ESSAYS OLD AND NEW

Estes Park, Rocky Mountain National Park, and Other Places

1989-2020

James H. Pickering

Contents

Preface 3.

1. "Exploring and Mapping Wild Basin." *Colorado Heritage*, 1989. 6.

2. "Tragedy on Longs Peak: Walter Kiener's Own Story." *Colorado Heritage*, 1990. 17.

3. "Introduction: Enos Mills' *In Beaver World*. University of Nebraska Press, 1990. 24.

4. "Biking and Climbing with the Denver Ramblers, 1891." *Trail & Timberline*, 1996. 35.

5. "The First Ascent of Mount Richthofen." *Colorado Heritage*, 1996. 38.

6. "'Alone Amid the Wind's Mad Revelry': The Death of Carrie Welton." *Colorado Heritage*, 1998. 47.

7. "Vanished in the Mountains: The Saga of the Reverend Thornton R. Sampson." *Colorado Heritage*, 1998. 54.

8. "If I ever grew up and became a man': The Boys of '89: A New Glimpse at William Allen White's First Summer in Estes Park," With Nancy P. Thomas. *Colorado Heritage*, 2009. 63.

9. "Lost Links: In Search of Estes Park's Oldest Golf Course." With Derek Fortini. *Colorado Heritage*, 2010. 75.

10. "Cole's Place." *Allenspark Wind*, 2011. 84.

11. "The 1914 Arapaho Visit: Its True Significance." Rocky Mountain Conservancy *Quarterly*, 2014. 88.

12. "Enos Mills and the Creation of Rocky Mountain National Park" A Centennial Essay." *Colorado Heritage*, 2015 91.

13. "F.O. Stanley and Restrictive Racial Covenants: An Evidentiary Report." With Thom Widawski. 99.

14. "Henry Cornwallis Rogers: A Brit in Colorado." 107.

15. "William Tenbrook Parke: 'The Picture Man.'" 131.

16. "'The Victorian' and Rock Ridge Road: The History of a House and an Estes Park Neighborhood." 158.

Writings: A Bibliography 185.

PREFACE

I have been researching and writing about the history of Estes Park and adjacent Rocky Mountain National Park for more than 35 years. While some of my books remain in print, and are available in libraries, most of my essays are not. Hence this retrospective volume which gives me the opportunity to gather up old favorites and present them once again. To these I have added several new, and as yet unpublished, essays. These include essays on Freelan Oscar Stanley and the allegation that he was responsible for imposing racially restrictive covenants on his Estes Park properties; on English-born photographer, architect, and dry-land farmer Henry Cornwallis Rogers; on William Tenbrook Parke, another early-day photographer, who produced many of Estes Park's most important early photographic postcards; and on "the Victorian," an historic yet little known house above the Elkhorn Lodge and the secluded neighborhood of which it is a part. In the case of the previously published essays, I have made minor changes for the sake of readability; in some cases adding a few new paragraphs by way of introduction and/or conclusion, particularly where, as in the case of Charles Edwin Hewes' lost journal entry, new and interesting information has come to light.

While I had originally intended to publish this volume of essays in the traditional way, the outbreak of the Covid-19 in the early months of 2020 suggested a change of plans, at least for now. In the interest of getting these essays into the hands of readers relatively quickly, with the help of the Estes Park Museum, I have chosen the ease and convenience of a PDF format. Time to read is always an important part of leisure stay-at-home activities, and for many of us there simply is never quite enough. Now for most there is. A PDF format came to mind as a simple expedient, despite the fact that the essays lack the illustrations that I would like to include.

My intended audience first and foremost are the friends and supporters of the Estes Park Museum, those individuals who over the years have so generously helped the Museum achieve its mission to preserve and share the history of the Estes valley.

One thing that readers of this volume will not find are my customary footnotes and source references. I am usually slavish about such things. In fact, some years back, a reviewer remarked that my notes to a new edition of Samuel Bowles' *A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado* were not only helpful but actually more interesting than the book itself. I took that as high praise. The late Frank Hix, who single-handedly kept F.O. Stanley's steam-car legacy alive here in Estes Park, and was of immense help in bringing my biography of Stanley to print, used to kid me about being fastidiousness when it came to sources. On more than one occasion, he insisted that I demanded at least three before claiming anything as historical fact. Not quite true, of course. But as an historian, I have always felt obligated to tell readers just where my information comes from, even at the risk of telling them far more than they want (or need) to know. All this is to say that, contrary to practice, you will not find such documentation here. For those essays that originally appeared in *Colorado Heritage*, the dictated format only allowed for a brief concluding section titled "For Further Reading." Several of the other previously-published essays, again because of format, also appeared without source notes. Do not despair. For three of the four new essays full documentation does exist. Those interested can consult the copies that I have placed on file at the Estes Park Museum.

As is the case with any book, there are many to thank, particularly co-authors Nancy Thomas, Derek Fortini, and Thom Widawski--all willing partners in my historical adventurings. Important as well are those who recently helped me reconstruct the life of Estes Park pioneer Henry C. Rogers: Dan Davidson, Director of the Museum of Northwest Colorado in Craig, Colorado, who provided essential information on Rogers' years as a farmer-rancher in the Big Gulch country west of Craig; Barbara Wilkinson of Gwenanap, Cornwall, England, who helped straighten out the Rogers family genealogy; and Eleanor Williams and Peter Searle of the Falmouth [England] History Archive, who furnished information on the hospital in Falmouth that Henry Rogers designed as well as a photograph of the building itself. As usual, Museum Director Derek Fortini was enormously helpful in reading, commenting on, and correcting the new essays as was Museum volunteer Drew Webb, who joined him to read the final essay on "the Victorian" and Rock Ridge Road. I would also thank Pat Sartorius, a friend and judicious critic since my days in Michigan, who read both the Parke and Rogers essays, and my previous editors--those at *Colorado Heritage*, *Trail & Timberline*, the *Allenspark Wind*, the Rocky Mountain Conservancy *Quarterly*, and the University of Nebraska Press.

Let me close this Preface by introducing (or reintroducing) myself to the reader. My introduction to Estes Park began at the age of nine when, together with my sister Nancy Pickering Thomas, who now also makes her home in Estes Park and is Editor of the Friends Press, I was transported from suburban New York and the world of John Cheever to a 1917 log cabin on the lower slopes of the Twin Sisters Mountain, first visited by our father as a college student in the 1920s. Some years ago, in the Preface to my history of the Tahosa Valley (*In the Vale of Elkanah*), I tried to describe those first experiences as I remembered them. "The cabin," as we called it, was a magical place. There were two large bear rugs on the floor of the living room in front of the massive two-story moss rock fireplace (their heads and paws still had their teeth and claws); from the picture window a dramatic view of the East Face of Longs Peak across the valley; and, in the corner, an old wind-up Victrola with its collection of raspy dance records and patriotic World War I songs. There was no electricity; no in-door plumbing. Food was kept underground in "the cave," just off the back porch, whose door opened and closed by means of a pulley system weighted by a rock. "Uncle Fred" and "Aunt Jessie" Sanders, our hosts, told us that "the cave" had once been scavenged by a bear, later captured and transported (as in the song) to "the other side of the mountain." There were kerosene lamps to read by, and a whole stack of paperback western novels by Zane Grey and Luke Short. At night I slept with the screenless window open under piles of blankets. For a New Yorker this was, surely, the West! The Tahosa Valley, whose old-time resorts were still bustling, anchored it all. On horses rented from Mr. Davis' stable behind Longs Peak Inn, and with a wrangler named "Biff," we came to know the Eugenia Mine, Chasm Lake and the Boulder Field, Storm Pass, the Twin Sisters, and the small rustic cabin at Cabin Rock that I learned years later had been built by Joe Mills in emulation of the nearby homestead cabin of his older brother.

Historic Longs Peak Inn was still in operation, though we didn't dare get too close. Enos Mills had been dead for nearly a quarter century, but his widow, Esther Mills, was still very much a presence. The Mills' homestead cabin and adjacent home were not far away, a fairly easy walk down through the trees. But as children we were warned to stay away from Mrs. Mills, for reasons that our elders never fully explained. We obeyed, though not without conjuring up a variety of unflattering images. It was only years later, when I began republishing Mills' volumes

of essays for the University of Nebraska Press and researching his life, that I began to understand why. The wars of the Tahosa Valley, which pretty much pitted Enos Mills against every one of his early neighbors, had died but slowly. There had been lawsuits both real and threatened, and widespread general unpleasantness. As one visitor remarked to Charles Edwin Hewes, a major antagonist, who presided over neighboring Hewes-Kirkwood Inn, "If this was Kentucky, there wouldn't be enough of you folks left to tell the tale." That was in 1911. In 1946 all that was left was residual animus, much of it focused, unfairly, on Mrs. Mills, though my guess is, if pressed, few of our parents' generation would have been able to say quite why. Wrapped up in it all, however, was an important kernel of truth about Estes Park that it took me some years to learn. That understanding came from Isabella Bird and her remarkable account of her, much earlier, visit. "But in truth," she writes in *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, "this blue hollow, lying solitary at the foot of Long's Peak, is a miniature world of great interest, in which love, jealousy, hatred, envy, pride, unselfishness, greed, selfishness, and self-sacrifice can be studied hourly." Estes Park, in the end, as I have since come to know it, is but a microcosm of the external world beyond the mountains, a world whose passions the beauty and apparent serenity of this valley, "this blue hollow," may mask but cannot exclude or banish. For the historian this reality makes Estes Park an even more interesting place to research and write about.

I have always been interested in history. Growing up in New York it was all around me, stretching back to Dutch times and the coming of Hendrik Hudson and his ship, the *Half Moon*. I was raised in the heart of what became known during the American Revolution as the "Neutral Ground," a lawless no-man's land that for seven years separated the American lines at West Point and across northern Westchester County from British-occupied New York City. On the door of Wayside Cottage, that housed our local library, was a gash said, no doubt apocryphally, to have been made left by a British saber. At the beginning of my academic career, I wrote about this history, even as I was teaching the works of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper, both of whom once lived close by.

But Estes Park, to which Pat and I began returning with our growing family in the early1970s, changed all that. What began during my years as a university administrator as a satisfying way to escape the concerns and problems of the workplace became a passion to know more about the American West, Colorado, and, especially, Estes Park, places so very different than the one in which I grew up, and had long-since left behind.

So that is me, or at least as much about me as most will care to know. Estes Park has become a warm and accepting place for myself and family. Researching, writing and talking about its history has allowed me to connect with this remarkable community and with those who live and visit here in ways not otherwise possible. It has also become a means of giving back, as cliché-like as that may sound. My best to each of you. Thanks for your interest and your support--for becoming part of my world and the historic world of Estes Park.

