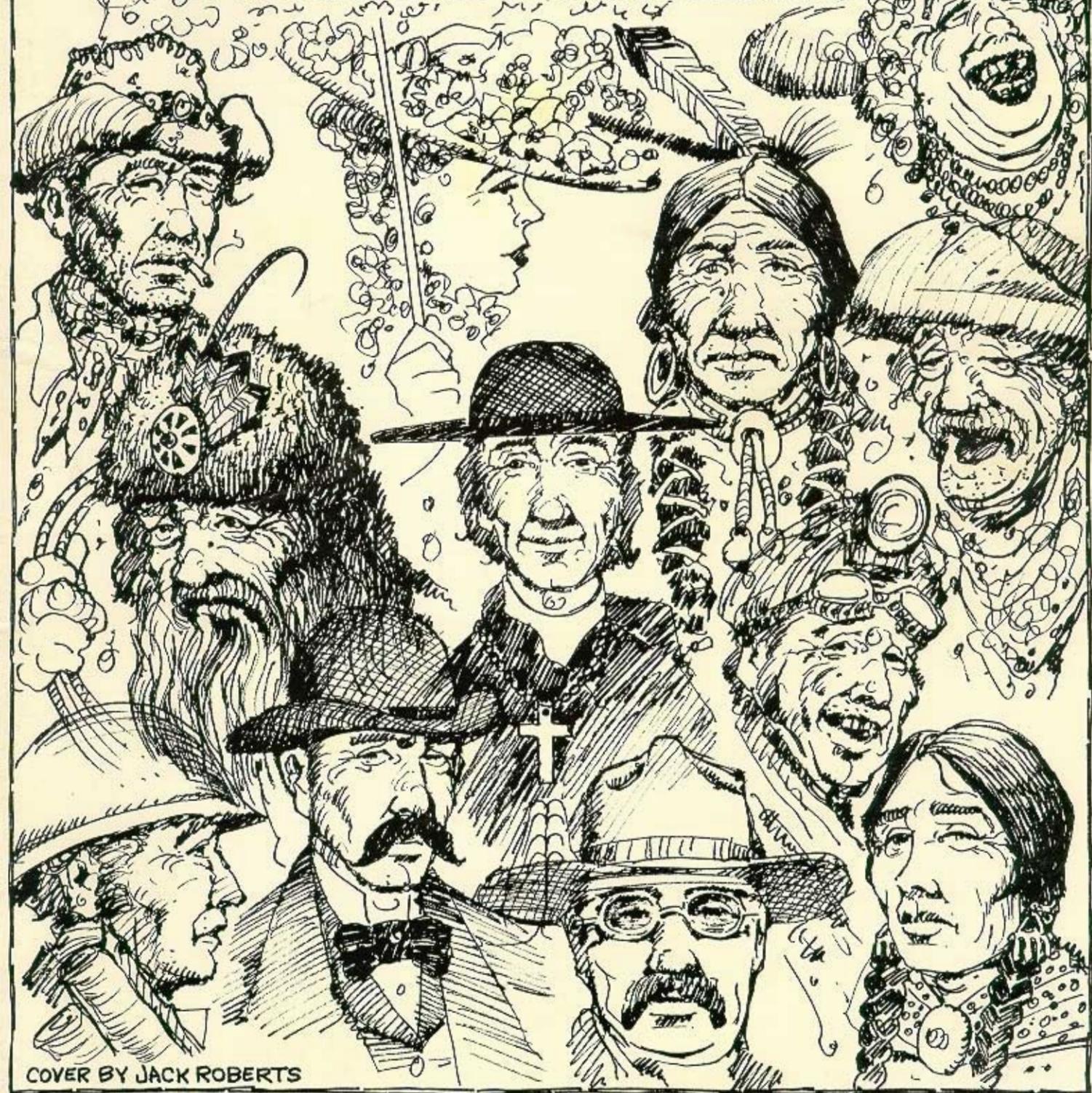


GARFIELD COUNTY, COLORADO

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS 1883-1983

WRITTEN AND EDITED BY ANDREW GULLIFORD



COVER BY JACK ROBERTS

GARFIELD COUNTY, COLORADO: THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS 1883-1983

Being a brief and well-illustrated account of the merchants, miners, farmers, traders, cowboys, ranchers, and all such pioneers who settled in this country and made it their home. . .

With additional descriptions of Indians, Presidents, train robbers, horse thieves, town developers, and other persons of note. . .



1883

GARFIELD COUNTY CENTENNIAL

1983

written and edited by Andrew Gulliford

copy photographs by Randall Teeuwen and Butch Goodwin

cover by Jack Roberts

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Flavin Cerise, Jim Drinkhouse, Larry Velasquez*



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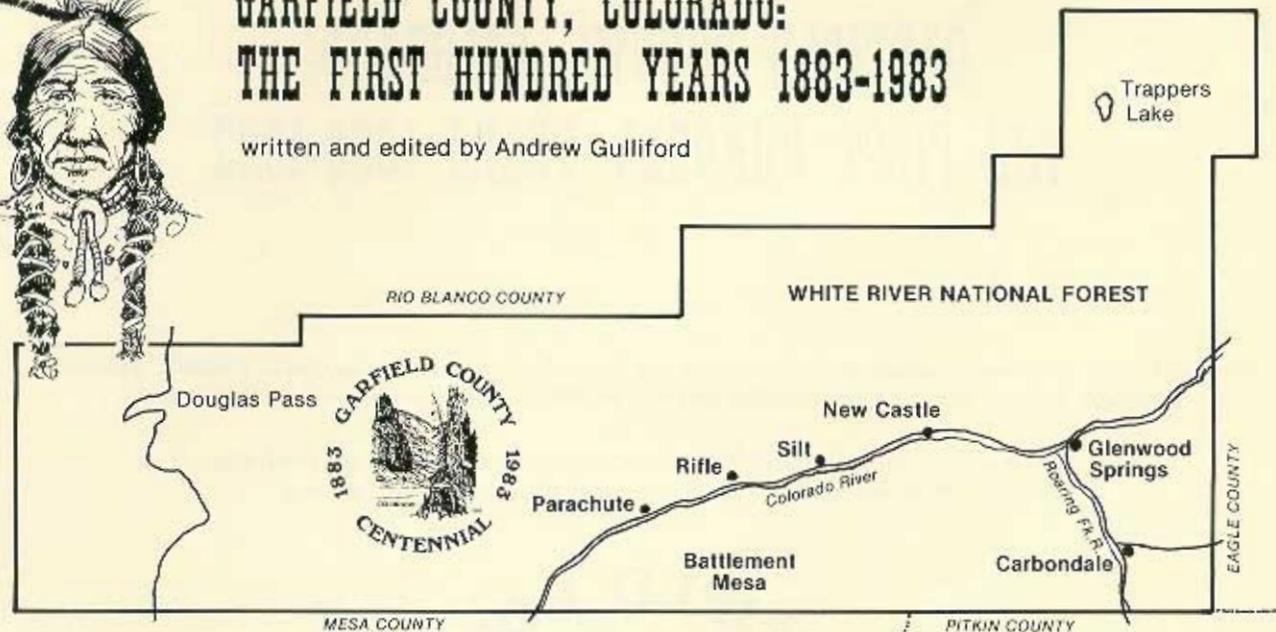


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I. LAND OF THE TABAGAUCHE

We measure minutes. The river ignores milleniums. In its time the whole continent has been submerged under the sea at least seven times. And each time that it has risen anew the river has resumed its task. Patiently it has carried back to the ocean floor the seashells beached on the summits of the loftiest peaks.

FRANK WATERS, THE COLORADO

First there was the river. As the mountains moved and the Rockies thrust upwards from the beds of ancient oceans, only the river remained constant. The river that men would call Rio de San Rafael, the Grand River, and at last, the Colorado or in Spanish, Rio Colorado, the great red river of the West that drains 250,000 square miles.

As the snows melt on the Flat Tops, the Cline Tops, on Storm King Mountain, on the Mamm Peaks, and on the Book Cliffs, dozens of creeks flow with precious rivulets of water. The creeks begin in shallow mountain pools beneath stands of Aspen trees and Englemann spruce. For centuries beavers tried to stop that annual flow. With an hereditary instinct evolved from the earliest mammals, beavers gnawed and cut trees to make hundreds of dams to check the flow of water from the spring run-off.

But the water cascaded down anyway and cut magnificent canyons like Deep Creek Canyon and Glenwood Canyon. Big horn sheep grazed on top of the canyon cliffs and in the muddy rivers of the Colorado, squawfish weighed up to 120 pounds.

The river neatly bisects Garfield County and most settlement has occurred in those valleys which were only a day's ride from the river's ever-changing course. Before the white man cut the timbers for the first log cabins there were Indians here in the Colorado River Valley—Ute Indians who were skilled horsemen and regularly followed bison on trails that crossed the Flat Tops.

The united Ute Indians in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado made up the Seven Nations. To the south were the Capote or Mountain People and the Moache or River People. To the east lived the Wiminuche Ute tribe or the Blue Sky or Blue Valley People. But here along the Colorado River, and especially along the Roaring Fork, this was the land of the Tabagauche Utes who enjoyed 7,000 square miles of prime hunting ground and the healing waters of the Glenwood Hot Springs.

And before the Utes? After the age of dinosaurs and before the elk had been pushed into the mountains from their original home on the plains, who lived here then?

Humans have probably inhabited the Glenwood Springs area for the past 10,000 years. Paleo-Indians (8,000-5,000 BC) hunted ice age animals such as mammoths, bison, camels, horses, and ground sloths although large spear points have not been found in this immediate area. Certainly hunter-gatherers (5,000 BC-AD 400) lived in

this valley. They were from the Archaic Period and may have been early Utes or they may have been the original descendants of an entirely different tribe. Their rock art has been found in four sites in Garfield County.

The oldest known human habitation was on Battlement Mesa where an Indian pithouse was discovered that dates back approximately 3,000 years. Prehistoric Uncompahgre rock art can be found in the Sweetwater Indian Cave off the Old Ute Trail on the Flat Tops. At the base of a cliff in a small narrow tributary canyon of Divide Creek are rock carvings from the late Archaic Period that date back 2,000 years. On a sandstone boulder, at the base of a cliff on Mamm Creek, are etchings of bighorn sheep, elk, and deer. Another petroglyph can be found on an unnamed narrow southern drainage off the low chain of mountains called the Hogbacks that separate the Flat Tops from the Colorado River Valley a few thousand feet below.



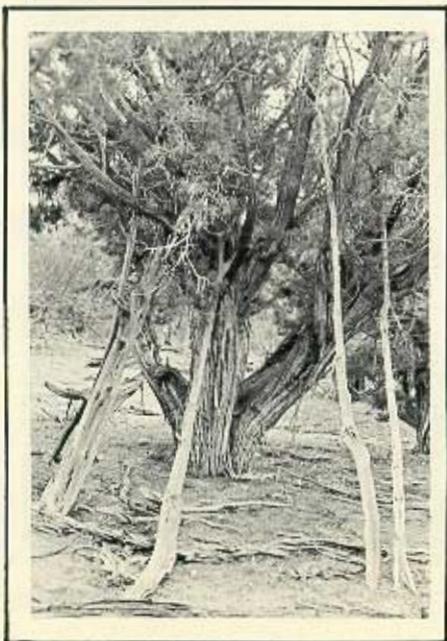
These pictographs are found in the Sweetwater Indian Cave near Sweetwater Lake. They were drawn after the early 1600s when the Utes acquired the horse.

Archaic peoples followed game and dug roots. They ate berries in season and they carved human and animal figures on rocks. Other silent testaments to a later culture include the two-hundred year-old village of wickiup structures five miles northwest of Silt. Wickiups are poles placed against living trees and covered by brush or skins to provide shelter. This was a large Ute village and 56 of the structures have been recorded by the Bureau of Land Management.

Tabagauche Utes were really named Mo-Awa-Ta-Re-Wach or "people living on the warm side of the mountain." They frequently migrated between the Uncompahgre and Roaring Fork Rivers, and in their language they called the Roaring Fork "Thunder River." The White River people were variously known as the "Buffalo-Eaters" and the "Grand River Band" because they frequently traveled from the White River up and over the Flat Tops to the Grand River or the Colorado as it is now known.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The first white men who visited Garfield County were two Spanish Franciscan Friars, Silvestre Escalante and Francisco Dominguez who entered Colorado in 1776—the same year that the founding fathers signed the Declaration of Independence. Dominguez and Escalante came northwest from Santa Fe, and followed the North Fork of the Gunnison River to a site near Paonia. Then they traveled north and were led by Ute guides by the Santa Rosa (North



This pole frame is what remains of a freestanding wickiup. Poles leaning against a living tree (below) are all that remain of a wickiup structure in the Hogback Village near Silt.

Fork), Santa Monica (Muddy Creek), across the San Antonio de Martir (Divide Creek), and down the Santa Rosalia (Mamm Creek) to the great river of the West, The Colorado, which they named "Rio de San Rafael." They had arrived there by coming down the west slope of Mamm Peak and then traversing Battlement Mesa. Dominguez and Escalante then traveled west from Parachute to Debeque and north up Roan Creek and over Douglas Pass to Douglas Creek. Although Douglas Pass is between Grand Junction and Rangely, Garfield County goes west to the state border with Utah, and once on Douglas Pass the friars were again in Garfield County.

By mid-September, 1776, Dominguez and Escalante had passed out of Garfield County, but they had seen the magnificent Colorado River Valley and other white men would follow in their footsteps.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The next explorers into Garfield County came from the north. In 1857 Captain John B. Marcy was ordered to move his command in haste by the most direct route from Ft. Bridger, Wyoming to Fort Massachusetts in the San Luis Valley. On November 24 he left with fifty enlisted men and twenty-five mountain men along with assorted guides and packers. He made his way to the Colorado River near Glenwood Springs and then on up the Eagle River.

Three years later another group of explorers came from the south, but unlike the Catholic Friars from Santa Fe, Richard Sopris and his fourteen adventurers had a specific interest in the Roaring Fork Valley. They had come across South Park and down the Blue River in search of the gold that was making a boomtown of Central City. Although Sopris and his party discovered no gold, they did luxuriate in the healing waters of the Yampah hot springs on July 23, 1860, at the site of what now is the Glenwood Springs pool.

A mountain was named in honor of Richard Sopris, and that magnificent 13,000 foot peak dominates the landscape near the town of Carbondale which was then only a pasture for Ute horses. At White Hill or Red Hill, both north of the Roaring Fork, settlers were to find large quantities of colored beads, arrow heads, and other Indian artifacts.

Before gold was discovered at Cherry Creek near Denver, all of Colorado had belonged to the Utes' and other Indian tribes. By the late 1860's, the Utes had been confined to the western one-third of the state. With the discovery of gold in the San Juans, the Utes were pushed even farther north after the signing of the Brunot agreement in 1873. They were given an agency along the White River, and in that significant year came the first basic surveys of the Grand Valley between Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction.

J. T. Gardner, Henry Gannett, A. C. Peale and other surveyors working under the direction of Ferdinand Vandiveer Hayden began to map the country that Dominguez and Escalante had crossed almost a century before. They came into Garfield County from the north at Marvine Creek which was named after one of the surveyors. The Hayden Survey also followed the Book Cliffs to Roan Creek and dropped down into the Colorado River Valley.

Along the Roaring Fork Valley the Hayden Survey took the first accurate measurements of Mt. Sopris, and in 1874 Dr. Hayden himself spent twenty days at the foot of the mountain with a very sick assistant. We would probably have exquisite views of the mountain and the entire valley by the noted Western photographer William Henry Jackson but for his mule named Gimlet.

Jackson took many photographs of the area and even climbed some of the higher peaks to get the best views of the Roaring Fork and Colorado River Valleys, but in the Crystal River Valley the mule that carried all his precious glass plate negatives fell and broke most of them.

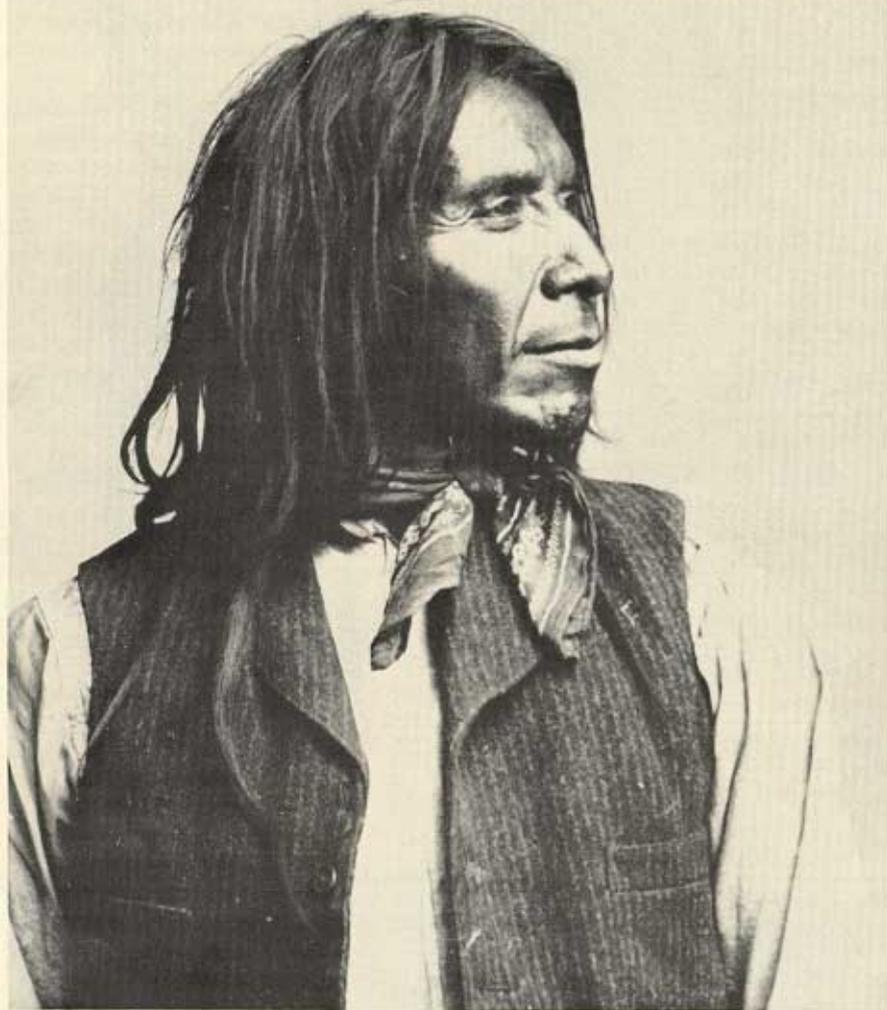
The survey team named the Grand Hogback in 1874 and wrote that "even then" the escarpment north of the Colorado River had long been called the Roan or Book Cliffs. The Hayden surveys named Cactus Valley, discovered oil shale, and coal deposits, mentioned that volcanic ash on Battlement Mesa would be suitable for farming, and filed complete reports on the geology, geography, flora, and fauna of the area.

The Hayden survey did more than any gold rush to open up Garfield County to prospective settlers. At last in 1876 there were accurate maps of the Colorado River Valley with the U. S. Government publication *Eighth Annual Report of the Survey of the Territories*. The Franciscan fathers would have been pleased, but the Utes, who had given no trouble to the survey teams found themselves increasingly restricted by the pious good intentions of Nathan C. Meeker who had been appointed their agent in 1878.

Over a few short decades the Utes had seen their vast hunting grounds dwindle and yet Colorow their war chief, himself an adopted Commanche child, had always advocated peace. At



This group of Ute Indians photographed in the early 1880s includes Chief Colorow in the front row behind the squaw. At the Meeker Massacre, Colorow's forces trapped Thornburgh at Milk Creek.



This male Ute was probably photographed by Fred Garrison of Rifle prior to 1905. He symbolizes the strength of the Ute people, particularly the Tabagauche Ute, who once lived on the Flat Tops and at Yampah Hot Springs.

last in 1879, because of deep misunderstandings between Meeker and the Indians on the White River Reservation, violence erupted. Indian agent Meeker who had foolishly plowed up the Utes' favorite racetrack, sent an emergency dispatch to Ft. Steele, Wyoming, for support from the Fourth U. S. Infantry. The troops were two days from the agency when they were ambushed in a narrow canyon along Milk Creek. While some of the Utes maintained the siege against the infantry, others returned to the Agency and killed Meeker and ten more white males. The women were taken captive. Sensational newspaper headlines described the slaughter and mutilation of the corpses.

Colorado Governor Fredrick Pitkin demanded that the Utes be removed from the state and west-central Colorado was soon open for settlement. Leading the mules, with picks and shovels carefully packed, prospectors poured into the Eagle Valley and the area around Aspen. It was only a matter of time before enterprising pioneers would travel to the confluence of the Roaring Fork and the Colorado Rivers.

The written history of Garfield County was about to begin. In only fourteen years small parties of Utes returning to their old mineral baths at the Yampah hot springs found a three story Italian Renaissance hotel with 200 sleeping rooms and the largest outdoor pool in the world. The Land of the Tabagauche would become home for thousands of residents who, like the Utes, would love the rugged mountains and the sparkling, snow-capped peaks. ❄



W. H. Harris stands with Mr. Kelly in front of the Kelly Building in Basalt in 1910. The Ute Indians had come down from Meeker to attend the fair and horse races.



Chipeta, the wife of Ouray, told of wintering at Antlers between Silt and Rifle.

"The sun was warm. Grass was as high as a tall Ute's shoulders. Deer and elk were as thick as the palefaces cattle are now. Fish were in the river. If the snow was too deep, ponies were driven to the river where they ate cottonwood twigs."

II. ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS AND INTO THE VALLEYS

They were inoculated with the feverish restlessness peculiar to the miner; in their eyes every rock outcropping every cascading stream, might conceal a pocket of dull yellow metal worth a king's ransom. Nothing would satisfy them but a continuous quest for illusive fortune. Their needs were simple; a grub stake, a washing pan, a pack mule, endless hope. Their hunting ground was all the West....

RAY ALLEN BILLINGTON, WESTWARD EXPANSION

The initial stampede of miners into Garfield County came for the boom of Carbonate, the first county seat of Garfield County, at an elevation of 10,783 feet. Who encouraged otherwise sane men to head for Carbonate where the snows were "two Utes deep" and travel could only be accomplished in the bitter cold of early morning or late evening when the snow had a firm crust? That honor belongs to Scar Face Bill—a scoundrel of a man, but a promoter destined to see Garfield County get off to a roaring start.

Little is known about Scar Face Bill Case or Casa. Most historians and biographers shy away from horse thieves as being a seedy lot and not worthy of mention. Scar Face had few endearing charms, but he did start the first business in Garfield County—stealing horses from the Indians. He and the notorious murderer and cattle thief, Charley Johnson, built a fortification on Buck Creek where it joins



the South Fork of the White River and kept a corral for stolen Indian ponies which they resold to foot-weary miners.

Scar Face lived as a renegade with the White River Utes for fifteen years. They knew him well. Too well. Ute braves pinned him down and left a long, ugly scar on his face to brand him for his roguish ways.

