JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE

VOLUME 2, NO. 3 SUMMER 1987

Mesa college
GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO 81502

JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE is published quarterly by two student organizations at Mesa College: the Mesa College Historical Society and the Alpha-Gamma-Epsilon Chapter of Phi Alpha Theta. Annual subscriptions are $10. (Single copies are available by contacting the editors of the Journal.) Retailers are encouraged to write for prices. Address subscriptions for back issues to:

Mesa College
Journal of the Western Slope
P. O. Box 2647
Grand Junction, CO 81502

GUIDELINES FOR CONTRIBUTORS: The purpose of ***JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE*** is to encourage scholarly study of Colorado's Western Slope. The primary goal is to preserve and record its history; however, articles on anthropology, economics, government, natural history, and sociology will be considered. Authorship is open to anyone who wishes to submit original and scholarly material about the Western Slope. The editors encourage letters of inquiry from prospective authors. Complete instructions for contributors to the Journal may be secured by inquiry to: Mesa College, ***JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE***, P. O. Box 2647, Grand Junction, CO 81502.

JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE

Printed by MESA COLLEGE PRINTING SERVICES.

THE COVER: The drawing is by David Morton, a native of Grand Junction who received his A.A. from Mesa in 1978 and his B.F.A. from Colorado State University. Mr. Morton worked in New York City as an art director before returning to live in Grand Junction.

Contents

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: When the manuscript "Reminiscences of Early Life in Colorado" came to the editors of the *JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE,* the initial decision was to print only the section on the construction of the railroad through Glenwood Canyon because it dealt with the Western Slope. However, after reading the "Reminiscences" several times, the editors concluded that the manuscript added significantly to the history of Colorado. The fact that the manuscript was written eloquently and from a woman's perspective clinched the decision to print the manuscript in its entirety. Such a decision obviously conflicted with the editorial policy of devoting the *JOURNAL* exclusively to the history of the Western Slope. However, the editors resolved the dilemma: for this one issue, Cañon City is an honorary member of the Western Slope.

The principals of the "Reminiscences," Mark Newton "Newt" Megrue and his wife Abigal "Abbie" Franks Megrue chose to move to the Colorado frontier for several reasons. The death of a four-year-old son named Billy was a heart-wrenching experience that made them want to change surroundings. Newt Megrue, a banker in a small town outside of Cincinnati, Ohio, foresaw the Panic of the 1870s, and did not want to put himself in a position where he would have to foreclose on friends; therefore, he sold his home and business and moved west. The shortage of funds that plagued the Magrues in Colorado resulted from buyers in Ohio not sending payments because of the panic. The "Reminiscences" printed in this issue of the *JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE* begin with the family's arrival in Colorado in November of 1874.

Mrs. Megrue ends her "Reminiscences" with the death of her husband in 1893. They had moved to Denver in 1891 to live with their daughter Mary who, about this time, had married a mining engineer named VanKeuren. Mr. VanKeuren became comptroller of the Guggenheim Mining Company about 1900, and this took the VanKeurens and Abbie Megrue to New York. When Mr. VanKeuren died, Mary became comptroller in his place. It was while living in New York that Mrs. Megrue wrote her "Reminiscences." Abbie Frank Megrue died about 1925.

Readers wanting to read Newt Megrue's account of his experiences at the Colorado State Penitentiary should see: M. N. Megrue, "Remarkable Penitentiary Escapes" in the March 1891 issue (Vol. I, no. 4) of *THE CACTUS.* Issue 2, 1987 of *COLORADO HERITAGE* includes two articles that complement Mrs. Megrue's remarks about the Colorado State Penitentiary: "Trying to Profit: Inmate Labor at Cañon City, 1872-1927" by Elinor M. McGinn and "A Report from Inside: The Colorado State Penitentiary in 1893" by Dr. T. Thatcher Graves.

While Mrs. Megrue's "Reminiscenses" provide an interesting part of Colorado's history, another member of her family also had direct ties with the state and the Western Slope. Abbie Megrue's youngest sister,

Phoebe, married James Bowlby in Ohio late in the Civil War, and they, too, moved to Cañon City in 1876 or 1877 because Mr. Bowlby had tuberculosis. He became postmaster in Canon City. Their oldest daughter, Frances, married Clinton Arthur Biggs, who was a lumberman and merchant in New Mexico and Cañon City. With D. E. Gibson as partner, Clinton Arthur Biggs started the Independent Lumber Company in Grand Junction in 1904. It became one of the largest enterprises on the Western Slope with eighteen lumber yards in western Colorado and eastern Utah.

Clyde Hunter Biggs (1893-1952), a son of Clinton and Frances Biggs, joined the Independent Lumber Company after education at Yale, and later founded the Biggs-Kurtz Wholesale Company with Clarence Kurtz who had become general manager of the lumber company in 1915, and had married Clyde's sister Edna. The Biggs-Kurtz Company, for fifty years, was a major business in Grand Junction. In addition to business interests, Clyde Biggs was a civic leader from the end of World War I until his death in 1952, at which time his nephew, Clinton Arthur Biggs II, took over the management of Walter Walker, served as president of the Rotary Club, was an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, was first president of the local Goodwill Industries, and was instrumental in bringing the United Airlines to Grand Junction in 1946. His wife, Josephine Ramsay Biggs, who still lives in Grand Junction, joined the board of directors of the Independent Lumber Company and Biggs-Kurtz companies after her husband's death. Mrs. Biggs served the community in a variety of ways, including being a director of the Art Center as it was developing, and twenty-seven years on the Mesa Community College Board. It was Josephine Biggs who gave "Reminiscences of Early Life in Colorado" to the editors of the *JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE.*

The history of the Biggs family on the Western Slope has not been written. Gordon S. Chappell's *LOGGING ALONG THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE* (Colorado Railroad Museum, 1971) contains information on the Biggs family's involvement in logging. The staff at the Museum of Western Colorado is compiling information on the Independent Lumber Company. They ask that you contact them if you have information about this company.

Photo courtesy of Josephine Biggs.

Abigal Megrue, about 1900. Soon after this picture was taken, Mrs. Megrue started writing "Reminiscences of Early Life in Colorado."

Reminiscences of Early Life in Colorado

by Abigal Franks Megrue

I. OUR HEGIRA

In the year 1874, with my husband Mark Newton Megrue and our little daughter eight years old, I left our home in Cincinnati, Ohio for a new home in Colorado. We had been happy and prosperous in the bountiful Ohio country; we might never have wished to leave it. But our home circle had been broken by the death of our only son, Billy Boy, and my health had suffered through grief. An opportunity came for a new venture, fresh interests for Newt and the hope of better health for me. We welcomed it gladly, for there was pioneer blood in all our veins. So we said farewell to our friends and family and our settled and conventional mode of life. We burned our bridges behind us, staked all we had on the new venture, and turned our faces Westward.

We had purchased a half interest in a well watered ranch for the raising of both horses and cattle. It was situated along the foothills of the Twin Mountains, ranging eighteen miles up Wilson Creek and about twelve miles in width. Cañon City was three miles from the lower ranch house, and thirty-five miles or so from the upper ranch house. Our plan was to spend most of the time at the ranches, but to live at Cañon City over week-ends, and thus have the benefit of social life and church.

After a very wonderful trip over the Union Pacific to Denver, where we stayed three days, we took passage over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad for Cañon City, arriving November ninth.

At our hotel we were told that there were no houses for rent in Cañon City. Necessity urged us to go out and search for rooms on our own account. My husband had been taken sick with mountain fever as soon as we arrived at Cañon; and so I started off alone in quest of a place in which we could live. After walking

up and down Main Street, I went to the next street, and soon spied a most attractive looking brick house. I rang the bell, and was met by very kindly people. Of course I offered apologies for the intrusion, and then told them who we were and what we needed. They were exceedingly helpful, and seemed pleased that they could show me two rooms, one upstairs and one on the first floor. They promised to call that evening and see Newt, which they did; and we at once rented their two rooms, a porch and the use of the cellar and wood-house. They made only one condition; that if we were not pleased we should tell them and not our neighbors, and to this we promptly agreed.

After the arrival of the few pieces of furniture we had shipped in the East, we were not long in getting settled very comfortably. The good lady of the house was a great help to me and showed me how to do many things. Never shall I forget the baking powder biscuit she taught me how to make without the usual shortening.

Many were the changes in our lives at this time. I had never kept house without a maid before. My courage was kept up by the interest in new problems and the constant praise of Newt and little Mary. All I tried to do seemed perfect in their eyes.

Provisions were very dear. All groceries were sold by the pound, which seemed strange to us after our wonderful and generous market "back home," as we always spoke of Cincinnati. We were used to vegetables and fruits by the bushel, eggs at ten cents a dozen, and all other food so reasonable that we had never given the cost of the table a thought. Now we found it hard to live on the small sum we had counted on for the winter, and even that was not forthcoming.

We had put nearly all our capital into the ranch. Before leaving home, it had been arranged that a sum of money due us should be sent to my husband regularly, $150 each month, to supply our living expenses until such time as money should begin to come in from the ranch. Month after month went by, but not one penny arrived from this source.

Other resources vanished in a way that proved we were fitted for our new environment in spirit, if not in practical experience. While we were still living in Cincinnati, I had painted several pictures which I had sold for $500. This sum I intended to keep for emergencies. No one need ask for it, as I frequently reminded Newt and Mary, except in case of serious illness or death. Before six weeks I had caught the mining fever which was raging with great violence in Colorado at that time. I invested my

nest-egg – dropped it all, as we say, "into the ground." And unless somebody has filled it up in the meantime, that hole is there yet!