James H. Pickering
Historian Laureate
Estes Park, Colorado
April 2020

1.

Exploring and Mapping Wild Basin

William Skinner Cooper's 1908 Account

I am not certain when or where I first came across the reference to the William Skinner Cooper's "Mountains," the typescript manuscript of his early years in Estes Park and Colorado, written late in life for his children and then deposited in the archives of the University of Minnesota. Nor do I remember how I got in contact with Cooper's son, David, then living in White Plains, New York, close to where I grew up. David Cooper and I corresponded for a number of years during the period when I published this excerpt from "Mountains" and then three more: "Summertime in the Rockies: Estes Park in 1904," "Adventuring in the San Juans, 1908," and "The First Ascent of Mount Richthofen," all in Colorado Heritage*, the journal of History Colorado. The first of these is an account of William Cooper's first visit to Estes Park, a "village [which then] offered no attractions for shoppers," during a summer in which he climbed Longs Peak by moonlight in the company of Enos Mills; the second, an account of Cooper's trip with fellow-climber John V. Hubbard (1885-1976) during a frenzied July to the San Juans in which their ascents made mountaineering history. Enos Mills had recommended the trip, calling the San Juans "the finest group of mountains in Colorado." The third excerpt tells of Cooper's 1908 trip across the Continental Divide, the first leg with Joe and Ethel Mills, and his ascent of Mount Richthofen, another recorded first, completing the adventures of a remarkable summer. Cooper's recollection of his experiences trying to locate and reach the summit Mount Richthofen is also included here.*

I regret not having had the opportunity to meet William Cooper himself, though I must have come close. After retiring from the University of Minnesota in 1951, Cooper and wife made their home in Boulder, giving them easy access to the summer cottage on the lower slopes of the Twin Sisters that they named "Tapiola," after the Finnish god of the forest. Built in 1941, it stood on land originally homesteaded by Joe Mills, Enos Mills' younger brother. During several summers as noted in the Preface I was staying close-by in a 1917 cabin on the Twin Sisters. On at least one occasion I recall riding past Joe's homestead cabin, "The Silent Place," built in 1904 in the shadow of the great boulder above Tapiola" known as "Cabin Rock." In truth, however, I was much too young to have made much of the opportunity had it presented itself. Nonetheless, William Cooper is someone to whom I am indebted, as we all are, for the remarkable manuscript he left behind for us to share.

Of all the much-visited areas of Rocky Mountain National Park, none retains a greater sense of its original remoteness than the region south of Longs Peak known as Wild Basin. Enos Mills (1870-1922), who built a homestead cabin several miles to the north in Longs Peak Valley in 1885-86, mand who operated Logs Peak Inn from 1901 until the time of his death, knew the region well. Over the years he explored Wild Basin thoroughly, named a number of its most prominent features, including Ouzel Lake, and took special delight in introducing other mountain enthusiasts to its rugged beauty. One of his initiates was William Skinner Cooper (1884-1978), a

native of Michigan and a recent graduate of Alma College, who spent most of the summer of 1906 as a guest at Longs Peak Inn. "Enos Mills had often spoken of Wild Basin . . . as having more natural beauty and greater variety than any other nearby area, " Cooper later recalled. In early September Mills accompanied Cooper as far as Ouzel Lake, after which Cooper, alone, spent the next two days exploring. Cooper fell in love with Wild Basin, and decided that as a future project he would explore and map the entire region.

The opportunity came two years later, in the summer of 1908, in the company of Charles Edwin Hewes (1870-1947). Hewes, the future owner-manager of Hewes-Kirkwood Inn (now the Rocky Ridge Music Center), was working that summer at Longs Peak Inn. The two men hit it off, and it was not long before they were hiking together. Their first journey was a memorable one: a circle trip up Longs Peak trail and down into Glacier Gorge, followed by a trek past Loch Vale, up Andrews Glacier (its tarn was still frozen), along the Continental Divide plateau to Hallett Peak and Flattop, down Tyndall Glacier, and home via Wind River trail. "Back to the Inn in time for dinner," Cooper noted with satisfaction; "two sets of tennis, then to bed."

Their next venture, and for Cooper the chief object of the summer, was an eight-day exploration and mapping expedition of Wild Basin. It was this trip that resulted in "the first authentic topographical map of the Longs Peak Region," which Cooper and another new acquaintance, a young artist from Illinois named Dean Babcock (1888-1969) jointly published and offered for sale in 1911 for a price of fifteen cents per copy.

Though William Cooper in 1965 published a brief one-page account of his 1908 adventures in the Colorado Mountain Club's *Trail and Timberline*, little factual information about the Cooper-Hewes trip has found its way into print. Fortunately, however, there exist two unpublished sources of information written by the participants themselves. The first, based on the journal which Cooper faithfully kept, is found in the typescript manuscript entitled "Mountains" which Cooper prepared for his children in 1971. The second unpublished source is the remarkable manuscript autobiography of Charles Edwin Hewes, which was recovered several years ago from a bank vault in Estes Park. Taken together, they provide a full and detailed first-hand account of the first exploration of Wild Basin and experience which left both young men feeling "better than ever before in our lives."

The two documents follow below. As editor I have limited myself to a few minor typographical corrections of the originals. The primary account belongs to William Cooper. Hewes' comments appear it italics.

I arrived at Longs Peak Inn May 6 [1908]. This time I traveled by way of Lyons and up the North St. Vrain, where the road had been changed to a route close to that of today. My conveyance was the mail stage; its motive power was a gasoline engine instead of four horses. I was the only passenger. Enos Mills was absent on a lecture tour. Naturally the Inn was mot in formal operation; there were present two or three workmen and a cook. In a day or two Joe Mills [Enos Mill's younger brother, then serving as athletic director at Baylor University] arrived and took charge of preparations for the season, bringing with him a beautiful Texas bride, Ethel. Being very busy, he turned her over to me for practice in mountain hiking. Thus began a friendship that lasted as long as Joe and Ethel lived, and to which, indirectly, we owe Tapiola.

From Hewes' Autobiography [Cooper had no companion for his proposed visit to Wild Basin, so Hewes volunteered to accompany him]: *I must also state that I was eager to visit this interesting region, especially in the company of a student of natural history and an expert botanist such as the Doctor was. At this time he was an apparently robust youth of probably twenty-two years* [Cooper was actually 24]. *He was a swift walker, tireless and persistent on the trail, one of the most agreeable personality, indulging in drollery and levity at periods, and courteous and thoughtful of a comrade at all times.*

My first job was laying out of a base line for my map, a half mile carefully measured on the levelest ground I could find in the immediate vicinity. Plane table work began with sightings on Estes Cone, Lings, Meeker, and Lookout. When I later climbed the Cone I found it useless as a secondary station on account of compass aberration. The Lookout proved to be the most useful of all my stations. Upon its topmost, almost inaccessible rock I spent a day sighting on everything in view, including Wild Basin, while my favorite companion, Scotch [Enos Mills' famous dog], waited patiently on the highest ledge he could reach. My other friend Tip was my companion on many ecological explorations on Battle Mountain, Mills Moraine, Chasm Lake. (My exclusive right to the companionship of Tip, that summer saddled and brought to my cabin, cost thirty dollars per month!). My principal interest at the time lay in the problem of timber line, and with Tip's assistance I gathered much material. . . .

June 16. No back packs this time, but a real live pack animal--Pat, the burro. He is solemn and innocent--appearing like all of his kind, but possesses most of the peculiarities for which his tribe is noted. Joe tied him to my front porch. The pack saddle was brought, a makeshift affair, which tempted me to use bad language time after time . . . . Charley led off with the burro's rope, while I followed with the ax. For half a mile nothing happened. We stopped to look at the pack and discovered to our surprise that the cinch, placed too far forward, had already scraped the burro's skin badly. Off came every package and a readjustment was attempted while the burro contentedly fed upon yesterday's Denver *Republican*. We began our march once more and continued for six miles without any more serious trials than a readjustment of the cinch every few minutes. At Copeland Lake we made our first real stop. Pat assumed that it was the end of the day's march and lay down, pack and all.

It was going to be a hard push to reach Ouzel Lake, where was to be our base camp, before dark--and we didn't make it. The road was a level one for two miles but was fearfully muddy from three days of almost continuous rain, and it took a diligent application of the butt end of the ax to persuade the beast to plunge through. Two bad washouts gave us some trouble, as the trail was obliterated in these places for some distance. Then an easy stretch, past the finest grove of aspen hereabouts; an open lodgepole forest thickly carpeted with mountain blueberries; a short, steep climb; and a nasty stretch through burned timber, with log after log lying across the trail. These had to be jumped, always unwillingly by a donkey, or we had to find a way around, often using the axe in cutting through. I had gone over this trail two years before, but with Enos as guide; it is not surprising that at a place where the trail branched, I took the wrong direction. By that time we had gone a few hundred feet we were hopelessly surrounded by fallen timber.

It seemed best to call a halt while I explored. It did not take long to discover my mistake and we retraced our steps and took the other trail, which led us straight to the river--considerably smaller than below but still a raging torrent. We looked at the river and then at our burro, then back at the swiftly rushing water with its tangle of brush and fallen logs. But the trial had to be made and it wouldn't do to risk our valuable supplies. We unpacked Pat and carried across the sleeping bag, blankets and everything else, using a nearby fallen tree for a bridge. Then we concocted a plan for getting the animal over. We decided to use our long pack rope to steady him and then drive him into the water and let him wade or swim, whichever he preferred. . . . A steep slope with timber burned was our next trial, then a sharp climb through lodgepole and a long level stretch through open forest along the summit of the ridge. Here the trail was distinct and well blazed and we made excellent time. The smooth blaze marks on the trees were easy to distinguish even after the light was nearly gone.

Darkness came at last and still we were at van unknown distance from our destination. We lighted matches for a time and searched for blazes in this way. It was inevitable that we should finally lose the trail entirely. Even then we did not give up, but struggled on in the direction that we knew must be the right one, making wide detours around fallen trees, plunging into miry spits and tripping over stones and roots--all by starlight. At last we came to a dead stop, finding ourselves completely hemmed in by fallen timber. There was nothing to do but give up and camp for the night where we were. It was not an ideal spot--muddy hole, soaked by the recent rains, with dim white snow banks lying here and there among the trees. . . . We weren't so very unhappy after all, in spite of soaked ground and not a very smooth place to sleep.