While hunting on the Flat Tops, Scar Face met George F. Ryan who, along with other miners, had seen significant traces of carbonate and quartzite that seemed to indicate huge quantities of silver. As early as 1878, three prospectors named Bell, John Blake, and "Frenchy" Cleipfar had followed the old Ute Indian trail up to the top of the Flat Tops and seen rich formations that looked like they would produce a bonanza. George Ryan also found the greatest showing of lead float that he had ever seen.

A wealthy eastern gentleman, Ryan originally came West to hunt. The huge grizzly he killed in 1879 was one of the largest ever bagged in Colorado and was exhibited for years in Denver. Grizzly Creek was named after the dead bear, and now the creek supplies water for the city of Glenwood Springs.

Ryan built a two-room cabin and sank a ninety-foot mine shaft with a hand windlass. He had a fair showing of galena and iron, but not the hoped for silver. When Scar Face met him, he abandoned his mine and the shaft filled up with water. Ryan told Scar Face about news from the white man's world, hard to get up there on the Flat Tops, and about the big silver boom in Leadville.

Not a man to work hard, Scar Face was eager to make a fortune without breaking his back. Here was his opportunity, and he took off for Leadville with his rifle and his Indian pony.

By the spring of 1879, Leadville had swollen to 40,000 miners eager to get rich quick and go home. The same spring, Aspen was first explored by miners looking for the tell-tale float. Scar Face knew how to run a pick and shovel, but he had better ideas. As soon as he got into Leadville, he sold his pony to buy a shave, haircut, suit of clothes, boots, and a hat. He had to look presentable because he was going into business and needed partners. He stopped on State Street at a place called the Old Pioneer. There he met his



first partner, a man known only as McBriaty, who had been a longtime mining correspondent for Denver newspapers. He also possessed one other attribute essential to Scar Face's scheme—he had no conscience.

Dad McMullen was the second partner. He had worked in dance halls in Leadville for over a year. Throughout the winter, Scar Face regaled his partners with tales of the lead float to be found up on the Flat Tops on land that by treaty still belonged to the Utes. In July they were finally able to cross the Colorado River on horseback to stake claims at the future townsite of Carbonate and to bring back some of Ryan's ore for an assay test. It only ran in traces of a few desirable minerals.

Undaunted, Scar Face hired three young men to pack his supplies back into Carbonate, including a heavy wooden box that was carefully sealed and jealously guarded by Scar Face himself. If the ore at Carbonate wasn't rich enough, Scar Face felt he'd just bring in some of his own. He sprinkled samples throughout the mine shaft, and around the first of February, Scar Face came out with the Leadville ore and had it assayed. He had struck pay dirt.

The news of the rich ore strike was published in Leadville newspapers and hundreds of people begged Scar Face to take them back to Carbonate. Another sample was taken to Red Cliff and the assay test showed silver. Now only heavy snows kept miners from rushing up the Ute trail into Carbonate.

As for Scar Face, he decided to go find a wealthy partner; it was common knowledge among Leadville residents

that H. A. W. Tabor was an easy mark. Without blinking an eye, Scar Face told Tabor that he'd take \$500,000 for a quarter interest in his group of claims. Tabor said he wanted his mining expert to inspect the property. Scar Face and McBriaty met Tabor's employee at Red Cliff and proceeded to get him drunk and keep him that way for over a week.

They convinced him to put in a good word with Tabor and they'd cut him in for an equal part of the sale price. Loaded with Leadville ore that had supposedly come from Carbonate, the mining expert went back to Tabor and suggested he purchase the claims.

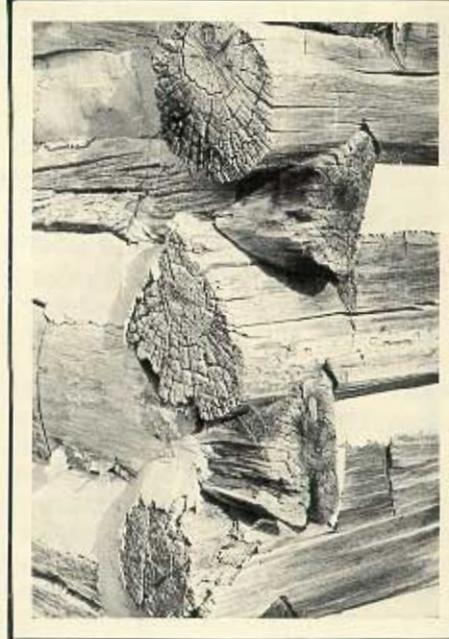
Scar Face met H. A. W. Tabor in Denver and negotiated a \$100,000 cash settlement with the balance of payments on terms. Scar Face had the time of his life in Denver, and the money went through his hands like the spring run off into the Colorado River. Tabor's purchase flamed the fever and Carbonate grew up overnight. The population may have reached as high as 5,000 residents. The first county seat of Garfield County was in a tent at Carbonate. By April 5, 1883, a full square mile of town had been laid out with lots, city blocks, and even named streets. Mining claims sold for \$1,000 and were resold by syndicates for up to \$125,000.

Most miners were not nearly as lucky

as Scar Face Bill. Joseph Elam was murdered in August of 1883, and had only 65 cents in his pocket. His personal goods and effects were sold for \$113, but J. D. Taylor, who buried him at Coffee Pot Springs, filed a bill for \$212.50 for care, liquor, cigars, coffin, grave digging, and burial. One wonders if the deceased got the full enjoyment out of the liquor and cigars or whether they were for the bereaved mourners.

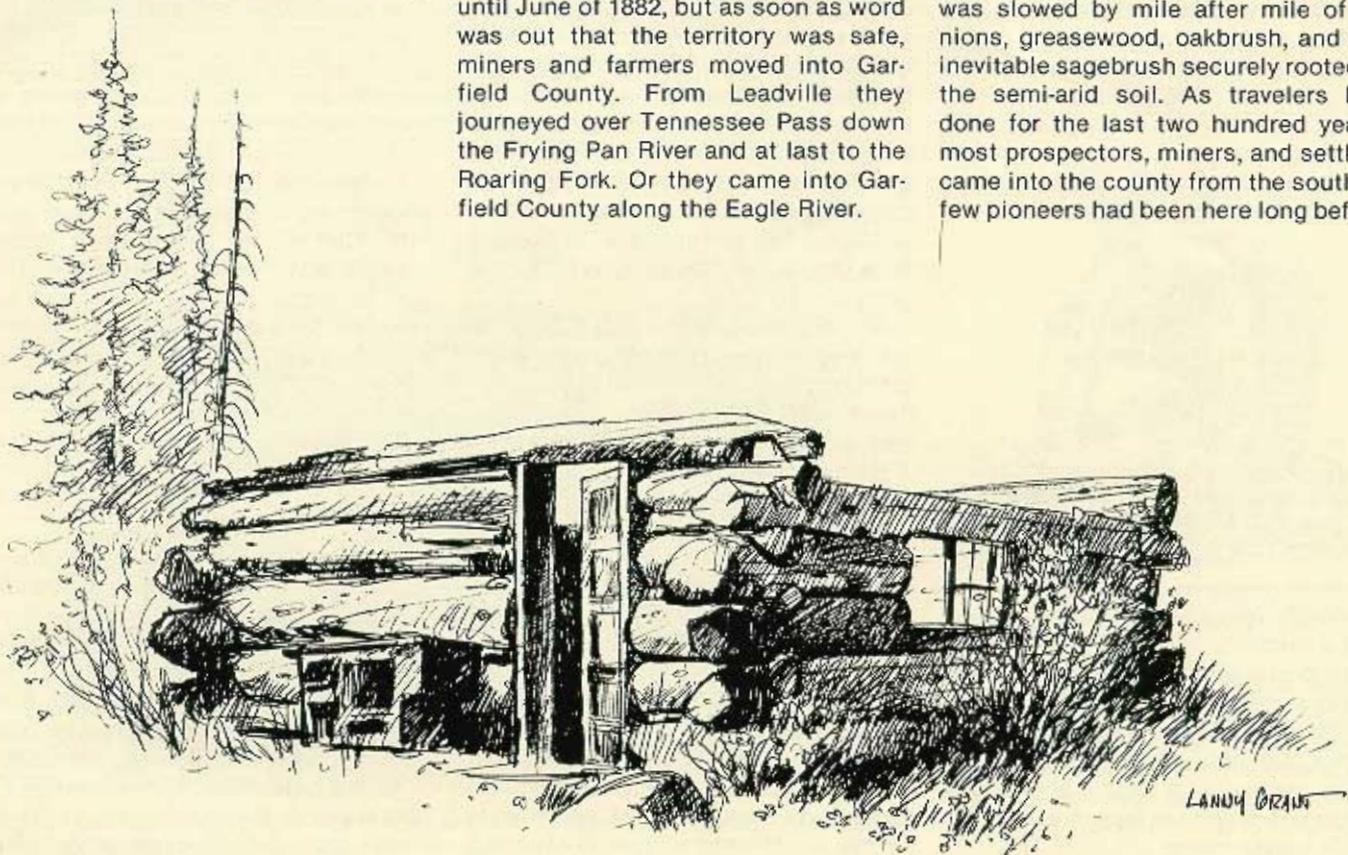
As for Scar Face, he stayed around camp until Tabor sent word that he was sending other mining experts up to inspect his investment. That day Scar Face, Dad McMullen, and McBriaty took off and were last seen headed west into the land of the Utes. The town struggled on, but the winter of 1884 proved to be one of the hardest in Western history. Deep snows caused the post office to pack up and move to Glenwood Springs, a tent town on the banks of the Colorado River. Legend has it that county records were carried out by a very large white mule whose owner prudently decided to leave in the middle of the night rather than risk opposition from irate miners and town promoters.

Congress did not officially open the 11 million acres of vacated Ute lands until June of 1882, but as soon as word was out that the territory was safe, miners and farmers moved into Garfield County. From Leadville they journeyed over Tennessee Pass down the Frying Pan River and at last to the Roaring Fork. Or they came into Garfield County along the Eagle River.



A few intrepid souls risked life and limb over Scofield Pass and then down into Marble and the valley of the Crystal. Having arrived at Aspen from the top of Independence Pass, it was a difficult trail for prospectors to travel north to the confluence of the Roaring Fork and the Colorado at the present site of Glenwood Springs.

There were no roads. At higher elevations were aspen, spruce, and pine. At lower elevations progress by wagon was slowed by mile after mile of pinyons, greasewood, oakbrush, and the inevitable sagebrush securely rooted in the semi-arid soil. As travelers had done for the last two hundred years, most prospectors, miners, and settlers came into the county from the south. A few pioneers had been here long before



the Meeker Massacre. Legend has it that Richard Sopris met the Canadian trapper William Gant along the Roaring Fork. Gant built the first cabin between Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction. George Ferguson, who was to start a ranch near the town of Silt, and Jacob Loesh, who homesteaded up Mamm Creek, were partners in a blacksmith shop in Durango. When they saw bands of Ute Indians streaming west into Utah, they headed north to stake their homestead claims.

Miners who had drifted into the county looking for gold or silver decided to stay and take up land. Later they purchased adjoining acres or preempted a claim of 160 acres. Like Bill Gant, most settlers just squatted on the land and waited for government surveys to verify their claims. The topography made natural barriers to travel, and as settlers moved in they gave place names to all the creeks: Divide Creek, Mamm Creek, and Dry Hollow; and the mesas: Taugenbaugh, Grass Mesa, Silt Mesa, Graham Mesa, Prefontaine Mesa and Cactus Valley. For those farmers living up Divide Creek, south of the town of Silt, the nearest post office in 1883 was in Aspen.

In that year the Glenwood to Aspen road was finished but "it was forty miles in length and its route followed the path of least resistance. It went into hollows and over the humps encountered with little thought of grade or curves." As for traveling west from Glenwood Springs along the present-day route of Interstate 70 — no road or trail existed.

Huge slabs of red sandstone blocked passage along the river at Hell's Gate at South Canyon. The easiest way to get from Glenwood to Rifle was to go up and over the Flat Tops to the north or up and over the road at Four Mile and down Divide Creek. It took two weeks to go from Anvil Points west of Rifle to Grand Junction. The only wagon road was on the narrow cliffs along the north side of the river. Only ferries existed at New Castle and Rifle. There were no bridges.

Yet despite the difficulties of travel, men swarmed into the area from dozens of European countries and states in the east and Midwest. From Denmark came the Clausens and the Nedricksons. McPherson, Dow, and Yule came from Scotland. The Germans included Nurnberg and Sievers. Wald came from Switzerland, Rosenberg from Austria, Waters from Ireland, and Larson from Sweden.

Settlers moved west from Maine, New Jersey, Tennessee, Michigan, Missouri, Minnesota, Wisconsin, New York, Ohio, and Iowa where the town of Glenwood, Iowa, was duplicated in the naming of Glenwood Springs.

They built their own roads with nothing but picks and shovels. With sixteen other men, Charles H. Harris from Carbondale built the road around Emma Mountain in 1884. Charles Kelma, Mr. Starkey, and Jens J. Clauson built the first road to Four Mile from their ranches at the head of Mamm and Beaver Creeks.

Pioneers made do with the material at hand. When J. J. Langstaff and William L. Smith buried the first white man in the Rifle vicinity in 1883, they had to make the coffin from the bed of a wagon. No cut timber was available.

Until 1889 Garfield County, named for President James Abram Garfield who was assassinated in 1881, included most of Rio Blanco County. Regular stagecoach service existed between Meeker and Rifle. The stage followed the course of Rifle Creek and stayed near the Hogbacks. The government road, now known as highway 13, was finally built from Rifle to Meeker so that stagecoaches could have protection from Indian attack.

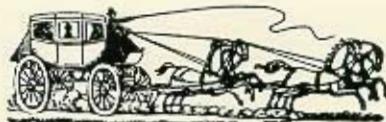
By the time the Denver and Rio Grande had worked its way through Glenwood Canyon and beaten the Midland Railroad in a race to Glenwood Springs, most of the county had been settled or "taken up." When the first train reached Rifle in 1889, the easily accessible farm ground was already claimed. The boom in coal mining brought Italians swarming into the

mines at New Castle and Sunlight. Austrians and Greeks were miners, also, and Swedes ran the taverns. Irish settled up Divide Creek and Germans and German-Russians came into the area near Antlers.

For the Italians and the Swiss-Austrians, the mountains made them feel right at home. They liked the high peaks, the dry climate, and the swift mountain streams. As soon as they could get a little money ahead from their meager salaries as miners, they bought ranches and farms. They had large families, and the names of Pretti, Ruggero, Dodo, Zarlingo, Zang, Antonelli, Cozza, and Tolini are found in the county today.

They had not come to stay. They came to work in the mines to send money back to their families in the old country, but soon they were sending for wives, and as prices fluctuated and markets went boom and bust, they found themselves stuck. So they bought land and they stayed. From Carbondale to Parachute they began to farm, to divert waters from creeks and from the Colorado River. Whether they were Canadians like James Murray and Edward F. Campbell from Prince Edward Island who began Battlement Ranch, or whether they were Italians who could speak no English, they were residents of Garfield County. Their children attended one-room schools up and down all the creeks and began to learn American ways. Like Scar Face Bill, most gold and silver miners had drifted on to other strikes, but the farmers and ranchers had arrived and they began to grub out the sagebrush and to fence the land. ♣

HARP STAGE & EXPRESS LINE



Daily Between Meeker--Rifle

FAST TIME

GOOD COACHES

CAREFUL DRIVERS

General Express and Passenger Business

III. CARBIDE LAMPS AND COAL CARS

There is, perhaps, no class of laborers more deserving of assistance and sympathy than coal miners. The nature of their employment isolates them from their fellow-workmen during hours of labor which leave but little time for self-improvement... employers... impose burdens upon them that seem outrageous to contemplate.

FIRST BIENNIAL REPORT, BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS
STATE OF COLORADO, 1877-1888



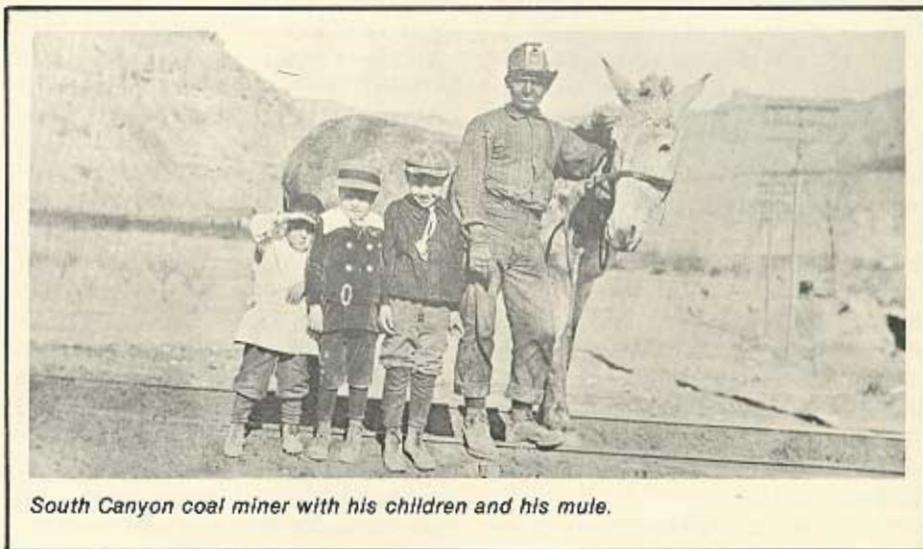
You load sixteen tons, what do you get? Another day older and deeper in debt. St. Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't come... I owe my soul to the company store.

Before the turn of the century, coal miners in Garfield County frequently worked ten and twelve hour days. Safety procedures were minimal and often miners, if they were fortunate enough to live that long, contracted Black Lung disease. For the unfortunate ones, a pocket of dangerous methane gas could spell disaster and leave an entire town mourning the loss of husbands, fathers, and sons.

But the huge veins of coal deposits, contained in the Great Hogback, run from Chair Mountain on the Crystal River through New Castle, on beyond Meeker, and have been a blessing to the county in many ways. Although there have been tragedies from the multiple disasters at the Vulcan Mine to the lethal explosion at Harvey Gap, coal has been a steady income for hundreds of families, and the wages of miners have been a significant kingpin in local economies.

Hundreds of Italians, Swedes, Austrians, and Greeks came to mine in Garfield County with the large wave of immigration that struck this nation's shores in the 1880s. Many of the Italian and Austrian families worked their way up and out of the mines, bought farms and ranches and have continued to make lasting contributions to Garfield County.

From the early 1800's with big silver strikes at Leadville and Aspen, silver was to be king in the area, but coal was to be queen. All the silver mines have long since closed, but since 1950 the Mid-Continent Resources' mines at Redstone have produced over one million tons per year of some of the highest grade anthracite coal in the United States. Located under Huntsman's Ridge, the mine is one of the deepest in the nation. Many miners



South Canyon coal miner with his children and his mule.

commute to Redstone from Rifle, Silt, New Castle, Glenwood Springs, and Carbondale. Mid-Continent and Snowmass Coal now operate the only large-scale mines, but one hundred years ago coal mines were everywhere.

The three major areas for coal mines were south of Glenwood Springs, along Coal Ridge at New Castle, and along the Crystal River. Coal mining began when Walter B. Devereux became General Manager of mines owned by the Grand River Coal and Coke Company. He hired Hervey Lyle from Londonderry, Ireland, to act as his foreman and soon wagons pulled by six and eight horse teams began freighting coal to smelters in Aspen.

Who was to own the mines? Would control of this vast underground wealth go to the Silver Kings or the steel magnates or perhaps even the railroad? Managers and stockholders plotted political maneuverings and corporate merger strategies for years, but for the miners themselves there were few decisions to make. Miners got up in the early hours before dawn, donned their coveralls and heavy boots, checked the fuel in their carbide lamps, and descended long dark shafts into the bowels of the earth.

They struggled hard for their wages and after a long and dangerous day underground, they finally reached the surface in the evening and sought the dreamless sleep of exhausted men. Few miners saw the sun during days they worked, and Sundays were their only days for rest.

Such was the unvarying schedule in dozens of local coal mines. South of Glenwood Springs, small mining camps included Coal Basin, Spring Gulch, and Marion which began in 1881. Within a few years Marion even had fifty coke ovens and dozens of miners' shacks. Mines at Sunlight opened in 1886 and Cardiff boomed with 249 coke ovens, fifty miners' shacks, thirty rental homes, and even a depot for the Colorado Midland railroad. The coke ovens were essential because the infant steel industry that was beginning at Pueblo, Colorado, needed high quality coking coal to operate its Bessemer steel process.

West of Glenwood Springs little is left of the busy mines at South Canyon which once boasted twenty-seven cottages, a school, a church, a literary society, a 1,200 volume library, a baseball team, and a town big enough for 300 people. South Canyon mines

were exceptional in that they employed black miners. The Boston and Colorado Coal Company, with financial assistance from New York City, had bunkhouses for 100 men "furnished with neat iron bedsteads and bed clothing is supplied by the Company. In fact, the building is run rather on the hotel plan with attendants to keep the place in order..."

If the South Canyon mines saw to the cultural improvements of their miners, other mines in the county not only had poor living conditions, but the working conditions were deplorable. In the 1887 *Bureau of Labor Statistics Report for the State of Colorado*, was this ominous prediction for Garfield County:

The coal miners have grievances which require some redress. The air in the mines is bad, and an inspector is needed. If a man makes the least kick against bad air or gas he is immediately discharged. This should be looked into as there will be loss of life here if action is not taken immediately.

Yet miners were unable to change their working conditions. Many miners had come from other countries and the mines had paid their passage to the United States so they were indebted to the coal companies. Wages were in company script and could only be redeemed at the company store where clerks charged inflated prices. Miners

were trapped by the economic conditions and forced to work double shifts and dangerous overtime hours just to save a few dollars.

Because the miners were from distant countries, they grew intensely lonely for their families and as soon as they could save up enough to pay passage they sent for their wives and brothers and sisters. Lodges like the International Order of Odd Fellows, the Knights of Labor, the Moose Lodge, the Benevolent Paternal Order of Elks, and the Knights of Columbus all assisted foreign miners in writing letters back home and translating documents that were in English.

During all this time when New Castle was growing and prospering the lot of the miners was precarious to say the least. They worked in poorly timbered underground tunnels sometimes only three feet high and dripping with cold water. Each man had to furnish his own tools and oil for his lamp. Paydays were often irregular, even two or three months apart. Cave-ins, small explosions and fires as well as other accidents were frequent.

At the end of the nineteenth century, America was becoming a world industrial power on the backs of cheap immigrant labor. Garfield County was no exception to the same drama played out in the industrial cities of Newark, Pittsburgh, New York, and Chicago.

Just as those cities experienced bitter and divisive labor strikes, so, too,

did the coal miners strike at New Castle in October 1893. The strike began at the Vulcan Mine over two missed paydays. Then other conditions became issues such as requests by the shot-firers to be out of the mines at lunchtime. Shot-firers placed the dynamite charges which loosened up the long seams of coal. They also wanted only one person in the mine to set the dynamite charges so as not to accidentally blast one shaft at the same time as charges were being set in another shaft. Their third request was that everyone be out of the mine when the dynamite blew.

All three requests seem perfectly reasonable from our comfortable vantage point one hundred years later. But to the mine superintendents and the plant managers, the very thought that miners could strike and make demands was as dangerous to them as the dynamite that the miners lived with day after day.