We were paying sixty cents a pound for butter, which seemed beyond reason compared with twenty cents a pound which we had paid back home. We decided to break in some of the wild range cows for milking, and at least make our own butter. So a few of the cows were corralled. They had to be lariatted and tied to a "snubbing post," and also to have their hind legs tied before anyone could even try to milk them. They would not let down their milk, and if ever we got a cupful, they would kick it over as soon as they were freed. We decided that butter ought to be worth at least five dollars a pound, and after a few experiences we gave it up.

Then we thought we would raise some vegetables, as there was a little plot behind the barn that could be irrigated. We soon had a very lovely garden growing. One day after driving out from Cañon we were met by the Mexican ranch-hand opening the gate for us and saying, "Grasshoppers take all garden." And sure enough, it was true. Every vestige of green was gone except a few rows of very nice peas. We were overjoyed that the peas had been spared; but when we went to pick them, there was not a pea left in any pod; the Mexican said, "Jacky rabbit likey peas." That was the end of our effort to supply our own table.

It was our ranch partner who saved the day for us. He was engaged in business in the livestock market in Cincinnati. He had no idea what we were going through. But every now and then he would send us something he thought would be useful on the ranch. A welcome contribution was a barrel of sugar-cured hams, and they were very fine. Once in a while I would get tired and really desperate, and would begin to think we had changed from our old place to this far-off country only to be starved to death. At those times I was always reminded by little Mary, "Why Mamma, we have a whole barrel of hams in the cellar!"

In spite of many anxieties, we found much to enjoy in our new life. We were well and we were all together, and we were determined to be courageous and happy, which helped a lot.

We soon made the acquaintance of the lovely people of Cañon. Many were of the same church which we attended and became life-long friends. The six months for which we had rented the rooms quickly passed, and our landlord informed us he would gladly re-rent for as long as we wished to stay. But in the meantime a citizen had built a double house which was for rent, four rooms on each side. We were very glad to have the extra

rooms, and so we rented one side of the house; Captain Sampson and his charming wife and three children occupied the other side. Captain Sampson was afterward Attorney-General of Colorado when the Territory became a State. We all became very great friends, and the friendship endured as long as these dear people lived.

To the consternation of our new neighbors, we also found friends among the Indians. My husband always felt that they had been badly treated by the Government and the people. Shortly after we arrived in Cañon City, Chief Ouray of the Ute Tribe met my husband and told him of the difficulties he was having with the hard conditions in the new Reservation to which his tribe had been assigned. There was practically no grazing for their cattle; and horses and game had left the Reservation because of food shortage.

My husband gave Chief Ouray permission to put six hundred Indians on our ranch for the winter, provided they killed no game except for eating, and that they did not molest our stock or horses. Ouray was most grateful. We never lost any stock through theft. The Indians actually guarded the ranch, protecting it from depredation on the part of others.

This incident was always a source of pleasure to us, for Newt had been warned by the ranchmen and the citizens that he had done a very foolish thing in showing any favor to the Indians; that he would lose his stock, and probably his life in consequence. Instead he found the Indians entirely faithful in keeping their side of the compact. No Indian ever broke his word to my husband, and they called him Chief.

After we were settled in our new home, two of my dear sisters in the East decided to follow us to Colorado. Both were accomplished teachers. They opened a school in Cañon City, and this ended our difficulties about Mary's schooling. All really serious problems had now been solved. We had taken root in the new soil, and we felt that we could face the future with hope and confidence.

Photo courtesy of Josephine Biggs.

Abigal Megrue with her daughter, Mary, on her lap. The picture was takin in Cincinnati, Ohio, about 1872, two years before their move to Colorado.

II. CAMPING IN A COVERED WAGON IN WINTER

Colorado in those days was a wild country, though Cañon City was not without its own rough standards of civic order. Justice was administered strictly in accordance with what the community judged to be necessary and proper in the circumstances. When a quarrel arose on any vital matter, one of the disputants usually killed the other. If the killing was approved of by the neighbors, the survivor lived in peace. If not, the citizens promptly lynched him, and then turned their attention to other pressing business.

The greater part of our lives was spent in hard, rough work on the ranch. Sometimes it exposed us to unforeseen difficulties, due to our inexperience.

Toward the end of the winter, our partner purchased fifteen head of fine blooded cattle to build up the stock on our ranch. There was no equipment for transporting livestock over the Denver and Rio Grande; so he shipped them to an acquaintance who lived some distance away from us, on the Kiowa River, and who was to take care of them until such time as Newt could bring them to our ranch.

A week or two before this, a ranchman had been murdered by two Mexican employees, and his wagon and team had been stolen. This was a capital offense. The Mexicans had been captured, and the night after the capture they had been taken from the jail by citizens and hung.

When my husband told me he had to go after those cattle, I felt dreadfully afraid of what might happen to him. The Kiowa was a hundred and seventy miles from our place, a trip by wagon through an unsettled country. He could not go alone, as some one had to drive the team, and some one had to drive the cattle.

I said to him, "Instead of taking the Mexicans, Mary and I will go with you." We were both good drivers, and Mary was a very good horseback rider. We talked it over, and that was the decision.

We used a covered wagon for the trip, and it was rigged up in splendid shape. A large box-spring mattress was placed on boards which rested on the wagon sides, leaving room underneath for provisions, clothing, blankets and whatever else was needed. At the back of the wagon a lamp was fastened, with a good reflector, for reading in the evenings. We had a Dutch oven with coals to keep us warm in the severe weather. We did not take a tent, but just planned to live in the wagon.

We made one mistake in leaving behind our well-trained shepherd dog, for we did not think we should need him. The herd was not large, and there were several ranch houses between the Kiowa and Cañon City where we thought we could put our cattle in corrals over night on the return journey. Our dog was disconsolate, and tried to tell us how useful he could be, but we paid no attention.

We made another mistake in taking with us, as the extra horse, an animal we knew very little about. This was the riding horse to be used on the way home for rounding up the cattle. He was sound and dependable under the saddle, but did not turn out to be adaptable in other ways. These two blunders caused us a great deal of trouble later on. However, they did not mar the pleasure of our preparations.

The spring seat of the wagon was wide enough for the three of us to ride on it very comfortably. With the family on the spring seat, and the riding horse hitched behind the wagon, we started on our journey in high spirits, on the last day in February. It was a pretty cold day, but we had plenty of robes and blankets.

We were to go by way of Colorado Springs. We did not get as far as we thought we should on the first day, because of difficulties with the riding horse. He did not lead well, and this caused a certain amount of delay. However, we had plenty of time, and we did not worry about a little more or less progress.

By night-fall we reached what was called Dead Man's Cañon, in honor of its only resident, who had recently been murdered in his cabin. The cabin was empty; it was quite a good cabin, and there we decided to spend our first night. We drew up, and made our horses comfortable, and proceeded to cook our supper by a fire we kindled in the large fireplace in the cabin. We were all hungry, ate heartily, and retired to our good bed in the wagon. After a sound night's sleep, we breakfasted and resumed our journey.

The place to which we were going was about a hundred miles east of Colorado Springs. The roads were splendid and very beautiful. The tall pine trees stood like great sentinels to guard us, and we ended the second day by camping beside a stream in the midst of them in a "lovely night of stars." We slept the sleep of the just, and were undisturbed.

Not long after starting out on the third day, we found that the riding horse we were leading was acting very badly, dragging on his halter rope and every now and then lying down. As often as we stopped and got him up, he would go for only a short distance, and then we would find that he was lying down again. Presently we heard a peculiar noise from the rear, and on investigating, we found the poor beast down and being dragged by the halter rope behind the wagon. His sides were sore. We could neither lead him nor put the saddle on and ride him.

There was an adobe house near by, where a shepherd was herding a flock of sheep. He was an old man, with a long gray beard. He seemed to be kind, and he sympathized with us. He looked like a Patriarch out of the Bible with his staff, and his sheep about him and his saintly face and his venerable beard. He offered to keep our horse, dress its wounds and take good care of it until our return, and promised that it should be ready for use on the trip home. To this we thankfully agreed. A price was arranged, and a liberal supply of oats for the horse was left with the Patriarch. We were greatly relieved at this easy solution of our problem, and so passed on our journey.

Two days later we arrived at the Kiowa. The man who had charge of our cattle had built a good house, but it was not yet furnished; so we continued sleeping in the wagon, but took our meals with the family. They were very hospitable and urged us to stay with them until Monday. But we thought best to start for home the following morning, Saturday; which we did.

It was not very easy driving the cattle, with no riding horse and no dog to herd them. They walked so slowly, and the slow pace fretted the team. However, we made a rather good drive that first day, to a fair place for camping Sunday.

There was no corral for the cattle, but we felt sure they were too tired to stray. Newt went out and looked at them from time to time in the night. They always seemed quiet, and nothing happened to create a disturbance. Imagine our surprise, on looking the herd over by daylight, to find that a cow had disappeared! We knew at once what had happened. One of the cows had had a calf a few days before our arrival. Newt thought

the little thing was not old enough to travel, and had left it with the people at the Kiowa to be cared for until another trip could be made. But this program was not acceptable to the mother cow. At the first opportunity she had quietly slipped away in the night, without making a sound or disturbing the rest of the herd. She was now, undoubtedly, well on her way toward a reunion with her offspring.

We held a conference. To go on without our herd intact was not to be thought of. It was decided that Mary and I should stay with the wagon and the rest of the cattle, and Newt should take one of the team horses and go back for the cow. He could soon overtake her on horseback and did not expect to be long away.