June 17. In camp at last! A good dry one, with smooth ground and all the wood we want. We did well to stop, however, for we could never have done that last half mile in the dark. As it was, in broad daylight, we had a whole load of troubles crammed into it. I was comfortable last night and slept well, but Charley did not. We got up early, ate breakfast, extinguished our firers, washed the dishes (after a fashion) and packed the burro. In the meantime I easily located the trail less than a hundred feet away. Again we took up our travels, with the usual frequent adjustments of the old saddle. The trail is not well blazed here and we had difficulty in keeping it. At one place it led up a steep ascent and was completely buried under the remains of a winter's snowbank. No way around appeared possible and we drove the beast into the snow. . . . It seemed best to explore ahead, so I took a few light articles and went on toward the lake. I discovered that it was less than a quarter mile away, but the trail was thoroughly bad with snow and fallen timber. We therefore lightened the burro's pack, carrying some of the packages ourselves and came to our destination at Ouzel Lake without further incident. . . .

After dinner (we indulged in three means today) we started on a short expedition across the ridge to the North Fork country. . . . We descended into Mertensia Basin from above timber lime, named Lake Ethel [for Joe Mills' wife; now Eagle Lake] and followed the stream down to Mertensia Falls, which I named in 1906. I found it more beautiful than ever with wonderful snow bridges above and below and the falls in a perfect frame of ice and snow, On our return I found a remarkable patch of Adder's Tongue--thrifty plants, much sturdier than our eastern species and bearing from one to six large yellow flowers. Back to camp just before dark.

I never appreciated his natural scientific genius to the full, as I did in those wonderful moments when he would suddenly appear thru the brush holding a bunch of adder tongues, mertensia, or orchids, the glorious calypso borealis. For hours, at times, I would dog his footsteps as he pursued with all the ardor of an enthusiast, the various botanical treasures of the upper oberland. Occasionally he would stop, and scanning some lofty crag or height on whose slope or crest he suspicioned rare specimens, and which I viewed with apprehension and pain on account of my extreme physical exhaustion, he would spring up its sheerness with the speed of a deer and almost invariably to pounce rapaciously upon the very treasure that he had instinctively divined from below. If Henry Thoreau had the faculty of diving arrowheads almost at call, Cooper certainly equaled him in the detection of botanical rarities.

June 18. Mid-afternoon (probably, I can't be sure since our only watch stopped sometime during our first night out). An ideal June day! Snowing like sixty, and has been at it most of the day. We have fixed a shelter out of the tent fly. One half makes the carpet, the other half the roof. One end of the latter rests on a rock, being held up by the plane table tripod. In the center we have placed a pole supported by a crotch. The arrangement makes two very noticeable sags in our roof, in which the snow accumulates, and melting, leaks through the canvas upon the carpet. Our camp is exceedingly picturesque but as to comfort it is not successful. The wind roars, the snow blows across the lake, at times hiding the opposite shore, and now and then there comes to us from the far side of a group of spruces the melodious song of Pat, "His Satanic Majesty, the Burrro," who is anchored in the nearest approach to pasturage we could find. . . .
We got off very late this morning--at what time I don't know exactly for reasons already stated. We were both so delightfully comfortable. Charley wrapped up in his blanket and the tent fly, and I in my sleeping bag, that we dozed and dozed, although we had planned to climb Mr. Copeland today and should have made an early start. The only bad thing about a sheep-skin sleeping bag is that it is a hardship to have to crawl out in the morning.

Cooper's main object from this point was the ascent of what is now known as Mt. Copeland, but which Cooper, unaware of the common usage of that name by the settlers of Allens Park, named Mt. Clarence King, on account of his great admiration of the first director of the U.S. Geological Survey.

The narrative was interrupted by very necessary attention to the wood pile. Charley calls wet, rotten logs "old soaks." We have been getting up all the "old soaks" in the neighborhood and are now fixed until bedtime.

To continue: Breakfast: grape nuts with condensed milk and sugar from Charley's sock, bread, jam, and coffee. We washed the dishes. Then off for Mt. Copeland. The weather was unpromising--low swiftly moving clouds which would have persuaded us to stay at home, had we not been unwilling to lose a day. Up through the woods over firm winter snow. When we reached the region of timberline the clouds fulfilled their promise and began to give forth quantities of snow. The ground was whitened in a very few minutes and the dirty winter drifts came to possess a clean surface once more. Still we pushed on, hoping for a change, which did not come. Sine steep rocks afforded an unsatisfactory shelter and here we stayed for an hour. I removed much frozen snow from Charley's sweater and hair. We stood back to back and shivered, and still the snow drive by in clouds. Once the whole cloud curtain rolled away toward

the south but soon closed in again, leaving us hopeless of anything better. Taking advantage of a lull in the storm we began our retreat. Here and there an early primrose or buttercup or alpine forget-me-not appeared above the fresh snow, their colors wonderfully vivid in contrast with the whiteness in which they were nearly buried. For an hour the weather favored us and we made excellent time by sitting down on steep snow fields and shooting to the bottom in a few seconds. This is always excellent sport and somewhat consoled us for being defeated by the elements. Back to camp about 2 p.m. judging by the sun. . . .

June 19. Brief conversation, 6 a.m.:

Billy: Let's wash--tomorrow morning

Charley: All right--or next day. . . .

It was a magnificent morning, without a cloud and the mountains freshly whitened with yesterday's snow. As far as timber line we followed our ill-fated route of the day before, and then struck off over the interminable snow and debris of Mt. Copeland. We walked on and on until we got there. I had been up before so the several apparent summits did not fool me. It was cold and windy on the summit and our feet were soaked. This did not prevent Charley from utilizing the next hour in making up for lost sleep in a sheltered, sunny spot. I photographed him with his mouth open. After I finished my plane table work we sat down and looked at our next door neighbor, Mr. Caroline [Elk Mountain (12,848'); Cooper had named Mt. Caroline, together with Caroline Ridge and Caroline Creek, for his mother]. It didn't look encouraging from our direction. Reluctantly we gave it up for the day. A narrow arete a mile or more long offered us a route to the Continental Divide. It proved interesting, and required more than two hours of careful work on rock ands snow to traverse it. At the end of the ridge we faced a short abrupt ascent of 200 feet to the summit of the divide. This required an hour additional on account of the rottenness of the rock. In many places it seemed almost impossible to find a foot or hand-hold sufficiently firm to be trusted. Treacherous places were frequently covered with a thin layer of snow. In addition, the plane table tripod was an awkward encumbrance in such a place. After changing our route several times we reached the summit in safety. The Continental Divide in this region is a level or rolling plateau, extending in general north and south, bounded in most places by steep slopes or precipitous cliffs. For a way of descent the one by which we ascended did not attract us. We finally decided on a steep thousand-foot snow slope which ended in a disk of blue ice marking the position of a glacial lake in the bottom of the canyon. After a preliminary rock scramble I sat upon the snow and slid 800 feet before I reached the ice. Charley followed; having a path prepared for him he came much faster.

From, there [the crest of Mt. Copeland] *we climbed the Continental Divide upraise that Cooper dibbed Ouzel Peak* [Isolation Peak]. *At the junction of the Copeland kamm with the Continental Divide, we encountered a short slope of rotten graphite that was really terrifying, for it gave and crumbled under our feet as tho we were treading on the back of reptiles, and as the sort of chimney which contains this treacherous rock connects with a dizzy precipice overhanging the upper gorge of Ptarmigan lake, a person once losing his balance and falling, would probably plunge to terrifying deaths.*

For the next two hours we traveled down the canyon over the snow-buried flor of the upper portion, then into the forest, beside a snowbridged stream, which was beginning to burst its

winter bounds, occasionally rushing out from beneath its roof in a cascade as white as the snow itself, soon disappearing again into an icy tunnel. Occasionally we could hear its faint rumble beneath us as we walked over the hard surface; sometimes it was impossible to know where itr flowed and as we went on it would suddenly appear again in the most unexpected place. We passed three beautiful lakes, the last one especially fine [probably Bluebird Lake]. Charley has been puzzling ever since endeavoring to find some name worthy of it. He has a list of suggestions--Lake Solitude, Lake Serenity, Lake Chastity, but he can't decide and I expect more suggestions any moment. . . .

Charley made the chocolate as usual. I tried an experiment. We had a can of chipped beef and plenty of condensed milk, but no flour except prepared pancake flour. The problem was to make chopped beef in cream. I put into the frying p[an a cup of water, added to this a certain amount of condensed milk and heated it. To this I added a few teaspoons of pancake flour. With continued heating the mixture thickened nicely, and when the meat had been added it looked exactly like "chipped beef in cream." We ate a little of it and then devoted ourselves to hot chocolate and peach jam. Later in the evening Pat enjoyed "chopped beef in cream" right out of the frying pan. As dessert we gave him orange peel, prune pits, and waste paper. Charley dismantled the camp as there was no danger of precipitation and wrapped himself in the tent fly for the night.

Cooper had put a quantity of dried chipped beef in our provision chest, dreaming of chipped beef gravy as the piece de resistance of an evening repast. With smacking lips, we prepared the dish one evening, using some self-rising pancake flour, the only kind we had, to thicken the gravy. Inspecting the concoction a few moments later, as it stewed over the campfire, he started back with a gasp of mingled horror and disappointment--the self-rise had asserted itself, and a more sickening, unsavory mess, could hardly be imagined. With a cry of despair Cooper rushed to the shore of the lake and literally drowned the persistent selfriser by plunging the frying pan into the water.

June 20. I am writing about 2 p.m., judging by the sun. We both slept finally last night and it was difficult to persuade ourselves to get out of our blankets. I arose first, about 10 o'clock. I had the coffee half done before Charley put out his head. Breakfast, grape nuts as usual, and long drawn out. I forgot to mention the important fact that we had both kept our promise and washed our hands and faces. It is delightfully warm today and we have been lying around camp so far munching raisins and meditating. Charley is still worrying over the name of yesterday's lake. . . .

Ouzel Lake is well named. [It had been so named by Enos Mills sometime before he guided Cooper there in 1906.]. It is an ideal place in which to study the graceful movements of that charming bird. One has just been amusing himself in the water nearby, floating a while upon the surface, then diving and turning somersaults in a way no human swimmer could hope to imitate. The ouzel's sing is a cheery one, resembling that of our eastern brown thrasher, especially in its wonderful variety. Altogether he is a most agreeable companion to us as we lazily loaf in our camp. Charley has just relapsed into poetry. Here is a sample:

"Amid the silence of the tomb

I ate my last and only prune."

If he had not fed so many of his prunes to Pat he might have chosen a more cheerful subject for his verse. . . .