A final issue was the Wolfe Safety Lamp which had a mesh cover over the wick which collapsed in the presence of pockets of gas. Although that was a significant safety feature, the lamp offered almost zero visibility and the miners were irate about using lamps that shed such poor light.

The Bureau of Labor report also identified such dangers as inhalation or absorption of poisonous gas, the liability of being crushed to death by poor timbering of mine props or defective



South Canyon miners stand in front of the South Canyon mine in 1906. Note the mining superintendent with the felt hat and one miner with a bullwhip around his neck. This photo is unique because it shows two black miners. Most mines prohibited black employees.

machinery, the danger of being killed by snowslides, and the ever-present possibility of being buried alive under tons of fallen coal.

New Castle miners lived daily with those hazards. They wanted their other grievances recognized. Conditions improved slightly at the Vulcan Mine, but miners at the Consolidated Mine, owned by Colorado Fuel & Iron, stayed out on strike for five months.

During this time the mine was boarded up, and the general superintendent of C.F. & I. threatened to let it fill up with water. The miners were forced to accept lower pay than before, and the company hired back only 62 of their 162 men. Furthermore, Santa Fe Coal Company reduced the Vulcan miners' pay to match Consolidated's.

In the summer of 1894 a general strike was called by United Mine Workers, and after so much trouble of their own, the New Castle miners went out reluctantly. Acts of violence, which included the burning of the Midland bridge to prevent thirty U. S. Marshalls from entering town, occurred and the state militia was called in to insure safe passage for the trains. When the strike was finally over, President John Osgood of C. F. & I. announced that the Consolidated would be closed indefinitely. The Vulcan reopened immediately with three eight-hour shifts. After two months the miners once again conceded to the same wages they had before, and the Consolidated opened again in October, 1894.

★ ★ ★ ★



The Upper Camp at Spring Gulch was a large community when this photo was taken ca. 1900. The mine tibble (below) was photographed at South Canyon in the early 1920s.

The man who held the lives of hundreds of miners in the palm of his hand was John C. Osgood. Not only had he been villified by coal miners in New Castle during the coal strike of 1894, but he also brought down upon himself the wrath of *The Meeker Herald*. When President Benjamin Harrison first set aside the White River Timberland Reserve in 1891, the Meeker newspaper editorialized:

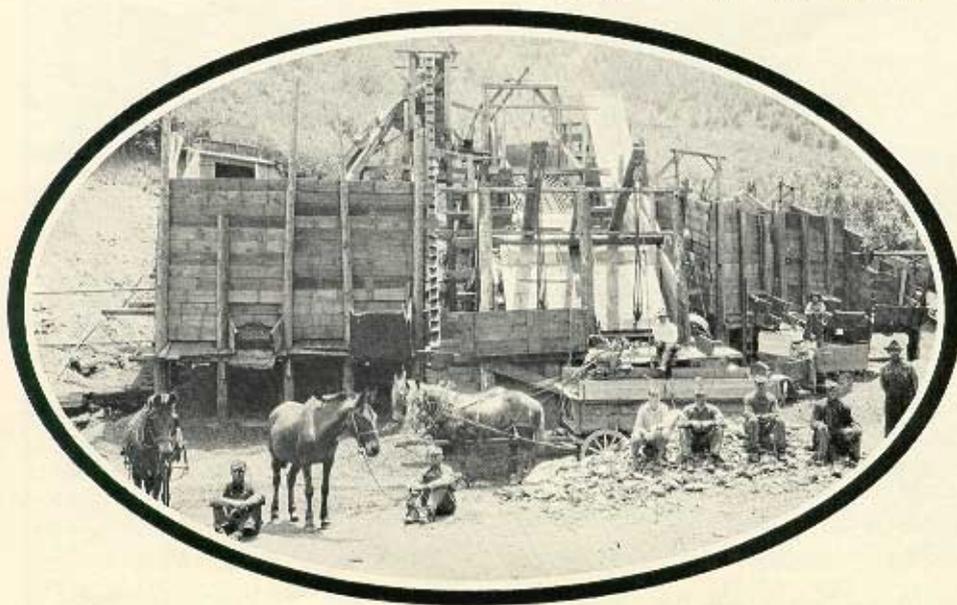
*Citizens of Rio Blanco county
rise in your might and protest
against the damnable outrage.
Will you sit still and let the*

*Osgood summer resort outfit
drive you from the homes that
you have acquired by years of toil
and the liberal expenditure of
money?*

Mr. Osgood obviously had some commercial ties to the Trappers Lake area and hoped the whole country would be set aside as a federal reserve thereby increasing the value of his private holdings.

Wealth helps to give individuals a thick hide and the ability to look with disdain not only upon local newspapers but also upon coal miners whose very sustenance depends on corporate whims. John C. Osgood was the kind of man who could turn a cold shoulder to the starving family of a striking miner, but then he himself had not been born with wealth. He set out to acquire it. John Cleveland Osgood, related to the man who founded the city of Cleveland, had originally come west looking for coal for the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad. Like other wealthy industrialists such as John D. Rockefeller who was sent to Pennsylvania to find oil, he found oil, and didn't tell his employers. Osgood didn't tell the head office of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad about his find. Instead in 1882 he personally filed on the mining claims in the Crystal River Valley.

He started the Colorado Fuel Company with the aid of financial backers



and expert business managers. He moved to Glenwood Springs and when the money started to roll in he built a fine luxury home on 10th Street and Colorado Avenue. However he didn't stay too long in the house because of a regrettable incident at the Hotel Colorado.

The Hotel had been recently finished and was proud of its status as the premiere hostelry between Denver and Salt Lake City. The Hotel Colorado had

chefs, and his wife could drink champagne out of her shoe if she wanted to.

So from the very beginning John C. Osgood was intimately involved with Garfield County affairs and vice-versa. He did build his castle, named Cleveholm, and an entire community for miners at Redstone on the Crystal River. In 1892 Colorado Fuel Company triumphantly merged with its competitor the Colorado Coal & Iron Company, and the new corporation, Colo-

dreams of industrial giants were dashed by the crash of 1893, and Osgood's plans suffered a five year halt in development. Seven years after the crash, Osgood was once again at the peak of financial success, and his coal mines were up to full production.

Sometime near the turn of the century the cruel "robber baron" had a change of heart. In his old age, Andrew Carnegie, who built up United States Steel, endowed libraries. John D.



The sign above the entrance to the Consolidated Mine near New Castle said: "NOTICE: All persons including employees are forbidden to use as traveling ways either under or above ground tramways and inclined planes where coal is hauled by machinery 8/10/93 W.P. Thompson, Genl Supt." By 1896 Garfield County had ten coal mines which employed 457 men, 287 of whom worked in New Castle.

been compared to the grandest hotels in Philadelphia, and the staff felt obliged to maintain their refined, cosmopolitan image. Therefore when late one night Mrs. Osgood became a little tipsy and was asked to leave the hotel because she had "overindulged", John Osgood was furious. How dare the Hotel Colorado throw his wife out on her ear because she had made a spectacle of herself on the dance floor? He, John Cleveland Osgood, would show them.

Osgood swore he would build a castle that would rival anything the Hotel Colorado could put forth in terms of style, service, and civility. He would have his own ballroom, maids, and

rado Fuel & Iron, had Osgood as its president. By sheer will power and cunning business savvy, John C. Osgood not only controlled the industrial giant of the West and some of the finest coal deposits in the United States, but he also owned the only Bessemer furnace west of the Mississippi River. Between his extensive holdings at Pueblo and coal mines along the Crystal River, when the development of the western half of the country began in earnest in the late 1800's, Osgood could provide all the steel that was needed.

Osgood had the Crystal River Railroad built between Carbondale and Redstone so that he could transport coal to Pueblo. However even the

Rockefeller started up the Rockefeller Foundation which has given away \$530 million for medical research. John C. Osgood had a better idea. He would start an impressive program of "sociological work" to improve the conditions of life for his coal miners.

Perhaps he had feelings of guilt about the coal strike at the Consolidated Mine in 1894 when miners had struck for five months and returned to work at an even lower wage scale. Whatever the reasons, Redstone was to be a great social experiment—the vision of what a mining town should be because "contented miners produced more coal." Architects designed the 84 houses each in a different Swiss

CERTIFICATE OF CITIZENSHIP

United States



of America

STATE OF COLORADO.

County of Gulf

In the County Court,

September Term, 1904.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 1st day of November in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four personally appeared before the Hon. W. H. Beard, Judge of the County Court of the County of Gulf and State aforesaid (the same being a Court of Record, having and exercising common law jurisdiction, a Seal and a Clerk, sitting judicially for the dispatch of business at the Court House in Glenwood Springs in the County aforesaid,

Autonius Garga an alien, of lawful age, and applied to the said Court to be admitted to become a Naturalized Citizen of the United States

THE IMMIGRANTS STAYED
by Lena M. Urquhart
from Spa in the Mountains

GLENWOOD—THE MELTING POT

New York City has long been known as the "Melting Pot." The only thing they had over this valley was a bigger pot. The small crucible that nature fashioned here, surrounded by rugged mountains, had for its contents peoples from every country and race: the educated and the illiterate; the wealthy and the very poor; the socially elite and the country bumpkin. But it was filled with ambition and stirred with challenge. Security, a place under the sun, was the ambition of the poor. To fully enjoy life, and at the same time develop and exploit this exciting new land, was the ambition of the wealthy.

One large segment of the population was excluded from its prosperity. The coal miner found himself on the lowest rung of the economic and social ladder. To the mine owner he was a desired necessity. To society he was the base of all progress. The majority of them were Italian or Austrian immigrants who arrived from Europe under contract with a procuror or middleman who arranged for their passage with U. S. Immigration Authorities by paying their transportation and guaranteeing their employment. To accomplish this, the procuror, in turn, had entered into contract with mine owners to hire the new immigrants, assigning their wages until expenses of transportation were repaid, plus large fees and interest, which represented profit for the middleman. Thus, until he worked out this contract, the immigrant miner was not a free man.

For necessities of existence, food, and clothing, he was dependent upon script, which he could spend only at the company store. This was merely another method of going deeper into debt. Soon, he literally "owed his soul to the company store." Most of these people came from warm, southern Europe to a land that had been pictured as the "sunny blue sky of Colorado." On arrival, he found coal mines were in high mountain valleys, his new home was a dirtfloored mining shack, and he was at the mercy of a long, hard winter. Papa was more comfortable at work than at home, for in the mine he was sheltered by warm, dark earth. The miner's family found themselves "up a creek", homesick and cold.

While Papa was slaving to redeem their freedom, it was the distaff side of the family who often met the challenge that delivered them from bondage. Public land was still available for homestead in the high mountain valleys. Low pastures and easy land had already been exhausted. Miners took what was left, but it was Mama and the children who did much of the improvement work. As soon as they were able to buy a cow and raise a garden, their freedom became assured. They could sell anything not needed for their own survival. Building their first log cabin was often a neighborhood project, a log-rolling. One day, and the walls were in place. There were still expenses. Often these were met by Mama taking in washing, baking and selling bread from newly constructed stone or brick outside ovens, and working as a domestic.

They sent their children to the one-room country school. Every mine had one. Here they became a part of the great American family, for in this same

Esma Lewis taught for years at the two-room school at Antlers. One fall she had students who spoke, English, German, Spanish, Russian, Polish, and Czechoslovakian yet they were all tied to the soil and knew how to raise crops. Under Mrs. Lewis' fine teaching they learned to read and write in English and they became fine American citizens.

school were children from the English and Irish mine superintendents, the Swedish immigrants, the manager of the company store, and the neighboring cowboy. Here they learned the English language and their first lessons in success. Many of today's second and third generations recall the challenge and hardship of these pioneer ancestors, and they boast of their achievements with pride.

If they had not been resourceful it would have been impossible for them to cope with the evil days ahead, those of the early 1900s, when labor unions would be organized to resist practices of their employers—low wages, dangerous working conditions, and poor housing. The turmoil of the strike, its accompanying dangers, and loss of salary drove many of them to other industry or out onto the ranches. This was the final stir in the crucible. They emerged Americans, fully amalgamated to take their rightful place in society.

Excerpted from Mrs. Urquhart's book, "Spa in the Mountains."



The Eccher family posed for this portrait at Spring Gulch in 1894. They had come from Tyrol, Austria (now Italy) and moved from mining camp to mining camp before settling on Silt Mesa in the early 1920s.

Chalet style with two to five rooms. From 1902 to 1903 there were Sunday band concerts. A special facility for bachelor miners, now known as the Redstone Inn, featured forty rooms, electric lights, barbershop, laundry, telephones, reading rooms, and steam heat.

Osgood sought to make Coal Basin and Redstone into Utopian mining communities. This ambitious program of "social uplift" for the hundreds of immigrant miners included kindergartens, night schools, circulating and permanent libraries, cooking and sewing classes, hygiene classes, and music organizations for all age groups. Although the program was supervised from Pueblo by Osgood's chief surgeon and embraced thirty-eight coal camps and mines in Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico, the Redstone experiment was special. Osgood spent his own funds on improvements at Redstone, and consequently did not see the "wolf" at the door.

The social program began in 1901. It was gone by 1904 because in 1903 Osgood lost control of Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. to an industrialist even more conniving and unscrupulous than Osgood had been—John D. Rockefeller.

The new management had no use for "social improvement" and the self-help programs quickly disappeared. The coal market fluctuated up and down. Properties went into receivership, and in 1941 Redstone had a population of

only twelve people. The days were long gone since the band had played in the park on Sundays, but Osgood's intentions would not be forgotten. He had tried to humanize the life of coal miners who had only known long hours at low pay, and although he was a staunch opponent of unions, in his later years he did what he could to improve the lives of men who labored for him.

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Osgood lost control of his mines in 1903, but there were other mines still going strong in Garfield County. In 1896 there were ten mines in operation in the county and they employed 457 men, 287 of whom worked in New Castle. Of the large mines there was the Keystone, one and a half miles down river from the Consolidated Mine, and the Vulcan, one and a half miles east of New Castle on Rodereick Ridge.

Safety measures were unheard of in mining at the end of the nineteenth century, and weekly accidents and fires were commonplace. Yet no one was prepared for the terrific explosion that ripped through the Vulcan Mine on February 18, 1896, and hurled mine timbers 400 feet away to the Colorado River. It took four weeks to recover all the bodies. In April the Santa Fe Fuel Company closed and flooded the Vulcan to avoid another disaster.

Three years later the Consolidated Mine caught fire, and this fire could not

be quenched. Attempts were made to flood it to no avail, and the fire raged on. The Consolidated was closed for good, in 1899. The scars of these fires are still visible—almost a century of fire.

In 1905 the Colorado Midland shipped 250 cars of coal from New Castle in spite of strikes, accidents, and the general discontent of the miners. Yet economic conditions worsened and soon only a few small mines in the area kept both a handful of men employed, and the town alive.

But the year 1912, brought a much needed change of luck. Word came from Denver that the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company had bought the old Vulcan property from the former owners, the Santa Fe Fuel Company.

The new outfit wanted to reopen the mine, just a few hundred yards from where the old Vulcan shaft still smoldered from the explosion of 1896. They wanted to tap the same seam of coal the Vulcan had been mining.

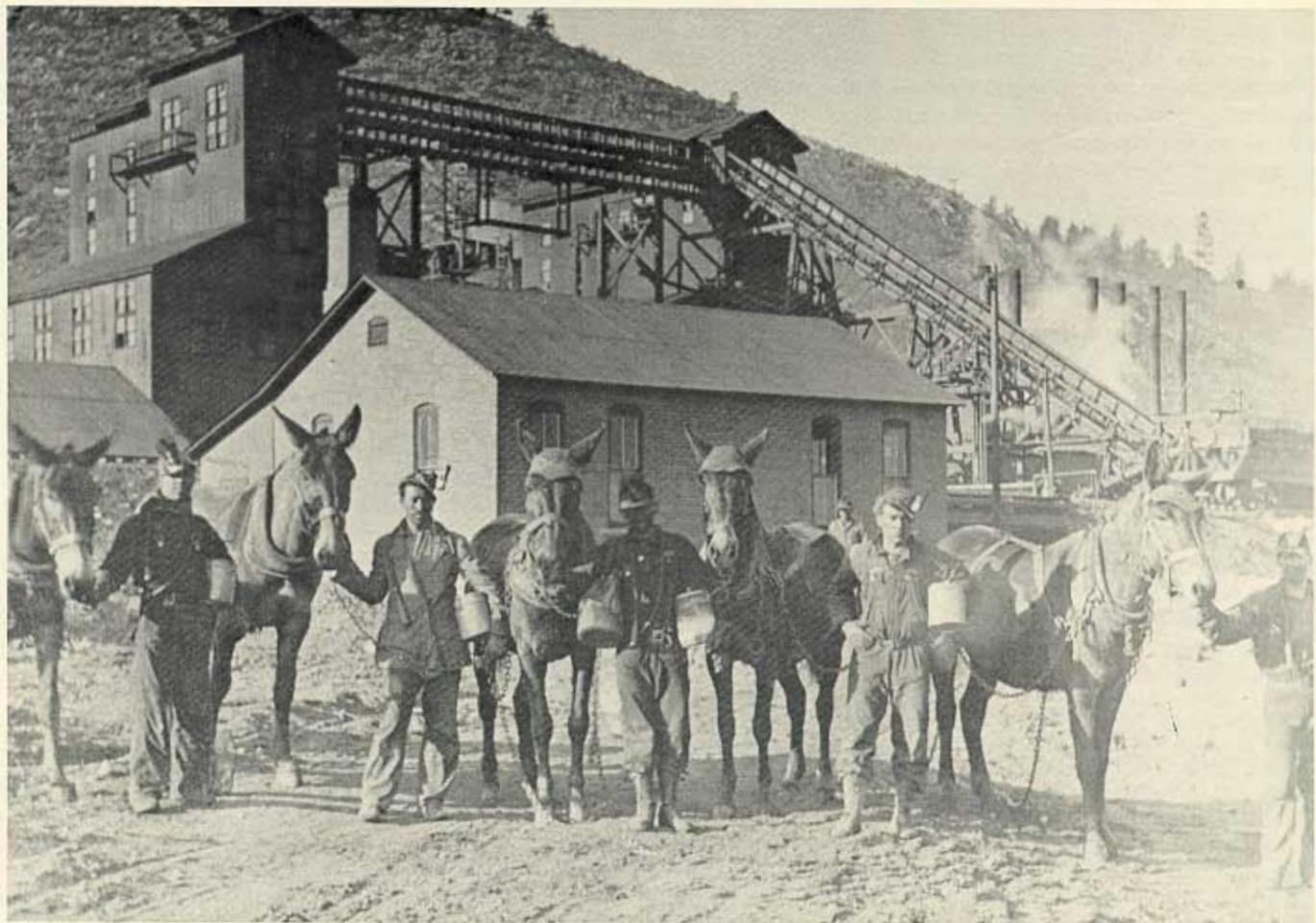
The news soon spread. Those unemployed or ex-miners still in the New Castle area soon found work, while several new families, especially Italians, moved into town and were quickly hired.

After a brief start-up period, coal production seemed to go smoothly at the new mine, which retained the old name of Vulcan.

There was some talk of a lot of gas in the mine, and a few miners who had lost fathers in the 1896 explosion



Two of the largest loads of coal to come into Glenwood Springs from South Canyon. Drivers: Lou Flaherty, Clayton Hill.



South Canyon miners with mules and lunch buckets. ca.1906.

sometimes berated the mine bosses for not looking after the employees' health more carefully, but overall, most of the miners were glad for the work.

It was another Tuesday Morning, December 18, 1913, at exactly 10:20 a.m. that the history of the Vulcan repeated itself.

An awful explosion, "that sounded like a giant clap of thunder," was heard nearly 15 miles away.

A steady, upward stream of smoke bellowed out of the mouth of the shaft, covering the surrounding area in a "blackness as dark as midnight."

Frantic wives, mothers, sons, daughters and friends rushed to the site of the explosion, repeating the same tragic scene that had occurred on the very same spot almost 18 years earlier.

Since the smoke had died down, and no gas seemed to be present, the Vulcan first-aid team, along with mine superintendent Meerdink, rushed into the mine a few minutes after the explosion. But the mine was blocked, a few hundred feet or so into the shaft, by a

massive cave-in that completely choked the tunnel from floor to roof.

State District Mine Superintendent Cummins soon arrived from Glenwood Springs, and quickly ordered, by telephone, all available miners to New Castle, with men coming from the various coal mines located throughout Garfield County.

Volunteer miners, ranchers, and businessmen all worked in round-the-clock shifts Tuesday and Tuesday night, removing the rocks, piles of coal, and smashed timbers from the massive cave-in area.

Finally, Wednesday morning, rescue workers broke through the tunnel and over the broken down wall.

But none of the miners they found needed help. Thirty-three bodies lay just on the other side of the cave-in, all within a few feet of each other. Some had been badly mangled by the explosion, a few showed terrible signs of burns, while others had been overcome by the dust, smoke, or noise.

When the news reached the large crowd waiting outside the mine, crying

and screaming were soon heard everywhere.

Several of the miners killed in the disaster had been left fatherless by the first Vulcan explosion. The thought of losing both a husband and a son to the same mine, eighteen years apart, was just too much for some women. The limp forms of mothers and wives who had fainted soon dotted the hillside.

Later, it was also discovered that eight of the victims had been employed by the Vulcan at the time of the 1896 explosion but had missed death the first time by having the day off from work. The Vulcan caught up with them the second time around.

Within 35 hours of the explosion, all the missing miners were accounted for. The last four men were located Wednesday night, bringing the total body count to 37.

Rocky Mountain Fuel Company President Shumway arrived from Denver the day after the explosion. Shumway soon became very unpopular with the New Castle folks, after he announced the company would pay each



On their way to the graveyard these mourners, probably miners, posed for this portrait—whiskey bottle in hand. Note the black silk arm bands. The lid of the coffin reads "at rest."

victim's family the princely sum of \$75 to help with funeral expenses.

Just 48 hours after the explosion, State Coal Mine Inspector Dalrymple began an investigation to try and determine the cause of the disaster. After one day of hearings, the verdict came in. The ruling said that Rocky Mountain Fuel Company was negligent in the operation of the mine, but that the \$75 already offered to each victim's family was "adequate."

Five years later "the Vulcan once again exposed its treachery" when five men were killed who were clearing out a small area that had caved in. No sooner had the wagon hauling the miners' bodies reached town, when yet another, more violent, explosion tore through the Vulcan, sending showers of rocks and timbers out of its mouth.

Soon the fires from the two Vulcan shafts spread along the seam of coal running under the hillside, just on the

other side of the river from New Castle.

Unfortunately coal mine disasters are not a thing of the past. On April 15, 1981, fifteen men lost their lives in the Dutch Creek Mine of Mid-Continent Resources at Redstone. Coal mining has always been a dangerous occupation, but coal miners are a tough and sturdy breed willing to take calculated risks.

Hats off to Garfield County coal miners past and present, for theirs' is a difficult occupation, and they are the unsung heroes in the county's past and in its future. ☛

Credit for this chapter goes to Anna Johnson, Director, Frontier Historical Museum, Virgene Anderson and Edna Sample, New Castle Historical Society, and Dave Fishell for permission to reprint excerpts from "New Castle's Legacy of Tragedy" Grand Junction Sentinel, February 25, 1979.



A marble headstone stands quietly at the New Castle cemetery with Coal Ridge in the background.