Hours passed, but at first we were not anxious. Everything was peaceful. Our charges were quiet and did not seem disposed to stray. But at about ten o'clock the wild cattle from the hills and plains began to come in for a drink at the river where we were camped. They kept coming and coming in hundreds. When they saw our cattle they began to bellow and paw the earth, which created uneasiness in our herd. We soon realized that the wild cattle were trying to entice our cattle to go away with them! We two helpless creatures were the only barriers between our precious herd and their free kindred of the hills and plains.

We did not stop to think of the danger we were in. We got sticks and swung our sun-bonnets and screamed at the tops of our voices, surrounding our own bunch as well as we could, and threatening the invaders. We actually did frighten them, and kept them away, and kept our herd from stampeding. We afterward learned that we had done a very foolhardy thing. Wild cattle have no fear except of riders on horseback. They will usually charge any human being on foot. We must have presented a weird spectacle, and one they had never seen before, with our shrill cries and our waving sun-bonnets. At any rate, they kept their distance, and at last returned to their own places. And everything was quiet once more.

Newt got back with the cow about half after two o'clock. She had gone all the way back to her calf! He was greatly frightened when we told him of our experience, and said it was a wonder we had not been gored or trampled to death. But he praised us for our courage. Four miles farther along we knew there was a corral where our herd would be safe from the wild cattle and in no danger of scattering around, and so we moved on to this place.

The next day we made a long drive to reach the house of the good Patriarch where we had left our horse. It was harder going than ever. The horses were impatient; the cattle had to be herded and kept together on foot, and all at the pace of the slowest. We kept up our spirits by reminding one another that we had only this one day more of it. We should soon have our good riding horse and could move to better advantage. But when we came to the adobe house, we found neither Patriarch nor horse. People living near told us he had gone to Mexico and had taken our horse with him. We were greatly disheartened; but there was nothing for it but to swallow our chagrin and pursue our way homeward as best we could.

A snowstorm came upon us the following day, which did not make the travelling any easier. We came to a deserted house where we decided to camp for the night, as there was also a corral for the cattle. In the night we heard a disturbance, and Newt went out to see what the trouble was. He found that a young heifer had given birth to a calf. He bundled the little thing in a blanket and brought it into the house. We made a good fire in the fireplace and fixed up a nice warm bed for the new baby. We remained in this place all that day and a part of the day following, in order to give the mother cow time to rest. But the weather was very threatening, and we felt it necessary to be on our way with as little delay as possible.

We started early in the afternoon with the baby calf in the wagon. We thought we could make Dead Man's Cañon by night, which we did. But it was only by great efforts. Our progress was cut down to the pace of the invalid cow. All our animals were exhausted, either pushed beyond their strength or worn out through being held back or rounded up.

When we came into the cañon it was snowing very hard. The tops of the mountains at the sides of the gorge were just showing above the clouds; they seemed to press down over the cañon, as if roofing it in. The snow was driving through it in a blizzard.

We found that the Dead Man's cabin, where we had stopped on our outward journey, had been burned down!

What was to be done? We conferred in the emergency, as our habit was, but not with our usual calmness. Each of us thought the decision might be a matter of life or death. I was afraid. I thought if we stayed in the cañon we should all be buried alive in the snow. I knew there was a house just at the top of the mountain as we would come up out of the gorge at the other end. I

wanted to push on through and reach this house, where we might find help and shelter from the storm. Newt and Mary did not remember the house. Newt said that the cattle were worn out by their forced march, and we could never get them up the mountain. Even if we were able to get out of the cañon in the dark, we should be in a sorry plight if there were no ranch house at the top, where we and our poor animals could find shelter. I insisted that the house was there. I told them if we remained in the cañon I felt sure the name would be changed to Dead Woman's Cañon by morning. But the majority ruled. The others thought it best to stop there, so we did.

Newt drove up into a kind of "draw" or crevice in the side of the gorge, where a dead tree had fallen. He set fire to the tree and soon there was a splendid blaze. But I could not cheer up. I cried and refused to get out of the wagon.

Newt and Mary took the little calf we had been carrying in the wagon, and spread blankets by the fire, and tried to set it on its feet. You never saw such antics, or such frantic efforts as were made by that calf to stand up! All this was done for my amusement, to try to make me laugh. I almost did when the little calf sat back on its haunches, its feet straight out to the blaze, turning first one and then the other of its frozen sides to the fire.

Then Newt and Mary prepared our evening meal. I ate mine in frozen dignity in the wagon. That was the first time I had not helped to get the supper. The nice tender steak we had, the good coffee, and the hot camp bread was very comforting. We got warmed up, and I felt a little better.

We were all alive and all present in the morning, including our herd; and we started out for another day's journey. It was a steep, rough climb out of the cañon. It was still storming, and the trail was buried in deep snow. My part was to stay in the wagon and drive the team, while Newt on foot drove the cattle. The snow balled up on the horses' feet and made it hard going for them. I told Newt I was afraid to drive them, lest they slip and fall down the side of the mountain; that he had better drive the team and let me drive the cattle, which was agreed to.

The young heifer, the mother of the calf, could not go very fast, and of course we all had to be confined to her gait. The other cattle took advantage of this to wander and scatter in by-ways on the mountain side. I had a lot of going, heading them off, running like mad up and down the mountain in the snow to keep them rounded up. I was soaked through and all out of breath, and my injured feelings of the night before returned in full force. And just

as we reached the top of the climb, I saw the house which I had remembered all along was there!

As Newt and Mary drove up, Newt said to me cheerfully, "Well, how are the cattle?"

I answered him, saying, "Oh, damn the cattle!"

I suspected Newt of a twinkle in his eye, but he soon saw it was no laughing matter. Both Newt and Mary maintained a discreet silence as they drove up to the house.

There we got rest for our cattle and ourselves. I was chilled to the bone and my clothes were very wet. The people were very kind to us. They built a big fire and we got warm and dry. Some nice stones were heated and put in the wagon to keep our feet warm. It stopped storming, and we journeyed on.

It got to be Saturday afternoon. We were not very far from Beaver Creek, about sixteen miles from Cañon City. Newt said he thought he had better take the team and drive on to the Inn, and make arrangements to leave the cattle there to be sent for on Monday. Then we could all drive home that night. Mary and I were to bring the cattle along until he could return for us. We all agreed, and he started ahead at a lively gait.

It was farther than he thought, and so took a longer time to go. We drove our tired herd until the sun was going down behind the mountains, and we knew it would soon be dark. Finally we could no longer see all of the cattle. Then even Mary lost heart. "I think it was awful," she said, "for Papa to go away, and leave us alone with these cattle!"

Just then we heard the rattle of the wagon. We were mighty glad when we saw Newt driving at top speed to get back to us. The rest of the journey did not seem long. The people at the Inn were waiting for us, ready to take care of our precious herd, still intact and all in good condition. A hot supper had been prepared, which we ate with great rejoicing.

After supper we all three got into the wagon for the ride home. The horses felt so free! Held back for days to the slow pace of the cattle, now at last they were rid of them and they just seemed to fly. Newt let them go their own way, as it was so dark we could not see the road. But they could not go too fast for us! The great wagon creaked and strained as we rattled along over seams and ridges. We only hit the high spots.

We reached home at eleven o'clock that night; and I can tell you we were all happy to be there, after thirteen days of camping out in winter.

At Christmas time of this same year our partner came to Cañon. Hearing of our famous trip, he made me a gift of the little heifer and her calf born on the way home. To Mary he gave a young colt of a fine Kentucky-bred mare. Newt bought nine yearling heifer calves and gave them to me. The colt was named Daisy and grew up to be an important member of the family. Daisy and my beautiful herd reminded us of the happy days of our expedition, long after its hardships were forgotten.

III. OUR LIFE IN CAÑON CITY

We had not been many months in Cañon City when an opportunity came to me that solved very happily the problem of our "daily bread." With all our good times, that early period was full of vicissitudes due to the failure of our income. Many and anxious were the conferences of our little family Ways and Means Committee of three!

Soon after the Kiowa expedition, an excellent hotel was opened in Cañon City by two acquaintances of ours, one an old friend from Cincinnati. They were unmarried men and felt the need of a lady to meet women guests and act in a general way as social head of the house. They offered us a beautiful suite of rooms, together with board and laundry service for our family, if we would make our home there and if I would act as Hostess of their new hotel. I was very pleased to do this. It reduced our living expenses to a minimum, and also gave us an opportunity of meeting the many interesting people who were coming to visit the new Western country in quest of health or wealth, and whom we should never have known had we been living in a private home. I made only one condition – that no liquor should be sold in the hotel; and to this the proprietors were glad to agree. We lived there very comfortably for three or more years. The hotel prospered, and my husband later bought a half-interest in it.

The mining fever ran high in our part of Colorado in those days. Many were the stories of prospectors who suddenly "struck it rich," and of poor persons living by daily labor who, almost over night, gained an independence for life.

Just across the street from our hotel there lived a little widow who rented her front room to a German shoemaker by the name of Hook. He was a hard-working man and a general favorite. Mary and all the other children of the neighborhood were fond of him. He used to make them slings and other toys of leather, and befriended them in many ways.

One morning he surprised all his patrons by closing his shop, tying up a little bundle, putting it on a stick over his shoulder and starting out for Leadville. He and a crony of his had concluded to join the multitude who were out with pick and

shovel seeking treasure in the Colorado ground. They had been "grub-staked," as prospectors say, by a third party who provided the cash for the enterprise. They soon had luck, and our shoemaker sold his interest for a small fortune. In three weeks he reappeared in Cañon City with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash in his pocket! He did not reopen the shop, but came to stop at our hotel. He told us he was returning to Germany where he expected to live in peace and plenty all the rest of his days.