June 21. It has been a strange day--decidedly a strenuous one. We moved our camp three miles down the canyon and are now settled in a spot of quiet beauty. The St. Vrain roars over its stones not far away. Two enormous glacial boulders lean against each other; the space between them provides shelter enough for half a dozen campers. There are rare flowers nearby. The exquisite orchid Calypso is abundant; the handsome purple clematis trails over the bushes. Supper tonight was an unusually good one: brown bread (part of our last loaf), chocolate, cheese, canned pineapple. Before dark we climbed the slope behind our camp and sat for a time enjoying the white top of Mt. Copeland rising above the dark spruce forest through which we came.

Our trip from Ouzel Lake: we rose late; washed hands and faces in spite of having done it the day before. Charley in a sudden burst of cleanliness, took off shoes and stockings and put his feet in the lake. Upon his earnest recommendation I did the same rash deed. The water was cold--barely 32 degrees, but so refreshing. Extinguishing our four day's fire was by no means the work of a few minutes. In spite of the original wetness of the ground the fire burned down some distance into the humus and much digging and water carrying were required.

Pat allowed himself to be packed without protest and started off quite willingly on the homeward trail, evidently taking for granted that he was going all the way. The usual adjustments had to be made at frequent intervals. The trail was almost continuously down hill and we soon discovered that the back strap (in this case a plain rope) took all the weight of the pack and was cutting the beast badly. Off came everything and Charley fished a flour sack out of his pack and wound it around the rope. This relieved the trouble to some extent. Cutting though the timber, we found a way around that snowbank that was so nearly out Waterloo on the way up. The steep descent to the North Fork came next. Pat was eager to make fast time. . . . A few hundred feet before reaching the formidable ford of the North Fork the pack slipped forward and turned over. Rather than repack for so short a distance, we carried everything to the ford and across it. . . . We met a party of three Longmont farmers, prospecting for water sites. They looked suspiciously at our surveying instruments, as if they thought we had stolen all the water east of the Divide.

So here we are at rest once more, with only a little fire, but big enough to keep us comfortable under our boulder tent. Nearby is a stately grove of aspens. Pat is feeding among them. He walks around as many as his rope will allow, then complains because he can't get enough to eat. Tomorrow, Mr. Caroline and Lake Margaret. [Cooper named Lake Margaret after Margaret True of Denver, his girlfriend of the season; now Finch Lake.]

After exploring and naming numerous points of topography during the next two day, we descended the course of the Vrain to a delightful spot which we called Tent Rocks, a group of great boulders so tilted together as to form considerable caverns affording shelter to man and horse. The last two nights we spent here I divinely slept upon a bed of aspen leaves. From this base Cooper planned the ascent of a mountain that several years previous he deemed a truly

independent peak, isolated and detached from the main range, and whose base was accessible by following up a branch of the Vrain that emptied into the main stream near Tent Rocks.

June 22. I laid out my bag under the rock last night and couldn't for the life of me go to sleep. After an hour I moved into the open; sleep came at once. We got up at daylight and were on our way by five o'clock. We ascended beside the South Fork (Cony Creel), here a series of roaring, foaming cascades. Its background is dark, mossy spruce forest--brown and gray trunks, fresh tips to the branches, bright crimson spruce flowers, gray lichens on the dead boughs, and on the ground, here and there, Calypso, singly and in groups. In honor of this flower, remembering also with respect the nymph who bore that name, I christened this stretch of white water Calypso Cascades. Quiet water and graceful curves finally replaced the roaring waterfall and we knew that we must be very near Lake Margaret. Mile after mile, more cascades succeeded quiet water, and no lake. The course of the stream bore more and more to the west; it was evidently not upon the main stream, but to one side upon a small tributary. Another lake just below timberline consoled us somewhat.

Mt. Caroline rose just before us; though not so lofty as some of its companions, it is an imposing mass of unusually striking form. After a debate as to the best way of ascent we decided to continue up the canyon and make use of a talus slope that led to within a few hundred feet of the summit. The climb was long and tiresome; the fragments were of small size and lay at a steep angle. They slipped under our feet in a provoking manner; often a single footfall would start yards of debris sliding. Above this were broken cliffs with safe and easy climbing. Quite suddenly we came out on the crest of the ridge; before us to the southward were the peaks of the Front Range--Audubon, Arapahoe, Gray's, and that great hill called Pike's Peak. A few hundred feet to our right was the tusk-like summit of Mt. Caroline. An easy traverse along the north side of the ridge brought us to it, a short scramble placed us upon the top. The sun told us that it was exactly noon, seven hours from the start. A welcome rest ensued, then topographical work and photography. Charley, as is his custom on high mountains, took a nap. On the south side of the peak is an overhanging cliff of several hundred feet. A half-ton rock lying just at the edge proved too tempting and we broke the Colorado law. There is something extraordinarily fascinating about rock rolling. A graceful (?) cairn surmounts the peak to commemorate our ascent.

After traversing a considerable distance of primeval forest, whose swamps and wet stretches were alive with brilliant primroses, marigolds, and globe flowers, we finally reached a series of delightful pools and tarns in the vicinity of timberline and under the southeast slope of Mt. Copeland. Reaching the uppermost pool in this basin and facing the Divide, we had Copeland and its connecting Divide kamm on our right, and the unnamed peak that Cooper desired to conquer, on our left; however, we already observed from Mt. Copeland that the unnamed peak was attached to the Continental Divide, but that the connecting kamm or ridge was probably inaccessible and the peak itself was a really prominent and notable eminence, by far more attractive than most of the upraises of the Divide which have been distinguished on the map by the names of peaks and summits. Our ascent was up a most interminable talus slope; this accomplished, we negotiated a long precipitous ridge and then clambered up a real summit--a horn, as the Swiss would probably say--one of the very few distinct horns to be found in the region. Erecting a cairn on the peak, Cooper formally named it Mt. Caroline, in honor of his mother. This peak and its connecting ridge with the Continental Divide, the contact occurs

almost exactly under the brow of Mt. Cooper, separates the waters of the North and Middle St. Vrain rivers. After a careful exploration of the region and several shots of the camera we made our way eastward along the very precipitous on places ridge of this mountain to a terminal summit which Cooper named Mt. St. Vrain, from its prominent location between the two Vrain streams and the fine panoramic view of its summit of the watersheds of the same rivers. Descending into the primeval a little before dusk we finally reached camp by starlight, to enjoy another delightful repose in our leaved cavern. Cooper's explorations and surveys resulted in the publication in 1911 of the first authentic topographical map of the Longs Peak region.

For our descent, a new route suggested itself--to follow Caroline ridge toward the east, thus keeping above timberline for a long distance. Our plan was next to drop down to Lake Margaret, upon reaching which we would be nearly home. For some distance the ridge was easy, but soon the edge became sharp and broken and we lost much time in searching out practicable routes. At one or two places the descent was quite spectacular, though safe in every case. Ultimately we reached good traveling ground again and made excellent time for several miles. By this time we were pretty tired, but Baldy Mountain (St. Vrain Mountain) just a mile ahead and a thousand feet higher, proved so attractive that we plodded on until we reached its summit. (There are two "Baldies"--St. Vrain Mountain, and Meadow Mountain to the east, somewhat lower.) Both Baldies are rounded hills that we found covered with a smooth green meadow of turf and Alpine flowers. The Alpine forget-me-not was in its glory--solid little cushions of dazzling azure. Alpine clover afforded a rich feast for a few early bees. Third in abundance was the dwarf primrose, deep red-purple--the list might be continued indefinitely. But I must mention the Alpine buttercup--the first flower to appear on spots left bare by retreating snow--a single blossom surmounting a low stem, the purest and richest gold, like the aspen leaves of autumn. Lake Margaret lay just below us. Setting a straight course for it, we plunged into the forest, which is here of fine proportions. After a long descent we came out upon a meadow just below the lake and in a few moments were standing upon its shore. In shape it is a beautiful oval and around it is a narrow band of meadow just now light pink with dwarf laurel. The forest surrounds the lake without a single break, untouched by fire or ax. Its background is a noble lone of peaks, from Caroline to Longs. Near the lower end we found a single sign of humanity--a tin pail hung upon a tree and a sign claiming the lake as a reservoir site. A descent past Calypso Cascades brought us to the ford of the St. Vrain, and a few minutes later we were in camp, a little before dark; estimated time, fifteen hours. Supper--chocolate, sardines, apricots--very satisfying.

June 23. Our last day was not welcome--but we had only sugar and bitter chocolate left and very little of these. I spent the forenoon in collecting specimens and taking geological notes. About two o'clock we brought Past in from his aspen grove and saddled and packed him. For a while we had more than our usual share of troubles. Pat was uneasy and eager to reach home and wouldn't stand still to be adjusted. In crossing the washouts we took the wrong trail and had to cut our way through rather than go around. After reaching the level road we had little trouble-no saddle difficulty at all. Our trip is ended, and we are satisfied with what we have accomplished: exploration of the south half of Wild Basin, ascent of Mt. Caroline, naming of several points of interest, mapping, ecological materials. Best of all, we both feel better than ever before in our lives. . . .

[Following his journey into Wild Basin, Cooper (again at the suggestion of Enos Mills) did some hiking and climbing in the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado and visited Mesa Verde. By August, however, he was back in Estes Park, where he made his eighth (and last) climb of Longs Peak and took a trip to the Poudre Lakes and Specimen Mountain with Ethel and Joe Mills. From there Cooper continued alone across the Continental Divide to climb Mt. Richthofen. He returned across Flattop Mountain from Grand Lake. For this trip, see below.]

END OF THE SUMMER [1908]. The exact chronology of those last few days is confused, for reasons that will be apparent. Field work on the map was almost finished; only the northeast corner of Wild Basin remained. About three days after I returned from Mt. Richthofen (e.g., August 26] I started for that area, with Sandbeach Lake as intended headquarters. Dean Babcock went with me, and of course Tip and an equine friend of his. We established ourselves near the lake, enjoyed a good dinner, and settled ourselves for a pleasant conversation before retiring. A shot sounded in the direction of the trail by which we had come. Shortly out of the darkness rode Enos Mills; he had spotted our fire and had figured to warn us of his approach. A telegram had come stating that my father was dangerously ill and that I must come home at once. Mills had information as to trains out of Denver, and it appeared that nothing would be gained by my return that night. Enos left, promising to telephone home and make reservations. I discussed plans for the map with Dean, and it was decided that he should remain and finish the field work; thereby becoming co-author.

The Cooper-Babcock map of course, has long since been superseded. Nonetheless, eleven of its natural features which Cooper and his companions named remain to commemorate that memorable summer journey of well over a hundred years ago: Ouzel Peak, Meadow Mountain, Mt. Orton, Pine Ridge, Bluebird Lake, Junco Lake, Pipit Lake, Chickadee Pond, Calypso Cascades, Mertensia Falls, and Columbine Falls.

