women, girls married very young. So I bought some lots on Wisconsin street and built a house of white building stone. Ernest Engersoll wrote a book about Gunnison in 1883 and said, "The white sandstone is of great excellence for building purposes and abounds in the buttes at the edge of the plateau." He was another one who advertised Gunnison.

Annie and I had taken no time for a honeymoon, but in 1883 she went to the World's Fair in Chicago and I shipped 5 carloads of beef cattle to Omaha and then joined her in Chicago. We saw all the sights. The only trouble was too many things to see. I couldn't remember half of them. But it was a great experience. We bought most of our furniture there.

Our daughter Hazel was born in 1884 and we moved into the stone house immediately after that. Our son Bruce was born there July, 1886.

All this time Gunnison was growing. The *News Champion* on March 20, 1882, had boasted: "The Senate has confirmed the appointment of Alonze Hartman as Postmaster. From a town inhabited only by prairie dogs Gunnison is now a metropolis of 4,000 busy people, 5 churches, 2



schoolhouses, 4 hotels, and stores and business houses filled with goods that would be a credit to a city of 25,000."

Of course, the coming of the two railroads in 1881 and 1882 made life much easier. The Alpine Tunnel let us get our cattle to Denver in one day, saving on feed and lost weight. Ranching became a great deal more profitable then.

In 1900 a cow kicked me in the ear and destroyed the nerve. I grew more and more deaf, and that made the post office work harder. At last we decided to give it up, build a good house and move to the ranch. Annie was an artist and admired Gothic architecture. She drew many pictures of the house she wanted, and one requirement was a turret room where she could look out of the window and draw pictures of the beautiful landscape around us.

She had a friend who was also an artist—Laura Sears. Laura's husband, Del Sears, was an inventor. A former plumber, he had made enough money to buy a ranch high in the hills. He was a socialist, and as hardly anybody agreed with his ideas, he became a sort of hermit. He was also an epileptic and subject to sudden rages that frightened Laura, though when he was himself he was the most gentle of men, refusing to raise cattle because he hated killing anything. He helped me a great deal with the water system for my new house, suggesting a windmill which pumped the water. It was rare to have water in a ranch house then.

In return I gave him advice about horses. I had a wonderful stallion, a race horse which had won hundreds of races but was hurt in a railway accident so that he could never race again. I bred some Morgan mares to him, and the cross produced some beautiful teams for driving, though the Morgans made better show horses. Del could have profited also, but he had this crazy idea that property is theft and so sold them for less than the cost of raising or traded them to cowboys who worked for him.

Laura was so lonely she wrote to her brother and asked him to come and stay with them. This enraged Del, and in one of his spells he shot at the brother. Probably to scare him, but that was the last straw for Laura. She came to our house to stay while she filed for divorce. Soon after she moved to California where we saw her in later years.

Annie tried to paint but found she had no time; for our second daughter was born in 1900. The older children, too, had many friends and we gave many parties for the young folks and their parents. Annie kept up her work in Church and Sunday school and at least once a year invited her Sunday School class for a big party. Sister Lou was married at our house to George Williams of Grand Junction. Later they moved to the Paradox valley.

A feud as deadly as that between the Montagues and Capulets



Del Sears Lon Hartman Annie Hartman Leah Hartman Bruce Hartman
Hazel Hartman Katherine Hartman



Leah Hartman Emily Hartman

existed for years between cattlemen and sheepmen. Both depended upon the public domain for pasture, and the cattlemen insisted that cows would not eat where "them stinking sheep had been or drink where they had dirtied the water." Such a situation led to mob law, and many gruesome tales were told. Whole herds of sheep were driven over cliffs, and right at the Gunnison river two thousand sheep were piled on top of one another and smothered.

So hot did the fight become that Uncle Sam sent to all the Western States for delegates to talk things over. I was one of the delegates, and a very warm discussion we had. Finally the sheepmen in Gunnison were allotted the high range where the brush they liked was plentiful, and the cattlemen were allowed the foothills, in early spring, the grassy mountain slopes after June 15. Each rancher was assigned a certain range and required to keep a herder with the cattle constantly. I was given a section on Taylor River.

