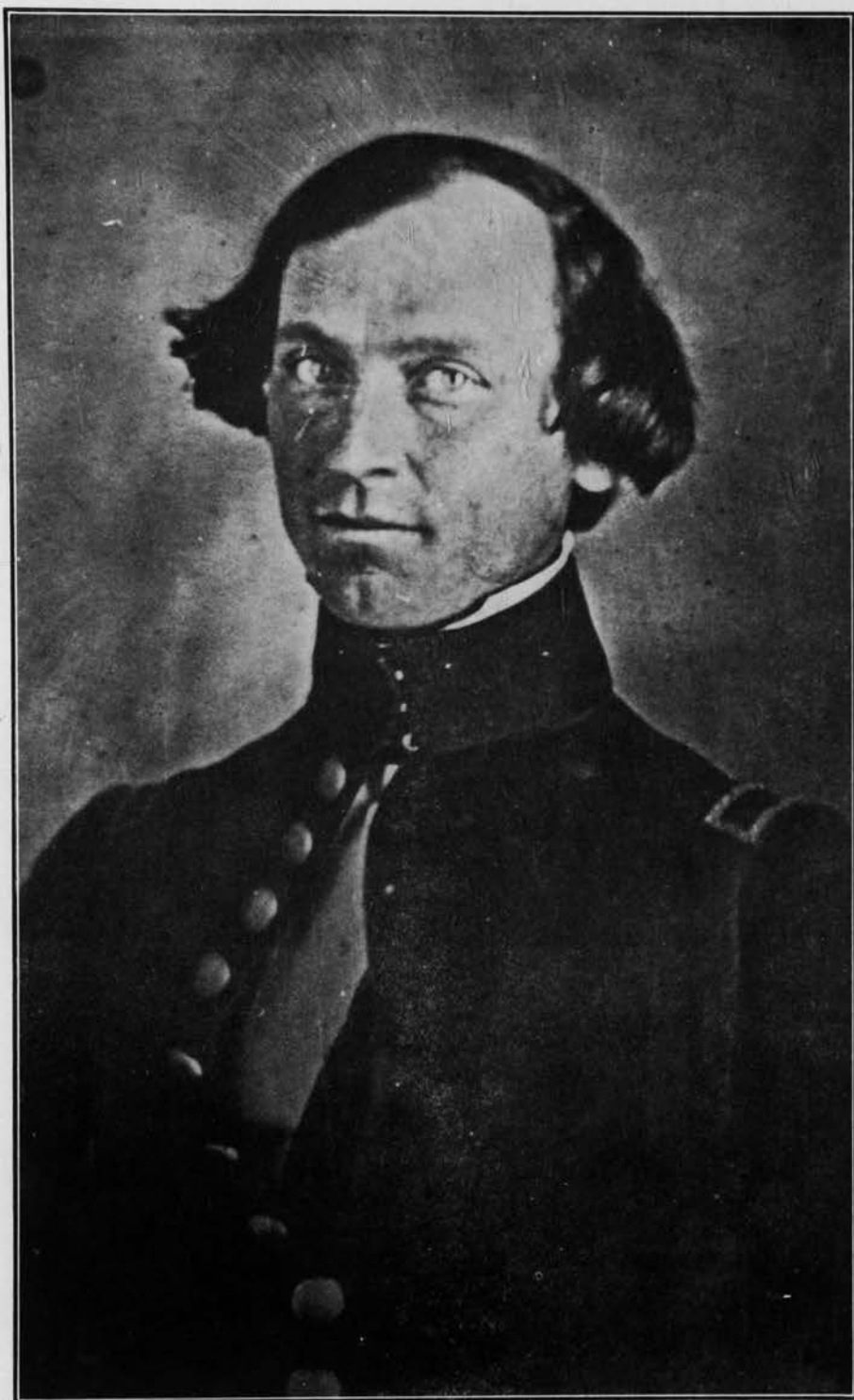


Historical Sketches of Early Gunnison



Class of Nineteen Hundred Sixteen
The Colorado State Normal School



CAPTAIN JOHN W. GUNNISON

From a Daguerreotype.

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The sketches comprising this Historical Bulletin had their origin in the English composition classes of the Colorado State Normal School, under the direction of Miss Lois Borland, head of the English department. They make no pretense to completeness; but in so far as we can ascertain the truth, they are authentic. They are an appreciation, by the class of nineteen hundred sixteen, of a history at once vital and interesting.

We are especially indebted to the old residents of Gunnison, who have patiently and courteously given us their time; to Miss Florence Uglow, of the English department of the Colorado State Normal, who has assisted largely; to Miss Lucy Spicer, of the Colorado State Normal School, who has read the manuscript; and to Miss Agnes Walker, '17, and Miss Arla Tuffy, '15, who have contributed sketches.

EDELWEISS MILLER,
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Captain John W. Gunnison

IT WAS on an autumn day in 1853 that a fire blazed out and sent up clouds of smoke from Signal Mountain, giving the warning that strangers were in the land. Down the quiet valley of the Tomichi came an unusual procession, traveling toward the west. In the band was a small detachment of mounted troopers, who halted now and then to remove a boulder or log from the way. Then sixteen great wagons, each drawn by a six-mule team, rumbled over the rocky path, where the sound of wheels had never before been heard. An ambulance wagon and a small vehicle loaded with surveying instruments closed the line. Captain John W. Gunnison, with his company, had come into the country which was to commemorate his name.

John W. Gunnison was born on November 11, 1812, in Goshen, a little village in the Sunapee Mountains of New Hampshire. In the midst of pioneers he grew to be a pioneer, a lover of the great untraveled places filled with limitless promise, teeming with possibilities. To the west for almost the width of a continent stretched an unexplored land, luring on an army of builders and adventurers. A builder Gunnison would be—a purposeful, intelligent builder, trained for his work. He availed himself of all the advantages his native village offered in the way of education, then took charge of a little school across the mountains, where he remained three years.

The only picture we have of the youthful Gunnison is found in a sketch by Hon. L. D. Bailey, at one time editor of the Lawrence (Kans.) *Tribune*. He writes, in commenting upon a copy of the Gunnison daily *News-Democrat*:

"It carries us back in our imagination to a little log schoolhouse in a cozy nook of the Sunapee Mountains of New Hampshire in the winter of 1836—by the way, the first log building we ever saw in the state. There was an old-fashioned spelling school in the log schoolhouse that evening, and it was a good one—unusually interesting on account of the teacher, whose name was Gunnison. He was a boy of about our own age, rather short, finely formed, with fresh, ruddy complexion and brown hair—as handsome as a picture. We think we never saw a young man more prepossessing than he was. And he was the idol of his pupils and of the whole neighborhood. The fame of his school-keeping had gone out into all the region roundabout, and had drawn the writer hereof and a number of other lads to undertake a long walk just to see him. We shall never forget that spelling school so long as we remember anything; nor shall we ever forget that young teacher's face and form—a model of manly beauty."

After Gunnison had completed his third year as a pedagogue, he entered West Point Military Academy. At the age of twenty-four he was graduated with the highest honors and was appointed a second lieutenant in the United States army.

Straightway his face was set toward the west. His first work was concerned with the removal of the Seminoles and Cherokees, who were then being taken to Indian Territory. Later he accompanied parties to the northwest, where he spent several years making extensive explorations and surveys. In 1849, Captain Gunnison was ordered to join an expedition which was to survey a route to the Mormon settlements in the Salt Lake valley. Such severe weather set in while the company were in Salt Lake City that they were forced to spend the winter

there. Gunnison gave his time to a study of the Mormons, as a result of which he published, the following year, a book concerning the doctrines and practices of this interesting people.

By an act of Congress, passed in 1853, an expedition was authorized to make such explorations and surveys as should be necessary to determine the most practicable route for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Gunnison, now a captain of the Topographical Engineers, was placed in command, with Lieutenant E. G. Beckwith, of the third artillery, as his assistant. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, ordered the line to be surveyed through the Rocky Mountains near the head waters of the Rio del Norte, by way of the Huerfano and Cochetopa, into the region of the Grand and Green Rivers, westerly to the Great Basin, and thence northward to the vicinity of Lake Utah.

The exploring party, consisting of Captain Gunnison; Lieutenant Beckwith; R. H. Kern, topographer; S. Homans, astronomer; Dr. J. Schiel, surgeon and geologist; F. Kranzfelt, botanist; J. A. Snyder, assistant topographer, left St. Louis in June, 1853, and traveled by stage to the Kansas frontier. On June 20, Captain Morris, with a detachment of thirty soldiers from Fort Leavenworth, joined the expedition as escort. The route followed was the old Santa Fe Trail along the Arkansas River to Bent's Fort, which was found in ruins. Bent himself had destroyed it the year before; only the adobe walls, with here and there a chimney, were left standing. Thence the company proceeded to the mouth of the Apishpa, from which point they directed their course through the Sangre de Christo Pass into San Luis Park. At Taos, then the headquarters of experienced guides and mountaineers, they obtained a noted guide, Antoine Leroux, by whom they were led into the valley of the Arkansas, and thence by way of Cochetopa Pass into the Gunnison country.

The land through which they were passing was inspiring in its grandeur and beauty. Now the way led along the bank of a clear stream, between hills clad in pines or decked in quaking aspen, which the frost had tinged with gold. Now the trail climbed the summit of a ridge, from which the travelers could see great peaks tipped with the snows of early autumn, and range after range of mountains, fading away in the purple distance. Over all was the blue of the Colorado sky—the brightest blue man knows.

Nevertheless it was a trackless wilderness through which they were making their way. It was necessary for Captain Morris and his soldiers to go in advance in order to build a road. Sometimes a path had to be cut out of solid rock; at other times, the thick timber had to be cleared from the way. The wagons, with locked wheels, grated down the steep, stony trails, which were sometimes so oblique that the men had to hold the vehicles with ropes to keep them from overturning. Twelve mules instead of six were necessary many times to draw the heavy loads to the summit of the long slopes.

Amid such difficulties, the train made its way toward the Elk Mountains, north of Gunnison. Here in the summer hunting grounds of the Utes, they found an abundance of game. While in this region Captain Gunnison wrote in his journal: "The agreeable and exhilarating effect of the pure mountain air of these elevated regions, ever a fruitful theme of eloquence among trappers and voyagers, exhibits itself among our men in almost constant boisterous mirth. But violent physical exertion soon puts them out of breath; and our animals, in climbing hills, unless often halted to breathe, soon become exhausted and stop from the weight of their loads, but after a few minutes' rest move on with renewed vigor and strength." Returning south along the stream now named for the explorer, the party followed the river to the deep gorge of the Black Canon, which the Indians

declared to be impassable. Consequently the men broke a road over the mesas south of Sapinero and came out into the Uncompahgre Valley; this Lieutenant Beckwith described as a barren waste fit only for Indians. The route passed near the present sites of Montrose, Delta, and Grand Junction. Following the Grand River and the Spanish trail westward, the explorers examined the country as far as the Sevier River, where their leader met his death.

On October 25, Captain Gunnison, with four companions and an escort of seven soldiers, left the main camp in charge of Lieutenant Beckwith, to explore Sevier Lake, supposed to be about sixteen miles distant. Although fires daily seen in the valley had told that a party of Indians was near, the men had been traveling so long without molestation in the midst of hostile savages that they felt no alarm. Without a thought of lurking red men, camp was made in a sheltered nook on the river bottom, and no precaution was taken except the customary one of a camp-guard, each man, including the commander, taking his turn at this duty during some part of the night. As the men sat at breakfast in the early morning, suddenly the startling war cry of the Pah-Utes rent the stillness, and a volley of rifle-balls and arrows broke from the surrounding willows. All was confusion; the order, "Seize your arms," was scarcely heard. In the general turmoil the captain stepped from his tent, extending his hands in token of peace, but even in the gesture of friendliness he fell, pierced by fifteen arrows. One man had fallen at the first onslaught; the rest fled, pursued by the savages. Only four of the band of explorers escaped. One of these, hours later, spent with the exertion and the terror of a run of fourteen miles, reeled into Beckwith's camp and told the tragic story. In less than thirty minutes, all were armed, mounted, and ready to set out for the scene of the massacre; but they arrived too late to find all their missing comrades before darkness fell. So the little company of white men kept a fire blazing throughout the night in the hope that its brightness might assure survivors of safety. Dawn revealed the mutilated bodies of seven besides the leader, among them Mr. Kern, Mr. Kranzfelt, and Mr. Porter. None had been scalped; but several, including Captain Gunnison, had their arms cut off at the elbow.

Demands were at once made upon Kanoshe, Chief of the Utes of that region. From him it was learned that the deed had been committed by Indians of his tribe, but without his knowledge. He told the following story: A few days before the massacre an emigrant party under command of Thomas Hildreth and two brothers, had encamped near Fillmore, a settlement not far from the scene of the massacre. Some of the Indians came and, as was their wont, asked for food and clothing and for permission to remain until moonlight. The permission was refused, and the Indians were ordered away. Since the visitors did not immediately withdraw, they were unmercifully attacked by the travelers, and a chief, two of his sons, and several others were shot down. A few days later, the brother of the slain chief was hunting and heard near him the explosion of a rifle. He discovered two men, whom he followed to their tents. Having made an artificial scalp of horsehair, he returned to the Indian band, related his story, and a war dance was begun which continued until after midnight. Then the savages armed themselves, went to Captain Gunnison's camp, and murdered the eight men. As soon as the news reached Kanoshe, he took measures to secure the stolen property—notes of the almost completed survey, instruments, and horses. These he returned to the proper owners at Fillmore.

The shoulder-straps worn by the brave young captain on the ill-fated day are now in safe-keeping in the vault of the First National Bank of Gunnison. Soon after the massacre they were traded by the Indians, who demanded a good round

price for them, to a young man, Joseph Githens, at that time employed as book-keeper in a Fillmore store.

Later they were obtained by A. R. Gunnison, a brother of Captain Gunnison, by whom they were presented to Gunnison City in September, 1885. The epaulets were placed in a handsome cabinet made of redwood, black walnut, live oak, and mahogany, all California woods. Between the shoulder-straps was a silver plate bearing the following inscription:

RELICS OF
CAPT. J. W. GUNNISON,
KILLED BY INDIANS
OCT. 23, 1853,
WHILE SURVEYING ROUTE FOR
CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD
UNDER ORDERS FROM
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.
PRESENTED TO
BOARD OF TRADE OF
GUNNISON CITY
BY
A. R. GUNNISON
OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

It was the general belief that the massacre of the exploring party was instigated by the Mormons, either because of some opinions expressed by Captain Gunnison in his book on the History of the Mormons, or because of their apprehensions that a railroad might follow the survey and bring in elements hostile to their institutions. Lieutenant Beckwith opposed this theory, however, and counted the occurrence as but one of the blood-stains on the trail which civilization had to blaze among the Indians.

So ended the life of John W. Gunnison—a life which means much to those who live in the great mountains and fertile plains of western Colorado. Two railways, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe and the Denver and Rio Grande, follow the route recommended by this competent engineer. The country which bears his name is a district rich in mineral deposits and grazing lands. The city of Gunnison is becoming one of the important educational centers of the Centennial state. The river which Governor Gilpin named Gunnison, pours out its waters through the Gunnison tunnel, one of the greatest irrigation projects of modern times, and the once barren wilderness blossoms as the rose. So in this land through which that strange cavalcade came half a century ago, have we loved to honor the name of the man who led the way, Captain John W. Gunnison.

Sylvester Richardson and Early Gunnison

*"He dared begin;
He lost, but losing won."*

WE HAVE now thirty or forty volumes of Gunnison County papers, published between 1880 and 1890. We have no duplicates and of course cannot give up the copies we have. These papers were furnished us by Frank Root, who lives in North Topeka. They are not on our regular shelves; we have not been able to put them there for the reason that the legislature has not provided sufficient shelving for even the Kansas papers. They are among a pile of newspapers, unsorted, on the third floor of this building. It would take a person a day or two to move those papers to find out just what we have." So writes the librarian of the Kansas Historical Society, at Topeka. An intense and lively record to be so deeply submerged—those files of the early 80's! But we are most grateful to the historical society of our neighbor state for thus preserving them; they will be available for reference when some real historian shall arise. There are in the library of the Colorado State Normal School at Gunnison, the complete files of the *Review-Press*, Gunnison's big Republican daily of early times—the times when there were two flourishing rival dailies. These, also, were formerly with the Kansas Historical Society, placed there by Frank Root, the editor; but as the society possessed duplicates, through their courtesy and the efforts of Mr. Charles Adams, of Montrose, one file was secured for the Normal School.