2.

Walter Kiener:

"Charlie, did I ever tell you . . . ": The Death of Agnes Vaille, 1925

On January 12, 1925, Agnes Wolcott Vaille, the thirty-five year old daughter of one of Denver's pioneer families, died alone on the Boulder Field of Longs Peak, following the first successful wintertime ascent of the 1,630-foot East Face. Her companion, a young Swiss mountaineer named Walter Kiener (1900-1959), had left the exhausted woman in a vain attempt to secure help. As in the case of the eerily similar death of Carrie Welton four decades before, the question of just who was responsible was openly contested. Was it the headstrong Agnes Vaille, a veteran member of the Colorado Mountain Club, who in many ways personified the "new" American woman of the 1920s? Or did the fault lie with Walter Kiener, the experienced mountaineer whom Agnes had apparently chosen as a companion precisely because of his expertise? The question was revived some months later with the discovery of the body of Herbert Sortland, the caretaker at Longs Peak Inn, who as a member of the rescue party summoned by Kiener had also perished.

For his part, Walter Kiener remained reticent, responding to the questions of authorities, but keeping the larger issues, including many of those that the public most wanted to know, to himself. He waited for six years, in fact, until the evening of December 21, 1931. Sitting before the blazing fire at Hewes-Kirkwood Inn, Kiener turned to his host and friend, Charles Edwin Hewes, and said, "Charlie, did I ever tell you the story of Agnes and my ascent of the East Face in 1925?"

Hewes proved both a good listener and amanuensis. He put down on paper what Keiner told him that evening, but then, for reasons not clear, consigned the thirteen-and-a-half page document to an old desk where it remained hidden and undiscovered until the late 1970s. The present editor reprinted it in Colorado Heritage *in 1990, an article subsequently included in* Western Voices: 125 Years of Colorado Writing, *published by in 2004 by the Colorado Historical Society (now History Colorado). That reprinting led to the rather remarkable discovery explained in the Afterword below.*

Our inclination to climb the East Face of Longs Peak came when Mr. and Mrs. Herman Buhl and ourselves had just ascended Mt. Evans early in the fall of 1924; and while resting on the summit of that peak, we looked off north and beholding the grand appearance of Longs, we resolved to climb its East Face in the near future. With the reputation that Agnes enjoyed in the Colo. Mt. Club as the equal of any member, man or woman, for daring endurance, and other qualifications of an able mountain climber, and my own experience in both Switzerland and America, we felt that we could make a successful winter climb, as the previous ascents had been made in late summer or early fall when the face of the mountain was about as dry and free from ice and snow as it ever gets.

One Sat. evening in the following Oct. we made the first attempt. Motoring to and camping on the Longs Peak campground in Rocky Mt. National Park, above Hewes-Kirkwood Inn, we took the trail to Chasm Lake and proceeded on up the glacier to the foot of Alexander's Chimney [named for James Alexander, the Princeton professor who made the first successful ascent of the East Face on September 7, 1922]. The going was good despite the snow which covered the glacier. My examination of the Mt. in that vicinity convinced me that we should advance up the glacier to its junction with Broadway then proceed along that ledge until we found an opening above it which looked promising as leading to the summit. Agnes, however, got so interested in the chimney that I gave way to her desire to explore it. Upon entering we were soon involved in difficulties—the interior was lined with ice and for nearly every foot we climbed, steps had to be cut in the ice. Finally in order to get around and up over a mass of rock which blocks the upper end, we had to cut niches in a vertical wall of ice, and tho succeeding at last in gaining the top of the wall, I dropped my ice axe which made further progress impossible. Calling to Agnes, I told her the situation and that we must return. Having a very precarious footing on the steeply inclined wall, I succeeded in finally lodging my partner in a place where she could hold on; then, for the second time in my life—the first time, a tight place in Switzerland—I loosened the rope from my body so that in case I slipped and fell she would not be dragged down. On account of the long time we had been employed in cutting steps in the ice, darkness had come on, and I soon realized that I was in a difficult situation. Soon, however, my body was wriggling over the edge of the wall, with fingers clinging to the slight indentations in the rocks and with my feet finally finding the niches previously cut in the ice I made my way down to safety and we returned to camp.

The next trip was made in the following Nov. We had taken a couple of Agnes' friends, two young ladies, with us up on the first trip, who remained at the camp while we were on the mountain; and we were accompanied by Carl Blaurock, a fellow Mountain Club member, on the second trip. Although the weather was fine and the going good, such serious errors were made in choosing the route involving a long and protracted retreat to cover the true course, that night was upon us almost before we realized it; and after a laborious descent in the darkness, in which the rope was resorted to until we reached the glacier, we again gave up the task and returned to Denver.

The following Dec. Agnes and I motored to the campground again and ascended to the foot of the East Face through a heavy blizzard; but admonished by one of the strictest rules of mountain climbing to attempt no difficult ascents in adverse weather—and there being no prospect of any abatement of the storm, we turned back for the third time.

At this juncture a sort of disagreeable, unhealthy situation developed in our East Face efforts. Agnes became the object of considerable adverse criticism on the part of those who tried to dissuade her from any further attempts to climb the East Face. Members of her family, fellow mountain Club members, friends and others contributed to this—and with the highest motives, the belief that the climb was too dangerous, until they became a unit in asserting that it was impossible to ascend the East Face of Longs Peak in winter. In opposition to this was Agnes and myself, both of us believing that it could be accomplished. Thus a regrettable but definite challenge arose in the matter which we proposed to meet; although, moving in almost wholly different strata of society form hers, I was not subjected to this criticism as she was, and I too

endeavored to dissuade her from going again, stating that when the talk quieted down we could slip up to the peak and make the ascent almost before anyone knew we were going. To these remarks, however, she was not favorable; and although not feeling happy over the situation, I accepted her invitation and the following January again found us on the mountain.

Upon this fourth, and last, and successful attempt so far as attaining the summit was concerned, we encountered new difficulties, for there had been a heavy wind and snow in the region since our last visit, drifting the roads and forcing us to park our car several miles north of our former campground, about a mile below Bald Pate Inn; and from that point we skied to the timberline cabin on the old Longs Peak Trail, arriving there well after midnight, Sunday morning January 11. Our companion on this trip was Elinor Eppich. There was a strong wind blowing and we spent the balance of the night dozing in our heavy clothes around the old stove there. When daylight came the prospects for the ascent were not favorable for there was a heavy gale blowing and lifting the snow considerably. After eating breakfast, and joking and visiting awhile, Elinor gave a sudden exclamation and told us to look out of the window at the peak, for as if by magic the wind had ceased and the appearance of the mountain was so magnificent that every drop of blood in my body anticipated its conquest, with the girls equally enthusiastic. The storm over and the sky clear, we said goodbye to Elinor who returned down the trail to Longs Peak Inn where she was to wait until we came back.

Although we made a late start I felt that we could attain our object if we could maintain a reasonably rapid speed. Reaching the glacier we climbed to Broadway and traversed the ledge to its junction with the Notch Couloir, the galley which descends from under the great notch of the peak of the east side. The day remained calm and beautiful but the couloir was filled with snow and ice and we spent about four hours in cutting our steps up its steep incline. Then another two hours was occupied in getting from the top of the couloir north on the face of the mountain to a point that had been selected from which we could finish the climb up through the little notch to the summit. It was four o'clock in the afternoon and darkness had set in, and although I felt strong and fit for the remainder of the ascent I was greatly perturbed and grieved to note that my companion's strength was about spent. For some time I had noticed that she was far from being in the wonderful form and endurance that she was noted for, and for the past two hrs. she had been almost helpless; and often as we paused she complained and apologized for being such a burden on my hands. Although I had long since abandoned all hopes of rapid ascent, I tried not to betray it, and encouraged her all I could; but it was soon evident that she was helpless to proceed, and for close to twelve hours I had to cut the steps alone, handle the rope, and pull, lift, and assist her, until we finally reached the summit about four a.m. This last twelve hours of the climb was made in complete darkness, and the way exceedingly tantalizing, for the face of the mountain at this point is a series of projections, like great steps; and at this time of year being covered by a blanket of snow and ice, one step would be on the sheer rock face just under a thin covering of ice, and at the next we would sink to our waists in snow—thus every step we advanced became an effort won only by dogged labor. We lost our two lanterns on this slope, and here I took the only thermometer reading of the trip—14 degrees below zero. We found it fairly quiet on the summit and Agnes suggested that we register as proof we had made the ascent, but anxious to get off the mountain on account of her exhausted condition and fearing a now gusty wind would bring in something stronger, I said jokingly "What's the use? Of course it would be proof we reached the summit, but by which side and that's the point. Let's go on." By

this time the summit began to be enveloped in clouds; we lost our way, we wandered off toward the northwest, when a fortunate opening in the clouds occurred just at day break and I got our location exactly seeing Mount Lady Washington to the east, the Boulder Field below me, and our route down the north face. My joy and exultation in this observation were suddenly dispensed, however, when the light of dawn revealed the features of my brave companion; for they were those of one who was doomed—that most appalling lines of suffering, anguish, pain, haggard and deep drawn, had developed in the countenance of that heroic woman; her eyes were fearfully bloodshot and she talked in tones that seemed supernatural. I did my best to conceal my own intense agitation and despair; but even as far advanced as she must have been into the spirit, kept still on earth by her dauntless will and courage, she read my glance, and then there was born a friendship in the presence of death that must have risen to God as a thing immortal. The apologies she sought to make for being in such a condition were heart breaking, but I passed them over by asking as gently as I could, if she felt that she could go on; and nodding in the affirmative though she seemed on the verge of actual dissolution, we started down the north face near Chasm View for the Boulder Field below. Reaching the point where a large rock jams the long lateral crack where the cable is now, I tried to get her to go around instead of over it, but probably too far gone to heed the suggestion she went over the top of it, and slipped, as I feared she would, she fell and skidded a long ways down over the smooth, snowy slope, and lay there until I could descend. It was broad daylight now with the wind steadily rising from the west, and as the sun rose over the distant plains we discussed the situation. She was so weak that she could not hold onto me, and I was so far gone that my knees shook and I fairly tottered; and all the time she was insisting, in that supernatural voice that smote and terrified me, that a half hour's sleep would restore her. Assisting her—to some rocks that seemed to offer protection from the wind, I put her knapsack under her head as a pillow, placed her ice axe in her hand, for she seemed to cling to it as a treasured thing; and then with all the speed at my command I started across the Boulder Field for help. It was not long before I was brought up quick by two or three terrible falls made between the great boulders which were covered with the treacherous snows; and as I lay recovering in one place, I wept at my miserable weakness and helplessness; and debated whether to return and die with her, or push on for blankets, restoratives, and aid to bring her off the Boulder Field; and as the latter plan offered the only fighting chance for life there was, and hoping that she still had enough endurance left to last until I could return with the cherished aid, I went on. This was about 11 o'clock Monday morning, the twelfth. By 1 p.m. I managed to reach the timberline cabin and found to my great surprise and joy that a rescue party had been organized by Miss Eppich, who had become alarmed at our long absence and the rising gale, and which consisted of Hugh Brown, his son Oscar, and Herbert Sortland, the caretaker at the Longs Peak Inn, and Jacob Christen, all of whom had been putting up ice at the inn. I told them the situation, we took the blankets and restoratives they brought and the elder Brown, Sortland, Christen, and myself started for the rescue. By this time the wind had risen to a terrible gale and it was intensely cold. On account of being so poorly dressed, Brown had to give up and return within a short distance; then Sortland called out that he could not stand it, and he left us; but as I remember, the timberline cabin was still in view, and both Christen and I thought he could make it, never dreaming that it was the last time that anyone would see him alive.