Larkspur grew all around there, and poisoned the cattle when they ate it, causing gas to form which stopped the heart. One day I thought, "This cow's going to die anyway; maybe I can save her suffering," and I punctured her stomach with my hunting knife. How the gas bubbled out! To my surprise the cow didn't die, but soon got up and started grazing. Then Jim McCabe, one of the cowboys that worked for me, found out that if he turned the cow so her head was uphill (they always tried to go downhill to water) and pushed a small rubber hose down her throat, he could get rid of the gas that way. So we were kept busy saving cows. I also had the men dig up all the larkspur they could find.

At this time gullies were filled with bones of cows killed by poison, and some men picked up wagonloads of them to sell. They asked me what I had done with the bones on my range. I laughed and told them, "My cattle are still using them." Work got around, and the losses from larkspur poisoning were cut way down—a great thing for the small cattlemen, who couldn't afford to lose even one cow.

The cattleman, till about 1914, was king of the Gunnison Country, and the rivers and hills were his. After that small farming and dairying came in.

In 1902 I had shipped, along with P.H. Vader, two carloads of horses to Denver. From there they were shipped to South Africa. In 1911, I bought the dairy of W.L. Anderson and milked 50 cows. We raised oats for our horses and barley for our pigs besides all the hay for our cattle.

I was also much interested in a fish hatchery; for wasteful fishermen had surely decreased the once bountiful supply of trout. I had an ideal place to prepare spawning pools where I procured millions of trout eggs. My slaughter house, in which Jake Miller and his brother Louis prepared beef cattle for their meat market in Gunnison, furnished ideal food for the baby trout. Hazel and Bruce loved to fish, and we



Hazel Hartman in her wedding dress

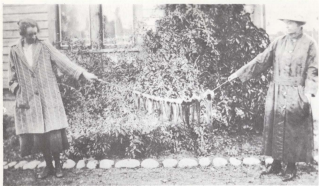
took pictures of the girls holding six pound trout.

In the house we were the first to have a hot water jacket on our stove, a cast iron sink, and elevator which ran from the basement to the top floor, which saved Annie many steps. But she still had so much to do. But she never missed a Sunday going to the Methodist Church. She drove her buggy and horse, who was named Old Ring. He had a perfect white ring on his black flank. One Sunday the men brought Old Ring up to the front porch of the house to wait for Annie, but forgot to tie his reins. He took off by himself and didn't stop till he stood in front of the church. Annie was a graduate of Baldwin College in Kansas. She was born in 1853, Ardeville, West Virginia and her parents brought the family to Kansas by covered wagon. She told me as a small tot, she fell out of the wagon and they didn't discover her disappearance for a few miles, but she was O.K. When she taught school she had to board and room with her pupils parents, as teachers were given a very small salary. Annie had taught school before her doctor sent her to Colorado for her health. She taught the boys class in Sunday School and was so good she always had a roomful.

Like me she always had to be working. (It is thought that she and Spencer Eastman's mother organized the Womens Club.) Sure I hired cowboys to ride for me, but I was there too. Cows are as individual as people, and I knew practically every cow and steer wearing my brand and could readily identify them as I passed them in my daily rides over the range.

The ranchers organized in 1884. They called it the Gunnison Cattlemen's Association, and elected me their first president. We decided to have a Cattlemen's Celebration every year, with racing, wild horse breaking, roping, horse quadrilles, bulldogging and granite drilling by men from the Aberdeen quarry, who got out blocks of granite for the state capitol building. At first we had the events up and down Main Street, but later we made a race course and grandstand so we could charge admission and have money for prizes. Cattlemen's Days had become an annual event.

The Cattlemen's Association was our strongest weapon when it came to fighting the huge cattle companies that had got rich by pushing their herds on a range, hogging all the feed, and then getting out before the forest service could catch them. In about 1913 a big company filled the streets of Gunnison with their bawling cows, then moved on to Gold Basin to overgraze the ranges of several ranchmen. The Forest Service, contacted by the Association, warned them to move back to a certain line. They moved but came back, this time the Association cowboys moved them at a pretty fast rate. They got too tired and hot, ate larkspur, drank water, and died. The big company then not only sued the Association for the value of the dead cattle but had the cowboys arrested. They had to spend Thanksgiving in jail, but we



Leah Hartman and Hazel Hartman Kingsbury in front of bunk house



Leah Hartman and Cousin Emily in bedroom



Dora Rios in the 1940's

hired a good lawyer, who got them out on bail.