We were very glad for him. And his story was no antidote for the mining fever, from which I was far from immune in spite of the sad experience I have already told. I treasured all the stories of sudden wealth, and knew by heart the locations of the places where great strikes had been made and was in general and particular cases, always a "booster" for Colorado mining.

It happened that a gentleman from New York had come to Cañon, and that he and his family were given seats at our table at the hotel. We all fell into general talk and I, as usual, was full of the various mining propositions and enthusiastic over them. The visitor asked many questions and closely followed up the leads we were able to give him. One day he greeted us with high elation, and handed me a deed for half of his interest in a small mine he had purchased from Mr. Zollars of the Fremont County Bank. He said it was my talk of mines and mining which had led to the purchase, with which he was more than satisfied; he wished to divide his interest with me, and multiply his good luck! Needless to say, I was very much surprised and also much pleased. My interest sold for five hundred dollars at a time when we needed cash. I yet feel grateful to this gentleman.

Thus my account with Colorado mining was balanced. I was more enthusiastic than ever, and all my clouds had silver linings. Little Mary, imitating in her play the doings of the placer miners, patiently washed the sands of the creek that flowed through our ranch, and actually found shining particles in the black sand. But my husband did not encourage our hopes in this direction and he could never be persuaded to join the stampede for hidden treasure. He always reminded me that thousands were ruined for every individual who "struck it rich."

Moreover, the ranch was now a problem that demanded the best of his energy and resourcefulness. Our investment was not turning out as well for us as we had hoped. All recognized that the day of raising horses and cattle on the ranges of Colorado on a large scale had definitely passed. But Newt was bound by his contract not only to give his time to the ranch for five years, but to give his partner half of whatever he made in other lines. Well

for us that he was a man of vision! In any situation he saw the opportunities, not the discouragements. He therefore cast about for new ways of making the venture profitable for both of them.

He soon saw a way of turning the mining fever to good account. In partnership with Captain Bain of Cañon City, he bought the city transfer lines. He also started stage coach routes to Silver Cliff, Rosita, and other places – new mining towns where people daily flocked to seek a fortune. This venture turned out to be very profitable.

One day Newt said to me, "I am going to Silver Cliff. Would you like to come along?" I was delighted with the prospect, although snow covered the ground and the mountains, and I knew that our destination was the roughest of the wild new mining camps.

We arrived at supper time at a hotel which was only partly finished. My husband knew the men who were in charge. A couple of them came out to our buggy. They told Newt they could take care of him and his horses. Newt said, "I have my wife with me." This evidently caused difficulties. However, after consultation, they rose to the occasion and made us welcome: "Come in," they said, "and we will manage it."

We went in. The office was crowded with men, and blue with tobacco smoke. There was a momentary panic at sight of a lady. Then an elderly gentleman whom the others called Admiral Decatur, left his companions and stepped to my side lifting his hat. "Madam," he courteously remarked, "I hope that smoking is not offensive to you." I assured him it was not. We went on into the dining room where supper was served, and we were given chairs by a red-hot stove.

While we were seated there, two men came in bearing lengths of new lumber covered with snow and which they proceeded to melt off by the heat of the stove. This being done, they carried the lumber to a corner of the office in front, and started building operations. Then and there they constructed the framework of partitions enclosing a space about ten feet by twelve; curtains were put up around it and that was to be our room! A very good bed was set up. Chairs were brought in; also a little washstand with bowl and pitcher, a mirror, and whatever else we needed. Few people have ever had as good a room prepared for them as quickly.

After our thirty-five mile ride in the cold, we were glad to retire early. Light from the office came through the cracks of our

rough partition. We could hear men playing cards on the tables in the dining room. However, we finally slept.

Near midnight I was awakened by voices raised in furious dispute. A quarrel had arisen over a mining claim. Two men employed by another to dig a foundation had struck ore. The men digging claimed it, and also their employer. A voice shouted with unprintable accompaniments, "I'll shoot you!" Another voice came in a lower tone: "Gentlemen, there must be no shooting in this office! A lady is sleeping in there." A third voice, also hushed: "Certainly, sir. If a lady is there we will shoot outside."

I lay still as a mouse, fearful Newt might awaken and get into the "argument." He was such an inveterate peace-maker! But it seemed impossible that this affair could have a peaceful ending. He slept until near the close of it when the men had departed out of ear-shot, each vowing that he would have the other's life.

I did not hear what the sequel was. In the morning the affair seemed to have been forgotten. Our visit was much more of an event than a shooting scrape. I was told that I was the first lady who had ever stayed all night in this first hotel built in Silver Cliff. After a second day and night we left for Cañon City and were glad to be home again.

Silver Cliff was named by my husband. This was the town in which it was said that one or two men were killed every night. It grew to be a town of several thousand inhabitants in a few months. But the working of thousands of prospects proved that, while a goodly section was mineralized, there was only one real mine, and that was the Silver Cliff itself. Therefore the life of the town was short and within two years it was truly a "deserted village."

One of its suburbs, West Cliff, lived after the parent town had died. A mail route was opened from Texas Creek Station on the Rio Grande Railroad, to West Cliff. Newt took the contract to carry mail and passengers on it by buckboard. This gave him an opportunity to break to harness some of the well bred horses on our ranch. I think this enterprise gave us more real enjoyment than any other venture we made.

The horse-breaking part of the enterprise was carried on at the Half-way House, a large farm in the Wet Mountain Valley. Newt put it in charge of three young men, two cousins, Cliff and Rank Turner, and a youth named Luther Webb. They were to break the horses and operate the line, and in return to receive half of the profits. "The boys," as we always spoke of them, were delightful

fellows: daredevils all, as they had to be for work of such a character, but almost too full of animal spirits for the responsible end of the undertaking.

I shall never forget ten days we spent at the Half-way House. The boys would take a wild horse that had never even been roped, as afraid of human beings as any wild animal, put it into the corral and begin the process of taming it. The ordeal was a hard one for both horses and men. Many of the horses were sent back to the ranch as unbreakable. Others succumbed to the harness, but when hitched to a wagon would run as if fiends were after them, all over the farm. Luckily, it was a large farm and the land was rather flat. But on one side ran Texas Creek, a very lovely stream, wooded on its banks. The horses seemed to know by instinct that the river bank with its fringe of trees furnished a golden opportunity to tear themselves loose from their tormentors, and they would make for it at once. Rank Turner was the best driver, and very large and strong. He was the only one who did not fall into this trap. It was wonderful to see him let the horses run, but compel them to go where he wished.

After a team had made the rounds of the farm a few times in this fashion the horses would be thoroughly exhausted. Then Rank would take them out on the road and drive them for miles as hard as he could make them go. When they returned they made very little trouble about being taken into the stable and rubbed down and watered and fed. If this program could be carried out for three days in succession, the horses would be considered "old-timers." The next day at noon they would be hitched to the buckboard and run at top speed over the twelve miles to West Cliff. Very often mail only was carried, and the boys could make these trips without risking anything but the buckboard and their own necks. But we discovered that they were apt as not to do it even with passengers aboard.

One day an elderly lady and gentleman arrived at the Half-way House for dinner, intending to continue their journey to West Cliff in the afternoon. We were sitting on the porch when the boys brought up the buckboard. One of the green teams was attached!

It all happened in less time than it takes to tell it. Rank was driving; two hired men held the horses by the head; Cliff and Webb were in attendance. Before anyone could speak, Cliff had maneuvered the old gentleman into the buckboard. The old lady drew back protesting, and wished to know if the horses were gentle. Webb picked her up bodily and put her into the buckboard, saying as he did so, "Gentle as dogs, Madam, gentle as dogs!" The men stepped away from the horses' heads; instantly they were off

plunging and running like mad, and the hapless passengers were embarked on what doubtless proved to be the most exciting adventure of their lives.

It was awfully funny to onlookers, but Newt was not gratified when he heard the story. He made it entirely clear to his zealous young partners that the carrying of passengers was not to be regarded as a by-product of their horse-breaking activities. Thereafter the wind of their youthful enthusiasm was tempered to the shorn lambs who travelled by our mail route. But "the boys" afforded us constant entertainment in other ways. "Gentle as dogs, Madam, gentle as dogs," has been a by-word in our family ever since.

After the first year, for the reasons I have given, our work on the ranch was subordinated to other enterprises. Newt superintended the ranches during the term of his contract, and kept things going with the help of the Mexican ranch hands; but our home and our main interests were in Cañon City.

Visits to the ranch were usually made the occasions of a family outing. The cabins at the upper ranch were beautifully situated in a wild and lovely spot among the mountains. The cabins were built in the Mexican style: log walls and a low roof protected by a deep covering of earth. The two cabins were about twenty feet apart and the intervening space, called the patio, was covered by an extension of the cabin roofs. Thus two large, well separated rooms were provided, and even a fairly large party could be very comfortable. Ranch hospitality ordained that the doors of the cabin should be left unlocked and that the cupboards should be stocked with bacon, flour, coffee, baking powder, and sustenance, even if the family were not at home; and for us it was supposed to be always in readiness.

One autumn we were going up to superintend the gathering of our first potato crop, and our Methodist minister and his wife went with us.

We did not arrive until late at night, and when we reached the cabins we found the place in great disorder. The last wayfarers had been far from observing camp etiquette, which decreed that the ranch house should be tidied up by departing guests, and left in readiness for others. We decided to clean only one cabin that night, and to make our beds on the floor of that room, as the beds in the other cabin did not look inviting. This room was the kitchen end of the ranch house, having a Mexican fireplace in the corner. The fireplace was constructed of stone and mud, and was separated from the cabin walls by a space about a foot wide, and

the chimney went through the roof. In the space between the wall and the fireplace were hung the pots and kettles.