When Christen and I reached Agnes she was dead and frozen, but during my absence she had partially risen, turned over and was lying face downward still clutching her ice axe. The gale was raging in unabated fury, driving the cold against our bodies without cessation or mercy—there

was nothing to do but return, for we could not carry the body; later, when it was recovered, it took eight men in calm weather to carry it. We would do well if we got back alive ourselves. How many times I fell on this last journey I could not tell. It was one long, horrible nightmare of slip, plunge, groan, prostration, painful recovery among the jagged boulders and again staggering on with the aid of the brave Christen. There was no visibility—all was one vast welter of blinding snow; but the way was downward and that was our cue. My knees were battered to pieces it seemed to me and I could feel the blood trickle down them, and stiffen, and freeze. My feet had long since ceased to have any feeling. They were just stumps that I tried to balance myself on against the wind like a pair of stilts; and my hands were gone with the fingers frozen and rattling like icicles whenever my gloves fell off. The wind never let up, but roared and beat upon us like a furious monster that is determined to kill and devour his prey. About half way back my eyes began to freeze and I could not see, and Christen had to lead me by hand. When I fell he would help me up. Sometimes he would get ahead, and then when I fell I hoped he would never come back it seemed so restful as I lay upon the snow and rocks; then when he did come back yelling, and shaking me, I was glad when I got up again. I had no real sleep since the previous night—had worked under heavy nervous strain and exposure for the past 36 hours, and it was now late Monday afternoon—I was a wreck. For the last mile or so Christen had to lead me by the hand for I was blind and almost helpless. Finally reaching Timberline Cabin about 7:30 p.m. and sitting near the fire that had been built on the stove, it looked only like a dim candle seen far off. The National Park Rangers arrived at the cabin three hours later. The next morning Mr. Toll, the superintendent, came. He was a cousin of Agnes and his official report tells the balance of the story—how I was badly frozen and taken to a Denver hospital; the disappearance of Herbert Sortland, whose remains were found near Longs Peak Inn six weeks later; and the recovery of Agnes' body by the rangers a couple of days later when the storm was over. (Here ends Kiener's personal narrative as told by him to Charles E. Hewes, the evening of December 29, 1931 in Hewes['s] cabin near Longs Peak.)

Afterword: The 2004 reprinting of Kiener's account in *Western Voices* became the occasion for the e-mails received 14 years later, beginning on January 3, 2018, which solved many of the mysteries surrounding the manuscript's origins. It turned out that their author, Janet (Ridsdale) Justice-Waddington, a resident of Coal Creek Canyon in the foothills near Golden also had a story to tell. Here, verbatim, is our exchange:

"Greetings: Thank you for writing the story of Agnes Vaille for *Western Stories*. A friend recently loaned me a copy. In scanning the Table of Contents, I saw your story and immediately started to read it. For good reason - please hear me out. I am the person responsible for that 13 pages in the back of an old file cabinet in Boulder. As a native Boulderite, and a Univ. of Colorado student in the 1940s, and a member of the Univ. of Colo. Hiking Club (UCHC), we went to Hewes Kirkwood Inn for our houseparties. Our only mode of transportation was in the back of a coal truck as it was war years and gas coupons were hard to come by.

We were there on a cold winter outing and while sitting by the fire I noticed among the magazines, Charley Hewes Journal. What was it doing there? Just left out for guest to read? I opened it and there was the story of the tragic climb, and told by none other than Walter Kieiner. Fascinating! Has it been published? It could be lost forever, left like this with a bunch of college kids on break.

Well, it had to be saved. I asked Paul Nesbit [1902-1971], a long-time Longs Peak guide, then the owner of Hewes-Kirkwood Inn] if I could copy it, and by oil lamp until late after most were off to the cold cabins for the night, I wrote. Page after page, with just my good friend Patty Nelson with me. She finally wrote the last few pages as my hand was so cold and stiff.

Later, I don't know how long, still determined to have it published, I typed it, making one carbon copy. *Colorado Magazine* seemed like a logical venue, and perhaps in the `70s, I sent it off to them. They never printed it, and soon went out of business. I believe that file cabinet must have belonged to them. I have, not only my scribbled copy I wrote that cold night, but the carbon copy I made.

Why do I know the found copy was mine? Because of what you wrote.

The first paragraph, along with my misspellings - Agnes, spelled Agnus, single spaced instead of double spaced like the rest, 13, or 14 pages.

Now I am 91 years old, living in Coal Creek Canyon, and very much want to be in touch with you. Please contact me.

Sincerely, Janet (Ridsdale) Justice-Waddington."

Of course, I contacted her at once:

"Dear Ms. Justice-Waddington: What a fascinating story. Thanks for sharing. It certainly verifies the old adage about truth being stranger than fiction. Knowing the lodge and cabins at Hewes-Kirkwood well I can only imagine how difficult it must have been to have copied the manuscript in the cold night of winter.

One mystery's solution begets yet another. Paul Nesbit presumably gave the Hewes Journal to the Estes Park Museum where I discovered it and have since published significant portions of it as Volume III of *Early Estes Park Narratives* (2004). It includes (on page 141) the December 21, 1931 run-up introduction to the missing pages.

I obtained those pages from the individual in Boulder who found them in the filing cabinet and first published them in *Colorado Heritage* as "Kiener's Story" in 1990. Your e-mail raises thus raises the following question: if the copy of the ms that I was sent is ***your*** copy and not ***the*** original, then what do you suppose happened to those original pages? Why were they not included with the rest of the manuscript when it was deposited in the Estes Park Museum?

Some further questions occur to me: Do you recall what the original journal physically looked like? Where exactly did you find it in the lodge building (for I assume it was there)? And having copied the pages, what did you then do with the pages copied? Could they at that point have become permanently separated from the rest of the manuscript? Did you discuss what you had found with Paul or anyone other than your friend Patty Nelson at the time?"

I quickly heard again from Mrs. Justice-Waddington:

"Thank you so much for answering my email. Good questions--not sure how helpful I can be. Charley Hewes journal--the cover was dark, perhaps a thin leather, and I believe, securely bound. I copied from the journal without removing the pages. (I remember that as it was hard looking back and forth from text to my scribbles.) It is strange that they were not with the rest of the journal. I do know it was out in the main room of the lodge, just one of a number of "things" on the table. When I asked Paul Nesbit if I could copy, noting that it seemed so important, he had no concern about it being there, or was distracted by other duties. He went on to bed and trusted us, Patty and I, to put out the light, shut the door which was never locked, and go off to our cabin.

I put the journal back where I found it. I've kept forever, my hand-written pages, and the carbon copy of what was found in the back of that file cabinet. Perhaps some research as to just where the *Colorado Magazine's* headquarters were in Boulder would shed some light on the file cabinet and maybe the editors of the magazine are still around? However, that would not likely shed light on the works at the Estes Museum.

All for now, Sincerely, Janet (Ridsdale) Justice-Waddington."

And now, as someone once said, you know the rest of the story.

3.

Introduction: Enos Mills' *In Beaver World*

> I have never been able to decide which I love best,
> birds or trees, but as these are really comrades it
> does not matter, for they can take first place together.
> But when it comes to second place in my affection
> for wild things, this, I am sure, is filled by the beaver.
> --Enos A. Mills (1908)

Second place or not, watching beavers was one of the life-long preoccupations of Enos Mills (1870-1922). From the time of his arrival in Longs Peak Valley in 1884 until the time of his death some thirty-eight years later, Mills kept year-round vigil on the ponds that lay nearby. No naturalist ever lavished more continuing attention on a single species of animal than Enos Mills lavished on the beaver. Though he often observed his quarry alone--for as many as sixty-four days in succession he tells us in the preface to *In Beaver World*--Mills took particular pleasure in introducing the beaver to others. Summer visitors to Mills' famous Longs Peak Inn could count on personally guided walks to the beaver ponds: to the Moraine Colony on Roaring Fork, some three and a half miles distant by way of the Longs Peak trail; to the colony at Lily Lake at the head of the valley; and to those closer by along Cow Creek (since 1961 Tahosa Creek) and Cabin Creek. And, to make the experience even more memorable, visitors to the lodges on Cabin Creek were also conducted past "fire smutted stones" and the ruins of an old log cabin. Attached to two upright sticks was a wooden sign bearing the words "Kit Carson Cabin Site," intimating that the place had once served as the home for the famous trapper, guide, and mountain man. Enos Mills encouraged (perhaps even originated) the story that the legendary Carson had once trapped for beaver in the Longs Peak Valley for he found the subject of the beaver--past as well as present--an ever-fascinating one. He wrote about beavers regularly over the year, and by 1913 had a sufficient number of essays at hand to make them the subject of his third book, *In Beaver World*, published at Boston by Houghton Mifflin.

Enos Mills' knowledge of beavers--like virtually everything else he came know--was the result of self-education. Schooling of the formal sort had ended by the time Mills was fourteen, the victim of the same digestive ailment that disrupted his Kansas childhood and left him next to useless on the family farm near Pleasanton. That year, 1884, apparently as something of a last resort, Mills' parents allowed him to travel; alone by way of Kansas City and Denver to the remote mountain valley nine miles south of Estes Park that he would one day introducer to the world. Though Mills would later exaggerate his degree of isolation and self-sufficiency--his father's cousin, the Reverend Elkanah J. Lamb (1832-1915), had been living with his family in Longs Peak Valley since 1875--the truth of the matter is that Mills landed in Colorado pretty much on his own, to do the best he could on a regimen of mountain air and spartan living.