IV. GRASS HAY AND FAT CATTLE

Such was the nature of this particular valley; its history would be unique and different from all earlier migrations of men into Colorado. There were no minerals to attract those who might gamble on a wild get-rich-quick existence. Emigrants would choose this valley, almost to a man, for a piece of good earth in which they could put down roots to produce a home. Some envisioned livestock grazing on the high plateaus, others would grow grain and feed. Some could almost taste the vegetables and fruits of this promised land.

RIFLE SHOTS

All the land from New Castle to Rifle along the Grand Hogback was originally called Cactus Valley. No one settled in Cactus Valley or on Silt Mesa because in the 1876 Hayden Survey report, geologist Dr. A. C. Peale had said that the valley had been cut off from moisture and was hopelessly arid. Prickly pear cactus, greasewood, and bristles of yucca covered its lowlands and on the mesas grew dry sage and twisted cedar. Although beautiful in spring, by summer's end even livestock avoided the valley.

Ute Indians lived at the head of Hog Back Pass, now known as Harvey Gap, and in addition to the good hunting, they kept between 50 and 75 head of cattle and a large string of ponies at what was called Old Squaws Camp. When the Indians were forced to leave in 1881, John Harvey filed on land north of the gap and he began to run his own cattle on the arid soil.

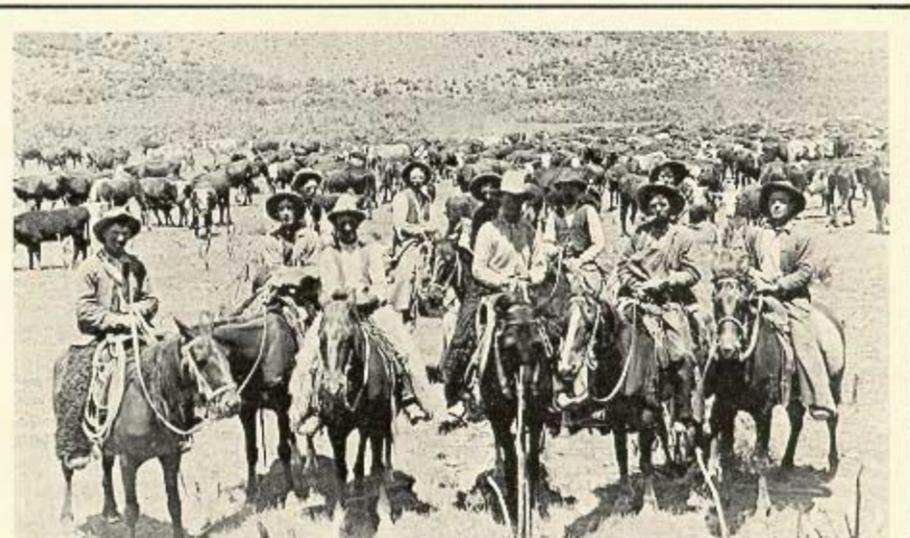
What John Harvey was doing at Old Squaws Camp other men were doing throughout the county at Cattle Creek, Thompson Creek, Crystal Springs, Coal Basin, Spring Valley, and Missouri Heights. In the days before the National Forest and the Bureau of Land Management, property that a rancher fenced and maintained was his. If he ran cattle between the creeks and they carried his brand then he could become a wealthy man if the winters were mild, the coyotes few in number, and the cattle rustlers scarce. Then, of course, there was always competition from neighbors.

In 1883 Emmet Nuckholds and his sons brought in 5,000 longhorns from Texas, grazed them on all the hills from Rifle to Carbondale and then drove them down to market at Pueblo. A good many local ranchers complained that when the Nuckhold herd left the area, they also included sizable numbers of local cattle.

John Gant ran 1,500 horses between Battlement Mesa and Divide Creek. There were few fences and whatever range a rancher was willing to ride he could claim for his stock. One of the largest outfits was the Grand River Ranch & Cattle Company who sponsored settlers on desert claims and then the cattle company bought out the settlers and expanded their own domain. By 1893, H. W. Hallett had built



John Hurlburt from Parachute took grim satisfaction from the plight of the cattlemen in 1893. Two years before he had faced a disaster of his own. DeBeque cattlemen objected to sheep Hurlburt pastured on West Mesa above Anvil Point. When Hurlburt left for the Peach Day celebration in Grand Junction, his herder was shot in the hip and



Cowboys and their herds of cattle have long been familiar sights in Garfield County.

up a sizable ranch with 4,000 head of cattle and a regular trail called the JQS up to summer pastures on the BookCliffs. But the panic of 1893, which had profound effects up and down the valley and shattered the mining boom towns of Aspen and Leadville, ended his cattle empire. A big cow and calf sold for only 14 cents per pound and the Grand River Ranch & Cattle Company went under.

But despite the setbacks, cattle were here to stay in Garfield County and a rich legend of cowboy lore would grow up and around the cow camps on the high mountains of the Flat Tops, the Cline Tops, and other ranges.

forty masked men riding masked horses began to drive sheep over the cliff. When the sheep refused to jump, the cattlemen cut branches from trees and started to club them to death. They found a second bunch and clubbed them. Daisy Hurlburt Green remembers:

My oldest brother, Luther, was with the third bunch. He was 19 then, but the cattlemen didn't find his bunch. It was getting late, so they left a note pinned to a post saying time didn't allow them to kill the rest of the sheep, but it wouldn't pay to keep sheep in this country.

John Hurlburt could get no recompense and the sheep slaughter broke him financially. His wife miscarried over the affair and his sons spent the winter cutting cedar posts to keep grub on the table. Within thirty years cattlemen in Garfield County would diversify and run both cattle and sheep on the open range, but in the early 1890's they had an unreasonable hatred of sheep and very little understanding of good grazing practices.



Garfield County had its own saddle makers like Billie Thompson who opened a shop in Antlers and then moved to Rille.

Other men looked at the same ground, the fine soil, and the bright sunny days and began to farm. Ditch companies were started because with only sixteen inches of annual precipitation, farm land needed irrigation. Land under the ditches began to blossom with alfalfa hay, vegetables and fruit. At the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, W. S. Parks from Silt took first place with prize peaches and apples. Coe and Fleming won prizes for their fruit, Eugene Grubb for his potatoes, and Henry Hasley grew the largest sugar beet exhibited in St. Louis.

Fruit grown in Garfield County included plums, strawberries, apples, grapes, and pears. Peaches were so successful along the Hog Back between New Castle and Silt that it became known as Peach Valley. Strawberry Days began in Glenwood Springs in 1898 and continues as the oldest continuous town celebration in the state. Trains from Aspen and Grand Junction brought a record 6,000 out-of-town visitors into Glenwood for Strawberry Days in 1905.

If Glenwood had its Strawberry Days, Carbondale had its Potato Days and for good reason. Before World War I, Missouri Heights and Carbondale shipped 1,000 grain cars of potatoes one year with 450 sacks to the car and 100 pounds of potatoes in each sack. Thomas McClure had come to Carbondale in 1885 and developed the "Red McClure" potato, but it remained for E. H. Grubb and his Mt. Sopris farm to really put Carbondale on the map.

Grubb worked his soil eight times before planting and pioneered new methods of deep cultivation. He carefully selected his potato seed and over the years he perfected the "Perfect Peachblow" potato that was so successful it was sold exclusively for the dining car trade. He had a contract to supply all the potatoes for the New York Central Railroad.

Although he traveled all over Europe examining potatoes in his position on the Colorado State Board of Agriculture, in his book **The Potato**, published in 1912, he stated:

"The Roaring Fork and Crystal River Valley section of Colorado is as nearly perfect in soil condition as can be found, and the potatoes grown there are not excelled anywhere in the world and

are equalled in but few places."

He was able to command twice the market price for his potatoes because of the perfect conformity of his product. There was no waste when the potatoes were peeled and he admonished his workers, "Do not put a potato into a sack for market that you would not want to serve on your own table." Grubb developed special procedures for shipping potatoes in cold weather so they would not freeze. His practices were implemented throughout Garfield county wherever potatoes were grown.

In 1929 S. A. Donegan was crowned the "Potato King" because of his phenomenal yield of 675.9 bushels to the acre. Many a youngster picked spuds for 3¢ per hundred pound sack or \$3 for 10,000 pounds of potatoes. Although no potatoes are now commercially grown in the county, evidence of the potato business still remains.

Most farms and ranches have huge old potato cellars with massive windowless wooden doors and sidewalls made of dirt and rock. The roof is often of sod and supported by cedar beams cut with a broad axe and laid lengthwise. Many a hundred pound sack was filled from within those muffled walls.

C. C. Miller, President.

W. E. Howard, Secretary.

C. Pretti, Treasurer.

THE FARMERS' IRRIGATION COMPANY

DIRECTORS
C. C. MILLER
W. E. HOWARD
C. PRETTI
A. J. LAURIG
H. FOSTER

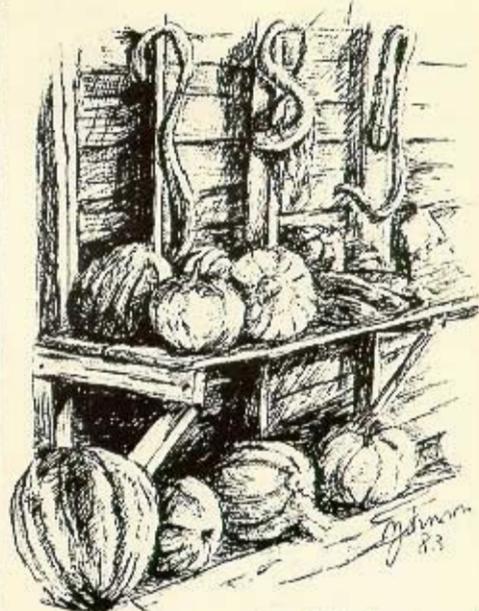
Antlers, Colo., _____ 190



Side delivery hay rake with a handsome matched team of horses from the Sweet Ranch near Carbondale, July 20, 1921. O. Schultz is driving the team.



E. Gant and prize pumpkin—weighed 87 pounds, and took first prize at Denver as well as the Pueblo State Fair.



graded town park with trees and flowers.

The English corporation decided to put in a dam at Harvey Gap and on many maps the dam is still named Grass Valley Reservoir. From Rifle Creek a wooden flume was built that was four feet deep and eight feet wide. The whole community celebrated on Christmas Eve in 1894 when the dam was finished, but in April of 1895 it washed out, flooding the railroad west of Silt and creating the deep gash through the gap that exists to this day.

After the dam broke, farmers went broke. Without good irrigation water they had to make do on "cull potatoes

In 1887 an English corporation, the Grass Valley Land & Water Corp. bought up most of the land between Silt and Rifle and laid out the little town of Antlers. After the mines in Central City went bankrupt during the crash of 1893, miners and their families were encouraged to move to the Antlers area and there they found a small village of five cottages, a livery stable, general store and post office (which handled mail until 1954), schoolhouse (still standing), blacksmith shop, the Billie Thompson Saddle Company and even a

Old timers from Carbondale remember sacking spuds. From the west end of Garfield County the old-timers are liable to talk about hoeing and thinning sugar beets in a back-breaking stoop position. At one time 3,000 acres of sugar beets were grown between New Castle and Rifle and companies brought in German-Russian immigrants to live in company houses and work ten acre plots. But sugar beets need water and before there could be sugar beet fields there had to be irrigation....



The Flynn homestead was a favorite place for Fourth-of-July rodeos for the entire Divide Creek community. Photo circa 1920. Note that the stone barn still stands.

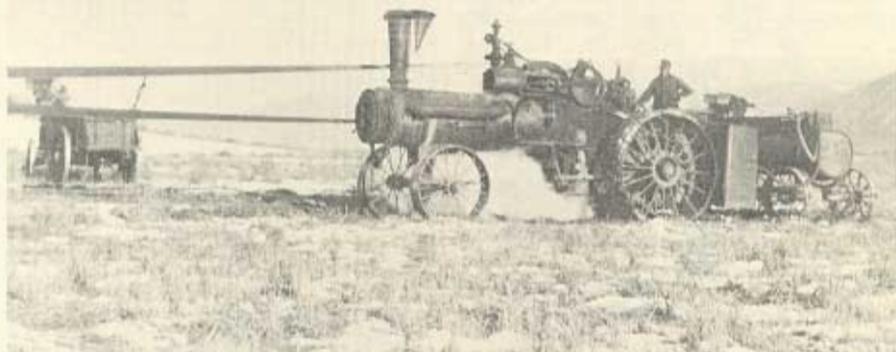
and jack rabbit" with a little venison thrown in for good measure. To add insult to injury, the Denver & Rio Grande had decided to build its cattle stockyards at Rifle and the village of Antlers began to decline.

But the farmers were still there and the Cactus Valley Ditch was built between 1890 and 1898. Five years later, in 1903, the Farmer's Irrigation Company incorporated to rebuild the reservoir and they succeeded, but it only held 28 perpendicular feet of water. The real boom to the area came when the Antlers Orchard Development Company enlarged the dam with Japanese labor in 1907. Bitter lawsuits developed, but William Devereux, the builder of the Colorado Hotel in Glenwood Springs, foresaw acres and acres of orchard on land that had been cactus. He helped to finance the company. No orchards really prospered in that western end of Cactus Valley, but sugar beets were successfully grown from 1913 to 1948. To help harvest the beets the development company brought in German-Russian laborers who had learned their trade in Kansas and Nebraska. In 1919 land was sold to Weiss, Fech, Heitz, Rohrig, Kaufman, and Horst. In the 1920's German, Austrian, and Russian farmers included Becker, Rinehart, Lind, Linker, Kline, and Michael.

Mexican-American families moved into western Garfield County to work in the sugar beet fields and on the railroad. Their names were Diaz, Gallegos, Estrada, Urban, Madrid, Quintana, and Aragon. Like their German and Italian neighbors, they spoke little English. Esma Lewis who taught for years at the Antler's School remembers one fall when she had students who spoke English, German, Spanish, Russian, Polish, and Czechoslovakian yet they were all tied to the soil and knew how to raise crops.

The development company failed, but the farmers didn't. They worked hard to improve their farms in the tradition of so many immigrants who set down permanent roots in America.

West of Rifle an even more ambitious project than the Farmer's Irrigation Company was the Havemeyer ditch which was to supply Colorado River water to irrigate beets from Rifle to Parachute. On May 10, 1912, the ditch was completed with the tunnel under Webster Hill, but a June flash flood took out the headgate and washed away the plans for thousands of acres of irrigated fields.



A steam threshing machine goes to work in the Carbondale area with snow on the ground. Photo circa 1919.

Beautiful Morrisania Mesa lies east of Parachute on the south side of the river. All of Morrisania except the Clem ranch was owned by Peter R. Morris. In 1898 he decided to sell his ranch in small parcels for fruit raising. People from all parts of the country and from all walks of life purchased these tracts of land where the soil, composed of volcanic ash and decayed humus, is especially adapted to fruit growing. Many of these early buyers wrote excellent letters about their successful ventures. A. T. Cooley who, in 1922, was President of the Garfield County State Bank at Grand Valley was an early owner of a tract. He wrote, "I have always contended that a family could live on one acre and pay for it and that they could save money on two acres through the right kind of management. Morrisania, with its 880 acres, ought to support at least 880 people."

Hardy pioneers also tried growing lettuce in the Divide Creek area and on the Flat Tops in the late 1920's. Wagon after wagon filled with lettuce grown on Triangle Park came down the road near West Elk Creek and was packed and shipped out of New Castle. One year a lettuce slug infected all the crops and the market collapsed. No one would buy Colorado lettuce. In 1928 Henry Jennings raised seven acres of lettuce and could only sell two crates.

Agriculture has had its ups and downs in Garfield County. Some years have been good and others have been disasters for row crops, hay crops,

sheep and fat cattle. Yet many grandchildren of original pioneers still live on the same ranches and farm the same land. Agricultural roots are as deep as those of cottonwoods growing along the irrigation ditches. In late spring a hundred years ago the Ute Indians would have smelled the pungent aroma of sage, but now there is fresh clover in the alfalfa and the delightful scent of new-mown hay. ❀



Henry Haas, 74, has farmed all his life near Silt, Colorado. He is shown here with his dog Snoopy, the dachshund, and Blue his collie.



V. TOWNS ALONG THE RIVERS

In fifteen years Colorado has grown from a mere outpost of civilization to a populous and powerful state; no longer isolated, she is the centre of an enormous extent of country that is being searchingly and rapidly filled from the overflowing east. The flood-tide of immigration has crowded past Kansas and Nebraska to the foot of the Rocky Mountains and is pressing on to the fertile regions of the western slope.

THE UTE CHIEF, GLENWOOD SPRINGS
MARCH 3, 1888

For every farmer and rancher who had entered the fledgling Garfield County with a thousand dreams of running a big herd on the mesas or growing acres and acres of crops, there was another pioneer who envisioned paved streets where only sagebrush existed and grand hotels on the site of log cabins. However remote the ranch, sooner or later the rancher had to come in for supplies. Merchants up and down the valley were waiting at strategic points where creeks and rivers flowed into the Colorado River.

The first incorporated town in the county, Glenwood Springs in 1885, was situated at the confluence of the Colorado River and the Roaring Fork. Both Carbondale and New Castle were incorporated next in 1888. Carbondale was located where the Crystal River joined the Roaring Fork, and New Castle was built where Elk Creek enters the Colorado River. Six years after the railroad came to Rifle in 1899, the Town of Rifle was incorporated in 1905 at the juncture of Rifle Creek and the Colorado River. Parachute (its original name, although it was incorporated as Grand Valley) incorporated in 1908 where Parachute Creek flows into the great river of the West—the Colorado. Silt was the last community to incorporate in Garfield County. The year was 1915—only seven years after the Silt bridge was built to accommodate all the homesteaders who lived up Divide Creek which also poured into the Colorado River.

Just as precious water from the river would become vitally important for irrigation so, too, did towns prosper and thrive near the river's grassy banks.

Any trapper would say that the fastest way out of the mountains is to follow a creek downhill. Wherever they could, farmers and ranchers took that advice. They followed the creeks and streams into town, took their teams into the livery stable to be curried and fed, brushed the dust out of their clothes, and walked down the street to do a little tradin'.

Saloons did a brisk business in cutting trail dust. Glenwood Springs boasted fifty such establishments and New Castle had twenty-two. Of course anyone in town on business usually needed a haircut and a shave (leave the mustache, trim the sideburns) and probably a bath, although that was optional.

Because of the isolation of the communities and the lack of passable wagon roads due to snow in winter and mud in spring, each town from Carbondale to Parachute evolved its own business district to serve local clientele. Towns had newspapers, saddle shops, general stores, railroad depots, butcher shops, and of course, hotels. The grandest of all was the Hotel Colorado planned by a Princeton graduate, designed by architects Borning, Tilton, and Mellen of New York, financed by English investors, and built on the site of a Ute medicinal spring by Italian stonecutters.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS

When Jim Landis arrived from Leadville at the site of the Yampah Hot Springs in 1879, he was looking for a good place to cut hay. Grass hay could be marketed in the boomtown of Leadville for upwards of \$100 a ton and Jim

had come north with a string of pack mules to take the hay back over the Great Divide. He liked the land along the river and squatted on it. That year the Utes became embroiled in the Meeker Massacre and within a few years the land belonged to Landis.

He sold it four years later in 1882 for \$1,500 to Issac Cooper who in 1884 laid out the Defiance Town & Land Company. Later Cooper renamed it Glenwood after Glenwood, Iowa, the hometown of both Cooper and his wife. The word springs was added to promote the natural mineral hot springs. Water for the young town came from No Name Creek and the first hotel was the St. James, nicknamed the "Venison house" because of the frequency with which venison graced the supper table.

Like all towns in the valley, Glenwood Springs had a significant problem with travel north and south across the Colorado River. Poorly built bridges often washed out until the sturdy Grand Avenue Bridge was designed by Theodore Von Rosenberg and constructed in 1891. At that time the Cooper Avenue Toll Bridge fell into disuse. It later fell into the river.

The first schools in Glenwood were in tents and homes. Doctors had their own hospitals and sanatoriums and the Hotel Colorado even had a resident physician. With the completion of General William Palmer's Denver & Rio Grande Railroad through Glenwood Canyon in 1887, the town's future was secure.

In that fateful year the old Ute chief Colorow made his last stand and was forced out of Garfield County, but not before Jasper Ward, founder of the



A freighter with his four-horse team make the pull up from the Cooper toll bridge in Glenwood Springs sometime before 1900.

town of New Castle, and Lieutenant Folsom were killed. The Utes would no more visit the hot springs they called "big medicine," for with the death of their chief that next year, their hunting trips were restricted to the Flat Tops and what was to become Rio Blanco County.

The town of Glenwood Springs continued to develop. As early as 1886, with financial assistance from the Rathbone Brothers in London, four generators on the Colorado River provided hydroelectric power. Presbyterian, Catholic, Christian, Methodist, and Episcopal churches provided for



This is the original Colorado Midland Railroad engine nicknamed "Sagebrush Annie." She made regular trips between Glenwood Springs and Aspen.

the spiritual needs of Glenwood residents, and a 6 p.m. curfew for decent ladies in town left the street-walkers to provide other attractions. In an exception to Victorian morality, one of the most prominent "madams" in town was Gussie Blake whose husband was a reputable businessman. Apparently mixing money and morals was not a concern to Glenwood's business elite.

Laws were lenient. Elijah Cravens shot George Farr dead in Pat Carr's saloon and only served one year in prison. Other local rowdies included Texas Pete, train robber and killer Harvey Logan (alias Kid Curry—a member of the infamous Wild Bunch), and in the 1920's, Diamond Jack Alterie bought a home at Sweetwater and was occasionally visited by Al Capone who was a pal from the good old days in Chicago.

What about Isaac Cooper who had paid \$1,500 for the hot springs in 1882? He sold the springs and ten acres for \$125,000 in 1885. And Kid Curry thought he could make a living robbing trains....

At last the hot springs fell into the hands of W. B. Devereux who in 1883 had taken command of smelting operations for Jerome Wheeler's silver mines in Aspen. Theodore Von Rosenberg designed the hot springs bath house and pool and later the Hotel Colorado. When the Hotel opened in 1893, it boasted 200 sleeping rooms, a dining room, a music room, a formal ballroom, and gentlemen's smoking rooms complete with billiard tables.

A majestic bull elk stood on top of the fireplace mantle and bear skins and lion skins decorated the hotel lobby. Travelers came from all over the world to bathe in the pool and play polo on the adjacent polo fields.

Devereux and others played serious polo. The Glenwood Springs team took the National Polo Championship in 1901 and World Championships in 1903, 1904, and 1912, but the polo ponies weren't all thoroughbreds. Many local cowboys tried their hand at polo and used their fast-cutting quarter horses. The well-heeled elite at the Hotel Colorado had to hand it to the buckaroos from local ranches. The cowboys may not have had elegant riding outfits, and they never took off their cowboy hats, but they certainly knew horseflesh and when they put their mind to it they could play polo with the best of the bluebloods. The cowboy team eventually beat the bluebloods.

NEW CASTLE

Grass hay along the river had originally tempted Jim Landis to settle at the present site of Glenwood Springs in 1879. Three years later, in 1882, Jasper Ward built a cabin west of Elk Creek where it flowed into the Colorado River.