The portion of these dating from 1880 to 1885 composes an epic fascinatingly told. It would stimulate the imagination of a poet; it contains data invaluable to the historian. Some one philosophizes that the almost universal popularity of the motion picture is due to the fact that from the changing scenes on the canvas each may read a different story; he can make his own combinations, his own generalizations. Freed from the restriction of words, the pictures gain in suggestive power, and set in motion for each observer a different train of thought. It may be that this scrap of philosophy (if it be such) underlies the charm of this record of events, now, for the most part, forgotten. For it is more absorbing than is a capital story to a fiction lover. The scenes are presented with kinetoscopic rapidity: the rush to Gunnison, the boundless aspiration which made men think and talk in millions; the complex admixture of pretentious building and log hut, of capitalist and adventurer, of high endeavor and crime, of hope and failure. This provokes the imagination. But one must sort out the threads of his story, must combine colors, as the novelist does from life; so the sympathetic reader becomes himself a creator.

And how such a record delights the heart of an historian! It not only gives the facts: it makes them vital. One may sense the passion of politics—no less heated because the town was new and remote—in the time when party lines were strictly drawn, when torch-light processions were the favorite manifestation, and when it was the fashion to publish unrestrained political recriminations and have a libel suit pending. One may read of the "pomp and circumstance" of the opening ball at La Veta, the \$200,000 hotel, and if he is sufficiently curious, (perhaps the pronoun should be feminine), he may peruse the double column description of the gowns and coiffures to be seen on this memorable social occasion, and rehabilitate, in lively fancy, the fashions of thirty years ago. One may read—even in the

advertising—this illuminating item: “Oliver Wendell Holmes will, during 1884, write exclusively for the *Atlantic*,” and farther on in the same announcement find mention of a coming short story by Harriet Beecher Stowe. One may recall—from “inside story”—those intermittent feverous periods when lust for gold made the wide spaces of the prairies and the mountain barriers as nothing to the adventurous American. California, Leadville, Gunnison, Klondike—they were magnet words; their power was irresistible.

But at heart we are all gossips. Our interest in historical or literary movements is largely an interest in individuals; and no personality woven into the record of these rapidly shifting scenes is more humanly interesting than that of Sylvester Richardson—the subject of this sketch. True there were others who made a more considerable showing. There were capitalists from New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, even from England. They came for personal gain; they left sadder and wiser. With them it was merely a risk “at pitch and toss” in the course of the game of life. There were brilliant lawyers, who have since figured prominently in the affairs of the Centennial state, but Gunnison was only a lively footnote in their history; their experience here was but a step in their advancement. Then there was the thrifty, substantial class, who were here during the boom and are still here; but a new city grew up with the decline of “Gunnison the Fabulous”—a city much more satisfactory to all vitally concerned. It is with this new growth that these people are identified, and that is another story. Sylvester Richardson explored the Gunnison country before there was a settlement here; he became enthusiastic over its mineral and agricultural possibilities, and located various mineral fields. He sold one hundred acres in what is now the heart of Denver for a yoke of oxen with which to drive overland to his “future great”; and he gathered together and led the first colony here. He was in a fair way to make a fortune, for—together with Captain Mullin, also of Denver—he owned the greater part of West Gunnison, when two railroads were building in, and when it seemed highly practicable to erect a structure like La Veta; when stakes in the surrounding mining camps were exchanging hands for forty, fifty, sixty thousand. As the boom declined, he turned his face again to the west. At the age of fifty-five, with eternal hope in his heart, and with three dollars in his pocket, he set out to form still another new colony in the then unsettled regions of Utah. Ulysses-like, he deemed it never too late to seek a newer world. His life is an epitome of that early Gunnison. It is a type of American life that has passed into history.

Professor Richardson, they called him. And that tells part of the story. “Professor,” as it was familiarly applied in the generation preceding ours, had anything but its technical significance—specialization. So Professor Richardson was a geologist, a surveyor, a druggist, an assayer, a physician, a teacher, a musician, a writer of drama, a lawyer, an editor, an historian, and what not! Necessity has been the mother of the invention of various ingenious and convenient combinations; so, also, this combining of professions grew from the stern necessity of the pioneer. When a man led his family and a group of his neighbors into an untraveled, unpeopled region, when he put a thousand miles between them and civilization, it behooved him to possess something of the combined wisdom of the ages. A highly specialized Edison, for instance, would have been of all men most useless. The early numbers of the *Review* quoted Prof. S. Richardson on mines, on irrigation, on town improvement, on railroads; it published lengthy articles of his composition; it made frequent mention of his enterprises. Before the close of his stay in Gunnison, it was occasionally referring to him as “Prof.” Richardson

(the quotation marks around the abbreviation). Richardson had probably changed little, but conditions had changed mightily.

Bit by bit, from the files of the daily and from conversations with those who knew him, it has been possible to piece together the record of his life, so closely woven with that of early Gunnison. His grandfather, Benjamin Richardson, fought with Washington for independence; his father, Janus Richardson—a man reputed to be of scholarly rather than industrial proclivities—took a prominent part in the anti-slavery movement. Sylvester was born in West Camp, on the Hudson River, in March, 1830. From that decade and the two succeeding, came that army—larger even than the Kaiser commands—of frontiersmen. So he was destined from birth to look down the wind-swept vista of the sunflower-bordered Santa Fe Trail toward the undeveloped West, where—some one has rightly said—real American independence was achieved. His youth was spent on the estate of Patroon TenBroek, his step-grandfather. The first move toward the west was in the emigration of the entire family to Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin. Richardson's versatility enabled him to pick up a very considerable knowledge of the many professions which later stood him in such good stead. He taught school, gave singing lessons; then took up carpentering as a trade. In 1858 he fell in love with and married a young and remarkably handsome girl, Elizabeth Bowers.

Shortly after their marriage, Richardson and his wife decided to try their fortunes in Colorado. With a party of near neighbors in Wisconsin, consisting of six men and one other woman, they set out in April, 1860. In the *Review* for July 24, 1880, under the title "Across the Plains Twenty Years Ago," Richardson published a three-column article relative to their trip. "It was the third day of July, 1860," he begins, "that an emigrant train bound for Pike's Peak, was slowly passing up the Arkansas River, about twenty miles below Bent's old fort. The day was hot and sultry, and the road through the alkali adobe soil was dry and dusty, with scarcely any air stirring to carry off the immense clouds of dust that arose from the feet of the jaded and nearly worn-out animals." Three months they had spent on the prairies where Sir South Wind reigned, and the dust-covered weeds waved him sullen tribute. Water was scarce, and the heat and thirst during the day were at times unbearable. A bath was out of the question; even the scanty supply of dishes was left unwashed a week at a time. "We had been without a drink an uncomfortably long period," said Richardson's wife, relating reminiscences of the trip, "when someone brought me the much-longed-for vessel of water. 'Drink it,' he said, 'but don't look at it!' Yet we were well throughout the trip," she affirmed. And it was not all hardship, for at night, before the camp lights were extinguished, sometimes the violins were brought out, songs were sung, and the party indulged in a lively quadrille. The little Wisconsin group had joined others Colorado-bound, and the train which approached Bent's Fort on the third of July consisted of fifty-three men and twenty women and children. They had organized and elected officers at Burlingame, Kansas, Dr. Dun—later a familiar figure in California Gulch—being captain, and Richardson second in command. He details, in his account in the *Review* a narrow escape from the Indians, and their feeling of security when, on the fourth of July, they found themselves under the stars and stripes of Bent's Fort. Not until the last of July did they arrive in Denver—then but a village.

Richardson found work making wagons for a blacksmith shop, and was in some demand as a teamster. In January, 1861, a son, Denver, was born, and six months later, they moved on the Plum Creek road about twenty-two miles from town. Neighbors were few, and their homes were given characteristic names by those who traveled that way. The cabin five miles from Denver was known

as the Milk Woman's ranch, that ten miles as the Industrious Woman's ranch, the next as the Dirty Woman's ranch, and Richardson's as the Pretty Woman's ranch. The first home was a windowless, one-room cabin built in a clearing in the scrub oak. During the summer, much time was occupied in constructing a fence of the oak brush about the clearing to keep in the cattle belonging to the ranch. During the winter, Sylvester, who had no fondness for "chores" of any description, rather than procure wood from the near-by forest, took the fence—piece by piece—for firewood; and when spring came round again, none of it was left standing. So much for the dreamer in practical life! Nothing daunted by distance, inconveniences, and dangers, the family revisited their Wisconsin home. On the return to Colorado, which was just after the Chivington massacre, only the extreme darkness of the night and the profound silence in the camp prevented the party from being seen and attacked by the Indians, who were then on the war path. As they moved across the plains, the travelers came upon the burnt remains of caravan after caravan which had not had their providential escape. They returned to the home near Denver; but, needless to say, Richardson was never very successful as a rancher.

As early as 1873 he had his first glimpse of the Gunnison country, whose beauty and natural resources so impressed him that its development and settlement became the chief ambition of his life. He had talked with the old-time trappers—Baker, Beckwith, La Fluear, Carson, and others; and they brought reports of the country so wonderful as to be almost incredible. Later, in conversation with Wm. Gilpin, then governor of Colorado, he received the minutest description of its geography, topography, and probable mineral resources. Governor Gilpin—it will be remembered—had traversed the entire region of the Grand River in 1845. "So glowing were his predictions," says Richardson, "that to many he seemed visionary." In June, 1872, parties from Golden and Denver, among whom were the well-known pioneers, Jim Brenon, Dudley McLochtlon, Gen. Green, and Pat Molloy, had penetrated the Elk Mountains, and after much hardship and some suffering had reached Rock Creek, where they found true fissure veins of enormous size. The next spring others from Denver visited the district, among them Dr. John Parsons, who on returning to Denver had samples of ores assayed with highly satisfactory results.

Elated with the prospects, Dr. Parsons organized, in July, 1873, what was known as the Parsons Expedition to further explore the Elk Mountains, and incidentally the agricultural and mineral resources of the entire Gunnison country; and to erect reduction works on Rock Creek, in the vicinity of Galena Mountain. Richardson joined the party as geologist. There were about thirty men and eight teams, besides pack animals. The teams were heavily loaded with supplies and tools and such machinery as might be needed in the erection of works on a not very extended scale. In camp on the present site of Saguache, they met Otto Mears, who interested himself in their enterprise sufficiently to advise them not to proceed through the Indian country without consulting the Indians and the Indian agent, General Charles Adams, at Los Pinos agency. The Utes had previously traded the San Luis valley—in a treaty with the United States government—for nearly all of Colorado lying west of the 107th meridian. When they arrived at Los Pinos Creek, a branch of the Cochetopa, they stoutly refused to go farther, and there, a number of miles east of their actual reservation, had established themselves. Mears gave Dr. Parsons a letter to General Adams and directed the party to follow the government road straight to the agency, and get the consent of the Indians to allow them to pass through to the mining regions. The Indians showed much excitement when the caravan put in its appearance in



From a Daguerreotype.

PROFESSOR SYLVESTER RICHARDSON

what they accounted their domain, and were seen riding toward the government buildings, probably to inquire the cause of this unaccustomed trespass on Indian soil. About the fifteenth of July the expedition went into camp near the agency, and Dr. Parsons, with some of the other men, went up to have a talk with the agent and chiefs. A council was called. Opinion was divided, but Chief Ouray—ever friendly to the whites—threw the weight of his opinion in their favor, and they were allowed to go forward.

Leaving the Tomichi and passing up the Gunnison valley, they were met by Herman Leuders and J. P. Kelley, who, with Alonzo Hartman, were at the government cattle camp, where the Hartman cabins now stand. They volunteered to point out the ford across the Gunnison, and the wagons were taken safely through the rapid stream. On going into camp on the other side of the river, Richardson made astronomical observations, and discovered that the 107th meridian, the real boundary of the Ute reservation, was at least ten miles farther west. "I then and there determined," he says, "that white men and women should in time possess and occupy that fair land, which object I have kept in view for the last five years, and have not failed in accomplishing, though often denounced as a visionary and unreliable enthusiast."

In two days the party arrived at the forks of the Slate and East rivers, and Richardson, as geologist, was ordered to go out and explore that part of the Elk Mountains now known as Crested Butte and Ruby Camp. With a volunteer assistant, Webster, he set out to the west, while the main party moved northward. On the first day the two explorers arrived at the summit of Coal and Anthracite. Webster—something of a tenderfoot—fell sick. The food supply gave out; a drizzling rain added to their discomfort, and after three days they were glad to join the remainder of the party. With the aid of some forty prospectors and miners, who were already in the region, the road was built to Rock Creek and from there to Whopper lode, where work was begun on a blast furnace to test the ore which Tom Croider and Lewis Wait had dug from the lode since the preceding spring. Such machinery as could not be made was brought from Denver, and Parsons set men at work making fire and red brick and hauling ore and flux. But too much native sand was used with the brick, and it would not stand the heat necessary to melt the ore. After two unsuccessful attempts, Parsons was deserted by his employees, who set out for themselves, and the project was abandoned.

Having closed his engagement with Parsons satisfactorily, Richardson set out to explore the country. He acknowledges the receipt of substantial aid from Wm. Thomas of Denver, and Dr. Hewitt and Mr. Ewbanks of Quincy, Ill. Lewis Waller also contributed, and accompanied Richardson in some of his research. He examined the Rock Creek vicinity more thoroughly, discovered marble deposits in Crystal Mountain, traced carbonates from Cochetopa Pass on the south to the Red Mountain Pass on the north, and also discovered carbonates on Spring Creek near Dead Man's Gulch. After traveling six hundred miles on foot he joined the pack train of Ewbanks, Hewitt, and Thomas and returned to Denver.

Late in October, nearly all who had made up the Parsons Expedition arrived in Denver, and plans were under way for another season's work in the Elk Mountains; all these plans were abandoned because of the panic of 1873, which occasioned severe financial loss to those who had been willing and able to aid in the enterprise. But Richardson, who was as greatly impressed by the beautiful Gunnison valley and its possibilities of development as by the mineral resources of the Elk Mountains, began to interest all whom he could in its colonization.

The development of the Gunnison valley, the organization of a permanent colony—that was the theme of Richardson's talk, the object of his efforts, the goal of his ambitions during the next few years. In January, 1874, he tried to persuade some of his most intimate friends to join him in the enterprise, but—as he himself expressed it—"All rejected the proposition as an impractical project and one that would never compensate any one for the hardship and privation he must necessarily endure in such an isolated wilderness." Finally Charles L. Beal, George W. Hughes, Dr. Knowles, and George Smith took the matter under consideration, and before a meeting composed of these men and a few additional friends, Richardson talked. And Richardson could talk. On large sheets of paper he drew, with crayon, maps of the Gunnison region. He pictured clearly that a given point in the Gunnison valley was similarly situated to the hub of a wheel, while the different mining regions encircled it at a radius of twenty-five to forty miles. He pointed out that the numerous streams of the region centered at this one point, and that their valleys offered natural water-grade roads. He predicted, also, that the railroads would center there, because they must, if for no other reason. The insistent enthusiasm of this lank, unshaven frontiersman with the deep-set gray eyes, set men dreaming dreams. A second meeting was called. Wait and Croider had come on to Denver from the Whopper lode, and Wait added his testimony to that of Richardson, though he emphasized the mines rather than the agricultural resources. About February 15, a joint stock company was organized, with a capital of \$6,000, limited to sixty shares of \$100 each, no member to own more than two shares and no member to have more than one vote. The officers chosen were S. Richardson, president; Charles L. Beal, secretary; George Smith, treasurer; and Arthur S. Niles, surveyor. During March, meetings were held weekly. Euthusiasm increased. The time set for departure was April 10.

So on that date, Richardson set out with his little band toward the Delectable Mountains. "A motley crew they were, some twenty in number, that camped on Dry Creek, eight miles south of Denver that night," says Richardson. They had started out on the road to speedy fortune, notwithstanding the caution of their leader that it would require the hardest kind of toil and the strictest economy even to make a living the first year. But they were soon to learn the uses of adversity. In the morning a fierce snowstorm set in from the northeast. They prepared a hasty meal, and advanced with all speed possible toward Riley's ranch, as that was the only point where feed for stock could be obtained. By the time they had made ten miles, two feet of snow had fallen. The party abandoned some of their wagons, doubled their teams, and pushed forward, reaching Riley's ranch as evening came on. The storm was general over eastern Colorado, and the more prudent of the party remained at the ranch ten days. A few, however, fought their way through the snow as far as Canon City. The strength of their stock spent and their own enthusiasm dissipated, they turned back in disgust.