The years that followed were exhilarating ones of exploration and growth, culminating, fortuitously, in the discovery of vocation. From 1884 onward, the amphitheater-valley beneath the East Face of Longs Peak served as Enos Mills' home. It was a truly magnificent spot. To the west, towering nearly 5,000 feet from the valley floor and flanked by its near neighbors Mount Meeker and Mount Lady Washington, stood Longs Peak, at 14,255 feet the highest point in northern Colorado and arguably the single most beautiful mountain in a state filled with them. Across the valley to the east were the double heads and crests of the mountain called the Twin Sisters. A mile to the north, at the valley's entrance was the hydrographic divider known as Lamb's Notch, separating the waters of the St. Vrain and Big Thompson rivers. To the south, the declension of an ancient moraine swept downward toward the heavily forested wilderness of Wild Basin, the watershed of the North St. Vrain River. Here amidst world of wild flowers, quaking aspens, heavily wooded slopes of lodgepole pines, growths of juniper, green and shiny little carpets of kinnikinnik, and stands of graceful willows were to be found bighorn sheep, long-eared mule deer, together with the black bear, mountain lion, bobcat, wolf, fox, coyote, marten, and, of course, ponds of active beaver. Enos Mills carefully and systematically studied the faces and ways of this mountain world and over the years made it finally and uniquely his own. It was this world that he sought to share with others--through his public lectures and addresses, published articles and books, and the strenuous crusading efforts that led in 1915 to the creation of Rocky Mountain National Park.

In the mid 1880s, however, Enos Mills' major problem was a more prosaic one: how to gain sufficient health and make a living. It is not at all clear how Mills achieved the former (though diet and exercise were apparently involved). What is clear is that whatever ailed the boy from Kansas was cured by the mountains, to the point that Enos Mills became capable of mountain-top exploits that seemed little short of miraculous. His claim to have climbed Longs Peak forty times alone and two hundred and fifty-seven times while guiding others, at every hour and in every season, and as many as three times in a single day, seems well founded, as do recitals of most of the other strenuous, often perilous, experiences that so impressed his reading and listening audiences. Employment was another matter. Estes Park shut down once summer visitors departed, and Mills was forced to extend his search to the copper mines of Butte, Montana. The Anaconda Copper Company offered what Mills wanted and needed most: winter employment at good wages, a flexible schedule that left summers free for the out-of-doors, the chance fort career advancement, and, as an added benefit, access to a first-rate library.

Books were important to Enos Mills from an early age, an inheritance, he said from his mother. He read widely, if eclectically, and he read well: Shakespeare, Cervantes, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Burns, Stevenson, Scott, Emerson, Irving, Whitman. Especially important were the nature writings of Henry David Thoreau, John Burroughs, and, particularly, after 1899 and their chance encounter on a beach near San Francisco, John Muir. Though Mills' own books and articles give the impression of having been written almost exclusively out of the stuff of his own first-hand experience, the appearance is misleading. As *In Beaver World* with its concluding "Bibliographic Note" suggests, everything Mills wrote was informed by his reading, though in most cases the exact authors and works consulted must be largely inferred. His personal library was large and impressive enough ("lined with a thousand books" one visitor reported) to do credit to any college professor. As a nature writer, as with everything he undertook, Enos Mills unquestionably was as quick study. But no one can trace

the subjects and arguments of his articles and books, or chart the development of his highly readable prose style, without realizing that Enos Mills was a writer with clear literary antecedents.

Until he was almost twenty, Enos Mills' interest in nature, though greatly expanded by his travels and explorations, remained unfocussed and undirected. His meeting with John Muir (1838-1914) in December 1889 changed that. Mills had gone to San Francisco apparently intent on enrolling in business college in order to improve his career advancement opportunities back in Butte. In California, he recalled, "on the beach near the old cliff house [in Golden Gate Park] I came upon a number pf people around a small gray bearded little man who had a hand full of plants which he was explaining. . . . As soon as the people scattered I asked him concerning a long-rooted plant that someone had dug from a sand dune." Muir, already celebrated for his efforts to preserve the grandeur of Yosemite Valley, then proceeded to take Mills on a four-mike walk through the park to the end of the car line. "He said to me, 'I want you to help me do something for parks, forests and wild life.'" Though Mills would later exaggerate the strength of their relationship, particularly during the years after 1894 when Muir's books began to appear, there can be no question that their moment together on a wintry beach at San Francisco gave purpose and direction to the whole of Enos Mills' subsequent life. In the aftermath came two decades of purposeful activity that transformed an unknown young man from Estes Park into a public figure with a state and national reputation.

Mills began his literary career during the mid-1890s by publishing brief articles about Estes Park and Colorado scenery, illustrated with his own photographs, in the Denver papers. About the same time he started reporting the society news of Denverites summering in Estes Park, for which he was paid a third of a cent a word. Mills collected these news items by riding among the widely scattered resorts of Estes Park--to Elkanah Lamb's Longs Peak House, to the Elkhorn Lodge near what would become Estes Park village, to Horace Ferguson's Highlands Hotel west of Marys Lake, to the Earl of Dunraven's Estes Park Hotel on lower Fish Creek, and to Abner Sprague's ranch in Moraine Park. In the process Mills also began to pick up the bits and pieces of information about the early days of Estes Park that he would bring together in 1905 in his first published book, *The Story of Estes Park and a Guide Book*. Before the decade was out Mills had launched his career as a writer that would result first in essays and articles for such periodicals as *Saturday Evening Post*, *Atlantic*, *World's Work*, *McClure's*, *Collier's*, *Harper's*, *Country Gentleman*, *Sunset*, *Country Life*, *American Boy*, and *Youth's Companion* and then in a series ed of sixteen books published between 1909 and 1931 by Houghton Mifflin and Doubleday, Page and Company.

Until 1902, Mills regularly inhabited the small tin-roofed homestead cabin built by his own hands in 1885-86. That year, as the culmination of what was obviously a lifetime dream, Enos Mills purchased from the Lams the small resort hotel known as Longs Peak House. Changing its name, Mills proceeded to enlarge the place despite a fire that destroyed the main lodge and its recently completed fifty-foot dining room in 1906, soon turned Longs Peak Inn into one of the most unique and distinctive hostelries in the nation. Visitors never ceased being impressed by what they found. Anna M. Rudy's account of her 1915 visit is typical:

> We rode the village of Estes Park to Longs Peak Inn in a comfortable auto

> through one of the most picturesque portions of the Rocky Mountain National Park, arriving at five o'clock. I had time before dinner to revel in the charms of the Inn and its surroundings. It is the largest of a number of log houses placed around on the slope in irregular order. It has quaint balconies on the greater part of two sides where one finds comfortable rustic chairs and writings tables. Not far away are groves of lodge pole pines and aspen trees, which Mr. Mills aptly calls "bare legged children," and all around are beautiful mountain flowers of many varieties.
>
> Mr. Mills is his very own architect as well as superintendent of all the building, and does much of the work himself. In the Inn and his cabin, where he is home all the year, you see exemplified William Morris' creed, "have about you only the things that are useful or that you believe to be beautiful." In the living room of the Inn--a room approximately 30 x 40 feet in dimensions, all the furniture is made of wind or fire killed trees, with that soft indescribable gray tone that no skill of brush and palette could produce.

The energetic Enos Mills, with his "ruddy face and a very broad forehead surmounted by a veritable shock of carrot colored hair," took personal charge of the welfare of his guests. The aim was to provide education through recreation, with not a minute wasted. In the early years of Longs Peak Inn, Mills made himself personally available for trips to the top of the peak (or a fee of twenty-five dollars), though later he turned over the task of mountain guiding over to others. For those less strenuously inclined, there were day hikes to the nearby lakes, glaciers and lower elevations, as well as horseback rides, fishing, tennis, nature walks, and, of course, trips to the beaver ponds. In the evenings, after dinner, came Mills' famous fireside talks. Enos Mills was a genial and attentive host, particularly toward those who were willing to abandon themselves to the ways of the mountains.

For all his obvious success as a mountain inn-keeper, however, it seems likely that Mills' reputation would have remained little more than a local one had it not been for two critical events during the first decade of the twentieth century that catapulted him to state, regional, and national attention. The first of these was his appointment in 1902 as Colorado's official State Snow Observer, a career Mills followed for three successive seasons. The position of Snow Observer was a highly romantic calling, one that quickly captured the public imagination. And Enos Mills, always alert to opportunities for self-promotion, made the most of it. "The work of state snow observer," he told the *Denver Republican* in 1905, "made it necessary for me to ramble wild heights and to go beyond trails in all kinds of weather. I traversed the forests, invaded the gulches, walked the bleak heights, scaled wintry peaks, went beyond the trails and visited the silent places. The duties of the snow observer are mostly confined to measuring snow accumulations at the head waters of streams."

The reports that Mills sent on to Denver and the office of State Engineer L. G. Carpenter, the head of Colorado's Irrigation Department, indicate that he was well worth his hire. In his report of February 20, 1904, Mills informed Carpenter

> I went from home S. W. four miles and up to an altitude of 10,000; --thence from home up the S. Poudre to Chambers Lake: thence S. W. to a point on the N. W. slope of Hague's peak

about 13,000 feet; S. W. to ditch camp--Grand--about 10,500 ft., Southward to summit of Specimen mountain then turning west neat Poudre lakes to North form of Grand-Pacaiic slope--then timberline of Lead mountain, Richthofen and Lulu pass. From, this pass 22 miles southward down N. Fork to Grand Lake: --four miles N. E. to Big Meadows then S.W. to Lehman, Coulter, then S.E. to Berthoud pass and Empire. Total traveled between home and Empire about 170 miles; 70 miles of this was on snow shoes.

What follows are five pages of details reporting the average snow depth and wind, weather, and timber conditions. "12 inches of snow fell on me during the course of this trip. . . ," Mills concluded his report. "The coldest record while I was out was the night at Grand Lake when the thermometer descended to 28º below zero."

The "Snow Man" someone called him, and the epithet not only struck but spread. What made Mills' winter trekking expeditions all the more remarkable was the apparent ease and simplicity of the undertaking. "I dress lightly," he wrote about 1905:

> Medium weight woolen flannels, canvas coat and overalls. German socks, high-cut overshoes and a slough hat. I carry a sweater and an extra pair of overalls for emergencies. I rarely take anything but raisins for food. A pound of these will sustain me for a week. I always take two packages of matches and a compass. All bedding is left behind, and firearms I never carry. A small ax is ever with me, and generally there is a candle or two in my pocket. When I have to start a fire with damp wood in the midst of a raging blizzard, candles are of inestimable value for kindling.

Translated into the pages of the popular press the colorful adventures of "Colorado's Snow Observer" were well calculated to capture the reader's imagination.