He had a string of 75 freighting donkeys pastured on his 160 acre claim. The Wards were gradually joined by the Rodereick family and others who moved in when the Ute territory was opened for white settlement. Ward was also a self-taught frontier preacher who saw to the religious needs of the upstart community.

In 1883 a man named John Mace sold his recently acquired claim to B. Clark Wheeler, a newspaperman from Aspen, who platted part of it for a townsite called Grand Butte. Soon Jasper Ward was involved with some partners in platting part of his claim for a townsite called Chapman. Both names appear frequently in the history of New Castle, but a publication printed in 1885, *Croft's Gripsack Guide of Colorado*, listed Chapman as a stop on Post Road #29 at the junction of Elk Creek and the Grand River served by hack and saddle three times a week; Grand Butte was not mentioned.

In 1886 Ward had sold the peak which bears his name to Jerome Wheeler, whose business interests included both mining and railroads, especially the Colorado Midland.

It was this Wheeler who realized the potential of coal mine development and who discovered the thick rich veins of coal which dip under the river and continues through Rodereick Ridge. The largest vein is called the Wheeler vein. All of this area is part of the Grand Hogback which extends south as far as Chair Mountain and north into Rock Springs, Wyoming; it is laced with coal deposits throughout, many of which are still productive. The mine which was opened at Ward's Peak (now the peak is called Burning Mountain) was called the Consolidated Mine and was bought by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in 1892, as were many of the mines in the Grand Hogback.

As the Colorado Midland tracks came closer, the Medaris Hotel, and many other businesses, houses and even tents were literally thrown up around town. Several of the newcomers were Welsh or English coal miners whose idea it was to change the name of Chapman to New Castle in recogni-



One of the first log buildings in the Glenwood Springs area served double duty as both a hotel and the county courthouse winter of 1883.

tion of their familiar Newcastle-on-Tyne. In April, 1888, the town was incorporated under this name, and in October, the first train rolled into town. December marked the first shipment of coal from the Consolidated Mine which by that time employed 160 men.

The Rodereick family ran a ferry

which carried miners and farmers back and forth to the south side of the river. This was an inconvenient arrangement for them, and for years they urged the building of a bridge. In 1894 when the population had reached 1800, the county commissioners finally advertised bids to bridge the Grand River, but the



An early view of Grand Avenue in Glenwood Springs ca. 1885.



Influenced by Senator Edward Taylor, in 1899 the State Legislature authorized \$40,000 to construct a wagon road from Grand Junction to Denver. Actual cost—\$60,000; half of that was spent in Glenwood Canyon. To demonstrate the safeness of the road, Morgan Gavin, 15, Stephen Holland, 14, and Edmund Holland, 6, drove from Glenwood to Denver, via Pueblo, in Nov. 1912.



The Colorado Hotel as it originally looked when no street separated it from the Glenwood Hot Springs. Note that there is no bridge over the Colorado River where there now is one.

the brickyard on the C. O. Pierson ranch on Main Elk Creek, now known as the Ryden ranch. As the town grew and prospered there were restaurants, grocery and drug stores, two bakeries, several hotels, two opera houses, three livery stables, a printing office which printed the local newspaper, some rooming houses, and twenty-two saloons. West of the creek near the river was an area discreetly referred to as the "Peach Orchard," where flourished some "sportin' houses" patronized by the gayer blades of New Castle.

All was not sin and wickedness however. During the winter of 1888-89 the New Castle Congregational Church was built with pioneer methods of volunteer labor. The Precious Blood Catholic Church was built just above it in 1890, but the oldest church still on its original site is St. John's Episcopal Church completed in 1909.

As for travel in and out of town there was a stage line which went up Elk Creek, across Harvey Gap, and then up Rifle Creek to Meeker. A railroad was planned for this route and surveyors came in, but as Silt and Rifle grew the traffic flowed west and Meeker never got its railroad.

On April 22, 1905, the railroad brought President Theodore Roosevelt to New Castle on his famous hunting trek to the Divide Creek area. One of the women's groups had planned to surround the President, escort him to their club rooms where they had prepared a welcome, a program, and the presentation of a gift, a beautiful

white horsehair bridle for his daughter, Alice. Roosevelt got wind of this and ordered the train to stop well beyond the expected place so he could get on with his hunting. Hurriedly the disappointed ladies rushed after the train and a little girl was lifted up to the platform to present the gift.

Although its mining days have perhaps created the most dramatic part of the town's history, the part of agriculture has been more lasting and successful. While New Castle itself was overrun with miners, and with merchants wanting to make a living from them, the surrounding country was being settled by ranchers and farmers. As

**DEDICATED
TO THOSE WHO PERISHED
AND
IN TRIBUTE TO THOSE WHO
RISKED THEIR LIVES
IN RESCUE WORK**

February 18, 1896 — 49 lives lost
December 16, 1913 — 37 lives lost
November 4, 1918 — 3 lives lost

The scar on the side of the Coal ridge across the Colorado River, marks the Allen and Wheeler Coal veins, which were fired by numerous mine explosions.

The largest explosions occurred
—Dates Above—

MONUMENT AT THE INTERSTATE 70 INTERCHANGE
NEW CASTLE

familiar "Orange Bridge" was not completed until 1897 at the site of Rodereick's ferry. It, in turn, gave way to a bridge over Interstate 70 when it was completed in 1970.

The first area residents used water which was hauled from the creek in barrels and sold by the bucketful. By 1893 there was a reservoir filled by a flume from East Elk Creek, but it carried so little water that it froze in winter. Many city council meetings were devoted to planning an efficient water system of pipe or locally made tile to be laid three feet deep from the creek to the reservoir. Water lines were then laid up the street and outdoor hydrants installed. A fire department was organized with 45 active volunteers, two hose carts, and 1,000 feet of fire hose.

Brick was made in several places for new buildings which were springing up all over town. Many of these came from

mining efforts slowed, many miners also became farmers.

Cattle raising was the most important activity and wherever the ranchers and cowboys gathered, they would stage a rodeo to show off their everyday job skills, just as the miners would have drilling contests and the lumbermen would challenge each other's tree chopping ability.

Sheep were not brought in to graze until about 1916, and then on Garfield Creek a small war broke out between the sheep and cattlemen just as it had in other places in Western Colorado. Eventually peace reigned though the feud died hard. One fastidious lady would pull down her shades as the sheep were driven through town to avoid having to look at "those filthy

animals" on their way to summer pasture.

A brewery was housed in a two-story building 40' x 70' beside a large well-stocked ice house at the west end of town near the river. It had a 25 barrel capacity brew kettle and vats to hold 200 barrels. A malt kiln was erected in order to use local hops and barley.

North of Coryell Town there was once a cement plant, the New Castle Portland Cement Company, which has long been abandoned. Its site is still called Cement Gulch. A deposit of Kaolin of the quality used in making porcelain and fine china was found there and a few items were made for display, but it ended there.

All through the years there were sawmills in the area—a planing and

sawmill in Coryell Town and a logging and sawmill on East Elk Creek. During the 1920's and 1930's the mill owned by Earl Rippy provided jobs for many of the people in town, and large numbers of log houses were built with logs from the Rippy Mill. The road to Clinetop Mesa and the Buford Road were logging roads. About 1950 and again in 1970 rumors of construction of a pulp mill brought a brief flurry of boom-town type interest in New Castle.

There had been a similar situation in 1908 when a gold strike was made up East Elk Creek at the Grey Eagle Mine. Later another strike about one and one-half miles above the Grey Eagle was made by a John Higdon, and Higdon City was established, but it was short lived.

★ ★ ★ ★



In 1897 the ferry at New Castle was getting ready for its last trip as the bridge was about to be opened. Note scaffolding still in place under the bridge. From left to right: Idelle (Murtie) Phillips, Mrs. Clay Benson, Estella (Murtie) Davis, Mrs. W. J. Murtie, and ferry operator Clay Benson with horse.



CARBONDALE

Also short-lived was the town of Satank near the present site of Carbondale. Both Satank and the Carbondale Town & Land Company vied for having the railroad station when the Denver & Rio Grande came through. Carbondale succeeded and was incorporated a year later in 1888. The town began through the efforts of two miners, William Dinkel and Bob Zimmerman, who arrived in Aspen during the spring of 1881 with 800 pounds of flour purchased in Buena Vista. Flour went for four dollars per pound in Buena Vista, and Dinkel and Zimmerman sold it for \$50 per pound in Aspen.

Then they decided to head for Montana, and after a stop at the hot springs in Glenwood, they rode north over the Flat Tops. Utes intercepted them, took their money and supplies, and pointed them back towards Aspen. Arriving at the town site of Carbondale, named

after Carbondale, Pennsylvania, they decided to stay and build a log house on ranch road. Their early neighbors included E. F. Prince, Myron Thompson, Alex Thompson, Charles Harris, George Yule, Joseph Yule, and George and John Thomas.

Ranches progressed and stage service assisted the young community. In fact, Carbondale's main street is on the direct route of the old stage line which stayed to the west of the Roaring Fork river. By 1893 William Dinkel had recouped his losses and built brick buildings on what was to be called the Dinkel block in Carbondale. In 1910 a water system was completed with water coming into town from Nettle Creek Springs.

Coal has always played an important part in the town's history particularly with the opening and expansion of the Coal Basin and Thompson Creek coal mines. In 1892 the Crystal River Railroad went to Avalanche and other

coal fields. Later it would become the Crystal River & San Juan Railroad with service to Redstone until 1943. To serve railroad passengers, Dan Penny developed a major hot springs near Carbondale in the late 1920's, but later the railroad faltered and eventually the springs were closed.

Like most small towns in the county, Carbondale had a picture show where for ten cents on Saturdays children watched "Riders of the Purple Sage" and "The Iron Hand." Because the films were silent, a piano player added to the excitement by playing a score that was sent with the films and was intended to accompany the flickering scenes.

Carbondale's tiny two-cell town jail served its purpose as a place for intoxicated revelers to sleep it off. Over the years the town has changed considerably because of disastrous fires which were always the bane of frontier towns in the West.

Carbondale faced serious fires in 1899 and again in 1890 when the Williams house, Dinkel Bank, and several real estate offices burned. In May, 1893, fire destroyed two entire blocks of businesses as it did in 1896 when the Alcorn Hotel went up in flames. An 1898 fire destroyed a saloon, butcher shop, restaurant and rooming house. Smoke from the July 4, 1905, fire could be seen for miles as it devastated the downtown section.

RIFLE

Three years before, in 1902, a similar inferno had burned most of downtown Rifle. The Winchester Hotel and Wiseman's Rifle House survived. The town incorporated in 1905 but was actually settled in 1882 when Abram Maxfield and Charles Marshall arrived at the confluence of Rifle Creek and the Colorado River.

Marshall wasn't satisfied, but Maxfield was, and he went back to Battle Mountain near Leadville to fetch his son. Maxfield's was the first wagon to travel west of Glenwood Springs. The going was so rough that he had to take the wagon apart and pack it around cliffs and ledges until he could put it together again at a safe place to hitch up his team. He and his son returned and built a log cabin; two years later they added an adobe addition.

But even in 1882, Maxfield wasn't the first settler. they discovered John O'Brien weak and ravaged by tuberculosis, living in a cave near the river. He was nursed to health and helped to teach children in a log and stone hut.

Other settlers moved into the area and began to farm and ranch. Rifle developed as a trade center when the railroad came through in 1899 and thousands of cattle were shipped both east and west. Town life included schools, churches, a newspaper, and a hospital in the building that was later remodeled into the Midland Hotel. Teddy Roosevelt slept at the Winchester Hotel in 1901 and then took the stage to Meeker for his mountain lion hunt.

Growth of the town and the surrounding area can best be described by these brief excerpts from the *Rifle Reveille* and the *Rifle Telegram*.

★ ★ ★ ★

December 11, 1890—The following items were advertised by McGinley's Store:
Bacon 9 cents pound



A six-horse team pulls two loaded freight wagons down Railroad Avenue in Rifle ca. 1903. Note the mud caked on the wheels and the Rifle Hotel in the background.



The McLearn Mercantile Building built in 1902 in Rifle featured a dry goods and grocery downstairs and a dentist and real estate agent upstairs. The building can still be found on Railroad Avenue.

Jeans pant, \$1.15
3 boxes yeast, 25 cents
Hams, 10½ cents pound
10 pounds pure lard, \$1.00
11½ pounds sugar, \$1.00
California overalls, 65 cents
3 boxes Red Seal Lye, 25 cents
20 bars Denver Soap, \$1.00
Pride of Denver Flour, per 100 pounds, \$3.25
2½ pounds, Prices Baking Powder, \$1.15
Choice fresh teas, 45 cents and 65 cents per pound
New Orleans molasses 90 cents per gallon
Climax Horsehoe and Starr, 45 cents per pound
Seal of North Carolina Smoking tobacco, 50 cents per pound
All other goods in proportion for cash.

July 1, 1893—Rifle is dull, Rifle is quiet, but great God what can you expect with the price of silver below 60 cents?

July 8, 1893—A number of Rifleites are talking of going to Fulford, the scene of the recent rich gold strike.

Sept. 28, 1894—Five room house and two lots in Rifle for \$200. A. F. Webster.

Feb. 15, 1895—R. H. Christy, General Blacksmith Opposite Hotel Winchester.

Feb. 15, 1895—For Sale—Good young team, horse and mare, weigh about 2100#. \$100 takes them. First come, first served. E. R. Parker.



Big Top revival at the Christian Church in Parachute which was built in 1898 and is the oldest continuously operated Christian Church in Colorado. Photo ca. 1918.

Feb. 15, 1895—The dance at J. J. Claussens' Friday night was the largest of the kind that has occurred in this region for a long time. Supper was served to 118 persons. The music and the floor were good, the crowd jolly, the supper simply faultless, and the night an ideal one for a six mile drive. People were in attendance from long distances, intent upon having a good time, and they surely had it.

(The weather report in that same paper—snowed for thirty hours—two feet on the level. Immediately after the storm, mercury dropped to 22 below zero.)

Feb. 15, 1895—Fay Gorham, the driver out of Rifle, on the Meeker line, has not missed a trip on account of the storm.

Feb. 15, 1895—Rifle Public School, Report for January. Whole number enrolled, 56; number belonging, 47 (nine lived outside the district); average daily attendance, 40.

April 17, 1896—The air appeared to be filled with plenty of mountain scenery from the cliffs this week, which is too thick to breathe, and most too thin to cultivate. We must have considerable Grand Junction real estate here now, which should increase the value of corner lots.

April 17, 1896—Dr. Tichenor is planting the largest orchard in this vicinity this spring. He has already planted several thousand apple trees and will keep on planting for some time.

April 24, 1896—Water was turned in the town ditch and everyone was out irrigating, men, women, and children, to soak lawns and gardens.

Adv.—Regular meals at Andy Wiseman's 35 cents. Try one and if it don't kill you, buy a meal ticket.

April 24, 1896—J. Hugus and Co. have on hand the result of the latest use of aluminum: milk pans, dippers, tea and coffee pots, and other ladies' cooking pots.

July 3, 1896—The new train service on the Colorado Midland went into effect last Sunday, and you can now get a train either way twice a day on that popular line.

August 8, 1902—A street exhibition by a traveling slack wire performer was given in front of the Rifle Hotel Wednesday evening. It was a high class performance, witnessed by one of the largest outdoor crowds ever assembled in the town....

Aug. 22, 1902—Strayed white horse, brand Box L on right shoulder—Rifle Meat Market.

Sept. 12, 1902—There will soon be good sidewalks all over town. There is now a good substantial walk all the way, between the I.O.O.F. Hall and the postoffice.

Nov. 14, 1902—Garrison is getting a line of photo frames and mouldings that are "cuckoos." Fred is also doing some great portrait and view work....

When Abram Maxfield built his cabin along Rifle Creek in 1882, he was not the only settler to come into Garfield County after the Utes had left. His wife spent her first winter in Glenwood Springs as it was more "civilized." She made the first sketch of Glenwood Springs.

In 1882, Mike Callahan, learned the hard way that what the Utes had told about the rocks burning near Parachute was really true. Mike had built a log cabin with a fireplace constructed of the beautiful blue-gray rocks and then invited his friends, both white and Indians, to a house warming which literally proved too hot for comfort when the fire-place rock ignited and the house and contents burned to a pile of ashes.

Many residents of Parachute and DeBeque remember seeing Mr. Callahan as late as the 1920's, a large white-haired man who, rode over the countryside in a shiny black, red-wheeled buggy drawn by a coal-black horse. Mr. Callahan loved to talk and never tired of predicting a great future for oil shale. The shale peak just west of Parachute was named Mt. Callahan as an honor to his memory.

October 4th, 1882, John B. Hurlburt came into Parachute Creek with his partner, Mr. Billiter. They had been told by L. S. Kelley that this was a good place to bring their sheep. They found a Hungarian immigrant called Hungry Mike who had made claim to approximately four sections of land in the area where Parachute Creek flows from the north into the river. Hungry Mike sold his cabin and claim to Mr. Hurlburt for \$100. Mike moved on and was never heard of again. Hungry Mike's cabin was constructed of peeled cottonwood logs laid so closely together no chinking was needed; two openings in the walls were covered with fawn skins and used as windows to admit light, and the roof was deer skins covered with a thick layer of dirt. It never leaked.

About 1885 the first school bell rang, calling from their freedom twelve youngsters. A Mrs. Eldrige, sister of Doc Wilson, a man who had a lot to do with the development of this area, was the first teacher and was paid for her services for six-week's term by popular subscription. These first classes were held in "Hungry Mike's" little cabin which had already served many varied uses in the founding of Parachute.

In 1885 Parachute became a tiny dot on the map of Colorado when a U. S.

Post Office was officially provided for the area. This accommodation was located in one corner of the Hurlburt's new log home, with Mr. Hurlburt as postmaster and Mrs. Hurlburt his assistant.

The mail was carried on horseback between Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction by a Mr. Weller. He made the one way trip of a hundred miles one day and back the next, changing horses every ten or twelve miles. Late in the 1880's when a road was built through DeBeque Canyon, the mail was carried by stagecoach and Mr. Weller drove the stage.

The town of Parachute had been platted by M. H. Streit in 1891, but not until 1908, four years after the name had been changed to Grand Valley, was the town incorporated; and Mr. Poppel, was elected the first mayor. L. S. Kelley, the Indian scout, was the first Justice of the Peace. Through the efforts of Frank Poppel in 1904 the name of the town was changed from Parachute to Grand Valley. In 1980 the town fathers changed the name back to Parachute.

The first Christian Church, a modest frame structure, was built in 1898. It is the oldest Christian Church in Colorado as its doors have never been closed.

Hundreds of cattle and thousands of sheep were grazed up Parachute Creek on the mountains known as West Fork, East Fork, and old Mountain. Across the river from Parachute and rising abruptly from the south bank of the river lies Battlement Mesa, extending south to the mountain, east to Morrisania Mesa and west to Dry Creek. The foothills of the mountain are



The Fuller General Store, Seventh Street and Home Avenue, Silt, circa 1922. Prior to World War I, Silt incorporated and boasted 20 businesses including a bank and a newspaper.

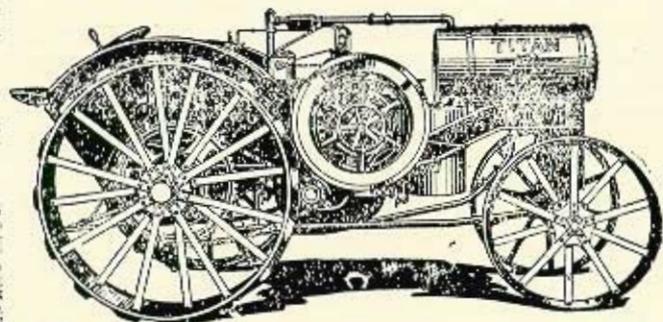
covered with cedar or juniper; and as the elevation increases, pinion, pine, and aspen cover the slopes, making a beautiful background for the Mesa.

There are several theories as to how the name Battlement was given to this mesa and mountain, but the following seems the most plausible. Along the top face of the mountain overlooking the mesa is a rock formation which closely resembles the battlements of old which formed the upper walls of many castles or were the upper parapets of a defensive wall surrounding a city or fortress. The early settlers started coming into this area about the same time as into the

Parachute Creek area, in the early 1880's.

The first school house on Battlement Mesa was a small log building built in 1889. In 1895, George Sippelle gave land especially for a school site, and a one-room school with an alcove was built in 1897 of native rock, hauled by team and wagon two miles from a rock quarry below Battlement Peak. In 1907, a room was added using the same type of stone. The school closed in 1947 when they were consolidated with the Grand Valley district. The school served as a community center, hosting dances, Christmas parties and other social gatherings.

TITAN 10-20



For Economy, Durability and Power see this Tractor before you buy.

J. K. R. COWDEN, Silt, Colorado

GARFIELD COUNTY LEADER

Giles A. Ellis, Editor and Publisher

Published Every Thursday Afternoon

Entered as Second-class matter December 17, 1914, at the post-office at Silt, Colorado, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



H. B. LEARN

Blacksmithing

AND

Wagon Hospital

Horse-shoeing and
General Repair work

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

SILT

The last town in the county to incorporate was Silt in 1915. In those halcyon days before World War I, Silt boasted twenty businesses including the First State Bank of Silt and a newspaper, *The Silt Leader*. Many farmers and ranchers came into town to buy supplies and there were six dry good stores, two blacksmith shops, and several implement dealers. Big families up Divide Creek kept the Fairview Schoolhouse full and J. E. Edwards did a good business south of town at his Fairview Store.

In the watershed year of 1917, J. K. R. Cowden sold the Titan 10-20 tractor, "for economy, durability, and power." Frank W. Crawford had money to loan on real estate, H. B. Learn advertised "Blacksmithing and Wagon Hospital, horse-shoeing and general repair work, satisfaction guaranteed." The town had a Silt Garage, a City Barber Shop that also repaired boots and shoes, and a good-sized stockyards to ship cattle driven down from Collbran. Cowboys spent the night in the Belvedere Hotel. Land was still available for homesteading and on June 15, 1913, Jacob Hess had made Desert Land Entry Serial No. 07395 at the land office in Glenwood Springs.

It had only been thirty years since John Ferguson had ridden from Durango after the Utes left and established a ranch on the Colorado River. William Gant settled at the mouth of Divide Creek in 1879 and James Porter in 1881. By 1917 almost all of the free land had been taken up, and the country had changed forever. The post office at Ferguson's ranch had become the post office in Silt in the downstairs of the two-story I.O.O.F. Hall. From the railroad's first stop in 1889 and their naming the site Silt because of the light, fine soil in the area, the town had grown and prospered.

One and two story frame buildings lined Seventh street and stretched for six blocks from the railroad tracks up to Cozza Gulch. There were pool halls, drug stores, clothing stores, even a theatre and dance hall. Saturday night fights were common. In many of the pool halls men would get to brawling and "you couldn't leave without bein' popped on the nose." John Cozza was born in 1908—the year they finished building the bridge over the Colorado. In 1936 he and a bunch of the boys were arrested for "rioting" at a dance and fined \$157.

Today John has outlived the bridge, and he has seen half the business section, including a lumberyard that stretched an entire block, go up in smoke. He remembers some fine games won by the Silt Baseball Team. He plowed and planted fields where now there are blocks of houses and paved streets.