Those remaining at Riley's ranch set out anew April 22, traveling by way of Colorado Springs and Ute Pass, through the South Park and down Trout Creek to the Arkansas River; and thence to Saguache by way of Poncha Pass. Here the teams began to show signs of great fatigue, and progress was slow; but they succeeded in reaching Cochetopa Creek, eight miles north of the Los Pinos agency, on the tenth of May. The stock was weakening rapidly; nothing could be had for feed except the dry, dead grass. There were hundreds of Indians in sight, and a panic seized the whole company: they were, perhaps, on Indian soil; they might not be allowed to go forward; if they proceeded, the Indians would probably attack and drive them out. To reassure them, Richardson, with several others, rode to the agency and talked the matter over with General Adams, informing him that they

intended to go forward at all hazards. "All right; go ahead," said the general, "but keep off the reservation"; and that they agreed to do. The other members were not satisfied: a survey must be made. So Arthur Niles ran a line from the confluence of Poncha Pass and Cochetopa Creek, a township line, to the forks of Tomichi and Quartz Creek. The distance proved to be nineteen miles. From this point to the Gunnison, the roadometer was used, as the road was comparatively straight; it registered fewer than thirteen miles. Thus the question of Indian ownership of the land was settled.

The camp was made on the east bank of the Gunnison, on the twenty-first of May, and the members of the party set about exploring the region. "All, without a dissenting voice," says Richardson, "were ready to testify that the valley of the Gunnison was fairer and better than it had ever been represented to be by anyone. They were glad they had come." After two days spent in viewing the pleasing prospect which the country must have presented in late May, definite agreements were entered into. Each member drew by lot, one hundred sixty acres of land, which was surveyed out one quarter mile wide and one mile long, extending from the bluff to the river, until about thirty-one quarter sections were taken and built upon.

The first cabin, a rude structure of unhewn logs, was built by Richardson. True the government cabins at the cow camp had been put up three years previous, but Richardson's was the first one built by a citizen for his own use. About twenty other cabins were constructed, and everyone seemed well satisfied, until dissensions arose concerning the manner in which the town should be laid out, and the location of a prospective bridge across the Gunnison. Richardson kept the peace with some difficulty, and felt the loss keenly when two of the men—Kirkpatrick and Hutchinson—effected a rupture in the colony, inducing some of the members to leave for the mining district. This was a hard blow for the colony to bear up under, as they needed the combined efforts of all to accomplish what they had planned to do. Those remaining, however, were firm and determined. The bridge was started, though it was not completed until winter, as the river became fordable. Griffith, Beal, and Knowles devoted themselves to testing out the agricultural possibilities of the valley and succeeded in raising a good crop of potatoes, turnips, and many other things, which they sold to the government at Los Pinos agency for very good prices; they were well paid for their experiment. In August, a majority of the members of the colony went up into the Elk Mountains; they visited the Whopper lode, where a six-foot vein had been tunneled about seventy-five feet during the winter by the miners left there by Wait and Croider. The whole visiting party caught the mining fever, set stakes, and conversed of nothing but mines and mining prospects, and of the millions to be realized in the near future. Fully one-third of the number deserted the colony and turned their attention to mining. Richardson, himself, ventured forth to make a more thorough examination of the coal fields on Ohio Creek, but a severe accident cut the trip short. He confided some of his discoveries of the year previous to William Clark, who proceeded to the place designated and discovered "The Mount Carbon" coal mine. He returned with specimens; the "Gunnison Coal Company" was formed, but failed for want of funds, and Richardson became sole owner of the mine.

A fair degree of success had crowned the efforts of the first season, and all those remaining in the valley expressed themselves as wishing to do so permanently. They felt the necessity of a sawmill to facilitate building, and Richardson, with Charley and Joe Matchett and Hugh Miller, returned to Denver in the fall with the express purpose of obtaining one. A company composed of Valentine Schmeck, P. S. Oatman, and W. H. Walker was formed, and decided to

move from Trinidad a sawmill owned by Oatman. Richardson contracted to move the mill, and left Denver about the middle of October for that purpose. With him were Will Graham and John Trimble, who were to assist not only in removing the mill but also in running it after it had reached its destination. During his stay in Trinidad, Richardson had interested others in the Gunnison enterprise; so when he was ready to start, November 5, James Dixon and his wife, and Charles G. Tinguely and family joined fortunes with him, Mr. Tinguely bringing his large herd of cattle. Arriving at Saguache, their number was increased by the addition of Mr. Schmeck and others from Denver. The site selected for the sawmill was on a branch of Ohio Creek, later known as Mill Creek, and cabins were built for the workmen.

But few remained in the valley during the winter of 1874. Scattered for a distance of thirty miles, these few still managed to meet each other occasionally and talk of plans for the coming spring. No little anxiety as to the future was experienced. The Lake City and San Juan excitement threatened to draw emigration away from the Gunnison country. The sawmill, a very powerful one, had been put in at great expense, and unless the looked-for settlers came, much loss of money and labor would follow. Richardson's powers of persuasion must again be resorted to; accordingly, he returned to Denver to interest new people, if possible, and to stir up the former colonists to greater activity. But, of all those who left so sanguine of success, only three ever returned to Gunnison—Griffith and the Outcalt brothers. The bridge went out as soon as the water rose sufficiently to bring down drift; there being no demand for lumber, Mr. Schmeck was obliged to shut down his sawmill for the season. But there were encouraging signs, also. The Utes were to be removed to the Uncompahgre, and the entire valley thrown open for settlement. Though the mining interests in the Elk Mountains were being neglected for those of Lake City and San Juan, the number of ranchmen had increased. Among those who came were Mr. Yates and Mr. Greenwood, who settled on the Tomichi; August Mergleman, on the Gunnison; John Cox and the Doyle family, on the Upper Tomichi, and William and George Yule, who came in with a herd of horses, intending to make horse raising a business. In all there were about seventy-five in the entire valley.

And they were not, of course, without those humanly interesting fragments of history—

"A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral."

And how distinctly those first incidents stand out against the rude background! The story of the first Fourth of July celebration—in which Richardson figured as orator—shall be told by the Professor himself:

"Nearly all the settlers of the valley were on the ground by ten o'clock to attend our first celebration of the great national holiday. The fatted calf had been slaughtered, and nicely prepared, as were a hundred other good things; but the most characteristic feature was the entire absence of intoxicating liquors. The Gunnison River ran near and afforded a cool and refreshing beverage, which never had, nor ever can have a superior. After the repast the writer was called upon for a speech. He told them of the brave men who, ninety-nine years prior to that day, had signed the Declaration of Independence, and thereby forfeited their lives and estates. He commended their bravery, also, who had forfeited the advantages of civilization in order to carve out a home in such an isolated wilderness. He encouraged and advised all to stand firm and hold on to what they had already achieved, for there was surely a good time coming to reward them substantially for all the hardships and privations they had undergone. He admonished them that there were higher aims to live for than the mere accumulation of wealth,

even if obtained by honorable means, and finally advised them to use their utmost to prevent the free use and sale of intoxicating liquors within the beautiful valley of the Gunnison."

Death came first in its most tragic form—to little Nellie Griffith, daughter of Thomas A. Griffith, who came in with the Richardson colony. The father had been employed to assist in the removal of the Ute cattle herd to the Uncompahgre, and, on the morning set for starting, Mrs. Griffith drove down from the ranch to see her husband off. Charlie and Nellie, the children, during the absence of the parents, secured an old pistol, and child-like, proceeded to amuse themselves with it. The boy discharged one chamber, and the bullet took effect in the body of his sister. He took her by the hand and led her to Richardson's cabin—three-quarters of a mile away. Richardson was then the only doctor in the colony. After examination he pronounced the case hopeless; the parents were summoned and took the little girl home. She lived thirty-two hours after the accident. They buried her in the grassy plot at the upper end of the valley—the first cemetery, near the old Outcalt ranch, Richardson speaking the few words of comfort. The Griffiths abandoned the valley that fall. Rumor has it that "Charlie"—a man of middle age—stopped off in Gunnison not long since, and made a hasty pilgrimage to the little, neglected grave.

Hymen first found his way over Cochetopa Pass Christmas evening, 1875; and carried out an old and conventional program, with slight adaptations to the free and daring spirit of the place. James P. Kelley had engaged in some sort of controversy with Mr. Tinguely, and the two were not on speaking terms; at the same time, Montague-Capulet fashion, he was much in love with Mr. Tinguely's beautiful daughter, Anne. The affection was mutual, and the mother approved. Needless to say, the father's objections in no way lessened the ardor of the two young people. Christmas night was set for the happy event of the wedding. Mr. Stubbs—for whom Stubbs' Gulch was afterwards named—was sent to Saguache to be commissioned justice of the peace, since preachers were scarce over the range. Mr. Tinguely—disregarding Professor Richardson's Fourth of July injunction—allowed himself to be encouraged to take a little more of the Christmas punch than was his custom, and was in no condition to offer active opposition to anything that took place. Kelley, with a team of wiry little ponies hitched to a sleigh, soon had the charming Miss Anne at the home of the newly-made justice, and the ceremony was performed. There remained nothing for the father to do but to add his blessing; this he did, and presumably they "lived happy ever after."

The spring of 1876 found the valley almost deserted. The Ouray excitement, added to the other near-by mining attractions, proved too much for the settlers. However, in June of that year, the Crooke brothers of Lake City leased the Mt. Carbon coal mine and began to work it extensively, shipping large quantities of coal to their works in Lake City. This led to the construction of a good road from the coal banks to White Earth, a distance of forty-five miles, and also to the building of a bridge across the Gunnison. But owing to the bad management of some one or to a change in the smelting process in the works at Lake City, the mine was shut down, and the lease surrendered to Richardson. The Schmeck sawmill was sold out and removed to Lake City. During the winter the legislature passed the bill by which Gunnison County was organized, and in the spring of 1877 a full board of officers was appointed by Governor Routt. The board of county commissioners were Lyman Cheeny and W. W. Outcalt; county judge, David Smith (in place of the man appointed by Routt, who failed to qualify); county clerk, S. B. Harvey; sheriff, George Yule; treasurer, J. P. Kelley; surveyor, S. Richardson. The town company of Gunnison was organized and a town laid out, rather pre-

maturely. Richardson put up the first building on the site, the lonely appearance of which, for the next year and a half, was provocative of many jibes and much jesting by the people who came to a Gunnison very plainly marked on the map of Colorado. The town company died a natural death. In the fall the grasshoppers, nothing daunted by mountain barriers, descended upon the valley and harvested all the crops sown or planted. But the winter was mild and beautiful; stock fattened all winter long and were splendid beef in the spring. Agricultural prospects still attracted a few. Mr. Teachout settled on Ohio Creek; S. B. Harvey and Amby Hinkle and family came in from Kansas, and Mr. Crooks, founder of Crooksville, settled on the upper Tomichi. Kelley and Hartman started a small store and opened the post-office. Later, the two dissolved partnership, and J. P. Kelley moved from the ranch to the town site. He stocked up rather largely, and his place became the general meeting place.

During the next two years, 1877 and 1878, it seemed that the struggling little colony was, indeed, built upon shifting sands. Leadville and Ouray continued to draw people away. Notwithstanding the discouragement, however, some continued to come and settle upon property that had been deserted. John T. Parlin came in 1877 and settled on the Tomichi, near the mouth of Quartz Creek; Colonel W. H. F. Hall removed from Lake City to Gunnison; eastern parties visited the Elk Mountains; Dr. N. Jennings, of New Jersey, George McCoy, and others operated about Washington Gulch; Lewis Waller was still at the head of East River, and Wait and Croider on Rock Creek.

Then the overflow from Leadville reached Gunnison. Prospectors familiar with the ores of that camp found rich carbonates at the head of Quartz Creek, near the present site of Pitkin; others found carbonates at the head of the north branch of Tomichi. The news spread. In the spring of 1879, the rush began. Prospecting was conducted on a tremendous scale. An entire new town organization was effected June 5, the company being composed of Ex-governor John Evans, Henry C. Olney, Loudon Mullin, Alonzo Hartman, and Sylvester Richardson. The town was beautifully planned with wide streets and avenues; water for irrigation was put on the site. During the winter of 1879-80 a rupture in the town company took place; a part withdrew and made arrangements with the Denver and South Park railroad to pool about one thousand acres of land for town and railroad purposes. This was accomplished by the first of March, 1880, about two hundred acres being laid out and platted as the town site of West Gunnison. Richardson and Captain Loudon Mullin were the chief early promoters of West Gunnison, and Alonzo Hartman and others of East Gunnison. Richardson built the pioneer drug store in the fall of 1878, on what was later known as Wisconsin Avenue; the building served as church, office of the district clerk, law office, doctor's office, public school, and as a place for dancing and for public and political meetings. It was in this building that Miss Ida M. Gould, Gunnison's first public school teacher, held forth. Thousands came weekly. A correspondent, writing to the Pueblo *Chieftain* from Parlin's ranch, on May 17, 1880, says that on the day previous he counted two hundred fifty teams bound for Gunnison, Ruby, Gothic. "One would think," he says, "that there must be an end to this procession, but the end is not yet, for far away on the Saguache road, there is a long line of white wagon covers."

Quoting from Professor Richardson at this time: "It is gratifying in the extreme for the writer to realize that all he has predicted and labored hard to accomplish is now being verified, and that, too, in a manner far exceeding his most sanguine expectations. As Gunnison county is teeming with life and the bustle of business, the writer feels that he has not labored and suffered in vain, for the

realization of his one great aim in life—the settlement and development of the Gunnison country.” The Professor took himself a trifle too seriously, perhaps, but his was a plucky fight; his dream, pictured before the doubting handful in Denver in 1874, had taken form and shape.

And his dreams expanded and multiplied with the expansion of the city and the multiplication of its enterprises. He was a prince of visionaries. His mine at Mt. Carbon took on new activity. Richardson’s coal freighting outfits, drawn by four to six yoke of oxen, were a familiar spectacle on the Ohio Creek road. At one time, it is said, he was offered \$40,000 for the mine; but it would have been far from the Professor to accept. As an old resident put it: “He would have laughed and refused, saying it was worth \$100,000, and thought no more of the proposition.” For some time he experimented with materials and soils on the river not far from town, in the hope of making a good grade of cement. So much time did he expend upon this, and so persistently did he spread cement propaganda—all too unsuccessfully—that a few improperly irreverent ones dubbed him “Old Cement.” The soil with which he experimented contains a large quantity of lime, and is being utilized now, by C. T. Sills, in the making of lime for commercial purposes. He energetically projected a brick and terra cotta plant and a paint factory. Material for making paint, he insisted, was plentiful in the soil. His drug and stationery establishment continued to prosper. He started an assay office in 1880, the chemical laboratory in charge of Hugh Miller, nephew of the renowned Scotch geologist. Miller had spend a part of the year 1874 with Richardson in the Elk Mountains.

He recognized the important part good roads occupy in the development of a country, and for a number of years had some road project on hands. The Gunnison and Lost Canon Toll Road, Lime, and Lumber Company was organized April 30, 1880, with a capital stock of \$10,000, the officers being S. Richardson, president; James H. Myers, vice-president; Aaron Hines, secretary and treasurer; John W. Boulden, superintendent. In the same year a company was organized to construct a toll road from Mt. Carbon to Grand River. It started with a capital stock of \$5,000 and with S. Richardson as president; Willis Kissee, vice-president; Fred Kreuger, secretary; and J. W. Boulden, superintendent. The road, according to the *Review*, was open to Ruby by July, 1880. The old road from Gunnison to Cebolla—occasionally called the “Richardson Road” at the present time—was built by Richardson at a cost of \$2,000 and sold to Otto Mears at a loss of \$1,000. He was also concerned, in 1882, with the construction of the Black Mesa road to Uncompahgre.