The first trial resulted in a hung jury; all but two had voted for acquittal. The case was bound over to the next assizes. By that time our lawyer found proof that jurors had been bribed. The judge dismissed the case. It was a victory for the small cattlemen, and the big companies never tried to hog our range again. The lawyer was expensive, but each of us paid according to our means. I never begrudged a penny of it.

Besides ranching and fish hatching, I got interested in education. I never went beyond the sixth grade myself, but I wanted this generation to have a better chance. I was on the school board that raised the money for the first brick school house in Gunnison. It was finished by December 26, 1881, and we hoped the walls would be dry when it opened after Christmans vacation. For the first time in Gunnison, the children could go as far as the eighth grade. We had nearly one hundred scholars, and I wrote a piece for the paper saying that at least two teachers should be employed even if parents had to get the money from their own pockets. But if they felt they could choose only one, he would, in the name of suffering humanity, have to be a long legged hireling. We got the two teachers.

My children were growing up fast. In 1910 Hazel was married to Ernest Kingsbury of Booneville, Missouri, a fruit grower and merchant. She looked very beautiful in her wedding dress. How we hated to lose her.

I had hoped that I could turn the ranch over to Bruce. But after he finished college, he married a girl from Utah and moved there to live. Of course, we took the train out there for the wedding. Certainly a great improvement over a freight wagon.

In 1916 Annie's mother, Mrs. Mary Haigler, died at the age of 88 years, at our house in Gunnison. She was a wonderful woman who had raised eight children of her own and mothered five others. She had lived with us since the death of her husband, and we surely missed her.

In 1912 Gunnison got a Normal School for training teachers, and in order to help finance it the High School moved into the same building and was taught by the college teachers. Leah decided that she wanted to be a teacher, and we decided to sell Dos Rios and move back to the stone house on Wisconsin. But my brothers Joe and Ed had become interested in the Paradox Valley in Montrose County where, they said, the land was so fertile that peaches grew as big as cantaloupes and pumpkins weighed twenty-five pounds. We thought if we all put out money together, we could build a dam and irrigate many small fruit and vegetable farms. They had heard from a party of Hungarians who

were worried about the possibility of war, to which they were absolutely opposed. They could come to the United States only if they had a definite place to go. They were all skilled farmers and could pay for the land.

Annie's sister Lou already lived in Paradox; so that was another reason for going. But a strange thing happened. We had always let a party of gypsies camp on our land every spring as they came through Gunnison. An old gypsy woman came up to Annie and said, "Your husband wants to sell your ranch and move to a far country. But don't let him do this to you. It will bring you nothing but unhappiness."

She was so solemn about it Annie was worried. But, of course, I just laughed. "She's afraid that if we sell out, the new owners won't let her people camp here," I said. It was only a coincidence that her prophecy came true. For after we got the dam and reservoir finished, the first world war broke out and the Hungarians were not allowed to leave. No one else wanted small farms, so we all lost most of our money. We moved back to Gunnison and lived in the stone house. Leah went through high school and college, then got a position teaching in California. We moved out there to be with her. There wasn't enough to do to keep me busy so I started writing these memories of my youth. Gunnison will always seem like home to Annie and me; for we had our happiest days there, but California climate is easier for our old bones.

Annie and I celebrated our golden Wedding anniversary on Sunday, January 21, 1932, in Lynwood, California. Leah, Bruce and his wife were there. Hazel was sick and couldn't come. Although a bad storm was threatened, a lot of friends and relatives called in the afternoon and evening. Some were new friends but many others had once lived in Gunnison and we had a wonderful time together. My cousins Mr. and Mrs. Will Saumby, from Justin, California, made the golden cake—a real work of art. Gifts and congratulations by mail, air, and telegraph poured in. It was a mighty happy day.

And so I guess I'll let it be the happy ending to my story. I'm 82 years old, my hearing is gone, my eyes are bad, and I've about worn out my dictionary looking up all the words I didn't know how to spell. I just want to say Thanks to all the people that helped me and overlooked my faults and saw my virtues.

Thanks to my children for making me proud of them.

A million thanks to the best wife on earth.

Thank God for a wonderful life.

Tribute from Gunnison News *Champion*.

Alonzo Hartman died Saturday, Feb. 10, at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H.M. Cunius in Mohave, California. He was 89 years of age and one of the real pioneers of Gunnison County. friends will indeed miss this hardy pioneer, who was known to all for his honest and upright character, his sturdy and undaunted courage, and his industrious life.