★ ★ ★ ★

The pioneers had an unshakable belief in the future. Some stayed on the soil whereas other preferred platted streets and the ups and downs in the mercantile business. Businesses have come and gone. Whole communities have disappeared like Raven, Marion, South Canyon, Austin, Antlers and Satank, but the towns along the river have prospered and they look ahead to the next hundred years in Garfield County. ♣



Dick Cozza in 1936 shown standing across the street from the International Order of Odd Fellows Hall in Silt. Note the post office on the main floor. The building is now known as "The Tiltin' Hilton."



VI. DOC HOLLIDAY & JOHN MOBLEY: A TUBERCULAR GUNFIGHTER & A REAL PIONEER

...I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and civilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

HUCK FINN by MARK TWAIN

After the Civil War every manner of man wandered into the West. Some were Rebel soldiers who knew they could never return home, some were freed black slaves in search of a new life, and others were pioneers looking for good soil and a place to set down roots.

Whatever their background and calling whatever their past and doubtful future, they all had one thing in common. They all had the wanderlust to explore an unknown continent and to make and lose a fortune some where west of the horizon.

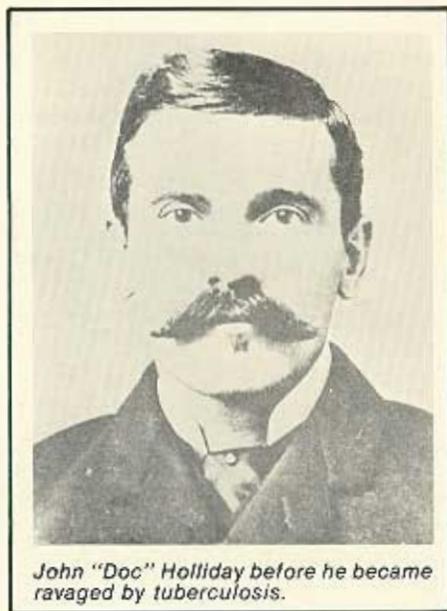
Garfield County had its share of doers as well as dreamers, but two men stand out against our colorful past—one because of his fame as a gunfighter and the other because of his true pioneer spirit.

Doc Holliday, born John H. Holliday, symbolizes the violent, gruesome west of a thousand bars and saloons and long nights spent with dance hall girls and winning hands of faro. John Mobley was once sheriff in Julesburg and a family man beyond reproach. Doc Holliday is the epitome of a gunfighter in a thousand western movies and countless paperback novels. John Mobley, characterizes the strength and grit of the settlers who came into this county. Both men passed through Glenwood Springs. Doc Holliday died in Glenwood on November 8th, 1887, seven years after John Mobley had made the difficult journey over Schofield Pass with his family. One is the western legend, the other is the unsung pioneer. Here are their brief biographies. Which presents a more accurate picture of the west?

John Holliday's career as a sometimes dentist suffered greatly because of his persistent coughing and hacking. He had tuberculosis, and like thousands of other men and women, he went West in search of a cure. Somewhere he picked up a deck of cards and experience as a gambler. He became known as the "Deadly Dentist" not because of his winning hand

at poker, but because of his inability to lose gracefully. Regardless of what cards he held, he always had an ace up his sleeve or rather a ten gauge sawed-off shotgun under his coat.

Few poker players argued with Doc Holliday. He killed at least eight men in cold blood. Besides the shotgun, he also carried a derringer given to him by a mistress. A fellow gunfighter remark-



John "Doc" Holliday before he became ravaged by tuberculosis.

ed that Doc had "an ungovernable temper and was given to both drinking and quarreling." One author summed him up with these words, "Alcoholic and tubercular, he was a walking cadaver, with a flash temper and a cold-blooded readiness to kill."

After drifting west from Dodge City, he headed south into Arizona and met up with the Earp brothers for the famous shoot-out at the O.K. Corral. After gunning down his opponents, he drifted north and arrived in Glenwood Springs in May of 1887. The town only had twenty-one saloons and hardly enough action for a poker player of his reputation, but he was dying and he knew it (Buffalo Bill also visited the Glenwood Hot Springs before his death).

The healing waters could not dissipate the ravages of hard drinking and tuberculosis. Doc Holliday died with his boots on in November 1887, at the age of 35. Like other gunmen of his notoriety, he was forgotten in his own time, but he has been resurrected in ours. History plays tricks on the past. We remember the scoundrels and forget about the hard-working decent citizens.

★ ★ ★ ★

Just as Doc Holliday had come west from the cowtowns of Kansas, so had John Mobley been cattle foreman for the Russell & Brown Cattle Company of North Platte, Nebraska. Mobley had fought for the north during the Civil War and he followed the trails west to Julesburg, Colorado, where he served two terms as sheriff beginning in 1870. The urge to move got the best of him and he traded in his silver star, packed up the wife and children, and was next seen with all his worldly possessions on the precarious summit of Schofield Pass. How he made it through the Gunnison country and passed the Devil's Punch Bowl is anyone's guess. Some stories say that he dismantled buckboard wagons and carried them over piece by piece by putting the timbers in panyards on horses. Other sources say he packed everything he owned, including his wife and children, Nellie, age 9, Lucie, age 7, Chester, 3, and an eleven month old baby, over the top on burros. He provided the family with plenty of meat. A generous miner helped add much needed salt to the family diet.

After wintering at Crystal City he moved on to locate at Rock and Carbonate Creek and to plat the town of Clarence. William Wood platted the adjacent town site of Marble and the rivalry began. Initially Clarence had the better edge, but Marble received the post office and the two towns consolidated.

In true pioneer fashion, John Mobley then moved on. He followed the Crystal

River east to the junction of Rock and Avalanche Creeks and started "Mobley's Camp." Later it became known as Janeway, and he received his commission as postmaster on August 16, 1887. While Doc Holliday was gambling in Glenwood, John Mobley was sorting mail.

A year later, in 1888, the town had fifty people and W. D. Parry ran a general store. Ten years after that, Janeway became a railroad station on the Crystal River Railroad. Any sensible man would have been proud of his accomplishments and settled down to a life of comparative ease. Not so with John Mobley. He was cut from the same cloth as those earlier generations of Americans who had traversed the Appalachian Mountains and crossed the Cumberland Gap. At the age of 59 he sold out and moved to a Carbondale ranch.

By then Garfield county was starting to fill up. Neighbors were too close, so he sold out again and traded cash for livestock and with a herd of 75 horses and over 100 cows he set out for Nevada. He followed the Colorado River to Rifle and then went north. That burr under his saddle never did quit bothering him....

But John Mobley had picked a bad winter to be traveling with livestock. He and his children, the family had grown to nine by then, were forced to take shelter in the White River country along Wolf Creek. When spring finally came, most of his cattle had died. The winter had been spent in a tent with buffalo hide floors. The three boys had slept under tarps and blankets in the back of the buckboard because the tent had been "a might crowded."

Faced with his own failure, he was still not the kind of man to look back and return to civilization. He gave up on Nevada, but headed farther north into the Craig-Maybell area and homesteaded the Three Springs Ranch on Blue Mountain.

Mobley had claimed the only water for miles around. Ute Indians riding east from the Utah reservation made frequent visits to the Mobley ranch—with or without an invitation. Some of the tribe even made moccasins for Mobley's children. The Utes had hunted the White River country for generations and they were not about to give up prime hunting territory. So while most men his age would have retired to a small town, John Mobley found himself on a trail still used by Indians. One day they came calling with their war paint on and guns raised.

★ ★ ★ ★

Game and Fish Commissioner Charles N. Harris wrote in his 1901-1902 report:

This year, upon learning that the Indians were again making their appearance, I decided to visit their camps in person with the view of persuading them to go back peacefully. I encountered a number of them at Gillen Draw in Rio Blanco County at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon of October 6. After they had learned my business with them they agreed to go back to the reservation. It seems, however, instead of returning, they found another band in the vicinity and im-



John "Mountain Man" Mobley at his Three Springs Ranch ca. 1905. Note safety pin fastening his tie to his shirt.

mediately followed my trail. Upon sight of me they began firing. I was shot in the left side, the bullet shattering a portion of the seventh rib. While the wound was painful, it was not serious and I was still able to cling to my horse. Their fire was returned by me but with what results I do not know.

Later my horse was shot out from under me, and I was compelled to seek shelter in the brush. The loss of blood from the wound began to tell upon my strength by this time, and I was forced to lie down.

At daylight, I made my way back to Rangely and, after attending to my wound, asked for volunteers to go with me to the scene of the encounter for the purpose of getting my saddle and

bridle. Some citizens of Rangely informed me that they 'had lost no Indians' and I found only one man who was willing to go with me.

According to Mobley family legend, a game warden wandered onto the Mobley ranch and asked for shelter from a band of Ute hunters. Although John Mobley had given shelter to any number of wayfaring strangers, a game warden with Indians on his trail was not a man to invite in for a cup of coffee and a slice of sourdough bread. The warden wasn't badly hurt and Mobley suggested the warden "hightail it out of the country about as fast as yer feet'll take ya."

Within a short time angry Utes arrived and demanded the game warden. Mobley said he had been there but that he had gone on. Mobley refused to state in which direction the warden had fled. He was then told by a Ute brave that if he had spoken the truth he would "wakum up in the morning." If not, he would "not wakum up in the morning." Mobley had done the best he could by his family and by the warden. Although the game warden may have questioned Mobley's courage, he shouldn't have.

John Mobley liked to grow his hair long and one day after doing some trading in Glenwood, he was having lunch with a friend at the Hotel Colorado. While eating dinner he became aware of stares and jeers from a nearby patron. The man persisted in making loud comments and referring to Mobley's hair as "sissy."

The long-haired, long-bearded Mobley finished his meal, dabbed his chin and walked over to the heckler's table. He bent over close enough for the strands of his hair to dip into the man's soup and then he said with serious intent, "Son of a bitch, would you care to pull it?" A long, anxious moment of silence ensued. Years later Mobley told one of his boys, "No one seemed inclined to take up my offer, so I left."

John Holliday was a tubercular gambler who drew his last hand in Glenwood Springs. John Mobley was a true pioneer who traveled up the Crystal River Valley, down the Colorado River Valley, and lived out his last days in some of the most barren landscape in the state. The two men had more differences than similarities, but no one would have called Doc Holliday, or John Mobley, "sissy." ♣

★ ★ ★ ★

Pat O'Neill wrote "Mountain Man Mobley Wasn't As Mean As He Looked" in the July 23, 1980 Rifle Tribune. Also see A Look Back: A 75 Year History of the Colorado Game, Fish & Parks Division.



VII. THEY ROBBED THE WRONG TRAIN

There were, broadly speaking two ways of making money in the Wild West. One, as has been suggested, demanded hard, hard work of farmer, cowhand, railroader, or miner. But as always seems to be the case in this bad old world, there were some few men who did not care for hard work. Either they had tried it personally, for a day or two, and found it repugnant, or they had conceived a distaste for it by watching others try it, or perhaps they had simply heard about others who had tried it and so come to a bad end....

PETER LYON "THE WILD, WILD WEST"
FROM AMERICAN HERITAGE

It was just a few minutes after one a.m. on the black, inky night of June 7, 1904. Brakes sparked and steam hissed in the darkness as the Denver and Rio Grande train Number 5 made a slow, grinding stop at Parachute, Colorado's two story depot.

As Conductor C. C. Ware strode through the passenger coach, he assured one of the few passengers still on board, Mrs. Effie Egbert, that the next stop would indeed be the small town of DeBeque, where her husband would be waiting to take her and their newborn baby back home to the cozy ranch house.

Train Engineer Allison, reading 1:20 a.m. on his watch, once again started the engine on its sluggish, puffing way, heading westward towards Grand Junction.

But before the train had gained more than a few miles per hour, Fireman John Anderson, noticed a person spring from the side of the depot and jump onto the tender, located directly behind the engine.

Anderson went back to investigate and suddenly found himself staring at "a big masked fellow, with two revolvers as big as stovepipes."

As the gunman forced Anderson back to the cab, the outlaw ordered Engineer Allison to blow the train whistle twice and then stop at a roaring bonfire, snapping and crackling alongside the rails, just a scant two miles or so from town.

The train ground to a halt near the blaze. Clerk Fred Hawley, half dozing in the mail car, quickly realized a stop so soon after the Parachute depot might mean trouble and desperately began to stuff all the registered mail inside his overalls, "making me look quite pregnant", he recalled later.

But Hawley had no need to worry about potential pains for his labor. There were supposedly more valuable objects on board.

Joined by two other scarfed-faced men, who trotted out from the fireside, the tall robber who had originally stopped the train yanked out a few sticks of dynamite from his coat pocket, placed them under the baggage car floor, lit the fuse and scurried away.

The large bang that followed did no more than put a scare into Baggage-master Don Shay, who being inside the car at the time, wasted no movement in jerking open the baggage car door and diving outside.

Disappointed with their first dynamiting attempt, the badman ordered the mail and baggage cars unhooked from the passenger coach and caboose and pulled down the tracks another quarter of a mile.

Unaware of all the hurried activity around her, Mrs. Egbert, still sitting

peaceably in the passenger car, finally sensed the train wasn't moving and started bundling up her baby and gathering her things, preparing to disembark from the train. But Conductor Ware rushed up, blurting out "this is just an emergency stop," and promptly disappeared again.

As the masked men worked in the baggage car, piling "dozens upon dozens" of sticks of dynamite between the large floor safe and a smaller safe sitting on top of it, Brakeman Ed Shellenbarger decided the train had been delayed long enough and started ambling up from the caboose to find out what the trouble was.

Seeing the shadowy figure move forward in the flickery light of the lantern held by Allison, one of the bandits fired off a hasty shot at the unarmed Shellenbarger, striking him in the leg and causing a slight temporary wound. The brakeman reported afterwards he was "met with a shower of lead."



On an autumn day in 1890 the clanging of engine bells, the screeching of brakes, and a long, shrill whistle announced the arrival of the first train scheduled to stop in Parachute. The new depot housed the passenger waiting room, ticket and telegraph office, freight-room and living-quarters for the agent and his family.

With the dynamite in place, and the fuse lit, the robbers ordered the crew to "back off" from the train, apparently with concern for everybody's safety. The shattering boom and blinding explosion that followed showered everyone with rocks and dirt, almost completely demolished the baggage car, totally destroyed the two safes and just about decimated the entire contents of the safes, a big whopping \$100.

"But where's all the gold?" one badman yelled as he darted forward to examine the wreckage.

"Gold?" asked the puzzled train crew. After a short period of yelling, bantering and bickering, the would-be robbers learned the \$50,000 worth of gold they had expected to find had actually gone through on the Colorado

chase was on. Evidence was found later to show the train robbers had been in the area for several weeks, working at part-time jobs.

After crossing the river and mounting stolen horses, the badmen headed east across Battlement and Holmes Mesas, and just south of the small towns of Rifle and Silt. They travelled through an area dotted with small ranches and farms whose occupants were only too happy to telephone the location of the gang back to law officers. The posse of almost 100 men from nearby towns had no trouble following the trail and getting within gunfire distance, even though the crooks had almost an eight-hour head start.

But due partly to its ponderously slow size, and to the fact that most of

some fresh horses and cut the telephone line inside the house.

Just as the robbers were mounting up, the young Gustafson boy came running up and said "Momma's fixed the phone, so you can use it now."

"Well," yelled back one of the badmen as he trotted off, "If she's talking about us, at least she isn't gossiping about the neighbors."

Indeed Mrs. Gustafson was talking about them. With the new information on the gang's whereabouts, the meandering posse soon picked up the trail again. The posse overtook the robbers up East Divide. Rolland Gardner and Joe Doby, somewhat in advance of the posse, came up within fifty feet of the robbers and were met with a shower of bullets, killing the horses they were riding. As Joe Doby then ran through the brush in an attempt to "outflank" the robbers, Roll Gardner noticed one of them ready to shoot at Doby. Gardner fired at the outlaw, who fell instantly. More shots were exchanged.

"I'm hit," cried out one of the crooks, from behind the rocks. "I'll finish it now." A lone shot rang out, then silence. The fearless posse, after waiting through several hours of silence, finally moved in just before dark.

Two of the badmen had abandoned their horses and escaped east of the boulders. They were never identified or found. But their leader was still there, with a chest wound and a self-inflicted gunshot hole in the head.

The body was taken to Glenwood Springs, but since the other two crooks had escaped, no one could claim the railroad reward money of \$3,000.

It was several weeks before Pinkerton agents from Chicago identified the dead man as Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry, one of the few confirmed mean persons and killers who had ridden and robbed with Butch Cassidy.

The very same afternoon the Kid decided to end it all with a gun to his head, former train passenger Effie Egbert sat in her ranchhouse, chatting with a neighbor on the telephone.

"That sure was something about that train robbery," mentioned the neighbor lady.

"What train robbery?" questioned Mrs. Egbert. "How come I haven't heard about it?"

★ ★ ★ ★

This article by Dave Fishell originally appeared in the Grand Junction Sentinel on December 10, 1978. Additional information from the Silt Historical Society and Erlene Durrant Murray from her book Lest We Forget.



When Kid Curry and cohorts blew up the train at Parachute in 1904, they used plenty of dynamite!

Midland train No. 105, which had left the Parachute depot just a scant 10 minutes before the Rio Grande train had arrived.

It slowly, but surely sank in. They had bothered the wrong people, blew up the wrong car, just plain robbed the wrong train. The masked leader shuffled his foot in the dirt for a few minutes and then suddenly, without warning, turned to the amazed crew members, made a slow, sweeping bow and said, "I fear we've made a mistake." The bandits then walked the few yards to the Grand (now Colorado) River, pulled out a rowboat they had hidden along the shore and paddled away.

The dumbfounded crew soon sprang into action. The destroyed baggage car was pushed back to the Parachute depot, the train reconnected, the somehow still unknowing Mrs. Egbert let off at DeBeque and the alarm spread to the county sheriff as soon as the train pulled into Grand Junction.

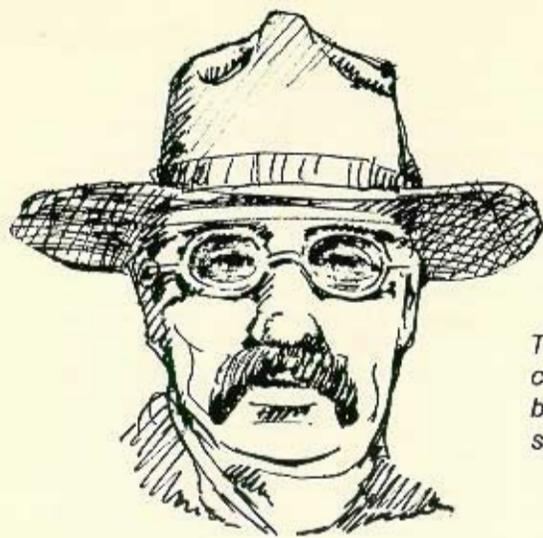
Horses were gathered, guns were loaded, a posse formed and the same train and crew that had been robbed hauled all the professional and temporary lawmen back to Parachute. The

civilian members only wanted to recover stolen horses, the posse somehow lost the trail of the badmen on Wednesday afternoon and weren't able to pick up the route again until another phone report came through on Thursday morning.

If the bandits had picked the wrong train to rob, they certainly had a gang member who knew the country well from Parachute to Glenwood Springs. The desperados hit all the gates and all the trails in their flight from the scene of the crime. After crossing the Colorado River they rode over Battlement Mesa where they stole a horse from Roll Gardner and another from Joe Doby. They crossed Morrisania Mesa, Holmes Mesa, and from the head of Beaver Creek they rode up to Grass Mesa and Hunter Mesa then down to Mamm Creek and the Banta ranch.

At the ranch they asked Mrs. Banta to fix them food and when she did they threw it away fearing it was poisoned and fixed their own vittles. They stole a team of horses and headed up to the Gustafson ranch which put them about eight miles south of Rifle.

They bullied Mrs. Gustafson and her young son out of some food, stole



VIII. A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

There appears to be no question but that the White River Forest and adjacent territory was at one time the greatest game country in the West. Elk, bear, mountain sheep, and deer were found in countless numbers in all sections.

LEONARD SHOEMAKER
HISTORY OF THE HOLY CROSS NATIONAL FOREST, 1928

In 1891 President Benjamin Harrison established the White River Plateau Timberland Reserve and saved for all Americans a priceless natural resource. Today the White River National Forest includes 480,000 acres in Garfield County carefully administered by four Ranger districts: Blanco, Sopris, Eagle and Rifle. The county has thirteen developed recreational sites at Three Forks, Little Box, Himes Peak, Shepherd Rim, Cutthroat, Trapline, Supply Basin, Kline's Folly, Coffee Pot Springs, Bucks Campground, Meadow Lake, Deep Lake and Trappers Lake.

Within the Rifle ranger district can be found 182 miles of hiking and horse trails and a wide variety of magnificent mountain scenery on both sides of the Colorado River. The White River National Forest includes huge stands of Englemann spruce, lodgepole pine, alpine fir, and smaller amounts of Douglas fir, blue spruce, and ponderosa pine. The landscape varies from the delightful alpine meadows of the Triangle Park area to the steep canyons and waterfalls of Deep Creek, Grizzly Creek, and, of course, Glenwood Canyon.

The White River National Forest is in the heart of ski country USA and is one of the top five national forests for visitor usage. At our doorstep can be found some of the finest fly fishing in the state and large numbers of big game animals like deer and elk. Current statistics for the White River National Forest indicate a mule deer population of 29,000 and an elk population of 21,000 with 4,000 elk and 14,000 deer just in the Rifle district alone.

Yet the forest land we enjoy was not always a safe haven for wild game. The history of the White River National Forest and current multiple use prac-

tices of grazing, hiking, skiing, timber-cutting and hunting, have evolved with the history of Garfield County. Protection of the forest reserves and wildlife was of little concern to pioneers one hundred years ago. This is a brief history of the sportsman's paradise to be found in the White River National Forest and a look at the integrity and influence of one man, President Theodore Roosevelt, and how by hunting in Garfield County, he learned valuable lessons which convinced him to establish national forests.

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In 1891 President Benjamin Harrison signed into law the White River Plateau Timberland Reserve. It is the oldest such reserve in the nation second only to the Yellowstone Timberland Reserve which was protected seven months earlier. President Harrison's proclamation, however, was of little value to big game populations in Garfield County. Four years later, Nelson Downey killed an eight point bull elk on the Frying Pan River. The year was 1895, and Downey had killed the last bull elk native to the area.

As incredible as that may seem, by all accounts native elk had been decimated within the short span of twenty years. Writing for the White River National Forest, Percy Ray recounts:

The large herds were killed off rapidly during that time, and by 1890 elk, deer, and mountain sheep were very scarce in the valley. The elk did not weather the storm but dwindled down to a few stragglers, and in 1895 Nelson Downey killed an eight point bull elk, the last survivor known to have been seen on the Frying

Pan, of the vast herds that had roamed these hills but a few years before.

The Utes loved this land for the excellent hunting and fishing. When white men moved in after 1879 they were able to shoot deer or elk at any time of the year and the fish catches in the streams and rivers were extraordinary. When the first waves of miners plunged over the top of Independence Pass, Schofield Pass, and Tennessee Pass, there were even buffalo skulls to be found in the high country.



An unmistakable smile on the face of a fisherman at Trapper's Lake. circa 1905.