He entered into the building enterprises of the town—which comprised structures built on thin air and structures with a firmer foundation. In one of the *Reviews* for June, 1880, we read of a two-story building fifty by one hundred ten feet, to be erected soon by Richardson. The basement was to be a restaurant, and the whole building was to be made imposing by four fronts of cut stone, with iron columns. For some little time he proposed to build an opera house, and the paper makes frequent mention of the mental growth of the proposed structure. Joseph Blackstock, in an interesting reminiscence of Richardson, gave this as typical: “With an air as if casually dropping a trifle from his wealth of plans, he would say, ‘I am going to build a bank on this corner.’” But many of his schemes materialized: he owned a great number of lots, and erected building after building for residential and business purposes; some were wooden shacks and others substantial brick structures with cement or stone foundations.

He was active in literary lines. He wrote for publication in the local papers numerous historical sketches, Indian legends, experiences on the plains and in

the hills. His account of a trip he had made to the ruins of the cliff-dwellers was widely copied. He corresponded for various papers in the state, among them the *Colorado Farmer*, and occasionally for an eastern paper. He was in demand for speeches on any and all occasions. As president of the West Gunnison Literary Society, he made addresses which were reproduced at length in the *Review-Press*, and which furnish a lively—if somewhat amusing—reminder of the times when the “literary” was a vital factor in the process of turning out American citizens. There were very few of the programs in which he did not take an active part as debater, speaker, or musician. He wrote and spoke clearly and precisely; one follows him with interest.

Perhaps the most important of his literary ventures was the *Gunnison Sun*, the first issue of which appeared September 29, 1883. It was an eight-page paper, one side printed in Denver. Like its editor it proposed to be “independent in all things, neutral in nothing.” The *Review-Press* in a little political innuendo says, “The entire concern is candidate for sheriff. He, she, or it is a shrewd politician.” The reference is to “Doc” Shores, then candidate for sheriff. According to the Republican paper, the *Sun* was established to promote his candidacy. After a comparatively short season of brilliancy, the *Sun* had its setting—after the manner, unfortunately, of other of the Professor’s ventures.

During 1882-84 he became interested in various colonizing expeditions—one near Delta, and one in the North Fork country. In November, 1885, his finances depleted, his projects in ruins, he and Joseph Harpole set out with wagon and team for the region of Moab, Utah, there to begin anew. He had previously explored the country on horseback. The collector on the toll road refused to receive toll from Richardson, who had done so much as a road builder; so the old professor, with his little span of mules and his spring wagon, passed out of the Gunnison country, his sole remaining capital, three dollars, intact. He founded one of the first Gentile colonies in Utah, acted as postmaster fourteen years in the little Utah town which bore his name, and served as county attorney. There he married a second time, the lady being Marian Muir, a writer of some ability, whose acquaintance he had first formed through some contributions she had made to the *Gunnison Sun*. She lives, at present, at 404 Wyoming Boulevard, Denver, and has kindly contributed some items to this narrative. Richardson died in Morrison, Colorado, at the home of Mrs. Richardson, May 5, 1902.

In appearance, Richardson was over six feet in height, and was spare of build. He went unshaven and looked with little consideration on the so-called conveniences of civilized life. A bed upon the prairies or in the hills or before the fire in his office pleased him quite as much as one more conventional. He was a fascinating conversationalist, and compelled attention. Though some spoke jestingly about his projects and his eccentricities, no one treated him openly with anything but the greatest respect. He was always confident, always hopeful, and his trust in others was unbounded. This story, told by one familiar with him, serves to illustrate: In the spring of 1883, Richardson ran for mayor. Dr. Rockefeller was the Republican candidate. The professor—in reality a Republican, but having independent tendencies—had fallen into the hands of the Philistines (meaning no disrespect to the Democratic party). The Democrats induced him to make the race, thinking that he would draw some Republican votes and thus Dr. Rockefeller might be defeated. About four o’clock in the afternoon the sanguine Professor exclaimed to Mr. Pennington, who was driving his campaign wagon, “Call off the dogs of war; we are safe.” Alas for faith in one’s friends; when the votes were counted it was found that the professor polled but thirty-

one! (Incidentally, Dr. Rockefeller was elected.) "But Richardson would have forgotten and forgiven all by the next day," said the narrator.

Whatever else we may say of Sylvester Richardson, we must do justice to his public-spirited loyalty to the town. "The first I ever heard of Gunnison," said Joseph Blackstock, "was through an article in the *Colorado Farmer* of '74 or '75, by Richardson." "We met Mr. Richardson going to Denver as we were driving into the country in 1874," says Mrs. Joseph Heiner. "He stopped to tell us of the wonders of the Gunnison country." Mrs. Heiner was then a child of seven, but she recalls the meeting distinctly. In August, 1882, he, with Howard Smith, represented Gunnison County at the mining exposition in Denver—the exposition at which Gunnison made such a remarkable showing. The following quotation is from one of the Denver papers: "Professor Richardson is constantly in attendance, and is one of the most indefatigable workers on the grounds, and never wearies of answering questions about the great resources of Gunnison County." And so it goes. Instances could be multiplied. Like the old sailor made famous by Coleridge, he felt the injunction laid upon his heart to tell his story—and that story was of the potential Gunnison. When other men were discouraged, he persevered; when other men left the country in despair to search for better opportunities elsewhere, Richardson kept on working and planning in expectation of the brighter days which he had prophesied; when other men sold their holdings and filled their purses by taking advantage of boom prices, Richardson held on, losing chance after chance to make his own fortune, in the hope of bettering the financial condition of the majority or of developing the natural resources of the country. He followed the advice which he gave to his colonists in 1871, and had for himself a higher and nobler aim than the mere accumulation of wealth. Perhaps it is because of this that we speak of him as an impractical dreamer. He was genuine, for the stern frontier took its pick of all that came to it and rejected all that were mean of spirit or faint of resolve or slow of resource.

"The hopes of the future," says Joseph Conrad, "are a fine company to live with, exquisite forms, fascinating if you like, but—so to speak—naked, stripped for a run. The robes of glamour are luckily the property of the immovable past, which without them would sit, a shivery sort of thing under the gathering shadows." The glamour of the highway belongs, indeed, to the past, and the road has become merely a road. Romance no longer lies just over the range; with the passing of many feet along the once untrodden ways, the dust of the commonplace year dims the vision. The rubbish of disappointed hope and unrewarded toil has accumulated until the life of that older day, despite its glamour, is buried as deeply as its records in the Memorial Building in Topeka. But Sylvester Richardson, though he belongs to that romantic, buried past, is still inseparably connected with those "hopes of the future"; and we think of him as but taking rest before going upon adventures brave and new.

Ho, for Gunnison!

HO, FOR GUNNISON! Land of opportunity!

It was the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and eighty. The Lamp of Aladdin had been rubbed, and the genii of chance had granted the people's wish. Marvelous veins of precious metals had been uncovered in the near-by mining camps, and the excitement spread like a contagious fever. From restless city and worked-out camp came the prospector—eager, reckless, often lawless, the frenzied lust for gold in his glittering, gambling eyes. Prospectors had come into the Elk Mountains earlier and invested their little all in "diggings." Fortune turned a frowning face upon them; they lost; and departing, they hurled maledictions upon the land that had defrauded them, tricked them. Gunnison became among miners a synonym for Hades.

Then all was changed. Big strikes were made; the prospector came again; his enthusiasm a little damped, to be sure, not to find himself walking in very semblance the streets of the New Jerusalem, but not to be dazzled by any lucky turn of fortune. The long rows of tents and the bright campfires stretching along the east bank of the Gunnison made a spectacular panorama during the summer nights of 1880, and the continuous braying of hundreds of burros disturbed the peace of the sleep-inclined all through the night. By the middle of May, says the *Review*, there were at least five hundred persons tenting immediately west of town, and more were arriving daily. That was the time when Boston baked beans constituted the staple eatable and sold for forty-five cents a can, and men sat along the streets and cooked their meals over a fire between two stones. Then, in the field of business enterprise, gambling was quite as legitimate as groceries; then, human life was reckoned none too dearly, and chance might add a running street fight to the day's unique program. Then, "two bits" was the smallest change current. Then, adventurous boys went to bed at night to dream of the wealth they would carry back to the home folk, and men spent freely and planned colossally.

In the wake of the prospector came the town builders, the investors. The great obstacle which had to be met was lack of lumber. For months the people alternated between hope and discouragement. Lumber was from \$60 to \$65 a thousand, but it was not the exorbitant price that retarded building; the lumber could not be had. A road to Lost Canon, where a sawmill was in operation, was finally made passable, and lumber obtained from there; material was freighted over the range. With great rejoicing the investors commenced the erection of homes and business houses, trades being plied in tents, meanwhile. Two hundred buildings were erected in three months—from May 15 to August 15, 1880. Among the first were Stone and Phillips' grocery; Fred Kreuger's hardware; the *Review* building; D. H. Bidwell's stone block; the Niehl and Fritz brewery; Yule and Mullin's livery; the two-story building by the town company; a schoolhouse; and the Cuenin House, on New York Avenue and Tenth Street, which boasted twenty-three sleeping rooms, sample rooms, a dining room with a seating capacity of one hundred, a billiard hall, and a bar—all under the supervision of the jovial and popular landlord, Joseph Cuenin. Moses Bloch was at this time the leading clothier. None of the buildings erected were beautiful, none of them specimens of architecture; in fact, many were not even comfortable; they showed

a spirit that was impatient of delay, a feverish anxiety that brooked no attention to detail.

July 24, 1880, heralded the extension of J. L. Sanderson's stage line to Gunnison. Sanderson was a veteran in the business. On the first day of July, 1840, he drove his first stage out of Burlington, Vermont. Moving westward to Missouri, he affiliated with Barlow. They suffered much depredation from guerilla bands during the Civil war; stock was stolen, men were killed, stage robberies were frequent. At the end of the war Sanderson extended his lines to Kansas City, and to Denver by way of Pueblo. His lines to New Mexico and Arizona were harassed continually by Indian marauders, but he would not be terrorized, and finally active hostilities ceased altogether. He ran a double daily line of four-horse stage coaches from South Arkansas (now Salida) on the Denver and Rio Grande, to Gunnison and Pitkin. On the first trip into Gunnison, thirty-two passengers were unloaded. This added to the bustling activity. People were awakened at night by the rumble of the heavy coaches as they drove into town and discharged their loads of passengers at one of the four thriving hotels, for by 1881, the "Tabor," the "Mullin," the "Gunnison," and the "Red Lion" were receiving and accommodating large numbers daily. It was Sanderson's stage coach that conveyed General Grant, together with his son and Governor Routt, to Gunnison in the summer of 1880, and after his days spent in fishing, driving over the valley roads, and visiting mining camps, took him on to the San Juan country.

Any newly opened country must have its inducements to capital, if it has any expectation of growth. Gunnison's offerings were manifold and tempting. In one hand she extended her magnificent store of ores, as yet but touched, and with all promise of marvelous development. At the National Mining and Industrial Exposition in Denver, August, 1882, Gunnison received first premium for gold and silver, and first and second premiums for iron and coal. In the other hand she held her wonderful manufacturing advantages—water power sufficient to promote the erection of huge engines of commerce. Indeed, the erection of a glass manufactory and a fire brick plant was thoughtfully considered for some time. The country also possessed the finest grazing and dairying possibilities, although these were overlooked in the general excitement incident to the discovery of ores.

Viewed with the beauty-seeking and with the money-seeking eyes of adventurous outsiders, Gunnison possessed all the desirable qualities of a lovely woman, surrounded by a pursuit-provoking air of mystery and possessed of wealth as well as beauty. Standing in the heart of Gunnison, one sees the backbone of the continent fifty miles east, with Mt. Ouray in the distance. At the north extends the beautiful chain of Elk Mountain. To the west loom the Palisades and Mt. Mackintosh. To the east, Tomichi raises its blue dome in lovely state. Some forty miles southward is the Sawtooth range, cutting the horizon with jagged summits. The constant sight of those mountains is anything but monotonous. Each day brings a surprise with its dawning, marshals a new cloud force to cast ever-changing shadows on the heights, lending novelty to their beauty. As to the mystery, the whispered tales of the untold wealth of the Ute Reservation—of which Gunnison was the "key"—were enough to stir the desire of the least imaginative or adventurous. The financial prospects of the new country were most encouraging. Rich stores of gold, silver, iron, lead, copper, and coal were open to discovery and development. The surrounding camps of Irwin, Gothic, Tin Cup, Ruby, Crested Butte, Pitkin, and White Pine were to Gunnison—the local phrase had it—as spokes to a wagon wheel. The location of the town as supply center for a vast territory seemed to bespeak a coming metropolis.

As is true in the case of every town in its infancy of growth, the railroads

played a principal role in the history of Gunnison. They entered on the stage of its progress very soon after news of the fabulous wealth of the new country had circulated. The Denver and Rio Grande invested heavily in gold, silver, and copper mines in the vicinity of Gunnison. In a short time the railroad was storming its way with pick and blast westward through the mountain that seemed to thrust out rock-bristling sides—grim barriers to approach. At the same time the South Park division of the Union Pacific was tunneling northward, moving ever closer to the goal. In August, 1881, the Denver and Rio Grande made its triumphant entry into Gunnison City, and the stage line of J. L. Sanderson moved on to newer fields of activity—the San Juan country, Ouray, and Montrose.

Within two years, with its five thousand people—three thousand five hundred inhabitants and one thousand five hundred “floating” population—the city assumed metropolitan airs. A Philadelphian, in telling of the founding of Gunnison and its subsequent growth, said: “The stories of the changes in the Gunnison country rival the tales of the Arabian Nights.” From a *terra incognita* it had emerged into a land of promise; Gunnison City had grown from a “sagebrush park” to a prosperous town with the expectation of becoming “queen city” of the Western Slope. The wild, barren, rocky plateau at the confluence of the Tomichi and Gunnison rivers, the old racing ground of the Indians, which had echoed with the jeering, or defiant, or triumphant yells of the redmen, was covered with the abodes of civilized man, crossed by railroads, resounding with the hum of human activity.

Early in the history of the town promising municipal projects were under way. In 1880 the Bank of Gunnison, with a capital of \$30,000 and a surplus of \$10,000, was organized. The directors were the Hon. A. A. W. Tabor, vice-president of the First National Bank of Denver; Irving Howbert, president of the First National Bank of Colorado Springs; George Fisk, cashier of the Bank of Leadville; S. G. Gill; Alonzo Hartman. The story is told that when Gill left Denver, he locked up the greater part of the bank capital in his safe, addressed it to Alonzo Hartman, and shipped it by way of Alamosa. When he reached that place, he found such a vast quantity of freight *en route* for Gunnison that it was a week before his safe could be moved. There it stood, with its precious contents on the platform of the forwarding house, and there, also, never far from his valuable charge, loafed Sam G. Gill, dressed in overalls and mingling with the freighters. When the safe was loaded, he promptly tried to secure passage, but was allowed to do so only on condition that he should “do half the cooking, hitch and unhitch the mules, and buy all the supplies.” This arrangement was prolonged, for there were difficulties and delays on the road; and not until the end of fifteen days was the money safe in Gunnison. In May the bank increased its capital to \$50,000.

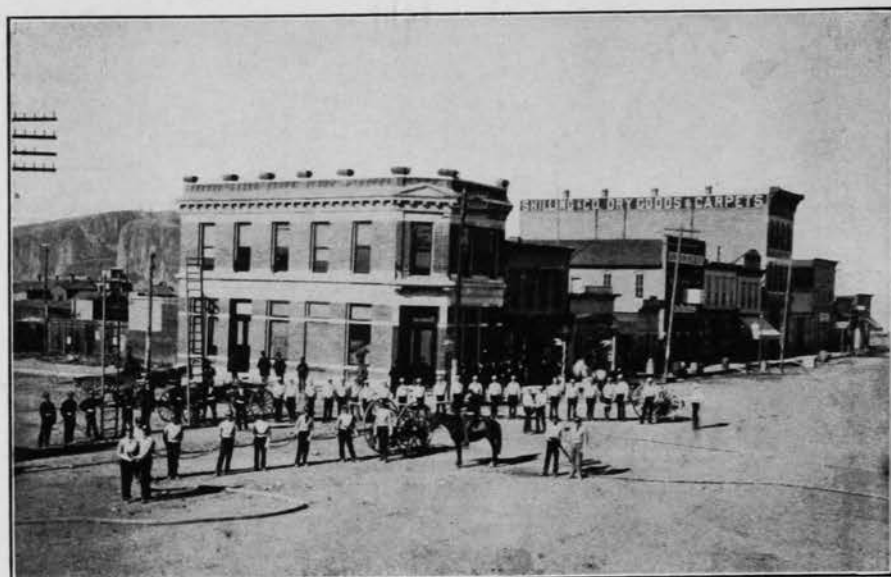
Another early bank was the First National of Gunnison, the first national bank that was chartered in Colorado west of the range. It was established May 27, 1882. The officers were Lewis Cheney, president; F. C. Johnson, vice-president, and Mark Coppinger, cashier. The stockholders comprised some twenty business men of the state, all wealthy. Cheney was already president of three national banks in Colorado, and Coppinger of two.