Thoroughly tired by our strenuous labors, we were all quiet and trying to go to sleep when we heard a strange noise in the fireplace corner. No one said anything at first, each afraid lest he waken others who were sleeping. But the noise was persistent, and finally Newt got up and lit a candle and saw the tail of a skunk sticking out of a turned-over pot. Everyone registered consternation and Newt put the light out.

Mr. Merritt offered a solution of the problem. He said he could bring in one of the empty potato barrels and put the pot, which evidently had something to eat in it, into the barrel, and in this way catch the skunk. The plan was approved. Newt again lit the light; the two men went out to get the barrel, leaving the door open in the hope that our guest would take the opportunity to escape. Mrs. Merritt and I were developing a highly sensitive state of nerves, as we felt he might go over our bed on his way out; however, he had retired behind the fireplace and showed no disposition to leave us.

The men returned and arranged the trap and we all waited, it seemed for hours, in the dark until we heard a noise which told us that our visitor had gone into the barrel in search of his interrupted meal. Mr. Merrit held a gunny sack in his hands ready to slip it over the end of the barrel when Newt turned it up with the kettle and skunk inside. The maneuver was successful, and the men took the barrel out and covered it with boards, so that the animal was kept in it until morning, when Mr. Merrit shot it. The odors which filled the entire place made it a pleasure, for once, to leave our mountain retreat, and we all returned home for Sunday after instructing the Mexicans to pack and bring down the potatoes.

The next week Newt went into the grocery store where he had sold his potatoes. He found the proprietor and his clerks tearing up the floor in the back part of the store.

"Well, what is going on here?" said Newt.

"There's a skunk somewheres around," answered the grocer, "and we can't find him. We think he must be under the floor."

A horrible suspicion dawned on Newt. His eye rested on the barrels of potatoes by which the grocer was surrounded. "Are these the potatoes I sold you?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man.

Newt walked among the barrels; a bullet hole in one of them confirmed his worst fears. The Mexicans, finding themselves in need of an extra barrel, had not hesitated to use our trap for loading the potatoes!

Newt said to the proprietor, "I am sure if you take this barrel out your trouble will be removed."

And it was.

Many changes came to Cañon in the early years of our residence there. When first we saw it the "city" was little more than a mountain village; its nucleus had been a trading post established by the original explorers. On our journey west from Cincinnati little Mary, who had been instructed by her father in the geography of her future home, gravely informed a fellow traveller that Cañon City had a population of seven hundred souls. "And when we get there," she added, "the population will be seven hundred and three."

Cañon City's chief claim to renown at the time of our coming was the State Penitentiary which stood on one of the loveliest of the mountain slopes, dominating the little town and perpetually recalling to the inhabitants one of their sorest memories.

In 1861 when Colorado was made a Territory, the question arose of making a fair distribution of the territorial institutions. A prominent citizen whom I will call Judge Thomas X was delighted to look after the interests of Cañon in this important matter. He was so successful in urging the claims of his constituents that Cañon was given the choice of the territorial University or the Penitentiary – either an imposing plum in the eyes of the politicians. Cañon City was in no two minds as to which institution it desired. But our eminent Jack Horner was a Southern gentleman, rabidly opposed to the education of the masses and to free schools of any kind. He would take no part in bringing a free university to his town, and so he asked for the Penitentiary instead. The citizens were appalled, but Judge X was their accredited representative, and his choice stood.

In the early days this grim institution, without suitable buildings and with only a board fence to secure the prisoners, was a menace to the population. Later the prison was improved and

beautified, and the labor of the prisoners was used in building many beautiful roads, and opening up to tourists the most glorious mountain region in the world. But Cañon City, so beautifully situated, has never grown as it would have done had Judge X's choice been different. To the local view the Penitentiary remained an eye-sore and an obstacle to progress.

But Cañon City had another local feature which was soon to play an astounding part in its history. This was the "scenic wonder" known as the Royal Gorge of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas River.

The eastern entrance to the cañon was up river, about a mile and a half beyond the Penitentiary, and within easy riding distance from our ranch. We frequently drove to the top of the Royal Gorge and looked down into the chasm from the dizzy height. At this point the walls of the cañon draw close together and rise in sheer cliffs from the river that boils and thunders through the narrow cut below. Because of the narrowness of the Royal Gorge, and its perpendicular walls, no one could go through the cañon; and no engineering feat could blast a road out of its walls of solid rock more than twenty-six hundred feet high.

Unsuspected by many of our seven hundred inhabitants, the Royal Gorge was the key that hitherto and locked the most central railroad passage through the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake City and the Pacific coast. Incidentally, it was also the key to Cañon City's future development.

One afternoon we saw an amazing spectacle. About two hundred wagons, several times as many horses and a regiment of workmen appeared in the quiet streets of our little city. Ignoring the stares and astonishment of the local population, the invaders proceeded through the town and pitched tents on the river flat in front of the Penitentiary. Soon a vast construction camp was in full swing – and Cañon City was transformed forever. They were the advance guard of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, sent out to commence work on a road-bed through the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas. In one day the facilities of the hotel, stores, and every sort of supply house were overtaxed and the people were amazed by the practical taking of the town by the officials, engineers, and workmen of the railroad company.

Cañon City had hardly recovered from the shock of this invasion when an entirely new fleet of wagons, horses and men came to town; and the latter brought not only working implements, but rifles and all the sinews of war. The new

construction gang belonged to the Achison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. And now actual war began between the two railroad companies for possession of the Royal Gorge of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas. First one and then the other of the conflicting parties siezed the right-of-way and held it with rifles. Forts were constructed of baled hay for those who had to fight in the open, and there were many casualties on both sides.

The struggle was a matter of life and death to the rival railroads, and neither gave quarter to the other. But in all the violence and lawlessness there was a spirit of give and take, and an actual joy in conflict which characterized the young West of those days. They also respected local property rights, and were careful not to put the lives of the local inhabitants in jeopardy. So we pursued our daily avocations in comparative calm. We were seldom interfered with in our business, and we always went in safety.

One morning my sister Mattie and Mary went up to Denver over the completed portion of the railroad. The passengers were protected during the journey by armed guards of the Santa Fe. On the return trip, three days later, responsibility for the safety of the train had changed hands, and rifles of the D & RG guarded them!

The war dragged on month after month, not only in actual physical conflict, but in the courts. One episode was the seizing of the court records by one of the litigants, and the convenient disappearance of the Judge who was trying the case. This prevented a decision for six weeks or more; meantime, those in possession went on with the construction, maintaining their hold in the Cañon by force of arms.

I well remember a day when the excitement of the railroad war was at the boiling point and A. A. Robinson of the Santa Fe happened to get in its way.

Some trouble had arisen over the payroll. Mr. Robinson had reason to believe that it had been padded, and decided that it must be proved before he could make any disbursements. He closed the books, left his office and started to walk down the street toward the hotel. A rumor spread among the men that he intended to pay certain ones of them and not to pay others. Tumult arose. The whole excited crowd followed him, gaining recruits until it was a dangerous mob. Cries of "Hang him!" were heard, and I guess they would have done it had not my husband gotten between Mr. Robinson and his pursuers. Newt was able to stand against the mob and make himself heard, urgently warning

the men that they were doing something they would always regret. Time enough was gained to get Mr. Robinson into the hotel, where all the doors were immediately locked. Knowing that he expected to take a certain train for Denver, the crowd set a watch outside the hotel and waited for Mr. Robinson to come out. Meantime Newt took him out over the kitchen roof and sent him to Florence in our buggy. There he boarded an early morning train and was thus saved from assassination.

The officials of the warring railroads used to stop at our hotel when they came to Cañon. They were given the seats of honor at our table and we were friends with most of them. Frequently one or another of our guests would be hailed before Justice and given a court sentence. Newt impartially bailed them out, and our table became a sort of neutral ground where representatives of both sides met in amity and high good humor whenever they were not in jail. Our table was facitiously known as "the jail-birds' table."

It was more than a year before the railroad war ended in the final triumph of the Denver and Rio Grande. To the local inhabitants it gradually became an accepted part of the every-day routine of life, and even assumed the character of a sort of subliminated *opera bouffe* provided for their amusement and enrichment. Whichever side lost, Cañon City always won, both in population and prosperity. At the end of the struggle it was a city indeed – a link in the first great chain of railroads which bound the continent together from coast to coast.

Photo courtesy of Josephine Biggs.

Abigal Megrue, seated, with daughter, Mary Megrue VanKeuren, in 1922.

IV. RAILROAD BUILDING

When Mary was thirteen years old, the Denver University was established, with Dr. David H. Moore as its Chancellor. My two sisters were teaching in the Colorado Seminary, the preparatory school of the University. We all moved to Denver in the interest of Mary's education. We boarded at the University. It was very pleasant to mingle with the dear young students. We also enjoyed our association with the faculty, who were all young and enthusiastic. Everything was under the supervision of Dr. Moore, one of the most gracious and lovable characters God ever sent into this world. It was no wonder the students and his friends almost idolized him.

About five years before this time, my husband had given some business assistance to our young friend, Luther Webb. The venture had been disappointing as Webb, though a charming fellow, turned out to be unreliable. After making ten thousand dollars, he drank and gambled away not only the profits of the undertaking, but the implements also, and ended by owing my husband a considerable sum which he had never repaid. He now turned up in Denver with a project for making good what he owed us.

A profitable railroad contract was to be let. Webb could not get the contract himself. He said that if Newt would get it, he would provide teams and necessary implements, and would do all the work. He had married a lovely woman, he told us; he had not taken a drink for two years. In short, he was convinced that here was a golden opportunity to make some money for us, as well as for himself.