These were a special type of mountain buffalo called the woods buffalo that was larger than their cousins on the plains with more slender, sharply curved, and longer horns. The hair was silky, but because they were seldom found in herds they are now extinct. Nothing could survive the barrage of fire from the guns of prospectors, miners, and settlers.

In Lost Man Gulch in 1880 John R. Williams killed the last moose seen in the area—that was three years before Garfield County was even created!

Between 1877 and 1887 pack trains routinely left the valley bound for the mining boom towns of Leadville, population 35,000, and Aspen, population 15,000. The pack trains were heavily laden with deer, elk, mountain sheep, bear, grouse, and fish. With no game laws and no restrictions on the age or sex of animals, contract hunters brought in elk "saddles," usually just the hind quarters, for 9 cents per pound. The rest of the animal was left to rot. Deer hindquarters brought 7 cents per pound. Grouse were worth 50 cents apiece, and mountain sheep, bear, and fish went anywhere from 10 cents to 20 cents per pound.

Buckboard wagons pulled by four-horse teams were often seen loaded down with game for the hungry miners. In one day along the Roaring Fork, Will Nederson and Ike Jones killed 200 grouse and delivered them to Aspen.

In the early 1800's elk near Leadville brought \$1 a head. In 1882 the **Meeker Herald** remarked that Lou Woodward from the Meeker area "saw fully one hundred wagons loaded with game, pulling for Utah points. The same



Early market hunters decimated the deer and elk populations in Garfield County. This photo is of deer ready for shipment from the Rifle railroad depot.

relentless slaughter has been going on up the Piceance all fall."

Big game was killed not only for miners in the coal camps and people in town, but for every railroad track that came into Garfield County, countless animals were shot to feed the construction gangs.

Jack Burns from the Burns Hole area killed 47 elk in one day on Sweetwater Creek. He only packed out the hind-quarters.

By 1883 game slaughter had become so severe that a Grand Jury was convened in the newly created Garfield County, but the jury handed down no convictions. One game warden for the entire mountain region was finally appointed in 1887. It was almost too late.

The year before, in September, Will Smith had killed a 1,200 pound bull elk with a mammoth rack three inches in diameter and nine points on a side. Smith's bull was one of the last big ones. Although the Colorado Fish and Game had authorized an antlered only deer and elk season from October 1 to November 15 in 1885, few elk hunters were successful.

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The rich bounty of Colorado's Western Slope wildlife was dwindling fast. No one thought twice of a homesteader going out and shooting a buckskin to help his family through the winter. Pioneers taking animals during "farmer's season", which was anytime somebody needed fresh venison, was an accepted fact of frontier life, and a routine matter for most homesteaders up and down the creeks of Garfield County. The country was new, times were hard, and homesteaders survived on "buckskin and spuds."

Professional hunters, however, continued to take their gruesome toll on local wildlife. Solon G. Patterson remembered:

In the summer of '89 I killed about 700 deer just for the hides. That fall I got 43 bear near Lost Park. I shipped the deer hides to Chicago and they netted me \$1.50 apiece. I got anywhere from \$10 to \$30 for bear hides. Everybody killed game for the hides and made money that way. I'll tell you a fact. In '89 I could ride up anywhere and there would be 40 to 50 bucks lying in one bunch. You could ride up to within a few feet of them. I killed 23 bucks in one day...

The newspapers were aware of what was going on and tried in their editorial pages to deplore the senseless killing of so much game. With absolute seriousness, the **Rifle Reveille** published this statement on December 11, 1890:

We are informed by a reliable party living near the divide that there have been more deer killed this fall than any year previous, and that fewer have been killed by parties residing in the county than of any previous year. At the present rate they will not last more than two years longer. Parties have come here from all parts of the United States, killed and shipped many hundred deer, their principal object being the sport of killing them and to obtain the heads and antlers.

The following year Benjamin Harrison established the White River Plateau Timberland Reserve, but there were no provisions for the safeguarding of wildlife. For those laws which

LION HUNT RIFLE.

COLD.

OCTOBER
26-27-28
1899

DEER,
ELK, BEAR
AND
GROUSE
IN SEASON.

LOW EXCURSION RATES OVER
THE COLORADO MIDLAND RY.

restricted the cutting of timber, there was no enforcement and sawmills sprang up throughout the country. To add to the destruction of the elk herds by market hunters and hide hunters, the bugling teeth of the male elk became valuable. John M. Woodward, Colorado Game & Fish Commissioner, stated to the legislature in 1904:

I wish to make special mention of elk as these animals are not increasing in this state. In fact they are rapidly disappearing, and never can increase so long as an order known as the "Elk's Lodge" is paying a premium for their teeth. It is a fact that there have been hundreds of elk killed in Colorado and Wyoming for no other purpose than to secure their teeth to sell for the use of members of said lodge.

Finally with the organization of the Colorado Sportsman's Association most of the professional hunters were encouraged to leave the state. Deer and elk populations slowly made a comeback until they are now, one hundred years after the founding of Garfield County, in very significant numbers. Before wildlife management could be effective, the forest service had to clearly establish their authority over the forest reserves. Establishing that authority was easier said than done.

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What did local citizens think of establishing a forest reserve of 1,200,000 acres? They were outraged. Land that had been opened for homesteading and settlement had now been withdrawn not only along the White River but also along the Colorado River. A year after establishing the White River Timberland Reserve, President Harrison put into law the Battlement Mesa Forest Reserve. The **Meeker Herald** railed against "the park scheme... to be put through in face of the protests of our citizens." Residents did everything in their power to stop the act, in fact they sent delegations to Washington to show how the establishment of the forest would block development in Garfield, Routt, and Rio Blanco counties.

Their strenuous efforts worked. Three years later Congressman Bell introduced a bill limiting the size of the reserve. All agricultural and non-forest lands were removed from the original allotment. By 1902 the White River



The Chinese Wall escarpment in the northeast corner of Garfield County. Below is Trapper's Lake; above is the magnificent Flat Tops.

Plateau Timberland Reserve had become the White River Forest Reserve under the signature of President Theodore Roosevelt. Five years later Congress established the White River National Forest, and the initial 1,200,000 acres had been reduced to 870,000 acres.

In a similar fashion the 1892 Battlement Mesa Forest Reserve became the Battlement Mesa National Forest by Congressional action in 1907. A year later President Theodore Roosevelt changed it to the Battlement National Forest.

At long last forest lands in Garfield County were being successfully preserved under the watchful eye of a President who had been born in the East but who loved the West.

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As vice-president-elect Teddy came back to Colorado in January of 1901 for his celebrated mountain lion hunt on the Keystone Ranch near Meeker. Teddy spent the night at the Winchester Hotel in Rifle and then took the Harp brothers stage to Meeker. For three weeks he hunted mountain lions and in one story told by his guide, Colonel Roosevelt hung over a cliff to shoot a wounded lion between the eyes. Later he was to describe the story as a "bully lot of rot." In another hunting tale, Roosevelt rammed the butt of a 30-30 Winchester down the throat of a 227 pound lion and finished him off with his knife. "Now look at the stock on this rifle," Teddy is quoted as saying. "That's the hardest wood in the world... see those marks in the stock? Well,

they were made by the teeth of the lion."

If Theodore Roosevelt had luck with his guns, William McKinley did not. He was assassinated in 1901 and Teddy became the 26th President of the United States. Four years later he was re-elected President and within a month of his inauguration Roosevelt was back in Colorado, this time in Garfield County, for his celebrated bear hunt.

For the occasion, the Colorado Hotel was turned into the "Western White House." Secretary of State William Loeb stayed at the hotel while New Castle resident Elmer Chapman served as courier and made daily contact on horseback between Loeb and the President. Guides included John Goff from Meeker, Jake Borah and Charlie Allen from Gypsum, Al Anderson from Glenwood and Joe Fosto brought his banjo.

During April of 1905 Teddy hunted on Divide, Mamm, and Garfield Creeks. In his book **Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter** he wrote, "We traveled in comfort with a big pack train, spare horses for each one of us, and a cook, packers, and horse wranglers. I carried one of the new model Springfield military rifles, a 30-40 with a soft-nosed-bullet—a very accurate and hard-hitting gun."

Despite the rigorous conditions and the heavy snowfall, Roosevelt enjoyed the hunt. He wrote, "It was good fun to be twelve hours in the saddle in such a wild and beautiful country, to look at and listen to the hounds as they worked, and finally to see the bear treed and looking down at the maddened pack baying beneath."



President Theodore Roosevelt addressing the citizens of Garfield County in 1905 from the rear of his special train which was probably parked in Glenwood Springs. Note the President's informal hunting attire.



President Theodore Roosevelt dedicating the Blue School south of Silt in 1905. Photograph taken by the minister who conducted the Sunday services, Horace Mann.

The President bagged three black bears although a total of ten bears and three lynx were killed during the hunt. On April 30, 1905, he rode down to the Little Blue Schoolhouse on Divide Creek south of Silt and addressed a congregation of 1,400 people who gave him the "Chautauqua salute" by waving their handkerchiefs.

He spoke for twenty-two minutes and later wrote:

...the ranchmen with their wives and children, some on horseback, some in wagons, had gathered from thirty miles round to attend the service. The crowd was so large that the exercises had to take place in the open air, and it was pleasant to look at the strong frames and rugged, weather-beaten faces of the men; while as for the women, one respected them even more than the men.

On May 5 the hunt ended and President Roosevelt returned to the Hotel Colorado. He was ready for a long relaxing dip in the hot springs pool. Later that evening he invited all his men to a gourmet stag party in the hotel dining room. Food and liquor were in abundance, but no one knows what conversations passed the President's lips. All the men were sworn to secrecy about the party, and they toasted each other, exchanged hunting tales, and slapped each other on the back into the wee hours of the night.

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To commemorate President Roosevelt's historic visit to the Blue School House in Garfield County, Reverend Horace Mann, who had conducted the church services that April Sunday, suggested that stained glass windows be designed for the Christian Church. The Roosevelt windows are now being preserved for future generations and will be installed in new library facilities in Rifle.

As for President Roosevelt, he also had ideas about commemorating his historic visit. His idea of a lasting memorial was to permanently set aside the forest reserves as national forests. He hunted up Divide Creek in 1905. In 1907 the White River Forest Reserve became the White River National Forest by Congressional action. The President himself changed the Battlement Mesa Forest Reserve into the Battlement Mesa National Forest in the same year.

No one knows exactly what was said around the campfire during the three

weeks the President hunted in Garfield County. His guides were the best in the area, and Teddy must have been regaled with stories of the great elk and deer herds that roamed the forests in the 1870's and 1880's. The President must have known that wildlife was in jeopardy and that the rangeland on the forest was not being properly grazed. In his speech at the Blue School House he said, "To be a decent citizen, man needs courage, perseverance and common sense—that saving grace—and courage to stand up for what is right."



Teddy believed in standing up for what is right. Throughout the West he had seen public lands abused by over-grazing and he had seen forests destroyed by clear-cut timber practices. He hunted in Colorado in the spring of 1905. On January 1, 1906, new Forest Service regulations called for a grazing fee "from twenty to thirty-five cents per head for the regular grazing season and from thirty-five to fifty per head for the entire year."

Local cattlemen were incensed. How could the Forest Service dare to charge fees for what had always been free grazing land? What was the country coming to? How could cattlemen survive with such a poll tax? What the Forest Service had called "a reasonable fee" cattlemen called "the fight for free grass." Rifle ranchers rallied around the Colorado Cattle and Horse Growers Association which sought to oppose the new legislation.

The Roaring Fork and Eagle River Stockgrowers Association also opposed the fees and sent a letter to President Roosevelt demanding the fees be

abolished and inviting him to a protest meeting in Glenwood Springs on December 1, 1905—one month before the law would take effect.

Teddy sent his most able spokesman, a man who had helped shape national policy towards forests and one of the foremost foresters in our nation's history. Gifford Pinchot arrived in Glenwood Springs on December 1st and despite the snowy weather nearly one hundred stockmen were there to hear him speak.

Pinchot read a letter written to him by the President.

In dealing with this problem I should like to have you remember that recent investigations have demonstrated the destructive character of the Free Range System in the past... It therefore becomes the duty of the government to see to it that in the future these lands are used in a way that will preserve their grazing value and give them the greatest usefulness to the people...

Teddy had stated his case. Many cattlemen were there who had respected this rough-riding President, but now they thought he had turned against them. Like the speech he had made at the Blue School House, Teddy had stood up for what he felt was right. Never again would he hunt big game in Garfield County.

Fred Light, from Snowmass, took matters into his own hands. He purposely let his cattle trespass on Forest Service lands in June, 1907. The entire western United States watched developments in what became known as the "Light test case" which was finally decided by the United States Supreme Court on May 1, 1911.

In the years that intervened between 1907 and 1911 there were many violations of Forest Service regulations. Laws were disregarded by Garfield County cattlemen who ran cattle on forest lands without paying fees.

At last the Supreme Court made their decision and upheld the wisdom of Theodore Roosevelt and the Forest Service. The legal opinion began:

All the public lands are to be held in trust for the people of the whole country. And it is not for the courts to say how that trust shall be administered. That is for Congress to determine.

Fred Light paid the fees he owed the Forest Service and soon other cattlemen in Garfield County also fell in line and recognized the authority of the

United States Government. Not only would grazing lands improve, but the elk herds were soon to be replenished.

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The Fred Light case was decided in 1911. Two years later the Elks Lodge in Aspen brought sixteen head of elk from the Yellowstone area and set them free on Smuggler Mountain. In 1914 they imported another twenty-two elk. The next year they released twenty-four elk at Meredith on the Frying Pan River. By 1928 those small herds had increased to 1,000. In 1929 elk season reopened after having been closed in four Colorado counties since 1903. By the 1930's there were 1,400 head of elk in the Glenwood Springs area and the 1931 license fee was only \$7.50 although no large bulls were killed between 1931 and 1934.

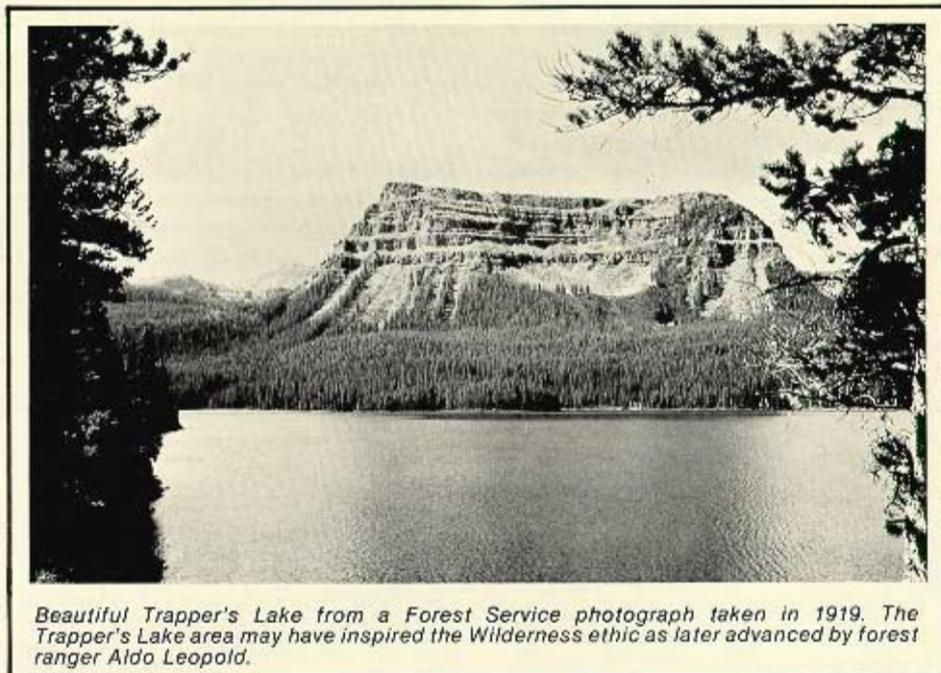
As for the deer, because of the small size of the herds, the season had been closed from 1913-1918 to allow the 16,000 mule deer population to rebuild. The strategy worked and by 1941 16,000 mule deer had pyramided to 248,000. Garfield County men returned from World War II to the best hunting seasons they had ever known.

Because of rationing and energy restrictions during World War II, the Forest Service sought to consolidate offices and the Sopris National Forest, established in 1909, merged with the Holy Cross National Forest which merged again with the White River National Forest. The Forest Service suggested abandoning the name White River National forest. The good citizens of Meeker would not stand for it.

Fifty years earlier they had fought tooth and nail against establishing the forest service. By 1941 they were proud of the White River National Forest and absolutely refused to have the name changed. The forest service eventually conceded to public opinion and the White River National Forest now takes in lands drained not only by the White River, but also by the Colorado, Roaring Fork, Crystal, and Eagle Rivers.

Timber resources had been the original reason to establish the forest reserves. Although Utes and prospectors had burned thousands of acres of forest land, there were still millions of board feet of timber among the large stands of Englemann spruce.

Then on June 15, 1939, gale force winds ripped through the woods and downed mile after mile of the tall trees



Beautiful Trapper's Lake from a Forest Service photograph taken in 1919. The Trapper's Lake area may have inspired the Wilderness ethic as later advanced by forest ranger Aldo Leopold.

creating a perfect host area for the Englemann spruce beetle which thrived in the deadfall. The Forest Service was understaffed and unable to control the insect blight, and spruce trees were ruined throughout the forest. Forty million board feet were to be removed immediately. Finally a hard, cold winter killed the insect larva and stopped the blight. In the winter of 1951 the high country experienced fifty below zero weather, and as Walter Gallacher stated, "Nature quickly eliminated a problem man had struggled years to solve."

In the century since the establishment of Garfield County in 1883, there have been numerous changes in the mountains and along the valleys. Small towns exist where once was nothing but sagebrush. Bridges span the Colorado River where the pioneers made do with crude flatbed ferry boats. Although the early settlers believed that no one would ever kill all the elk or overgraze the high mountain pastures, they were wrong. Most of the land in this county will never look like it did to the first pioneers, but there is a special place that does look the same.

The Utes would remember the view and so would the trappers who followed the old Indian trails in search of beaver, ermine, and mink. For rising from the shores of Trappers Lake, following the high escarpment known as the Chinese Wall, is the Flat Tops Wilderness area—196,000 acres of national forest—half of which is in Garfield County including all of Trappers Lake.

Only five percent of forest land in the United States is wilderness or landscape so beautiful "that it should be preserved for all time for people of the nation and the world."

The Ute Indians loved the Flat Tops with their hidden alpine lakes and whispering streams that flow into the White River to the north and the Colorado River to the south. The original county seat, Carbonate, was born on that high alpine tundra where in the summer wildflowers add splashes of color to the deep velvet green of the mountain meadows.

The Flat Tops are now preserved forever and Teddy Roosevelt would certainly approve. So would the original settlers and pioneers who would look upon a century of progress in Garfield County and find it good while also longing for the beauty of the wilderness.

On the Flat Tops the Utes found the night stars so close that the Big Dipper seemed to chase Orion across the heavens as the pole star shone bright and clear above the smoke flaps of their elkskin tepees. Truly the land was, and is, a sportsman's paradise. ♣

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*Credit for this chapter goes to Ranger Jim Simonson and Assistant Ranger George Frame who provided the author with valuable Forest Service materials collected over fifty years by Ranger Jim Cayton and his wife Adelaide. Also see **The White River National Forest 1891-1981** by Walter Gallacher.*



IX. THE ROCK THAT BURNS

The shale-oil industry seems destined to become one of the leading ones of Colorado, but it is now in its very earliest stages... It is to be regretted that a few companies, judging by the extravagant promises of impossible profits and other preposterous statements made in the prospectuses, bear all the ear-marks of absolute fakes.

THE OIL SHALES OF NORTHWESTERN COLORADO
STATE OF COLORADO BUREAU OF MINES
Bulletin No. 8, August 1, 1919

Garfield County has certainly known the ups and downs of the energy roller coaster. The pull-out of Exxon Corporation from the Colony Oil Shale project on May 1, 1982, has come to be known as "Black Sunday." On that date \$85 million was depleted overnight from Western Colorado's annual payroll. On Monday morning 2,100 people knew for certain that they had lost their jobs and the exodus began. By summer's end approximately 5,000 people had moved out of the county.

Once again, the long fingers of Eastern money had taken away the financial carrot that they had dangled before Garfield County residents. Decisions which directly and indirectly affect the lives of thousands were quietly discussed in mahogany-paneled boardrooms in Houston. Accountants brought out the balance sheets. Executives leaned back in their leather-covered chairs, a quorum was reached, and orders were passed down through middle management.

Residents of Western Colorado had not worried about layoffs. "The nation needs oil," they were told. "The nation runs on oil and we can't be at the mercy of foreign oil cartels artificially inflating the price of crude; there's an oil shortage," we were told. "America's dependence on foreign oil must stop," the experts said. "Forget drilling wells. Who needs offshore oil drilling along an environmentally sensitive coastline?"

The overthrust belt extending the length of the Rocky Mountains in New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, is a gold mine of fossil fuels. In just one area of the overthrust belt lay a treasure chest of minerals. By 1974 estimates, oil shale deposits in the Piceance Creek Basin

of Colorado contain 1.3 trillion barrels of oil. By-products of the shale retorting process would produce 32 billion tons of nahcolite (sodium carbonate) or about a thousand years of U. S. needs at present rates of consumption. Dawsonite (sodium aluminum carbonate) could yield 6.5 billion tons of aluminum or enough for 600 years. Currently the U.S. imports 98% of its annual dawsonite requirements.

During the 1970's, the industrial giants moved in. Thousands of workers flooded Garfield County, from around the United States. They came to put in applications with T.I.C., The Industrial Company; Brown & Root; Daniels Construction; and Gilbert-Western. Roads needed to be built, apartment buildings constructed, schools enlarged, telephones installed.

The development impact fell on the small towns of Parachute, population 220, Rifle, population 2,200, Silt, 900, New Castle, 700, and Glenwood Springs, 5,000. Exxon expected to build an entirely new community, Battlement Mesa, with a projected population of 25,000 people by the 1990's. In other words, they were building a new town twice as large as the population of the county! Parachute was to swell to 40,000 people and all the other small towns were expected to mushroom, too. Key words were growth, impact, and real estate. Fortunes were to be made by farmers who could keep their land if only they would sell their water rights. At least one of the oil shale processes required a barrel of water for each barrel of oil—and this in a semi-arid mountain climate that receives less than 20 inches in annual precipitation.

Speculators moved in and plunked down large amounts of money for what had previously been inexpensive prop-

erty. Forget the interest rates. Why worry about long-term indebtedness? Wasn't Exxon spending \$1 million a day to build Battlement Mesa? Only three years before hadn't that just been flat tableland fit only for jack rabbits and sagebrush?

Hindsight is always better than foresight and no one could have known that Exxon would leave, but the bulletin **The Oil Shales of Northwestern Colorado** of 1919 had this prophetic statement:

The large and quickly realized profits made by fortunate investments in oil lands are utterly impossible in the oil-shale business. It is essentially manufacturing and calls for a large initial investment which will, if successful, yield moderate returns for an indefinitely long period. Numerous companies have been formed to mine oil shale and to manufacture it into marketable materials. Most of these seem to be making honest, though in some cases ill-advised, attempts to solve the many problems connected with the birth of the new industry.