Visiting capitalists were extended every hospitality by the enterprising residents of Gunnison. They were received, banqueted, excursions, and reluctantly allowed to depart. At one time a group of Wyoming editors was entertained, among whom was Bill Nye of the Laramie Boomerang. In 1882 the citizens of Gunnison were stirred to excitement on hearing of a number of English capitalists who were visiting Lake City and investing in mines in that vicinity. A delegation was sent over the sixty miles of mountain roads to tender the English party an

invitation to Gunnison. The visitors were Lieutenant-Governor Dorshiemer of New York; Mr. Argles, London solicitor, and the Hon. Robert Tennant, M. P., who came to America with the Duke of Manchester to look into some Eastern projects. They were feasted at the St. James Hotel, and expressed themselves as much pleased with the hospitable spirit and hopeful prospects of the town. Never before, affirmed the Honorable Robert Tennant, had he been so impressed by an open-hearted deed of hospitality, as he was by that dangerous night ride over the hills to extend his party the invitation to Gunnison. It probably formed a contrast to other of his American experiences, for at Raton, New Mexico, this story is related of him: He was seated at table with a number of frontiersmen, when one of the company politely requested him to pass the sugar. A stony British stare was the sole response. Quick as a flash a shining revolver barrel gleamed across the table. "Please pass the sugar," came in cool, even tones, and the Honorable Robert Tennant passed the sugar.

Gunnison's wide-spread fame and phenomenal growth made her one of the "show places" of the state. A party of Colorado editorial excursionists stopped in Gunnison in July, 1883. A banquet was given for them at the Tabor House. Senator Stevenson, Judge Carr, Geo. Abbott of the Leadville *Herald*, Hon. J. E. Letcher, Judge Shackelford, Wolfe Londoner, and H. B. Jeffries of the Denver *Times*, were speakers of the evening. A big dance was held in the opera house, and before journeying on to Crested Butte and other points of interest, the "press gang" voted Gunnison "the prospective wealthiest, most influential, and prosperous city in the state—the metropolis of Western Colorado." The national encampment of the G. A. R. met in Denver in July, 1883, and five hundred of the visitors, including Commander-in-chief-Elect, Colonel Beath, visited Gunnison. They were met by the Gunnison Post, the fire department, and the band, and were shown the city in its rosiest light. They invested immediately to the amount of \$25,000, with promise of more later. Denver complained that she furnished the entertainment, while Gunnison received the benefits—one of the many evidences, now amusing, of the feeling of rivalry between the two cities.

The first capitalist of note to invest in Gunnison City projects was E. A. Buck, proprietor of a New York sporting sheet, the *Spirit of the Times*. He invested fully \$150,000 in different enterprises in and around Gunnison. He built the houses known as Boutcher-Buck addition, among them the present homes of Messrs. McKee, Tapscott, Collins, Berryhill, and Estes. He owned and published the Democratic organ of Gunnison, the *News-Democrat*, which carried on a lively personal and political war with the rival Republican organ, the *Review-Press*. In order to facilitate the gathering of news, he established two hundred fifty miles of private telegraph lines, extending from Gunnison to all neighboring camps and to Leadville, Ashcroft, and Aspen. It was some time before the line was completed to Aspen; the men, under Manager Taylor, were forced to shovel through snow breast deep, and the people of that city awaited eagerly the tick of the instrument which announced their connection with the city across the mountains. Buck owned the Bullion King Mine at Irwin and much mining property in other camps, including coal fields on Ohio Creek. According to the '82 dailies he was then considering building private roads to his mines if rates could not be made with the railroads. He visited the field of his investments a number of times, but only for brief periods. He is described by T. W. Gray as extremely aristocratic in appearance, and extremely plain of speech. His interests here were under the management of Frank P. Tanner, who now lives at Collbran, Colo. M. G. Mallowney, popularly known as Mike Mallowney, was city editor of the Buck paper, and N. P. Babcock, an eastern journalist, was editor-in-chief.

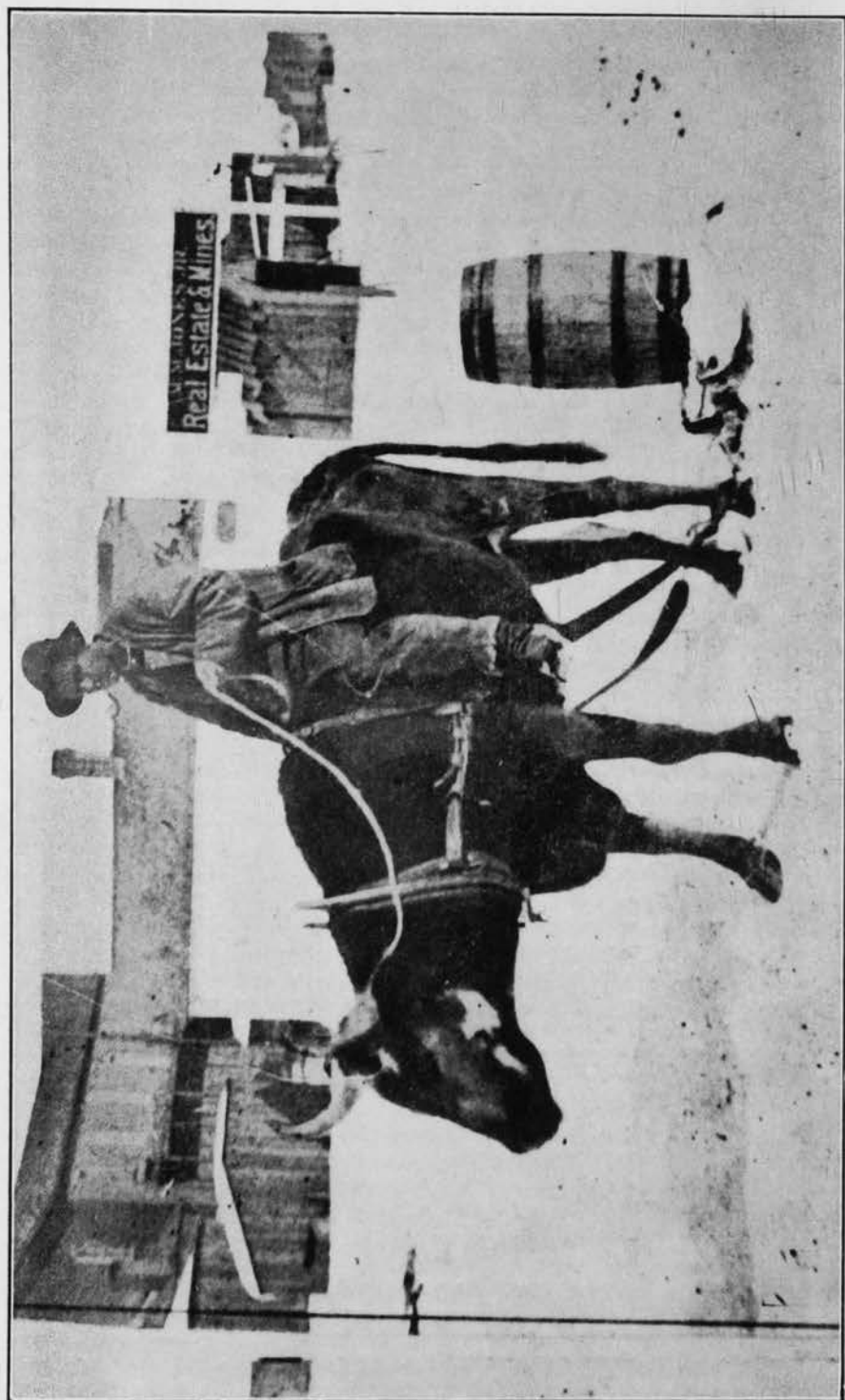


GUNNISON'S FIRE DEPARTMENT, 1882

Photograph by George Mellen

Buck's liberality in all town enterprises was great: he donated the first church bell that was rung in Gunnison; he gave \$500 to the fire company which still bears his name, for the purchase of a new fire engine, and it was he who first supplied hose cart and ladder. The schools were forced to close in the spring of 1882, the levy having been insufficient to carry the year's work to completion. Buck, on being apprised of the difficulty, promptly proffered, through his manager, Mr. Tanner, the necessary amount. But, alas for party jealousies! Buck was a Democrat; the Republicans were in control. The latter would have to sustain the charge of inefficiency, and the former would receive the credit of coming to the rescue. The offer was declined. In 1881 Buck went abroad in the interest of the English Smelting Company of Gunnison, reputed to have a capital of \$1,500,000. If he was not successful in this project, he can at least be known as a firm champion of the new country, as first and most liberal in assisting public enterprise.

From the time of the initial ore discoveries, the question of a smelter was agitated. Mass meetings were held to discuss the advisability of erecting a plant. On July 27, 1882, word was brought that E. R. Moffet of Joplin, Missouri, had offered \$110,000 for the "Silent Friend" mine. The offer was refused, and nothing further was heard of Moffet until news came, August 4, 1882, that he had looked upon the land and found it good; he had decided to build a smelter in Gunnison City. The machinery was sent for in September, and the smelter "blew in" December 16, 1882. "Silent Friend" ore was treated, and the result was fairly satisfactory. The apparent success of the Moffet smelter gave Gunnison good cause for rejoicing, for if successful, it would be a great inducement to investors. In spite of good reports, however, it was found that the smelting process could give no recompense for the money expended in its operation. Moffet left the enterprise in the hands of his two sons. In a few years the smelter was abandoned altogether.



GUNNISON WATER WORKS, 1880

1882 brought a heavier inrush of capital. St. Louis capitalists became interested in the future of the Gunnison country. Benjamin W. Lewis was the moving spirit of the group. For a time he had represented his father, a tobacco merchant, in London. Later he organized the Merrimac Iron and the Big Muddy Coal companies with headquarters in St. Louis; then he became president of the Kansas City and Great Northern Railroads. Big deals in grain on the St. Louis stock exchange added to his immense fortune. He looked about for a field in which to invest, and decided upon Gunnison, his ambition being to make the city a "Second Pittsburg." His associates in Gunnison enterprises were J. W. Harrison, of St. Louis; J. H. Schoonemaker, Pittsburg; and J. P. Gray, Pittsburg. D. J. McCanne was the resident manager. They bought four hundred acres of iron fields and fifteen hundred acres of coal fields in Gunnison county; so determined were they to "make" the locality, that they would sell no portion of this iron field without the stipulation that the works should be erected within the county.

In 1880 the water works of the town was composed of a picturesque character known as "Dobe John," a complacent flop-eared donkey, a dilapidated sledge, and a barrel of water. "Dobe John" got the water from the spring at the Red Lion Inn and drove through the streets calling his wares, or to be exact his ware. The Gunnison Gas and Water Company, organized in 1883—promoted by the St. Louis capitalists—furnished a notable contrast. The *Review-Press* says of it: "There has been no investment in Gunnison which has done more to settle the question of its future, or promises to be of more credit to the city than that of the Gunnison Gas and Water Company. They have put in a plant costing \$200,000, and did so when the size and patronage of the town did not justify that enormous expenditure of capital. Yet with that foresight which seems to characterize some men, they saw in Gunnison the germ which was, ere many years, to develop into a city of many thousand souls, and accordingly put in both gas and water works of a capacity to supply thirty thousand people. The buildings are substantial, and the supply of both gas and water is of a quality which challenges criticism." It names Ed. O'Geran as the "pioneer illuminator" of Gunnison, as he was the first to strike the match that brought a little blue flame hissing and sputtering from the tube which was to supply the town with light and heat for some time.

For several months the Gunnison people had heard rumors of a huge steel and iron foundry to be erected in their midst, by this same St. Louis Company. The *Denver Tribune* of April 5, 1883, makes the following statement concerning it: "Inquiry develops the fact that the company is the strongest that has ever engaged our attention, possessed of unlimited capital. The representatives are now here, and it is not improbable that some of our Denver millionaires may join in the enterprise. * * * It is understood that one or two other enterprises of magnitude connected with the iron and steel works will be founded in Gunnison, and as the whole will be tributary to the city, its importance will be appreciated by those who have been waiting for substantial advance in manufacturing interests." A. B. Johnson's editorial in the *Review-Press* at the same time, throws light on Gunnison's estimate of her future: "The location of iron and steel works at Gunnison has thrown a bomb shell into Denver's future which causes the greatest commotion ever experienced in the Queen City of the Plain. * * *" The townspeople hailed the announcement of the new project with great delight. They celebrated the event by illuminated buildings, a huge bonfire, a grand procession of horsemen, carriages, and footmen bearing torch lights. Every man shook hands with his neighbor, friend and foe alike, and congratulations were mutual. Lots increased in value from \$150 to \$400. Alas! The iron and steel foundry never rose higher than its foundations.

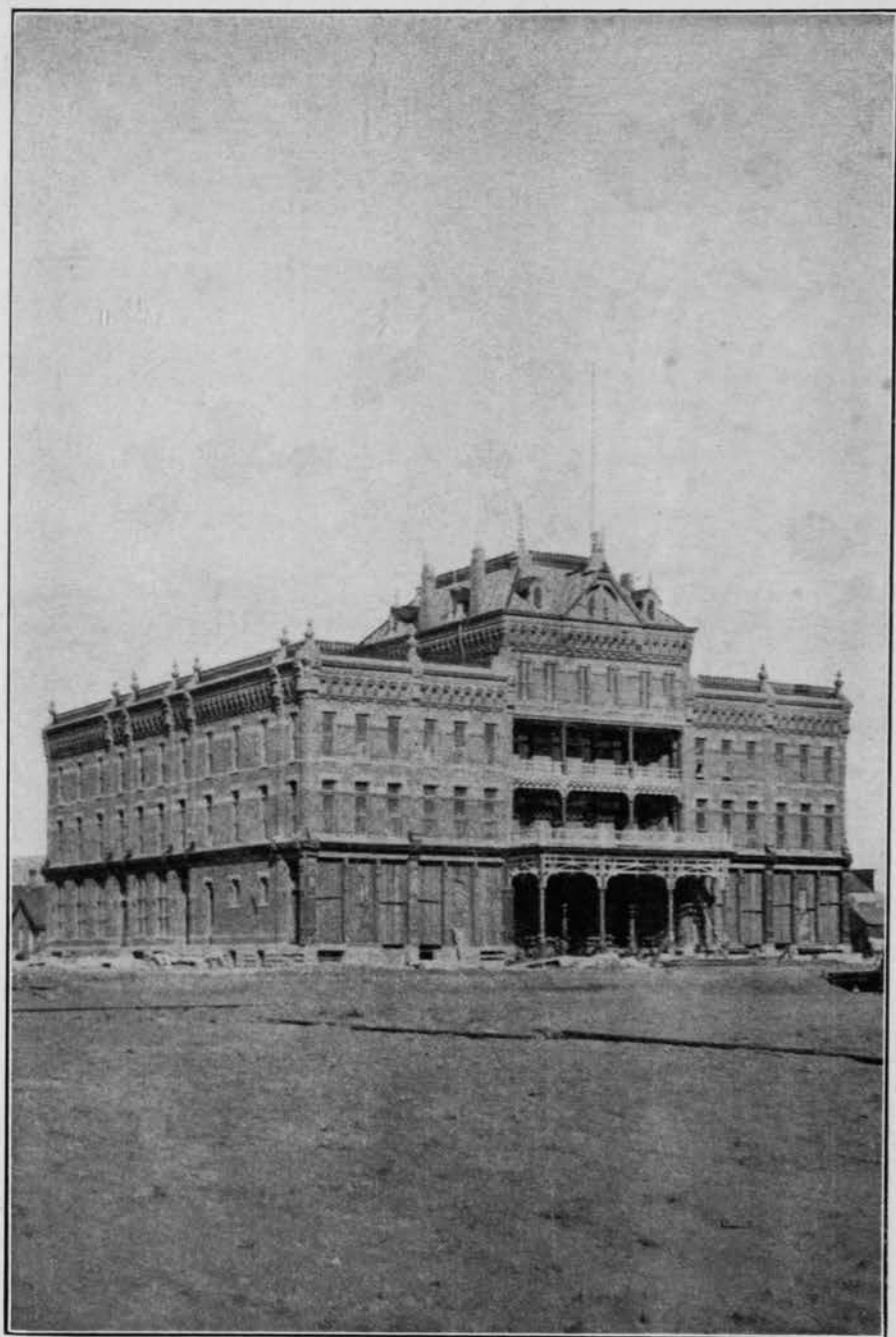
Another project of the St. Louis capitalists, which was very successful for a time, was La Veta Hotel, a \$200,000 structure. George Williard, a wealthy business man of Ironton, Ohio, was the first to undertake the erection of a large hotel. Under the management of Williard and Captain L. Mullin, the foundations were built. Then Williard became financially embarrassed and sold his interest in the hotel to B. W. Lewis, who, with the other St. Louis investors, organized a company to erect La Veta. The members of this company were J. H. McCoy, president; Captain L. Mullin, vice-president; D. J. McCanne, secretary; B. W. Lewis, treasurer. The hotel, a magnificent, well appointed structure, opened in April, 1884, is thus described in the local papers: "The building is a combination of Queen Anne and modern architecture, four stories in height, with basement and garret. It covers a space 125 feet square. A mansard roof covers the central portion of the building in front of the rotunda. A portico supported by iron pillars, and consisting mostly of iron work, covers the main entrance. Two wide balconies, built into the structure, extend in front of the second and third stories. In addition to the main building is an L kitchen, thirty feet by forty feet.