Annie and Alonzo in Gunnison



Bruce Hartman and wife



Edmond Hartman, Joe Hartman, Ruby Hartman, Marie Hartman, Sidney Hartman, Richard Hartman, Clifford Hartman, Bruce Hartman, Alonzo Hartman, Mollie Hartman, Donna Hartman, Leah Hartman, Sam Hartman, Leona Hartman, Mollie's sister, Clara Mar Hartman, Julia Hartman, Ruby's Mother Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Richardson, Ed Hartman, Alonzo Hartman, Annie Hartman, Emily Hartman, Sam Hartman, George Williams.



50th Wedding Party, Annie and Alonzo Hartman, Bynwood California

A Family Reunion

On Christmas Day there was a family reunion of the Hartman family at the Riverside Sanatorium. Mother Hartman and all her five sons being present, together with the families of the sons.

The Hartman family has been identified with Colorado since 1860, the father, who died in 1886, and the sons having always been prominent members of the communities in which they lived.

The gathering was a happy one, the aged mother being much pleased to have her sons and their families with her again. At the reunion the following brief sketch of the family was read:

Father and Mother Hartman started on the journey of life together January 1, 1848, he being nearly thirty and she seventeen years of age. They made their home eight miles from Iowa City, Iowa. They led a frontier life as the country was then new. They lived there for eight years, during which time six children were born to them, two of whom had to be laid away.

Coming to Kansas, they made their home on the prairies of that territory, where they endured many hardships. They tell of thrilling experiences with blizzards and grasshoppers. One more child was added to the family here.

Father came to Colorado in 1860 in hopes of obtaining some of the gold for which the Rockies were becoming famous. He did not succeed in finding much of the precious metal and could send but little means for the support of his family.

At one time the provisions were quite reduced, and Mother took the two youngest boys and went by wagon to Robison to get provisions, a blizzard came up, blocking the road with snow so that she could not return to the three sons who were snowed in. Their provisions were reduced to some corn and tallow candles. For fuel they used the rails of a fence built very close to the house. They ground the corn in a coffee mill to make pancakes, which they fried in grease from the candles.

We can imagine the anxiety of Mother's mind during the two weeks' absence. And her joy in finding her boys sound and well on her return.

The five brothers, all of whom are citizens of the Western Slope, obtained an experience and education in their frontier life that has fitted them to be successful in life, making good, loving husbands and fathers, honest business men, and respected citizens in the communities where they reside. They have all followed the stock business up to the last few years.

Charles Hartman of Fruita has engaged in farming and dairying. He has recently sold his property, being one of the first to settle there. He was employed by the government to care for the Indian stock and afterwards was the first postmaster of Fruita.

Alonzo Hartman is a prominent citizen of Gunnison. He also was employed by the Government to care for the Indian stock and afterwards became the first postmaster. He has a beautiful home there, which he takes pride in maintaining. His ranch has large meadows, flowing streams, parks, and ponds which abound in beautiful trout.

F. J. Hartman has engaged in Sanitorium work the last nine years, being able to relieve the sick and help his fellow men to health by teaching high principles of living.

E. R. and S. B. Hartman, the youngest of the brothers, are prosperous ranchers and cattlemen, residing at Maheer, Montrose County, where they have pleasant homes and many friends. Having been brought up and having accumulated the comforts of life in Colorado, to them there is no place like home.

Father Hartman died at Denver in April of 1886, leaving Mother to finish the journey with her sons, who have built her comfortable little home near the dwelling of F. J. Hartman, six miles south of Montrose.

A family reunion was planned for this Christmas that the mother might meet her children once more together. The five brothers left their homes and business, coming together for the first time in thirty years. A happy time was enjoyed by all, each feeling that God had indeed been good to him.

THE HARTMAN FAMILY

Charles Hartman and wife Emma, their children being William, Thomas, John Franklin, George, Mary, Charles, and Ernest, (deceased).

Alonzo Hartman and wife Annie, their children being Hazel, Helen, Bruce Alonzo, and Leah Louise.

Flavius Joseph Hartman and wife Emily J., their children being Edward R. and his wife Mollie, F. J. Jr., Mary (adopted) and Sidney Careton.

Edward R. Hartman and wife Sarah, Having but one child, Emily Hall.

Samual B. Hartman and wife Emma, with two children, Donna and Samuel Jr.

Almost all the family were present at the reunion.

Gunnison County Library
307 North Wisconsin
Gunnison, Colo. 81230