When told about the plan I was doubtful. I said, "He had proven unworthy once; we must be careful." But Webb was an able man in some ways. He knew how, as the saying is, to sell himself and his proposition. And my husband was always an optimist on human nature. He finally took the contract. He then found that the teams and implements belonged, not to Webb, but to a brother who refused to let Webb use them. My husband found himself responsible to the railroad for the contract, and obliged to buy the needed equipment. However, it was always Newt's way to go through difficulties rather than to avoid them. Work was started over on the Eagle River at a place called Dotsero, and Webb was put in charge of a construction camp of about three hundred men.

Everything was in full swing when my husband found, to his dismay, that the young man was drinking again. The only way out was for Newt to go to the camp and manage the work himself. It was decided that Mary and I should do one of three things: stay at the University; go East to a good college for Mary; or go to the camp with Newt. We were not long in settling this question. Newt thought it would be hard on us, living in a tent at the camp; but we said if he could stand it, we could. So we started out, bag and baggage in the wagon, and finally arrived. It was a picturesque sight, all those tents for hundreds of men, a large tent for the office and one for the general dining room.

The first thing that startled me was the discovery that we should have to ford the river in order to reach our tent, which was on the other side of it. This was apparently no surprise to Newt; he drove right in. Our horses had to swim, and Mary and I climbed up onto the seats to keep ourselves out of the water. This was rather hard. All my life I have been terribly afraid of venturing in a boat of any kind. To find myself afloat in a wagon with the horses swimming was an experience that held more thrills than I cared for.

As we drove up out of the river, a cheerful voice hailed us: "Hello, you fellers! How you vas?" It was Dutch John, a former employee whom we had discharged from the ranch. He had come to the camp to beg Newt to take him on. A familiar face looked good to us in those strange surroundings, so Newt hired him to look after fixing up our tent, and he was greatly pleased. Dutch John was not very intelligent, but he was "willing." Everything he did was done with great force and equal originality. The nails he drove to hang things on looked crazy, as no two were on a line and he hammered them into fantastic shapes. But his proceedings kept us amused, and we were finally very comfortable.

The camp laborers, rough as they were, were always considerate of us. One day the mule teams were at work on a grade not far from our tent. We could plainly hear the shouts of the drivers, goading and cursing the poor mules in a fluent and shocking stream of blasphemy. Newt went out and explained to the men that his wife and daughter were so placed that they could hear every word. He told them that he did not want us to hear such talk; at the same time he appreciated how exasperating mules are, and that no man can curse to his full satisfaction without an audience. If they had to swear, he said he was willing to go down to the river with them and listen to them for half an hour. On their side, they were to moderate their language in the neighborhood of our tent.

This tickled the sense of humor of the men, and no doubt also appealed to the rough chivalry always to be found in a place where women are few. After that they addressed themselves to the mules in terms of endearment: "Gad-ap, Lady!" "Hi, there, Sweetheart!" Go on, Beauty!" Their voices meant business, but no more swearing did we hear.

As the spring weather came, our evenings were made delightful by the wonderful singing of our Italian group of workmen. Among their number was a man who had a splendid tenor voice, and who must have been a musician. He knew the Italian operas and, of course, many lovely folk songs. After supper during the week he would take his comrades down by the river and train them. On Sunday evenings we would have the most beautiful concerts in the open air. We have often wondered who this musician could have been. He worked as a common laborer; but it was evident that he had not always been accustomed to such a life. We all felt that there must have been a tragedy; but we never questioned him, and it was a great pleasure to let him know that we appreciated his work and his glorious voice.

There was a piece of work to be done in the Cañon of the Grand River for which no contract had yet been made. The Railroad Company was very anxious that my husband should undertake it. The road had to be blasted out of the rock, and it was considered a very difficult job. Newt took this contract. As soon as the work at Dotsero was well under way, we left it for Mr. Webb to finish, and moved on to the work on the Grand River.

The new camp was about twelve miles down the river toward Glenwood Springs. To reach it we would have to go over Cottonwood Pass. We planned to ride over the mountain from Glenwood on horseback. Everyone told us at the hotel that horses could not be ridden over that trail. However, we were out to do our best, and after a night's rest we started, ourselves and our horses and our necessary baggage. This included a cat and her three kittens which we carried in a basket - a necessary part of our equipment, as the camp was infested with field mice.

It was a wonderful trip. Beautiful flowers were growing right up out of the snow. Everything seemed so pure and clean! At one place we had to cross a rock-slide or crevice in the mountain, where the rocks and stones were all broken up. If anything started to slide, it would seem as if the whole side of the mountain were rolling down into the river with a rattling noise of thunder. We did not try to ride over the rock-slide, but carefully picked our way on foot. It was wonderful to see how even the horses "watched their step!" We were all glad when this danger was safely passed.

By evening we reached a cabin on Grizzly Creek. There we were to stay over night, and cross the Grand River in the morning to our tent. In the cabin lived the boatman and his wife and their baby about two and a half years old.

This little urchin was so pleased with our basket of kittens that he immediately claimed them for his own. To his mother's distress, he established his claim in fluent and emphatic language when any of us asserted ownership. "Dod dam oo sould to ell," he would say, "Ums my tats!" The mother said she was ashamed; but the little fellow heard the talk of the many men who stopped at the cabin, and they "swore at every little thing."

It must have been hard for a woman who had known better days. The cabin was unspeakable. While we were seated at the supper table we saw a snake crawling into the house through a hole under the logs. Luckily we always carried our own bedding with us. There was a bunk along the wall where Mary's bed was made. Newt's and mine were spread on the floor, where I spent the night with eyes wide open, watching for snakes. It was one of the worst nights I ever passed.

In the morning we all packed ourselves into a boat and were rowed across the flooded river. They put me in the stern, and Newt's arms were around me, holding me tight. It seemed both he and Mary were afraid I would jump overboard if I became frightened; for that was always my first impulse. As we rowed out we could hear the baby boy calling from the shore, "Dod dam oo sould to ell, oo tate my tats!"

We reached our camp. As the walls of the cañon were almost perpendicular in that place, they had had to blast out the rock in order to prepare a site for our tent.

The first night we were in a good deal of danger from a forest fire. It had been started to clear away the brush and spread too far. For a while it threatened to destroy the camp, but the men were finally able to beat it out.

The next night the river was on the rampage, and roared along until we could hardly hear our own voices. The snows were melting in the mountains. The river was over its banks in many places, and seemed to sweep everything before it. We could not sleep, but were safe in the morning.

On the following day word came that the Indians were massacring over at Meeker; that they were expected at Glenwood Springs and were coming up the cañon. It was said that Indian

Commissioner Charles Adams and the State Troops were on the way to us. So they were, and we had the pleasure of entertaining General Adams and his staff at dinner that evening.

After the terrors and excitements of the first few days, we were able to settle down very comfortably to home life in our new abode. Our tent was indeed beautiful. It was lined with blue cambric. Our home-made furniture was curtained in blue. Deer skins covered the floor. We had comfortable camp rocking chairs brought over the mountain by the faithful little Donkey Train that carried mail and supplies for the camp every day. Our beds were the best camp beds imaginable. They were home-made. Four-foot posts were joined together by rails; saplings were laid across these for slats; then came a layer of pine boughs, and ticks containing hay, and lovely cotton puffs on top of all.

The great event of the day was the blasting, always preceded by the warning cry of "Fire!" When blasting was going on we used to walk down the cañon to be safe from the flying splinters of rock. We were always followed by the three kittens, who knew the signal as well as we did. Sometimes "Fire!" would be called before we were dressed in the morning. When that happened we would just lie down and roll under the bed. And there, right beside us, would be the kittens sitting up with their tails wrapped around them, waiting for the blast to go off.

Our camp site was a wonderful spot surrounded by rocks and tall beautiful trees, with the rolling river at our feet. Every night Antone, our man, built a fire in front of our tent which warmed the place nicely in the cold evenings. He served us our meals in the tent, and they were delicious. Friends came to see us. We studied and read many books; and the kittens were a constant amusement.

Toward the end of June our pleasant life in the wilderness was interrupted. My sister Mattie was to be married as soon as the school closed for the year. Of course we must go to Denver for the wedding. The return to civilization is almost as high an adventure as going to camp, and we were full of excitement and pleasure. But a sad thing happened.

Shortly before we started, Mr. Webb and two others left the upper camp to come down the river and visit us in our new place. The boatman lost control and the boat capsized. Two jumped overboard and were saved, but Mr. Webb stayed with the boat and went over the falls. All knew that he must have been drowned, and the boatman with him. But there was no certain evidence of his death as yet. So on the first stage of our journey we

formed one of the searching parties that were scanning the river at every point with the object of finding Webb's body.

Our way was on the steep mountain-side along the river, and was almost impassable. Never shall I forget that trip. Mary rode a horse and so did Newt. I rode a mule. We had no saddles, only harness. As we went up the steep sides of the mountain I leaned as far forward on the mule's neck as I could, but it seemed at times that we must both fall over backward. And all the time we were watching the river so closely that at last it seemed that every floating object we could see was a drowned body. I never wish to have another such experience.

At Glenwood Springs we found Mr. Webb's wife waiting at the hotel for news of her husband. She begged us to take her to a friend's house about half way to the upper camp. This seemed the best thing to be done. A new searching party was sent down the river, but it was not until six weeks later that the body was found.

We got a spring wagon and took Mrs. Webb with us and started toward Red Cliff. There we would take the train for Denver, after leaving Mrs. Webb with her friends. Newt and Mary rode in front and I occupied the back seat with Mrs. Webb. It was a tight squeeze, as she was very stout. The truck wagons had made deep furrows in the road which were filled up with dust or sand so that we could not see them. Presently as we were jogging along, the wheel on the upper side struck a root, and the wheel on the lower side slipped into a rut. We found ourselves going over. At a word from Newt the horses stood still and the danger was past. But poor Mrs. Webb jumped for her life. She struck a stone with all her two hundred pounds' weight. The stone turned over and she broke her ankle.