"The basement on the Boulevard is divided into six rooms, one of which is handsomely fitted up as the office of the Lewis Hotel and Improvement Company; another is the bath and barber department.

"There are on the ground floor a bank containing fire-proof vault, with elegant black walnut furniture; three store rooms; a large billiard room, forty feet by fifty-six feet, having six of the best tables manufactured, and a bar, back of which is the largest plate glass mirror in Colorado; a gentlemen's reading room, separated from the two main entrances by plate glass partitions of novel design and remarkable beauty; and the rotunda, a perfect gem of architecture. The floor of this rotunda is forty feet by fifty-six feet, and the light is admitted from above through hammered glass skylights. The inside finish is of costliest native wood. To the right of the rotunda is the dining room, fifty feet by eighty feet, furnished with carved black walnut tables, chairs, and sideboards, with the most expensive gas fixtures and all modern conveniences. The kitchen is a model of neatness and convenience, and is provided with all inventions in ranges and utensils known to the professional cook.

"The main stairway is one of the finest pieces of work of the kind in the west. It is made of fine black walnut, ash, and oak, and is covered with corrugated brass plates. This stairway alone cost between \$6,000 and \$7,000. Aside from the three stairways is an elevator. On the second floor are about forty sleeping rooms and a large parlor. The parlor is richly furnished, and opens on a balcony which commands a view of the city and of the Elk mountains. The third and fourth stories consist of sleeping rooms, making in all one hundred and seven. The halls and rooms throughout are carpeted with the best and latest designs of velvet and Brussels carpets. The furniture of the hotel was made exclusively for it, and has the letter L worked into it. Steam heat, water, and electric bells add to the general comfort and convenience."

In this magnificent structure gathered "the beauty and the chivalry" of the Western Slope, four hundred strong, for the formal opening, May 22, 1884. Before the banquet, Dr. N. Jennings, in behalf of the Masonic Fraternity of Gunnison, gave the address of welcome; Judge Gerry the reply. Following the banquet came the ball with its program of lancers, quadrille, Newport, and galop. The *Review-Press* of the day devotes two columns to costumes. Well might the same paper comment: "Five years ago the Utes danced their war dances along the Gunnison, perhaps on the very site of the present La Veta."



LA VETA HOTEL, APRIL, 1883

Photograph by George Mellen

By 1885 many of the mining camps encircling Gunnison had become comparatively quiet. Capitalists no longer walked the streets with money in each hand inquiring for the "last strike." Mining had not been put on a sufficiently scientific basis; money had been exchanged too recklessly. The depression was natural. This depression was reflected in Gunnison City. The *Review* was reduced from a six-column to a five-column publication; then to a tri-weekly; then to a weekly. La Veta, with its fabulous running expenses, was unable to remain open during the winter. The Moffet smelter "went to the wall." In June, 1886, the *Review-Press* said editorially: "Gunnison has been a world of prospects in the past five years. She has built upon a knowledge of unlimited and unequaled natural resources a super-structure of hope and anticipation. She has seen a hundred enterprises germinate, wither, and die."

But this quotation was merely introductory to another burst of hopeful enthusiasm. A new smelter was to be established! "This is the first well organized effort to develop the mining industry in Gunnison," continued the *Review*. It was also the final attempt to superimpose any but its natural, healthy growth upon the town. The enterprise was undertaken by B. W. Lewis and his associates, who had already expended \$400,000 in the vicinity. The new smelter was located on the Boulevard just south of La Veta, between the Denver and Rio Grande and the Denver and South Park tracks. The company organized with a capital stock of \$125,000, and with the following officers: W. H. Watters, president; B. W. Lewis, vice-president and manager; E. C. Simmons, secretary and treasurer; and N. A. Foss, superintendent. By June, 1886, it was in operation, and it proved to be the most successful of Gunnison's three smelters, though—whether it was through lack of ore in the surrounding country, or, as some say, through rate discrimination—it never succeeded in its avowed purpose: to make Gunnison the smelting center of the Rockies.

As I stand on Smelter Hill this twenty-fifth day of April, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixteen, I have a bird's-eye view of the whole town spread out beneath me; I note the scattered buildings, the lack of uniformity. (I recall that when I first left the station and proceeded main-streetwards, the town had, for me, a somewhat vacant expression, and like the speech of an old, old man, seemed rambling, disjointed, reminiscent.) In the distance I see La Veta, a relic of former glory—most of the old buildings are burned or otherwise destroyed. Turning, I see Stewart's Peak, six miles east. Is that light the ghost of the signal fires which the Utes kindled upon its snow-topped summit so many years ago? No; it is the reflection of the fading sunset which has centered there. I turn again to the town and look down on its streets. I see no luck-adoring "tinhorn" or prospector, no illuminated dance halls, or vice-teeming gambling dens; neither do I see the wild-riding, drink-hilarious cowboy—for the day of the cowboy, too, is past. Is this the town where "Judge Lynch" once held law and order in his avenging, merciless grasp? Just below me is the Colorado State Normal School standing on an eminence above the town as though holding itself a little aloof in conscious dignity. The early twilight has lowered. Lights shine forth from the pleasant dwellings of a town which has flung aside the garment of reminiscence—its traditions of a glowing, brilliant, effervescent past—and cloaked itself securely in a hopeful, healthy, reasonable growth in the future.

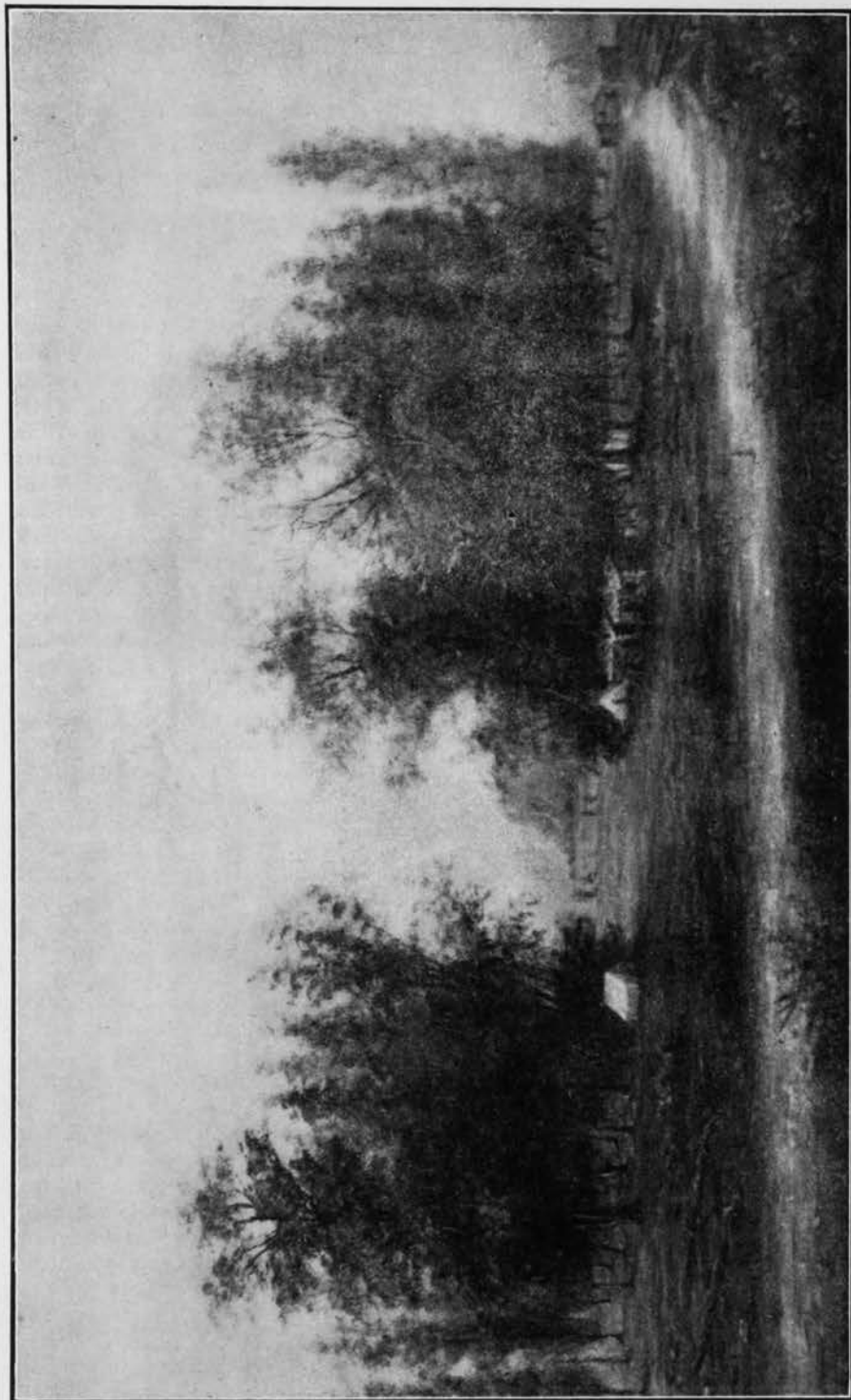
Pioneer Ranching Days

MINING IN GUNNISON COUNTY has had its ups and downs; it has known superlative success, and superlative failure. It may now be in a fair way to attain a happy medium. Ranching has been a sort of balance wheel, maintaining the success of the country. It was the first industry; it was overshadowed, from 1879-1885 or thereabouts, by the mining excitement and the general rush for mining property; then it came to its own and remains one of the leading industries. Coming here with all to gain and nothing to lose financially, with an unwatered stock of grit and initiative, which losses and difficulties augmented rather than decreased, the early ranchers have been steadily and continuously successful. "Do you know what I should do if I were a young man?" said T. W. Gray, who came here in 1880, when but a boy of twenty-one; "I'd go to Alaska. I think I was born a pioneer." That was the spirit they had and still retain.

As early as 1874 ranchmen came in, took up government land, and began to stock their holdings. The distinction of being the oldest settler in Gunnison or its vicinity belongs to Alonzo Hartman. "Blood will tell," says an old proverb, and as if in exemplification of the truth of this, we find that Hartman is descended from that hardy hero of all school boys—Daniel Boone. Small wonder then that he boldly set stake in Gunnison County (then a part of Lake County) when there was not another white man within fifty miles. The locality must have been a wilderness when Alonzo Hartman arrived here, Christmas day, 1872, to take charge of the government cattle camp. With him came Sidney Jocknick and James P. Kelley, and the three kept "bachelor hall" in a cabin about a mile below the present town site. Sidney Jocknick touches on these experiences in his *Early Days on the Western Slope of Colorado*. Hartman brought with him the first herd of cattle. He remained in the government service four years; then he took up one hundred sixty acres of government land, which was one of the first homesteads in the country. Later his holdings in land and cattle were increased until he owned one of the most highly developed, as well as one of the largest, best stocked ranches in the state. The experiences of C. L. Stone, first located on the Powderhorn; T. W. Gray and Frank and George Lightly, on Ohio Creek; John Parlin on the Tomichi, and others have been a repetition of Hartman's experience—a small beginning, a steady increase in prosperity, present affluence.

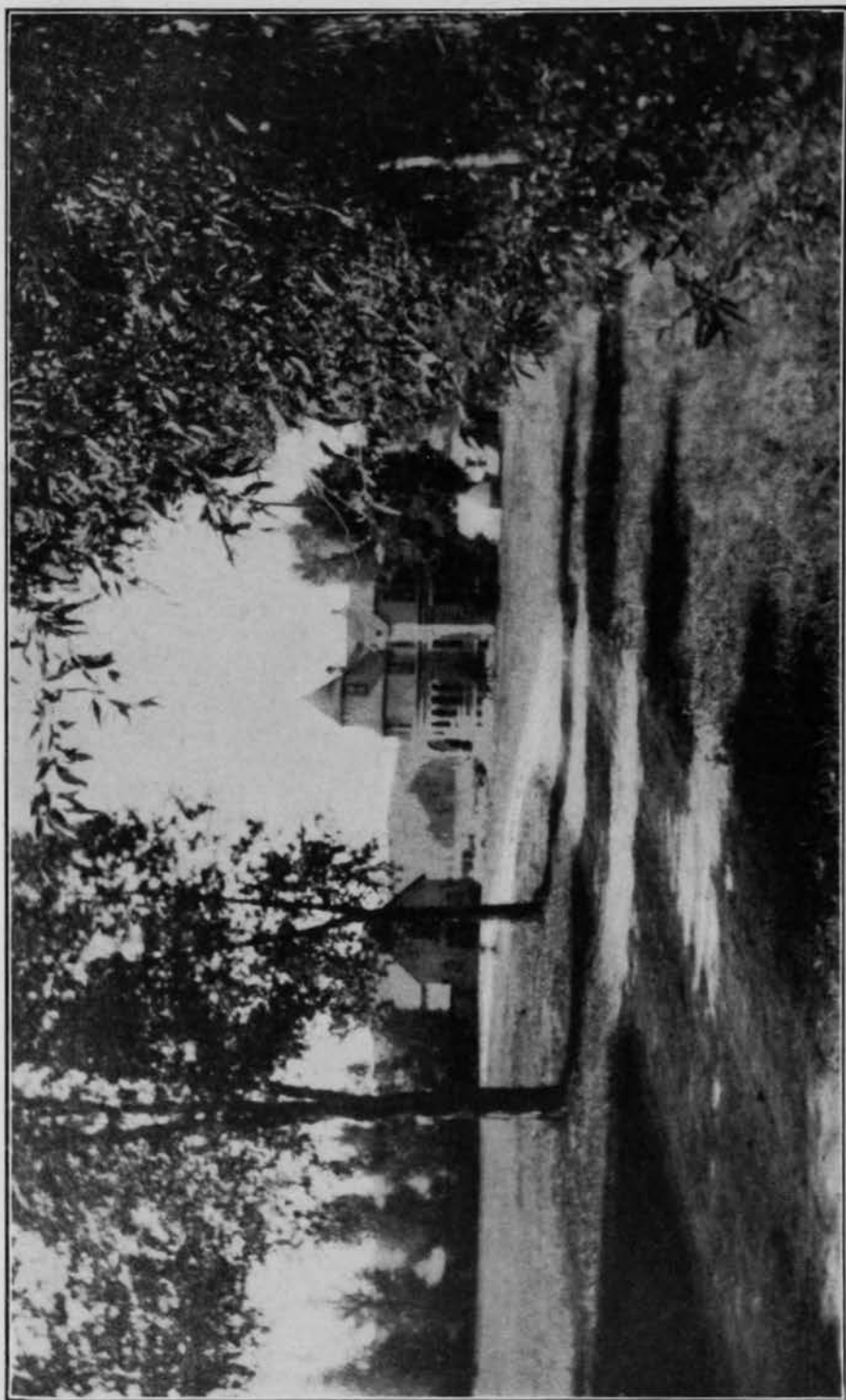
The commodious ranch house, the well-stocked farm, the automobile, were by no means the order of things in those early days. Isolation added to slender resources made ranching, then, a hand to hand fight; it partook of the elemental. Gunnison, without its railroad till the summer of 1881, with the great divide between it and civilization, was isolated, indeed. For the ranchmen, bad roads, lack of bridges, high water, deep snows, and distance, doubled this isolation. Thirty days without the mail, or possibly half the winter, was not an uncommon situation. Before the post-office was opened by Alonzo Hartman, in the spring of 1876, the connection with Uncle Sam's postal system was through the Los Pinos agency or Lake City. "In those days we got the mail when we could," was the remark of an old-timer. Ranchers had to use foresight and consideration in laying in supplies; they stocked up in the fall against the coming winter. Variety was dispensed with. Game was plentiful, both elk and deer, and this with bacon, canned goods, flour, and sugar comprised the necessities. What such isolation meant is perhaps best illustrated by two incidents related by Mrs. Joseph Heiner concerning her own childhood.