Historically the first proof that oil shale would burn was dramatically demonstrated by the pioneer Mike Callahan in 1882. Mike was living near Parachute and he had built a log cabin and invited all his friends over for a housewarming. Whites and Indians alike complimented Mike on his new cabin and warmed their backsides by the fireplace until the housewarming got too hot. Mike had built the fireplace out of shale rock; it melted and the cabin burned to the ground. Such was



Harry Flynn was instrumental in starting the first oil shale facility in Western Colorado in Dry Fork, a tributary of Roan Creek, near Debeque ca. 1918. This crude structure was built by Flynn and modeled after a Scottish facility detailed in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

the prophetic beginning of the oil shale industry in Garfield County! As a fitting memorial to Mike Callahan, the good citizens of Parachute christened the mountain of oil shale directly north of the town as Mt. Callahan.

Six years later H. W. Hallett's brother successfully retorted one quart of oil from shale rock. His primitive retort was a large pipe with a drain tube at the bottom. He heated the pipe red hot, drained off a quart of oil, and took it back to Springfield, Massachusetts, but nothing came of his experiment.

Within a few years, however, something major did come of the oil shale industry when in the 1890's T. E. Bailey formed the Parachute Mining District with the express purpose of building a retort and selling lots of mining stock to willing investors back east. Meanwhile local residents continued to chuckle at all the fuss and made their own use out of oil shale.

They heated the shale and used the kerogen on cuts and bruises their livestock had received. To this day, Parachute farmers and ranchers swear by it. They say "Barbed wire cuts heal up quickly and when you use oil shale there are no scars." Farmers from the Grand Junction area came to Parachute to get spent shale to help hold the moisture on their adobe ground. The spent shale helped young orchards to thrive. In 1916 the fledgling industry received a real boost with the publication of the United States

Geological Report that confirmed the massive quantities of oil to be found in area shales. That same year the Naval Oil Shale Reserve was set aside at Anvil Points.

A year later D.D. Potter, making effective use of the survey reports, began to acquire oil shale claims for his Federal Shale Oil Company. Before Potter was finished he successfully patented 100,000 acres of shale oil lands which provided the basis for the current holdings of Union Oil Company. Most of the claims were in Garfield County in a fifteen mile square area with drainage into Parachute Creek, Hayes Gulch, and Cottonwood Creek. D. D. Potter suggested that Union Oil lease back the land to local cattlemen, and from that time forward it has been corporate policy to minimize the impact on the surrounding community.

Actually the oil shale industry was new only to Garfield County. Following the development of a shale oil industry in Scotland prior to 1850, there were between fifty and sixty plants in operation in the states of Maine, Massachusetts, New York, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Mississippi, and Michigan. Then Pennsylvania kerosene was put on the market and the bottom fell out of the shale oil industry in the East. Such would be the case time and time again with oil shale in the West.

A. W. Quillian III, Senior Engineer for the Union Shale Oil Project, makes it clear that at one time the oil shale industry and the crude petroleum industry were on the same basic rung of the technological ladder. Every time there seemed to be a breakthrough in a shale oil process or in the marketing of shale oil there would be a similar breakthrough for liquid petroleum. Just as oil shale started to take off as an industry after World War I, the discovery of huge fields of oil in Wyoming and southern California changed the course of the oil industry forever. The rock that burns was put on the backburner—something that has happened repeatedly.

By 1919 over one hundred companies had been organized for the purpose of developing and selling stock in oil shale enterprises in the Rocky Mountain region. Most of these companies filed claims in Garfield County, and all of them were effected by the tragedy in Wheeler Gulch on July 30, 1921.

Getting the shale down off the mountain to be processed has always

presented serious logistical problems. One company sought to solve that dilemma by building a tramway that started five miles up Parachute Creek. The best shale available was in the ledge at the top of the ridge on the east side of narrow canyon which was a narrow 2,000 feet above the valley floor. A temporary tram had been constructed, on a 70% grade.

At five o'clock that summer evening the post which anchored the cable gave way and went twisting and writhing down the hillside scattering men and machinery as it went. The men were either thrown from the tram car and killed or injured, or dashed to pieces when the car crashed into the bottom of the gulch. One man rolled a quarter mile down the slope and was killed. Another man must have had a premonition because he had chosen to walk down the slope instead. Fate intervened. The cable hit and killed him, too. Seven men had died, three had been injured, and the oil shale industry in Garfield County had suffered a serious and irreversible setback.

So the boomers went bust and the ranchers kept trailing their cattle up Roan Creek and Parachute Creek looking for grass that sprouted even when fortunes didn't. Naturally the die-hards stayed on, but by 1923 although there were 10,000 oil shale claims only 500 barrels of oil were produced. One man optimistically used oil shale to start a different kind of business.

In the early 1920's Harry L. Brown started the C. D. Smith Drug Company to sell shale oil ointment "good for man or beast" and especially effective for cow teats, hoof rot, open wounds, and burns. Mr. Brown also claimed to have letters of appreciation from victims of eczema, psoriasis, and other skin infections.

His company claimed to produce a "soil vitalizer" or fertilizer that stimulated plant growth. The Agriculture Department didn't agree, and his medicines were confiscated because they violated the Pure Food and Drugs Act although they had been popular on the Western Slope.

Between 1926-29, 3,600 barrels of oil were retorted at Rulison, but new liquid crude discoveries in Texas caused the second boom to bust and investors gained small yield from their piles of "rubber rock," a term used by Parachute residents for oil shale.

Actually oil shale is not a true shale nor does it contain oil as such. It is a marlstone containing kerogen which

must be heated. Developing an effective retorting process has been difficult because chemical engineers know little about mining and mining engineers know little about refining or retorting. Then there's always been the question of what to do with the spent shale. One brochure advised "The disposal of the spent shale could be taken care of by gravity if the plant was located above the bottom of the valley on the lower slopes of the cliffs." In other words—throw it off the mountain!

There were also questions about how to mine the shale. Because it isn't a hard mineral like gold or silver and does not lay in beds like coal, percussion drills were of little use. Longwall mining was suggested and also room and pillar mining in which huge rooms of shale were scooped out from within the mountain and pillars of shale kept the roof secure. That technique was successfully applied at the Bureau of Mines Anvil Points project which started in 1946.

Not content with successful coal mines and an infant oil shale industry in Garfield County, in 1969 the Atomic Energy Commission decided to loose an underground blast to release huge pockets of deeply imbedded natural gas. Project Rulison was a 40-kiloton nuclear explosion that terrified animals for miles around and knocked out an artesian well or two, but that was about it. No extra gas was released and the Atomic Energy Commission had to satisfy dozens of claims from citizens of Rifle and Parachute who said the blast had put cracks in the walls of their homes. Some of those cracks had been there for thirty years, but the Atomic Energy Commission was none the wiser.



An example of the temporary housing put up on Battlement Mesa in 1981 for the influx of oil shale workers. Exxon paid high wages then charged \$600 a month to rent trailers like these.

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After the big boom of 1969 came an even bigger boom in the late 1970's. Only this boom was an economic windfall for the county—not a nuclear explosion. Brown and Root, the major subcontractors on Exxon's project, were promised not just a job but a career. This was the big one—complete with recreation center, indoor swimming pool, golf course, and the answer to American dependence on foreign oil.

Battlement Mesa, Inc., a wholly-owned subsidiary of Exxon, was to be a 3,000 acre development with 250 three-bedroom trailers and a small shopping center which included a grocery store, restaurant, community room, beauty parlor, and liquor store. City Market was to have built their largest store in Colorado—a "super store"—stocked with thousands of items.

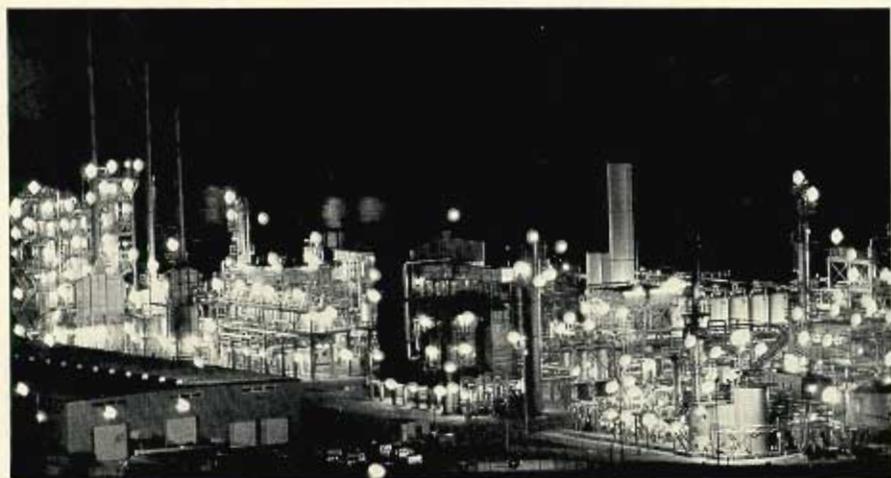
Sagebrush gave way to a four lane lighted highway from Parachute up to

Battlement Mesa which became houses, townhouses, and apartment buildings. There was a recreational vehicle park on the old Spencer Place. The Spencer's stone house was carefully fenced and boarded up to be moved to the Battlement Mesa town center, but talk is cheap when oil gets cheaper.

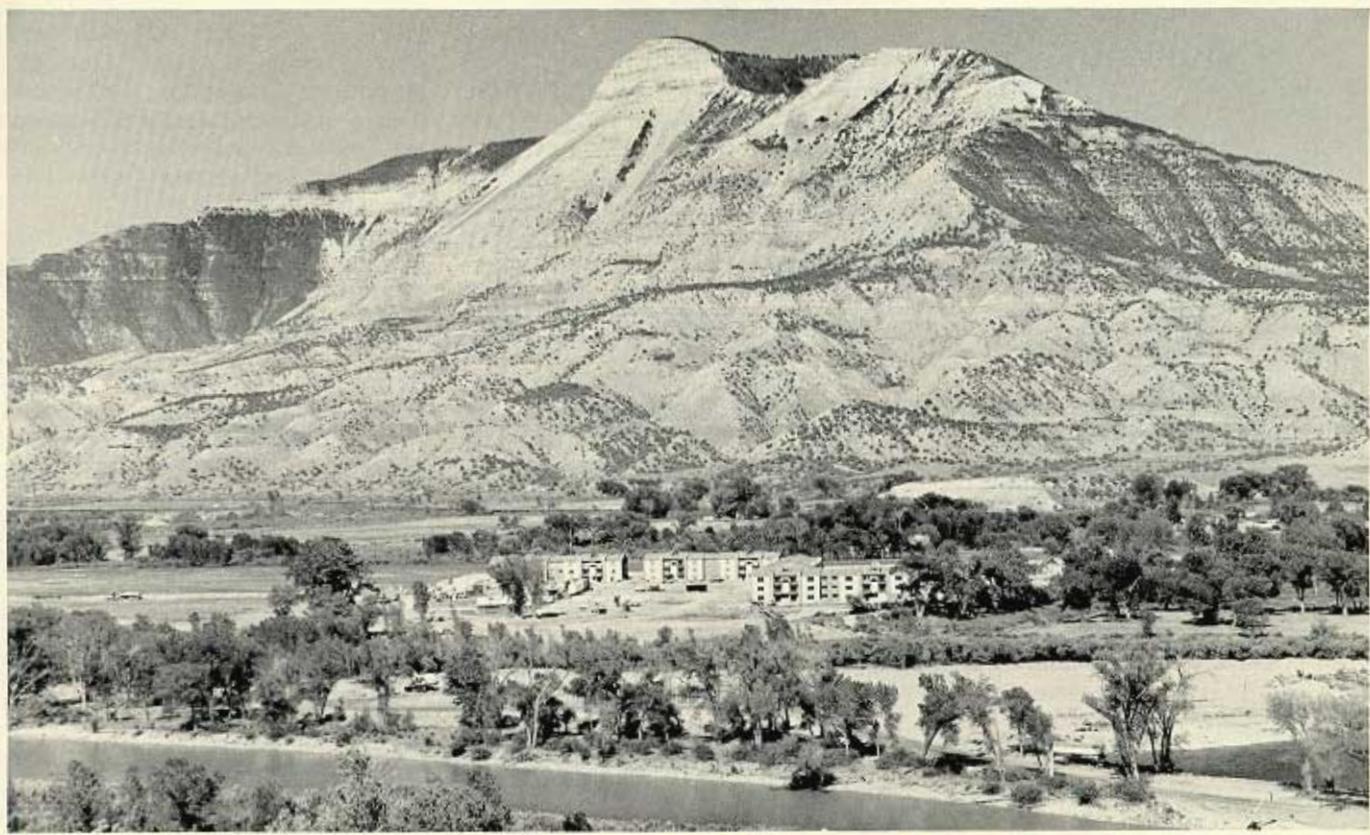
In 1982, cheaper liquid petroleum meant the scuttling of a multimillion dollar project. Exxon, the biggest kid on the block, was taking its ball and bat and going home. Doris Flynn says, "Booms come and go. For twenty years we stayed with the oil shale industry in DeBeque. New businesses won't all go bust. Some of them will get the whole family behind them and pull in their horns and make it not so fancy and have everybody working."

In 1983 few businesses in the valley are in a position to simply "pull in their horns." In anticipation of higher revenues, supply companies in the building trades had moved into considerably larger facilities, doubled the size of their inventories, hired more staff personnel, and borrowed expansion money at high interest. Building permits in the City of Rifle exceeded \$12 million in 1981 and had reached \$6 million by May of 1982 when Exxon pulled the plug. Then businesses disappeared overnight and new construction ceased.

By the end of 1982, over 200 businesses had gone under in Rifle alone. Storekeepers had no choice but to reduce their inventories and wait. Steve Miller, owner-manager of Rifle Bootery and Repair, says in 1983, "This town is still suffering a psychological depression. The Monday after Exxon left people were walking around like whipped dogs. Everyone went out on a limb to



Union Oil's oil shale up-grade facility at night. Unlike other oil shale companies, Union has been in Garfield County for over sixty years.



Mt. Callahan, named after Mike Callahan who built a log cabin and a chimney with oil shale rocks. During his housewarming, the chimney caught fire and his cabin burned. Visible beneath the mountain are apartments built in 1981.

upgrade their inventory and now you have to see how many holes you can pull in your belt."

O'Leary's Pub in Parachute, sold more Budweiser in 1982 than any other bar in the state. At one point, beer flowed through the longest bar in Garfield County at the rate of 700 cases per month. Because there was not time to build churches in the boomtown of Parachute, Catholic Mass was held in the bar on Sundays. Saturday nights all hell broke loose as construction workers crowded into the bar when they got off work, but Sunday morning all the glasses were put up and the altar brought out.

After twenty-one months of intensive development and a \$600 million financial outlay, Exxon Corporation stopped all work on the project May 1st, 1982, and workers received only ten hours of extra pay. They went to the job site to find locked gates. They couldn't even retrieve their lunch pails and coats. The "wake" at O'Leary's began as soon as the doors were opened. Within twenty minutes the bar was jammed and only two people were eating—everyone else was drinking.

Exxon promised an "orderly shut-down." What actually happened was far from orderly. All rental trucks and

trailers within a ninety mile radius were rented within four days. In two weeks, 2,100 people left the county and another 8,000 support workers were gone six months later. T-shirts proclaimed "Exxon Sucks Rocks" and bumper stickers said "Jesus Is Coming to Parachute... and he's probably looking for a job."

City managers found themselves studying blueprints for planned urban development units that would never be built. After struggling for years with putting in new water and sewer lines, paving the streets, hiring additional policemen, expanding health delivery systems and finally evolving a comprehensive Master Plan, all those important projections upon which municipal budgets had been based, changed overnight.

Small towns had been paralyzed by their inability to provide the "front end money" to meet the demands of unprecedented growth. By 1977, Carbonade, Colorado, had doubled in seven years due to coal mining.

The incorporated communities in the county are statutory towns with a general obligation debt limit of 3% of actual property value. Municipalities had weak tax bases and not only did they need to borrow for capital im-

provements, but they also needed additional funds for operating expenses. By law those funds could not be borrowed. Small towns pleaded for federal energy impact assistance. Local government was on the front lines of energy impact and "circuit-riding" town managers found themselves trying to upgrade in two years capital improvements that had not been made in four decades.

Raw effluent was being dumped into the Colorado River. Residents of Silt could look forward to filling their bathtubs in the spring with water that was decidedly brown in color and coarse in texture. Dead snakes, mice, and lizards were found at the bottom of the town's old water tank when it was finally cleaned in 1979. All town water lines had to be replaced. Most of the lines were galvanized pipe which had corroded over years and had severely restricted the flow of water. A few of the lines in use were wooden water lines where breaks in the wood had been patched with cedar shims.

★ ★ ★ ★

Child abuse cases rose dramatically. The number of divorce cases increased and Garfield County found itself badly in need of senior housing as market



Hérons along the Colorado River near Silt are once again safe now that major oil shale development has slackened.

time, municipalities now have city managers, paved streets, and new water and sewer lines. Most of these improvements came from the Oil Shale Trust fund which was a surtax on the oil companies that the state of Colorado held in escrow for small towns to use for capital improvements. Now in 1983, Parachute, Colorado, has two new schools, a new city hall and a new library. Rifle has a school district administration building, a new grade school, an expanded high school, and it will soon have a new city hall and library. Silt has recently opened a new municipal building; library facilities will soon be under construction. Greenwood Springs has a new library. New Castle will soon have a new city hall. Interestingly enough, all of these municipal designs take into account energy-saving features such as extensive solar exposures and the use of trombe walls as heat sinks. Although construction dollars have come from oil shale, Garfield County residents prefer designs which reflect a new interest in energy-efficient municipal buildings.

The lack of energy conservation in the United States caused devastating effects during the Arab Oil Embargo of 1973. Now, ten years later, the nation is conserving fuel, and oil shale is not the panacea it once seemed to be. Revenues for coal are also down, and the superheated Western Slope economy has cooled to a slow but steady growth rate.

The week that Exxon pulled out, this joke circulated throughout Garfield County: "Exxon's leaving is a lot like your mother-in-law driving over a cliff in your new Cadillac. You have mixed feelings about it."

Life is back to normal now. Neighbors take the time to talk to one another. Attendance has stabilized in school districts. Prices are lower in retail goods. Rents have been reduced and real estate is becoming affordable again. Even the Great Blue herons are returning to their old nests on the Colorado River.

But the oil shale and coal are still here. One more political flare-up in the Middle East or the sinking of a supertanker in the Strait of Hormuz and another oil crisis could begin. This time Garfield County will be ready with adequate housing, better municipal services, professional town managers, and a skeptical eye towards unplanned growth. Union Oil Corporation is still working on its oil shale retort, but

Union has been in the valley for sixty years. As for the fly-by-night land developers, huge parcels of ground are on the delinquent tax list. Investors have defaulted on loans and hayfields are still hayfields, not subdivisions. One long-time resident said with a chuckle, "Now we're rid of the boomers. They're a breed of people that never settle down. They wouldn't be satisfied with a seat in heaven."

New residents will take their place in small towns and make the kind of lasting contributions that only come from families who have set down roots and decided to make a home. Newcomers can now experience that vital sense of place that can only be found in small towns where neighbors help neighbors and signs say "Please walk on the grass" when the streets get muddy.

Two years ago the town of Silt, Colorado, drew up a Master Plan. Regardless of development, everyone agreed that however fast the town grew, it would be a shame if any resident couldn't step out his front door in the morning and not hear the Canadian geese as they majestically rise above the Colorado River. The geese can be heard a lot more clearly these days. ♣

Credit for the title of this chapter goes to Harry Savage author of The Rock That Burns. Portions of this section originally appeared in The Rifle Tribune May 4, 1983, under the title "Promises of rainbows cheap when foreign oil is cheaper," and in Small Town published by Small Town Institute, Ellensburg, Washington.



As the Utes lived in wickiups, so, too, did transient workers seeking jobs during the oil shale boom at Parachute during the summer of 1981.

pressure drove up the price of rents and forced the elderly out into the street. On Battlement Mesa, Exxon was renting trailers for \$600 a month. Camper hook-ups averaged \$8 a day and the camper parks were always full.

Daniels Corporation built a "man camp" which offered room and board for a low sum and an elaborate menu which frequently included thick New York-cut steaks. A few women tried to tough it out in the all-male environment. Rapes went unreported.

When Exxon made its announcement on May 1st, 1982, small towns up and down the Colorado River Valley took the news as seriously as if it had been a natural disaster. People were stunned. Social service departments, like town planning departments, had spent all their time anticipating a scenario of steady growth. No one had given thought to contingency plans if the growth rate slackened.

Discharged employees felt resentful, frustrated, angry, and within a few weeks, bitterly disillusioned. Sopris Mental Health Director Bob Nuffer said, "If people know a loss is coming, people go through preparatory grief. By the time the loss actually happens, the negative response is less. No one had that chance."

Although the oil shale bust was like previous failures, there are significant differences. Small towns in Garfield County are in far better shape than they were before the boom. For the first

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PICTURE CREDITS

"Land of the Tabogauche": 1-2, Bureau of Land Management, Glenwood Springs. 3, Frontier Historical Museum, art by Jack Roberts. 4, Rifle Creek Museum; Irena Arbaney.

"Across the Mountains and Into the Valleys": 6, Andrew Gulliford; art by Lanny Grant. 7, Harp Bros. stage from *Meeker Herald* 10 October 1891.

"Carbide Lamps and Coal Cars": 8, Frontier Historical Museum. 9, Joseph Davis/Garfield County Library. 10 (top), Carol Dodo, New Castle Historical Society. 11, Garfield County Library. 12, certificate of citizenship, John Cozza; Eccher portrait, Carol Dodo. 13, Frontier Historical Museum. 14, Garfield County Library. 15, Rifle Creek Museum; (bottom) Andrew Gulliford.

"Grass Hay and Fat Cattle": 16, Frontier Historical Museum. 17 (top), Rifle Creek Museum; Mary Ferguson/Gordon Cooper Library; stationery from Lovena Michelson. 18, Frontier Historical Museum; art by Margritte Johnson; (bottom) Silt Historical Society. 19 (top), Mary Ferguson/Gordon Cooper Library; Andrew Gulliford.

"Towns Along the Rivers": 21 (top), Frontier Historical Museum; Irena Arbaney. 22, 23, Frontier Historical Museum. 24, Estella Davis/Garfield County Library. 25, Gordon Cooper Library. 26 (both) Rifle Creek Museum. 27, Daisy Green/Parachute Library. 28, *Garfield County Leader* from John Cozza. 29, John Cozza.

"Doc Holliday and John Mobley": 30, Frontier Historical Museum. 31, Dee Mobley.

"They Robbed the Wrong Train": 32, 33, Daisy Green/Parachute Library.

"A Sportsman's Paradise": 34, 35, Twilah Loomis/Rifle Creek Museum. 36, White River National Forest. 37 (top) Iola Harp; Rifle Creek Museum. 38, Diane Eng, courtesy of Teddy's Alley. 39, White River National Forest.

"The Rock That Burns": 41, Armand Debeque. 42 (top) Andrew Gulliford; Randall Teeuwen. 43, Andrew Gulliford. 44 (top) Andrew Gulliford; Pat O'Neill.

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Rifle Reveille, about 6-7 issues from 1916

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