While we were considering what to do with so weighty a problem, a friend in need appeared. It was Mr. Kamm of Glenwood Springs, who was riding out on horseback to take the train for Denver. He helped to lift Mrs. Webb into the wagon. We rested the injured foot on a bag of oats. Mr. Kamm sat at her back holding her, and Mary rode the horse. We had five miles to go to reach our destination; and all the way Mrs. Webb was groaning and begging for water, but there was none.

It seemed an endless time before we arrived. We sent on to camp for the physician. Mary bound up the ankle. We bathed our patient and got clean clothes for her and made her as comfortable as we could. But it was eighteen miles to the doctor's place, and it was near midnight when he arrived. He set the broken bones. The people at the house had in the meantime given Mrs. Webb a

considerable amount of brandy. She was noticeably revived. The doctor retired to a tent at a little distance from the house. Mary said she would be nurse.

It was not long before Mrs. Webb began to behave very strangely. She was flushed and her eyes were queer. She insisted on getting up.

Mary, much alarmed and entirely unsuspicious, ran as fast as she could for the doctor. She told him that Mrs. Webb's brain seemed to be affected. She felt sure she had sustained some injury to her head. By the time they got back, nature had come to the relief of the involuntary victim of fire water. There was no doubt what had hurt Mrs. Webb's head. The doctor said she would soon be all right, and she was.

We felt that we could leave our patient among her friends with a clear conscience. By taking an early train from Red Cliff the next morning, we were able to reach Denver just in time for the wedding. The ceremony was performed by our dear Dr. Moore, in the parlor of the University.

Two weeks later we returned to camp, stopping off at Dotsero. There we found that the bookkeeper had absconded $2,500, and had left the office in charge of Dr. Bills who knew nothing about accounting. Mary had studied bookkeeping and she persuaded her father to let her stay in charge until the Railroad Company could send some responsible person down. Of course, I was to stay with her. Newt went on down the river to the lower camp. Mr. Bauman was in charge of the work at Dotsero and was a splendid foreman. His wife, a lovely lady, was with him, and they occupied a tent next to ours.

It was near the Fourth of July. The men had promised to be very good and not to celebrate, which made my husband feel easier at leaving us. The day passed with all at work; but we were not far into the night before there were sounds of rioting. There were shouts and pistol shots. We heard Mr. Bauman's voice telling the men to be quiet and go back to their quarters or he would use his gun.

I have this to say: one does not feel very safe in a tent with shooting going on! I slipped into some clothes and went out of the tent and up to the quarters. When the men saw me, they came to where I stood telling them how surprised I was at their action. They were like naughty, penitent children. They all said they were ashamed, and that if I would forgive them they would see that there was no more disorder. One after another earnestly

assured me: "Now, M'm, I'm a gen'lman. Ma father was a gen'lman, and my mother was a lady!" After telling them I hoped they would all act the gentlemen they really were, I bade them good night and went back to the tent.

The men kept their word, and that was the end of the trouble. I knew that if need be they would every one fight for us. But celebrations were a habit in those lonely camps. There was always danger that one might intercept a stray bullet, however well-intentioned the celebrants might be. I felt very anxious to get down to the other camp with my husband. Mary did not agree to our leaving. She said the Company were sending down expert bookkeepers to go over the books; that they were on their way. After considering everything, she said, "Mamma, we *must* stay here till these men get through." She so wrote her father and so it was arranged, and we remained.

However, considerable time passed. The experts found it necessary to celebrate while en route. They got on a spree, and it was ten or twelve days before they arrived. In the meantime we had another adventure from which we were very fortunate to escape with our lives.

In our absence Mrs. Webb had been brought by the doctor to camp. We were told that she had a room and good board and care at a house on the other side of the Eagle River. I wished to go to her, little as I liked the prospect of crossing the river, which was then in flood.

When I mentioned my project there was general consternation, but it seemed to all of us that there was nothing else to be done. Mary and Mr. and Mrs. Bauman walked with me to the river bank, where a small flat-bottomed boat did duty as a ferry. A frail thing indeed it looked in face of the boiling flood that thundered past us. Mary said, "Mamma is so afraid of the water. I don't dare let her go without me." "If you go," declared Mrs. Bauman, "I will!" Thereupon, Mr. Bauman announced that the voyage would by no means be made unless he also accompanied us. So it was decided that all three should go with me, and let the boatman bring them back as soon as I should be safely landed. We got into the boat, making five with the boatman.

The river was so high that we had to row upstream a way, so as to float down and get to the right landing place. The boat was pretty heavily loaded. When we got into the channel one of the oars broke. Mr. Bauman shouted to the man to try and turn and get into the slower current, but the effort failed. We found

ourselves being whirled around like a walnut shell, and rushing down the channel.

My first inspiration was to take Mary firmly by the hand, step out of the boat and walk to shore. Mr. Bauman said, "Mrs. Megrue, don't you try that again unless you want to drown us all." Then it seemed to me we were entirely helpless. God was our only refuge, and so I began to pray and call on God aloud for help. We were whirling toward the mouth of the Eagle River where it empties into the Grand. I told God all that, just as though He did not know about His own rivers. I cried out, "Oh, dear Lord help us, we're going into the Grand! Oh, dear Lord, help us, we're going into the Grand!"

We drifted into a log which turned the boat toward the shore of a small island. Submerged willow trees were growing on the island. Their tops came within reach of my hand. I caught at the willows and Mary helped me. By clinging to the willows we were able to slow up the boat. With his one oar, the boatman succeeded in getting out of the current and sculling the boat towards shore. Then he got overboard and reached the island. Mr. Bauman threw him a rope and he fastened it to a tree.

"Now, Mrs. Megrue," said Mr. Bauman, "let go of the willows."

I did not see what was happening. I had pinned my faith to the willows, letting go of one branch only when another came within reach. I answered with great firmness, "I will *never* let go of these willows!"

Mr. Bauman got out of the boat, half swimming, half wading ashore, and he and the boatman hauled strenuously on the rope. The argument was conclusive. I let go of the willows, and very soon was landed on the island with my companions.

Meantime our plight had become known to our friends in the camp. They gathered at the shore opposite the island. Mr. Bauman was able to make himself heard above the noise of the river enough to direct operations for our rescue. He had a horse named Sam who was steady and a splendid swimmer. They attached a long rope to Sam, which was held by men on the shore, while one of them rode him across to us. Meantime a force of men were sent to tear away the bank of the river downstream, so that the horse could land in safety.

Mr. Bauman concluded to take us over one at a time with Sam. We all decided that Mrs. Bauman should be the first to go,

and she made the crossing clinging to her husband, who guided the burdened by valiantly swimming Sam. Mary went next. Our friend helped her up behind him, and I never stopped praying until they were safely over.

Then they were all across but me, and Mary was more frightened on my account than she had been at any time before. I got on the horse behind Mr. Bauman and held on tight; and when we plunged into the water I closed my eyes. Soon we landed and were hailed by a great shout from our friends on shore. We were certainly thankful for our deliverance.

The entire population of the camp were on hand to greet us, and they accompanied us to our tents with cheers. There Davy Brown had steaming hot Scotch ready for us. He said we must take it or we should catch cold as our clothing was wet. He was the most noted teamster in Colorado, and a high authority on all matters. So we took his advice and his medicine and were none the worse for it.

As soon as my husband heard about our accident he lost no time in arranging for us to return to the lower camp. He could not come all the way to fetch us himself. He sent a wagon and team with a reliable driver whom we called "Doc" to take us as far as Glenwood Springs. We started the morning after "Doc" arrived.

The wagon trail was a long way round over the mountain. As we were nearing the top we overtook a number of rough-looking men who were walking. Two of them annoyed us by running beside us, putting their hands on the sides of the wagon and leering at us. Doc said, "Don't be afraid. I have my pistol, and I will use it if they don't quit!" By good luck we presently came in sight of some wagons on ahead. Urging our horses, we soon overtook them. In a little while we were over the summit and on the down grade, and were troubled no more by the men.

We stayed all night at a place where Newt had made arrangements for us. About noon the following day we arrived at the Hotel Glenwood, where we were met by Newt. I tell you, we were unutterably glad to meet again! Doc went on to the camp. We three remained at the hotel until the following day. Then we must push on, for Newt had to get back to the camp at once. But everyone at the hotel thought that Mary and I could not get over the mountain. The donkey trail had been washed away by a heavy rain. They advised us to remain at the hotel till the road could be repaired. But we had had enough of travelling different roads. We said to Newt, "We will all go together. If you can, we can." The horses were saddled and waiting, and we mounted and were off.

On the way up the mountain we were able to keep in the saddle most of the time, though not without some mischances. Horses have their fixed ideas as to precedence. My horse was the mate to Mary's, and accustomed to going first. But my saddle turned. I had to stop and have it fixed. Mary rode on ahead, and then the trouble began. Our situation was not favorable for an argument, and by the time our horses had rearranged the line of march to their satisfaction I was much shaken up. My hat, hatpin and all, had been torn off by an overhanging branch. I thought at first that my hair and also my head had gone with it. Newt retrieved my hat and pinned it to the saddle, and we pursued our way.

At the top of the pass Mary dismounted: "Anyone who wants to ride down this mountain," she announced, "can do so, for I am going to walk." None of us wanted to. We made careful preparations for negotiating the descent of the steep mountain side that fell away before us. Newt cut stout walking sticks for Mary and me. We wore rubbers, and had "slickers" as they called the large rubber capes with hoods for the head. Newt tied the tail of the first horse to the bridle of the horse following; and the tail of the second to the bridle of the third. He took hold of the tail of the last horse and started them down the mountain, Mary and I following.