A neighbor down the valley, the old miser, Jacob Shucker, was going to the post-office at Lake City (sixty miles away over mountain roads); and she, a child



RANCH HOUSE OF ALONZO HARTMAN, 1872

From an old painting by Miss Monloc.



RANCH HOUSE OF ALONZO HARTMAN, 1893

of perhaps eight, was sent, long before daylight, to carry a letter for him to mail. The barefooted little girl hurried along the Indian trail, starting at every stir of muskrat, cringing at the lonesome howl of the coyote, shivering with cold and with fear that she might not arrive with the precious letter before the old man had set out. At last she could see dimly in the early gray of the dawning, the outlines of the miser's cabin and of his old white horse standing ready outside. Entering the door, she saw his crouching form at the fireplace. With a start the old man sprang toward her, still stooping, his lips curling back from his ugly fangs, his talon-like old hands extended to clutch her. As the frightened child stammered her errand, he thought better of his purpose, and spoke ingratiatingly to her, telling her she was a good girl, exacting her promise never, never to tell how she had found Uncle Jakey mending his hearthstone, and sealing the promise with the precious gift of a lump of sugar. Little did the child dream that under the hearthstone lay concealed a hoard of fifty thousand dollars in gold nuggets. Her letter safely delivered, she started homeward with the treasured lump of sugar held fast in one little hand. Many longing glances fell on it, but it did not pass the eager lips, for father was very sick, and neither he nor any other member of the family had tasted sugar for more than a year. The sweet morsel must be saved for him. The very immensity of the child's sacrifice speaks eloquently of the remoteness and self-denial of the times.

Judge Smith's illness was of long duration. His wife, who had considerable skill as a nurse, exhausted her resources without success, and no assistance was to be had. Once, after she had spent the night in watching over the almost dying man, she was met in the morning by a desperate appeal from Mr. Mergleman. His wife would surely die if she did not have some immediate care; there was no one else to ask. Though she dared not hope she should ever see her husband alive again, Mrs. Smith set out at the sick man's urging, leaving him to the care of the little daughter. The good woman had, at least, the reward of finding him somewhat better, when she returned late in the night, after a ride of twenty miles and an anxious day spent in caring for the sick woman.

Lack of resources and lack of adaptation to new conditions added to the early hardships. The winters of '75-'78 had been comparatively mild, but the winter of '79 and '80 was excessively severe. The range was snow covered; hay could not be bought; as a consequence the cattle—many of them—were lost. It was in this year that T. W. Gray testifies to having paid for hay at the rate of \$240 per ton in Irwin. During the winter of '80-'81 it sold at from \$50 to \$100. Because of the isolation as well as the lack of money, machinery was scarce. The advent of the first mowing machine in the valley was an event. The first threshing machine is described as a diminutive affair with a two-horse separator which could easily be packed into the box of an ordinary wagon. It was brought in by Matt Arch, in 1887.

"But the early trials were nothing compared to those of a farmer in Western Kansas at the same time," said a rancher, who is familiar with both places. There, failure followed failure; one became hopeless. Here, in forty years, there has never been a failure in the hay crop. Water has always been plentiful. On the Ohio Creek the supply has been so easy of access that no water commissioner has been needed, or appointed. There is no large company ditch; each rancher individually (or perhaps two or three together) owns his ditch. They did not even prove up on their water rights until the Gunnison Tunnel project made it advisable for them to do so. Rotation of crops has not been necessary, as the muddy water turned on in the spring, covers the soil with a rich sediment which yearly acts as a renewer and fertilizer. The grass—the native blue stem and wire grass—is nutritious to an unusual degree, and if the fall is free from rains, makes a rich

winter feed. Cattle fattened upon it have been known to sell in Kansas City as corn-fed. It was never very difficult to find a market: when mining was active, the cattle were driven to the camps; after the decline of the camps they were shipped to Omaha and Kansas City at rates somewhat more favorable than those to be obtained now.

The cattlemen of the county organized early for the protection of their mutual interests, the date being May 10, 1884. John Parlin was the first president and Alonzo Hartman vice-president. This event was of no passing significance, as the organization has been continuous, and has been an active and prominent factor in the development of the country. Before 1880, land was free to whoever wished to preempt. During the boom of 1880 and following, it rose to \$25 or \$30 an acre; it went down with the boom, and rose again as the price of cattle went up, until now an average estimate would be \$50 or \$60 an acre.

A trip from Gunnison up Ohio Creek in the summer of 1880 shall serve as typical of ranching in the early days: We go across Wamsley bridge two and one-half miles north of town, paying toll to Ben Weir, the gate-keeper. The first ranch we reach is that of Louis Irnes, who has a hay and cattle ranch about two and a half miles above the mouth. He has been three years in the valley, has a number of head of cattle, and expects to cut enough hay to winter them. John Baum and Mr. Rockefeller have the next ranch—about three hundred twenty acres. They estimate the season's hay crop at one hundred fifty tons. Most of this ranch is enclosed, and it is well stocked. Purrier Brothers' ranch (later a portion of the Lightley and Easterly ranches), is about five miles above the river. They give one hundred fifty to two hundred tons as their hay prospect. Last year they cut from fifty to sixty tons, but this year they have put in ditches, which accounts for the advance. Henry Teachout, six miles up the creek has one hundred sixty acres of what is known as "second bottom" land. (This is a portion of what later became known as the T. W. Gray ranch.) He has built a comfortable and commodious residence, and has completed a ditch four or five miles long. E. C. Teachout has one of the best ranches on the creek, comprising two hundred acres. He has a hundred head of cattle and is milking sixteen head. J. W. Boulden's ranch (later the Lehman place), lies about nine miles from the river on the east side of the creek. Two miles beyond this one may—if he be so inclined—refresh himself at Tripp's Saloon, at the mouth of Mill Creek. The branch road at this place leads to Hall's sawmill, where much of the lumber for early building in Gunnison was secured. Wilson's ranch might be called the half-way house between Gunnison and Ruby, and entertains both man and beast. Fourteen miles up the creek we reach Loch Wamsley's. He has one hundred acres of bottom land, lying on the north of Carbon Creek. Adjoining his ranch is the coal mine of Wamsley, Yule, and Company. At the head of Carbon Creek is the new Clark and Stewart sawmill, one of the best in the Gunnison country. The mill is turning out an immense pile of lumber, and teams are lining the road for miles, hauling it to the yards in Gunnison. Ditto Brothers, just above Wamsley's, have been herding horses through the summer with great success. Knight owns the next ranch, and Payton the next. Last to be visited before returning to Gunnison is the King ranch, kept by D. L. Drake and Company. They have a quarter section of fine pasture land. They have built a commodious log stable and will soon build another stable and a large two-story house, of lumber which they will procure from Haverly, Boucher, and Company's new mill, only two and one-half miles distant. From the top of the hill, a few hundred yards distant, a fine view of Castle Rocks, six miles to the southeast, is to be had, and also a splendid view of Mt. Carbon. Sportsmen may find splendid trout fishing at the ranch; and plenty of bear, elk, antelope, and black-tail deer within a few miles.



GUNNISON COUNTY STOCK GROWERS' ASSOCIATION, 1885

Upper row, from left to right: S. B. Outcalt, Lee Lehman, P. Elson, A. E. Hyzer, A. M. Carpenter, F. E. Lightley, James McBride, W. F. Buckey.
Lower row, from left to right: W. P. Sammons, E. A. McGregor, Gus Mergleman, C. L. Stone, P. H. Vader, T. W. Gray, President, Alonzo Hartman, H. C. Bartlett, Dick Ball

The Moffet Smelter

THE PRESENT SITE of the Colorado State Normal School was once the location of a smelter. The ugly scar extending straight down the face of the low sagebrush covered eminence just beyond the Normal School campus is a reminder of the time when Enterprise once marched up the hill, and then—like the king of France in the nursery rhyme—just marched down again. It is the only trace remaining, except in the memories of the older inhabitants, whose disappointment was too deep not to be lasting, of the smelter that once bade fair to cover the hillside with the evidences of its industry; promised, too, to line the pockets of its owners and the people of Gunnison with wealth—or so at least one might suppose from reading of the enthusiasm with which the advent of the enterprise was greeted.

A problem had arisen over night, in the Gunnison country; the mine owners must find a cheaper method of refining their ores than by sending them to Denver. Busy rumor had it that E. R. Moffet, a capitalist of Joplin, Missouri, who had heard of the name and the fame of Gunnison, contemplated erecting a smelter here. An enthusiastic mass meeting was held, June 17, 1882, to "boost" for the new enterprise. The Moffets, it seemed, did not ask for money; they had all they needed; nevertheless pledges were made. Sam Gill pledged \$2,000; Captain Mullin, \$1,000; Rush Warner, \$1,000, five acres of land, and a team of horses to assist with hauling; Parks and Endner, \$500; Russel and Zugelder, \$500; Charles Shackelford, \$100, and so it went. They were playing for big stakes. The newspapers spread the smelter enthusiasm; prospectors, miners, real estate agents—all who were interested in the future of Gunnison, thought smelter and talked smelter. They realized what a determining factor such a project would be in the upbuilding of the entire country.

In July, 1882, E. R. Moffet arrived in Gunnison. His avowed purpose was to find a location in which the smelting industry would be profitable. After visiting and considering Pitkin, Crested Butte, and other towns in the vicinity, he decided that Gunnison itself was verily the location best calculated to secure the success of the enterprise. His decision but corroborated the deep conviction of the people of Gunnison. He left for St. Louis, promising to return speedily and begin work on the smelter.

Expectantly Gunnison waited for news of his return. But the days passed by, and no word was received. Doubt sprang up. Days lengthened into weeks, and no word came to the expectant people, who began to voice the sentiment that the thing which they greatly feared had come upon them. But just before departing August bade them give up their hopes entirely, a letter arrived from Mr. Moffet. "I am ready to commence putting up the building for the machinery," said the capitalist, "as soon as your people procure forty acres for the site, together with assurance of water sufficient to run the works." The enthusiasm in the rebound soared higher than before. A jubilant committee, composed of Messrs. E. M. Burton, Sam G. Gill, and Mark Coppinger, set out to fulfill Moffet's condition, a matter easy of accomplishment; in fact, it was decided to give him his choice of four prospective sites.

On September 9, 1882, twenty-two thousand pounds of machinery arrived, and the real construction work on the Moffet smelter began. The site chosen was the

forty acres of school land lying just northeast of the town. By the middle of December—less than four months from the day the work was first started—the buildings were completed, the machinery was in place, and everything was in running order. The Bartlett process of smelting was to be used, and the buildings were constructed accordingly. There were four: the engine room, the furnace room, and the “blue room,” comprising condensing room and “ghost room.” All of the structures, with the exception of the heating tower and the flue, were frame. The engine room contained two engines—one a twenty-five horsepower, and the other a seventy-five horse power, installed for emergency cases. A large fan forced the air into the heating tower or hot-air chamber. From this chamber the fumes were driven by fans into a long brick flue which carried them to the condensing room at the top of the hill. This flue was one thousand eighty-nine feet in length and one hundred seventy-five feet in perpendicular height. In the condensing room the fumes were caught in four mammoth hoppers made of cloth of sufficient coarseness to allow the air to escape, but sufficiently fine to retain the oxidized minerals. The room over the condenser was called the “ghost room” because of the number of long bags which were suspended from the joists to the flues in the hoppers. There were one hundred of these bags or “ghosts,” and their purpose was to collect the gas and allow it to escape through a ventilator in the roof. From engine room at the foot of the hill to blue room two hundred feet above, the smelter was at last complete.

“Will it work?” was now the question on everyone’s lips. For the test Mr. Moffet used ore from the “Silent Friend,” considered the most refractory in the country; he wished to prove beyond a doubt that the new method was successful. The smelter was started the night of December 16, and kept running for twenty-four hours. At first a difficulty was encountered: the mortar in the flue had frozen during the construction, and the hot air passing through, generated steam and caused a large part of the fumes to condense. This difficulty overcome, the experiment was a seeming success. The ore was smelted for lead, zinc, and silver.

Mr. Moffet, however, was not completely satisfied with the results; he had the furnace overhauled and rebuilt so that the ore might be converted into bullion, thus saving a per cent. of mineral that, before, was carried off in the smoke. The change did not seem to bring the desired result, and after several months’ work, the smelter shut down. Mr. Moffet shipped four car loads of ore to the Joplin works for experimentation, and left for St. Louis.

Not to be easily beaten, Mr. Moffet returned to Gunnison in August, 1884, to remodel his works. During his absence he had invented and patented what is known as the “Jumbo furnace,” which—it was claimed—would dispense with two-thirds of the labor and three-fourths of the fuel usually needed. He had installed it in his Joplin works and had experimented successfully with the Gunnison ores there. By the first of September, the Jumbo roaster was in good running order and cremating the most refractory ores. Its professed success seemed to signify a rosy future for Gunnison. The machinery was replaced by new models; more and better equipped buildings were erected, and a process put in operation whose success—it was predicted—would mean the revolutionizing of the smelting industry in Colorado. Much metal in the ore was saved in the “flux dust.” Ores from the “Silent Friend” carried thirty per cent. zinc, and, when it was smelted in a common furnace, only eight ounces of silver were saved. Mr. Moffet succeeded in saving, by his new process, sixty ounces of silver and all the zinc. Cars of ore were shipped in from every camp in the surrounding country and some from over the range. From forty to fifty men were on the Moffet pay roll. The railroads gave

good freight rates. The Moffet smelter was coming to represent the consummation of hopes long delayed.

But the prosperity, the success, the satisfaction proved to be short lived. "Patrick and Shaw," otherwise known as the "Gunnison" smelter, came into competition with that of Moffet, and there was not enough ore to supply both of the companies. Time and again the employees were laid off for a week or two until ore could be secured. The advantages of shipping to Gunnison consisted solely in lower freight rates, as the Grant works in Denver charged less for treatment and paid more for the values in the ore. A reputation for solidarity and capacity had first to be established before ores could be secured from distant points. The high faith of the people proved the only guarantee that there was a sufficient output in the immediate locality. In spite of all reports to the contrary, Moffet failed financially, and left the country, with many heavy debts unpaid. From the last of March until September, the only part of the smelter kept open was the assay office, where a son, John L. Moffet, continued to work.

In September, 1885, John L. Moffet and a brother took charge of the smelter, remodeled it, and changed the name from "The Moffet" to "The Jumbo." The two brothers themselves did nearly all the work of putting the establishment in shape; they made many improvements and changes. They had spent much time in examining the successful smelters in Pueblo and Denver and satisfied themselves that the difficulty was not in the process. Because of the failure of the elder Moffet, the sons were not given the confidence of the miners, who had been more or less disgusted by the "new-fangled processes and useless experiments" of the old management. Miners failed to send their ore to "The Jumbo," although every inducement to gain it was offered by the Moffet boys, whose intentions were of the best. They paid off their father's debts slowly, but as best they could. They were backed by J. W. Scott, a rich capitalist of Kansas. Affairs did not again take on a hopeful outlook; silver fell in value until it was scarcely worth while to mine it; many mines shut down; people began to leave. The smelter was soon torn down and shipped away.

Now the shouts of merry skiing and tobogganing parties resound from Smelter Hill during the winter months; and picnic campfires gleam from its top on summer nights. The red republic of learning stands at its base. And only the unsightly scar on the hillside, which the sagebrush makes fruitless attempts to cover, speaks insistently of the hopes that were. Even the old cognomen is passing out: Smelter Hill is fast coming to be known as Normal Heights.

The Newspapers of Gunnison

THE ROAD THROUGH the mountains by Saguache and over Cochetopa pass was rough and dangerous at best in the 80's; in many places the rocks extended vertically upward on one side, turning a bare, rugged, immovable face, worn smooth by the elements, toward the narrow road; while on the other a deep, echoing chasm grinned, telling its wordless history of centuries. Along this road, in the spring of 1880, toiled a mule team, bearing to the precocious young city of Gunnison that thing so necessary to all progress—a printing press. Messrs. Root and Olney, two pioneer spirits formerly of Kansas, were the owners. They had purchased the press of a St. Louis type foundry, shipped it over the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroad from St. Louis to Pueblo, over the Denver and Rio Grande from Pueblo to Alamosa, and were bringing it the remaining one hundred fifty miles overland. Great danger was encountered because of snow and ice. Once the wagon was overturned, the press severely damaged, and the type reduced to “pi.” But on April 18 they reached their destination. Gunnison was then a town of about two thousand inhabitants—and of forty-three buildings. Unable to find a suitable shelter for the press, the owners unloaded it on the corner of Tenth Street and San Juan Avenue.

They immediately set to work to found an editorial establishment. Lumber was sixty-five and seventy dollars a thousand, and as many as a hundred people were impatiently awaiting a supply; but this was a small impediment to such a mighty cause, and the foundation and floor of the *Review* building were laid May third, and the structure was—as the editors said—literally built around the press and material. There were no shingles to be had; so it was left practically roofless. Before the type was set for the first publication, a heavy rain fell in torrents, coming undeterred through the roof of the unshingled edifice and soaking and ruining a great deal of the apparatus. The building being as nearly finished as possible and occupied by the dilapidated hand-press, a stove was found necessary. But there was not a stove to be had! So the editor's son erected an excuse for one by using a flat rock for the bottom, building the sides of brick, spreading a split-open lard can over the top, and running a piece of pipe from the back of the contraption straight through the south wall. Thus they were able to keep warm enough to work.

Despite inconveniences, the first paper was complete at three p. m. Saturday, May the fifteenth, 1880. After due consideration, it was decided that the initial copy should be auctioned off to the highest bidder; accordingly, in a later number of the first edition, we find the following in the editorial columns: “We stop the press to announce that the first copy of the Gunnison *Review*, which we printed at three o'clock this afternoon, was sold at public auction at the corner of New York Avenue and Tenth Street, West Gunnison, for ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, the purchaser being General George A. Stone, of the grocery house of Stone and Phillips.” The paper was auctioned off by Professor Richardson, at Fred Krueger's store, in the following spirited manner:

“Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens: I am about to sell at auction the first newspaper ever printed in West Gunnison, which I now hold in my hand. It is the Gunnison *Review*. The issue of this paper marks a new era in the history and progress of our town. ‘The press is the mighty lever that moves the world,’ and

it gives me great pleasure, on this occasion, to offer the paper at auction to such an enlightened and intelligent audience as I see before me. Do I hear any bidders? I will start the paper myself at fifty dollars. Do I hear another bid?"

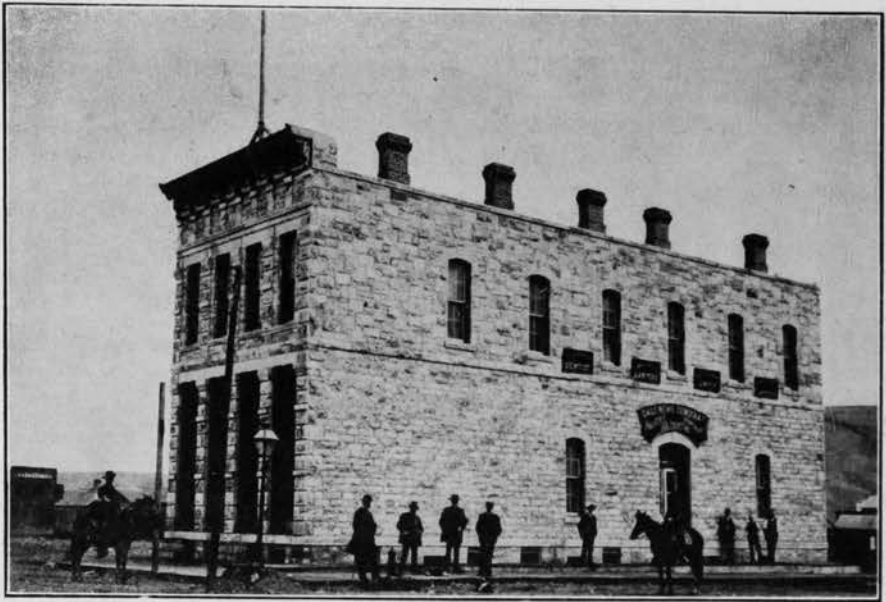
The bids were as follows: Fred Krueger, sixty dollars; Gen. G. A. Stone, sixty-five dollars; Capt. L. Mullin, seventy-five dollars; Howard Evans, eighty dollars; Fred Krueger, eighty-five dollars; Capt. Mullin, ninety dollars; Gen. Stone, one hundred dollars.

"Those knowing the history of Gen. Stone during the war, and how successful he was in whipping the rebels," says the editor, "did not care to bid further against him, and accordingly the paper was struck off to him for one hundred dollars. The money, we are pleased to state, will go to the first church, school, or charitable institution erected in West Gunnison." This institution was the Methodist Episcopal Church. Further evidence of the appreciation of the Gunnisonites for the first newspaper enterprise of their town was given by the fact that the *Review* office was kept busy until dark by people buying copies of this first edition in lots of five, ten, and even fifty, to send to their interested friends in the East.

The Gunnison *Review* grew rapidly in size, number of advertisements, and number of subscribers, in accordance with the rapid growth of the city. Enterprise in Gunnison was on the increase: The Denver and Rio Grande was completed this far in August, 1881; and numbers came daily to swell the population. Occasionally a private car brought a party of capitalists from England or the East, to look over the mining prospects, and usually to invest. Gunnison was talked of as one of the serious rivals of Denver for the state capitol. Such a situation warranted a daily. Accordingly, on October 11, 1881, the history of the daily *Review* began. It was published every day except Sunday, and delivered to city subscribers by the mail carriers. The prices quoted were ten dollars a year, one dollar a month, twenty-five cents a week, for the daily; and three dollars a year for the weekly—all subscriptions paid in advance. The paper was small, with fine print and very little margin, containing only Republican news or news which did not pertain to any party. The *Free-Press*—a supplement of the *Review*—consolidated with the *Review* on the fifth of August, 1882, making one paper which from that time was called the *Review-Press*. By September 2, there were eight men running five presses, one of which was a steam press.

On the first of November, 1882, the *Review-Press* changed hands. M. H. Lawall became president; F. A. Root, secretary and treasurer; G. W. Temple, manager, and A. B. Johnson, managing editor; but the form, aim, and principle, of the paper were unchanged. February 3, 1883, A. B. Johnson took the place of Lawall as president.

The *Review-Press* began to decline at the close of 1884. F. A. Root became sole editor and manager on the eighth of December. The paper decreased in size and in quality. The daily contained only two pages except the Saturday edition, which was a large paper with fine print and very little margin. It became less radically Republican, and advertised somewhat extensively the *Globe Democrat*. In April, A. B. Johnson went back on the staff as managing editor, and two years later Henry C. Olney took his place. Until November 22, 1886, the daily held its own; but in that issue the following announcement was made: "After mature deliberation, and with regret, yet convinced that a daily newspaper cannot be made self-supporting during the present winter, we have concluded to suspend it for the present and will issue instead tri-weekly, including the Saturday, or weekly edition. If the tri-weekly is so supported as to be self sustaining, it will be continued; if, after a fair trial, it does not so prove, we shall cut down to a weekly.



OFFICE OF THE DAILY NEWS-DEMOCRAT

From left to right: T. W. Gray, M. G. Mullooney, Charles Shackleford, M. G. Mullooney's Brother, Theodore Wycoff, Joseph Heiner, Frank Tanner

We believe that our patrons will approve this course and sustain us in it. We cannot afford to publish a newspaper 'for fun,' and certainly the public will not expect us to do so at a loss. In accordance with this arrangement no paper will be issued Tuesday or Thursday of this week." And thus ended the Gunnison evening daily. The *Review-Press* continued as a tri-weekly for three years, edited by H. C. Olney. It then was made a weekly and was known as the *Weekly Gunnison Review-Press*.

As soon as the paper became a weekly it began to prosper and became an excellent publication. C. E. Adams bought the paper in January, 1891, published it weekly, and changed the name to the *Gunnison Tribune*. When Mr. Adams took the paper, no complete files could be found except those kept by the Kansas Historical Society, so Mr. Adams purchased the files and afterwards lent them to the Colorado State Normal School. The following is posted in these volumes: "These newspaper files of the *Gunnison Review*, *Review-Press*, and *Tribune* are the property of the undersigned, president of the first board of trustees of the State Normal School at Gunnison, Colorado, and are loaned to said school for its exclusive use in order that the early history of the city and county of Gunnison may be preserved. —Charles E. Adams."

H. F. Lake bought out the three papers: The *Gunnison News* in December, 1900, the *People's Champion* in January, 1901, and the *Tribune* in July, 1904, and has combined them to make the *News-Champion*. On November 1, 1911, C. F. Roehrig bought the *News-Champion* and published it fourteen months, when he sold it to Judge Clifford H. Stone; on July 14, 1914, the paper was purchased by the *News-Champion Printing and Publishing Company*, and H. F. Lake, Jr., became editor and manager of the paper.

The leopard can change his spots. This is satisfactorily demonstrated to anyone reading the *Review* and *Review-Press*, so partisanly, so personally Republican, at the same time with its scion, the present *News-Champion*, so substantially Democratic. The only trace of family resemblance seems to be the hyphen. The *News-Champion* evidently inherited most largely from another branch of its ancestry, the *Gunnison News*.

The *Gunnison News* was the initial journalistic effort in Gunnison. The first issue appeared April 17, 1880, about a month before the *Review*, with the name of Col. W. H. F. Hall heading the editorial column. This issue sold for \$50. Colonel Hall disposed of a three-fourths interests in the paper to J. H. Haverly; C. H. Boutcher, formerly editor of a paper in Pennsylvania; and E. A. Buck, editor of the *New York Spirit of the Times*. Of the making of papers there was no end; in August, 1880, Frank McMaster and Frank T. Southerland launched the *Gunnison Democrat*. In June, 1881, Mr. Buck consolidated the two papers into what was known as the *News-Democrat*. In the fall of the same year, the paper became a daily, and remained so until the decline in the fortunes of the town. Mr. N. P. Babcock was the first editor and Frank P. Tanner the business manager. Joseph Heiner was a later editor. In 1891, the paper was sold to the Gunnison News Publishing and Printing Company, and Mr. C. T. Rawalt was one of the editors. Mr. Rawalt was afterwards the representative for Gunnison County who secured the first Normal School appropriation.

During the "hard times" of 1893, and the violent financial and political disturbances that accompanied them, the *People's Champion*, a weekly paper, was started in Gunnison by George C. Rhode, one of the populist leaders of opinion, and for seven years it flourished as the stormy petrel of newspaperdom on the Western Slope. Mr. Rawalt was also among its editors.

The *Gunnison Republican* was started in 1900 by the present editor, Mr. C. T. Sills, and is strongly of the Republican persuasion.

Naming Mount Mackintosh

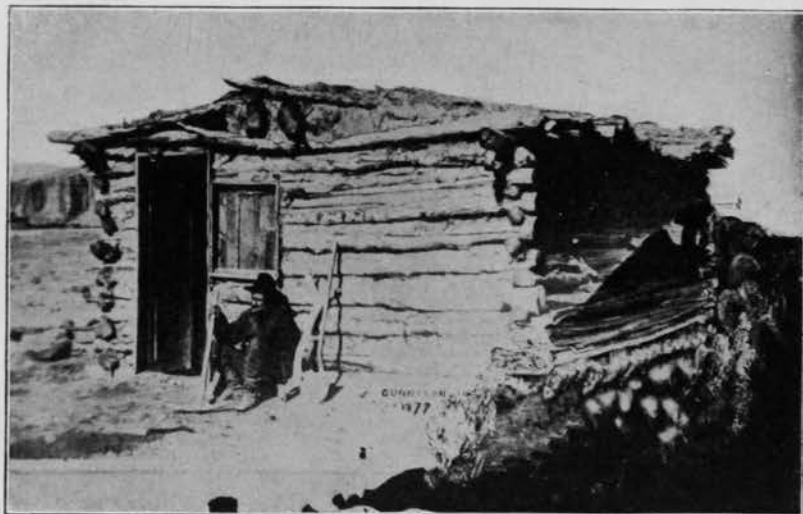
STANDING BALD and bare in the sunlight, or softened by rain-clouds and purple shadows, Mount Mackintosh looks down on the scene of our small activities. Unlike Tenderfoot or the Palisades—friendly and protecting—Mackintosh stands somewhat aloof, reminding one of the old Pyncheon House of the Seven Gables, secure evidently in the memories of other days. What those memories may be and whom they may concern, in those dim centuries before trapper or prospector first set foot in Gunnison, we cannot even conjecture. Whether the old mountain was given a name by the Indians, we do not know; but certain it is that its present name was bestowed with due pomp and circumstance, on the birthday of American independence, in the year of our Lord, 1882.

It was a bright, warm day—that Fourth of July. At ten a. m. a splendid procession graced the streets of Gunnison. The fire company (shades of the departed!) was out in full uniform. First came the band, then the hook and ladder company, then the hose company, and last the citizens on foot or in gaily decorated carriages. There was a speed test between the two fire companies, from Tabor House to Tomichi Avenue, the hook and ladder boys running in twenty-three seconds and the hose company in twenty-two seconds; there was dancing in the park, a dinner at the Methodist church, and a ball at La Veta. But among the events of that day was one of present interest and importance.

About ten o'clock a party of horsemen, finely mounted, were seen leaving the office of Dr. Mackintosh, among them Dr. Mackintosh; Dr. J. H. Mackintosh of Patterson, N. J.; Duncan Mackintosh; Prof. Richardson; and a representative of the *Review-Press*, who brought up the rear. To the omnipresent representative of the press, we are indebted for the following account of their trip. The party struck out boldly on their fiery, prancing steeds, passing along the river, and were the subject of many remarks from the people whom they passed, who wondered what had happened. Had the Utes broken out, and what did it all mean? What was that man on the bay horse carrying, which looked like a long pole wrapped up in paper? It did not matter what the people thought; the cavalcade kept on its way heedless of everything, and soon crossed Hall's bridge, and started up Antelope Creek. It was evident that something important would be accomplished. The party left the creek and laid their course up a ravine toward a mountain without a name, and after about an hour's ride climbed to the summit where they dismounted. Here the real object of the expedition became known. A mountain which had ever been nameless was to be christened, and Prof. Richardson was called upon to officiate at the ceremony. A monument was raised, and the American flag, which the Doctor had concealed by wrapping it and the pole in copies of the *Gunnison Review*, was planted upon it. After the flag was unfolded and set up, the Professor took a bottle of some kind of liquid, supposed to be champagne, and poured a portion of its contents upon the monument, and proclaimed that the mountain from that time forth and forever should be known as Mount Mackintosh in honor of Dr. J. H. Mackintosh of New Jersey. Then all partook of the sparkling beverage, drinking to the perpetuity of the name of Mackintosh. Prof. Richardson made a short appropriate speech. Turning to Dr. Mackintosh, he said: "Though the name Mackintosh should by any means become erased from the names of men, it will remain with this mountain which has been named for you. Your

name will ever rest upon the monument erected by God. As eternal as is this mountain, so will be your name. The people of the proud city nestled in the valley at its base will be heard to say: 'The sun is shining upon Mount Mackintosh,' and when evening comes, and the shadow of the mountain shall be cast over the city, they will acclaim: 'The sun has disappeared behind Mount Mackintosh.'"

Cheers were given by the party, who now mounted their horses and rode along the crest westward, viewing—if not "the kingdoms of the earth"—at least one of the most beautiful valleys that ever nestled among the "everlasting hills"; then turning their horses eastward they made their way again toward Gunnison. Sturdy and strong and Scotch is the name of Mackintosh; and the mountain in its silence and dignity reflects the characteristics of that name.



GUNNISON IN 1877. SYLVESTER RICHARDSON'S CABIN