The horses would brace themselves with their feet and slide till the mud piled up enough to stop them. Mary and I wrapped our slickers about us and sat down and slid in their tracks with the aid of our sticks. Thus we descended, only stopping now and then for a moment, long enough to get our breath.

The last stage of our descent was a steep chasm with a very narrow path around a rock that crossed it. We had to get by this ledge as best we could without Newt's help, for only one could go at a time. When Mary got around she began to be frightened on my account, fearing I could not get by the ledge without help. She called to me. I was out off from her view, but only a few feet away. There was no answer, even when she shouted as loud as she could. So back she came, expecting, as she said, to see me in the gorge below. I had not heard her calling, for the rock cut off her voice. I could hardly make her believe that I had not heard a sound.

From this point we were not long in reaching the end of the difficult part of our journey. We again mounted our horses. There were four miles to ride over the railroad grade, and then we reached the camp. Doc had announced our coming. The men had started a great bonfire to light up the way for us. The whole camp was assembled, cheering and applauding us.

I then announced that I would not leave the camp again until the work was finished and we could go out over the new railroad, and neither did we. The road was finished by the first of October and we all went out together, after eight months of camping.

We were glad to resume our home life; but it was with mixed feelings and a sense of impending loss and change. A great deal had happened that has not been told in these reminiscences. Our happy camping days were over. Our dear Mary was to be married in December.

V. THE PENITENTIARY

The first election after Colorado became a state, John L. Routt was elected Governor. Newt was a Republican and had done what he could to bring victory to the party. He had accompanied the candidate in some of his campaigning, and they became very good friends. Immediately after the election Newt received a telegram from Governor Routt notifying him that he proposed to appoint him Warden of the State Penitentiary located at Cañon City. Newt replied that it would be impossible for him to accept as his time was not his own. But the Governor urged him to come to Denver and talk the matter over.

When Newt entered the Governor's office, there were no preliminaries. Governor Routt simply said to him, "M., I need you. I consider this the most important appointment I have to make. I do not ask you to give all of your time to the office, but I do urge you to be responsible for the management of the prison. You can choose your own helpers." At the insistance of the Governor, and with the consent of his partner with whom he divided his salary, my husband accepted the appointment. He held the office for five years. He was again appointed when Governor Pitkin took office in 1879, and was offered the appointment a third time when Governor Pitkin was re-elected in 1880. But we had by then decided to move to Denver, and this ended one of the most interesting chapters of our life in Colorado.

During his term of service as Warden my husband became greatly interested in the welfare of all those unfortunate men. When he first took charge he found nearly all of the prisoners in irons with ball and chain attached to their feet. His first act was to have these fetters removed. He talked to the men, telling them he proposed to trust them as long as they proved worthy. As most of their work was outside the prison and there was no wall around it, it would be necessary to use the irons again if any took advantage of the freedom and tried to escape. However, the men proved loyal. The leg irons were not used again during my husband's term of service; nor was it necessary except in a few cases to resort to methods of restraint which in those days were considered an inevitable part of prison management.

It would not be truthful to say that Newt had no trouble. There were great obstacles in the way of a humane conduct of the

prison, since no proper facilities existed for the enlightened care of difficult cases such as insane men or the more reckless and desperate characters among the prisoners. Of these there were many in a pioneer country which was still largely a frontier and a mining camp. Yet no prisoner was treated as an enemy, and all received as much kindness as circumstances and their own good conduct made possible. My husband never carried arms. He always said he would rather be killed than kill a prisoner. The guards were also unarmed. For the success of his administration, Newt relied on efficiency of management, combined with the general feeling of good will that existed among the prisoners themselves.

That he did not so rely in vain was proved on an occasion of serious disturbance when a plan to break prison failed through the loyalty of a life prisoner named McLean.

Several of the life prisoners had plotted to escape and effect a general jail delivery. Their plans were well laid. The time for changing the guard from night to day was five o'clock in the morning, and it was my husband's practice to always be there at that time. This was the hour chosen by the conspirators to carry out their plan. Most of the guards would then be assembled in the guard-house. The prisoners who were early workers would be taken from their cells and marched to their place of employment outside the prison.

Those in the plot decided that if they could overpower the cellhouse guard and get past the door with the early workers, it would be an easy matter since the guards were unarmed and there was no outside wall at that time. They planned to lock the door of the guard-house with the guard inside, and turn all the prisoners free. They would then capture my husband as he came into the gate, take the horses from the stable and whatever they needed from the prison stores, and with Newt as a hostage, start for Mexico.

The first step was successful. When the guard of the prison cellhouse opened the doors in the morning he was siezed by two cell-mates, taken into their cell and gagged and bound with ropes which they had made of their blankets. The ringleader then put on the guard's uniform and took charge of the proceedings, setting free the other life-men who were in the conspiracy and giving the signal for the early workers to move toward the door. It was the business of the inside guard to watch and give signals to the outside guard if anything seemed to him suspicious. The plotters thought that if no such signal were given the door would be opened as usual and they would escape with the workers.

But McLean unexpectedly refused to leave his cell. This caused a momentary delay and confusion, just sufficient to warn the outside guard, who saw that something was wrong, and did not unlock the prison door. So the plot failed. My husband afterward said to McLean, "Why didn't you join the others and do what had been planned?" His answer was, "How could I betray the man who had trusted me and had been more kind to me than anyone else in my life? I could not take my freedom at such a price."

Newt always made light of this incident and seemed to think that if the plot had not failed in one way it would in another. Whenever the projected flight to Mexico was referred to he used to say, "Just think what a trip I missed!"

During the time my husband was warden he built a new house for the prisoners, and a shoe shop which gave employment to men unfitted to work on the roads. He also built a wall enclosing all the grounds, laid out good roads and lovely walks and did many other things to make the place more habitable for its inmates and a credit to the state. He always enjoyed the confidence of the authorities and the affection and cooperation of the unfortunate men committed to his care. Though it was a strenuous period and crowded with emergencies and anxieties quite new to us, our penitentiary days were not the least happy of our Colorado experience.

After our removal to Denver, my husband was appointed by Governor Eaton as Chairman of the Board of Control of the State Reform School. In this office also he was very useful. The care and training of boys was always of great interest to him. He held the position at the time of his death in 1893.

THE PATRON'S PAGE

Those persons who send a patron's subscription of $25 or more for a one year's subscription make the *JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE* a better publication. Patrons' contributions make possible the publication of special editions such as the biography of Chief Ouray. Also, patrons enable the editors to furnish some complimentary subscriptions to educational institutions and to publish more photographs in each issue. Without the support of patrons, the publication of this Journal would be difficult. The members of the Mesa College Historical Society, the Alpha-Gamma-Epsilon Chapter of Phi Alpha Theta, and the editors of the *JOURNAL OF THE WESTERN SLOPE* thank the individuals and businesses listed below who are our patrons:

Ted & Maxine Albers, Grand Junction
Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Bacon, Grand Junction
Charles & Velda Bailey, Grand Junction
Josephine Biggs, Grand Junction
Mr. & Mrs. Orville Boge, Grand Junction
Dr. & Mrs. Chris Buys, Grand Junction
Mr. R. B. Carpenter, Grand Junction
Dr. & Mrs. Joe Carter, Alamosa
Mrs. Marjorie West Crow, Palisade
Dr. & Mrs. R. B. Crowell, Grand Junction
Peter R. Decker, Ridgway
Mr. & Mrs. Lit DuPont, Fruita
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. M. Ela, Grand Junction
Abbott E. Fay, Paonia
David P. Fisher, M. D., Grand Junction
Mr. & Mrs. David E. Flatt, Grand Junction
Betty Goff, Grand Junction
Gunnison County Public Library (Memorial Fund for William Walker Gierhart and Lillian Gierhart), Gunnison
Vi Haseman, Grand Junction
John & Pat Henson, Grand Junction
Hotchkiss Public Library (compliments of Dr. Woodrow E. Brown), Hotchkiss
Ardath Hunt, Loma
Jerry's Pest Control, Grand Junction
Dr. Verner C. Johnson, Grand Junction
Mr. & Mrs. Miles Kara, Grand Junction
Robert J. Kretschman, Montrose
Mr. & Mrs. Nathan Liff, Grand Junction
Aaron and Beth Long, Grand Junction
Donald A. MacKendrick, Grand Junction
Tom R. Mehs, Colorado Springs
Mr. & Mrs. Robert P. Moston, Grand Junction
Mr. & Mrs. Melvin R. Muhr, Grand Junction
Jeffrey M. Nakano, M. D., Grand Junction
Dr. & Mrs. Kenneth E. Nelson, Grand Junction
F. R. Paquette, M. D., Grand Junction
Mr. & Mrs. Rob Peckham, Grand Junction
Mr. & Mrs. John Pendergrast, Grand Junction
Daniel E. Prinster, Grand Junction
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Prinster, Grand Junction
Mrs. Grace Purcell, Grand Junction
Ann & Paul Reddin, Grand Junction
Dr. & Mrs. David M. Rees, Grand Junction
Katherine B. Roe, Colorado Springs
S. P. Rogers, Grand Junction
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Sikes, Meeker
Alan & Linda Simpson, Grand Junction
Betsy A. Sneed, Grand Junction
James E. Stafford, Grand Junction
Ruth Stewart, Grand Junction
Wayfinder Press, Ouray
Mr. & Mrs. Martin A. Wenger, Grand Junction
Frank E. Woodard, Grand Junction