By the time he retired from the post of "Snow Observer" in the spring of 2906, the Enos Mills legend had been well and permanently launched. He was Enos Mills of Colorado: an intrepid, solitary, wilderness explorer of heroic dimensions, the survivor of storm, avalanche, and a dozen other death-defying mountain-top adventures.

The second important event of the decade extended Mills' reputation to the nation at large. Under the Theodore Roosevelt administration, conservation and the creation of new forest preserves had become a major part of the national agenda. Most of these new national forests were, of course, to be found in the West. There Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, the new head of the Forest Service, not surprisingly encountered opposition among established timber, mining, cattle and water interests, who were indignant at the thought of any curtailment of their freedom. To counterbalance their arguments, a western spokesman for forest conservation was needed, and Enos Mills of Colorado became Roosevelt's and Pinchot's choice.

As an independent, salaried lecturer on forestry, a position he occupied from January 1907 to May 1909, Enos Mills literally crossed the nation to promote the cause of forest conservation and the recreational and spiritual uses of the wilderness. The pace he set was frenetic. A surviving itinerary for the eight-month period October 1908bto May 1909 shows well over a hundred speaking engagements in more than thirty states plus the district of Columbia, before women's

clubs, school and college groups, civic and business associations, and lecture societies (including New York's Carnegie Hall).

Mills' most frequently announced topic was "Our Friends the Trees." His central message--the need to save and preserve America's endangered forests--seldom varied. It was a message that Mills, clad in brown sack suit and looking every bit the part, delivered in a manner that freely mixed fact and poetry A reporter for the *Omaha World-Herald* in April 1907 noted, "He made the subject as interesting as a romance, as instructive as an Emerson essay, as absorbing as a newspaper scandal."

Mills took to the lecture platform, with an enthusiasm that virtually insured his success. Yet, for all his growing public exposure and notoriety, and the apparent ease in which he entered the public arena, and later into public debate and controversy, Enos Mills was and remained to the end of his life a fundamentally shy and private man, content to hide (or take refuge) behind his own public persona and the colorful and romantic characterization given him by others. As one would-be interviewer of the period 1911-1912 noted with obvious disappointment of his encounter with Mills, "He is long on enthusiasm, but short on autobiography."

Mills left government employment in May 1909, only to take up a new challenge: the six-year campaign for a new national park in the Estes Park region--a task he later came to refer to as "the most strenuous and growth compelling occupation I have ever followed" and "the achievement of my life." These efforts, which climaxed in the bill creating the Rocky Mountain National Park signed into law by President Woodrow Wilson on January 26, 1915, once again called on Mills' considerable public relations skills as a wilderness advocate. He tirelessly and totally committed himself to the undertaking. Before he was through, Enos Mills had made more than three hundred lecture appearances; written scores of newspaper and magazine articles, editorials, and letters to the editor; organized meetings and circulated petitions; and attempted to enlist the personal support of anyone of influence willing to listen. These efforts took Mills once again back and forth across the country, including Washington where, in a December 1914 appearance before the House Committee on Public Lands, he was accorded star billing as "one of the noted naturalists, travelers, authors, and lecturers of this country." Victory did not come easily. Arrayed against Mils and other park supporters were a variety of agricultural and commercial interests that felt threatened by the prospect of yet another federal forest preserve.

It finally took three separate bills, five major revisions, and almost two full years to move the park legislation through the Congress. In the aftermath, however, it was clear enough to whom major credit belonged. On January 20, 1915, the *Denver Post*, in announcing the passage of the final bill two days before, carried on its front page a cartoon showing a smiling goddess Colorado shaking hands with a bare-headed Enos Mills and saying, "Enos, "I'm proud of you!" On September 4, 1915, on the occasion of the formal dedication ceremonies in Horseshoe Park at which he presided, the *Post* bestowed upon him the title "Father of Rocky Mountain National Park."

The final seven years of Enos Mills' life should have been ones of happiness and contentment. Though Mills finally married in August 1918, at the age of forty-eight, and the next year became a father, these years were marred by events of controversy and acrimony with Mills himself at

the center. Most Americans knew him as a generous and affable guider to the Colorado wilderness, but there was another, darker side to Enos Mills' personality. For all his many virtues, Mills was a highly temperamental man, quick to take offense, and all too often unwilling or unable to acknowledge the correctness of any views but his own. The truth of the matter is that Enos Mills was essentially a man of solitude, more at home alone on mountain heights than in the give and take world of men where it was necessary to deal with those of differing, often opposing, ideas and interests. Mills did best when he was squarely in charge of things--as host at Longs Peak Inn, on the lecture platform, or in his writing. When he was not in control of the situation or event, her often showed himself remarkably thin-skinned and contentious. Quarrels with family and friends punctuated his early years in Estes Park. Later, during the long, protracted campaign for Rocky Mountain National Park, he became openly critical of the Forest Service, whose "wise use" approach to forestry, Mills believed, placed it in direct opposition to his proposed park." "Scratch any old Forest Service man," he wrote in March 1911, "and you will find a Tartar who is opposed to all National Parks." Enos Mills had, in the words of James Grafton Rogers (1883-1971), the founding president of the Colorado Mountain Club who drafted and redrafted the park bill, "a genius for making enemies," and, Rogers might have added, a genius for making them out of one time friends and supporters.

In the years after 1915, Mills' chief antagonist, ironically enough, was none other than the National Park Service, the agency which seemed most likely to effect and extend Mills' own wilderness agenda The major cause of Mills' anger was the decision by Superintendent L. C. Way in the spring of 1919 to grant an exclusive transportation franchisee agreement for travel within the Park. What outraged Mills was that Way's contract with the Rocky Mountain Parks Transportation Company excluded not only independent rental car ("jitney") drivers but touring cars owned and operated by established hotel men like Mills himself. Mills sued Way and the Park Service in the U.S. Court of Colorado for abrogating his "common rights as acitizen of the State of Colorado in travelling over the Park roads." Gradually the controversy assumed larger dimensions and became involved in a suit by the State of Colorado challenging the right of the federal government to regulate traffic over roads never formally placed under United States jurisdiction. By the time the so-called "Cede Jurisdiction" controversy worked its way to a close in February 1929, however, Enos Mills was dead.

Mills' sudden death came suddenly and without warning on the evening of September 21, 1922. Though he had been ailing much of that summer, worn out from a new round of hectic cross-country travel to take to the people his caser against the Park's transportation monopoly, the setback seemed only temporary. But, as summer turned to fall, Enos Mills, a man who prided himself on his extraordinary stamina and good health, did not recover. Death came unexpectedly in the form of a heart attack, in all probability brought on by blood poisoning. Following a short, secular service in the main lobby of the Inn, Mills' body was carried across the road and buried next to his homestead cabin. He was fifty-two.

Mills' maturation as a nature writer coincided almost exactly with the beginning of his lobbying efforts on behalf of Rocky Mountain National Park. Though he had previously enjoyed great success in selling his essays to popular magazines, it was not until 1909 that Mills was able to persuade a major publisher to issue a collection of his work. Mill chose his publisher well. Boston's Houghton Mifflin Company, which included among its authors "the two Johnnies,"

Muir and Burroughs, was America's foremost nature publisher. That Mills first books bore the Houghton Mifflin imprint virtually assured that they would be noticed.

Wildlife on the Rockies (1909) and its sequel *The Spell of the Rockies* (1911) established a clear pattern for the books that followed. Enos Mills was a consummate teller of stories, and, as his readers discovered, the Rocky Mountain world he told about was one that the author intimately knew and loved. The world to which Enos Mills introduced his readers was a strange and wonderful world apart--whose remote and quiet wilderness, as Mills makes clear, was being inexorably tamed and forever altered by the forces of twentieth-century life. What Mills offered was a most palatable introduction: a miscellany combining nature essays with exciting first-hand accounts of the author's own adventures among Colorado's peaks and forests. Above all, Mills' essays celebrated the magnetic, transforming bond or "spell" between man and nature, together with the aesthetic and spiritual values to be gained by becoming attuned to nature's ways.

What clearly appealed most to Mills' readers, however, was the character and personality of the author himself: his boyish , thoroughly engaged, enthusiasm; his never-ending sense of wonder and excitement; his abundance of goodwill and buoyant optimism; his relish for new experiences; and his courage and undauntedness even in the tightest places. So attractive, in fact, was the figure that Mills placed before them that most readers and reviewers seemed scarcely aware of the author's literary or scientific shortcomings and deficiencies.

In Beaver World (1913), however, is a different kind of book. In his two earlier books, Enos Mills, the mountain adventurer, is never far absent from the scene. Here, by contrast, Mills is content to focus the reader's attention on the subject at hand and to adopt the role of quiet observer. His purpose is to tell the story of the beaver rather than his own, and in telling that story Enos Mills produced what may well be his finest sustained piece of nature writing.
Part of the success of *In Beaver World* resulted from the fact that the subject of the American beaver, even in 1913, was still remarkably fresh ground. As the *Nation* correctly observed in its July 1913 review of Mills' book, "Except for a few good notes in magazine articles, chiefly valuable for their photographic illustrations, nothing of much account has been published about the beaver since the classic book by Lewis H. Morgan, issued in 1868." Though Morgan (1818-1881), who like Mills lacked formal scientific training as a naturalist, humbly admitted in his Preface that *The American Beaver and His Works* "falls much below the dignity and completeness of a monograph," his book remained almost half a century later the single most exhaustive work on the subject.

Mills took his assignment seriously and did his work well. He read Morgan's book, and whatever else he could find on the subject, and these investigations he combined with his own twenty-seven year of observation and fieldwork. Considering the limitations under which he worked, the results are impressive. The basic factual information about the beaver that Mills provides--e.g., their number of teeth, the months in which they are born, their body weight and length, their longevity, their tail morphology, the properties of their newborns, their diving times, etc.--seem entirely accurate when measured against other, more recent accounts. There are, predictably, some errors of fact. Mills is wrong, for example, when he asserts that the South American beaver "May be called a link between the muskrat and the beaver." At best, however, this is an esoteric point. We cannot, of course, check the accuracy of his descriptions of

individual beavers, colonies, dams, channels, or behaviors. But what we can check suggests that Enos Mills was very much committed to scientific accuracy in his descriptive work.

To be sure, there are problems. From the perspective of the modern naturalist, Mills can be faulted for an overreliance on unique and unsynthesized events as the source for his understanding and ideas. Much of *In Beaver World* consists of descriptions of this and that dam, this and that colony, this and that beaver, etc., and in their examination Mills rarely takes a statistical or experimental (as opposed to a descriptive) approach. There are, however, some notable exceptions; and these exceptions go a long way to establishing that Mills was capable of making sound scientific judgments. For example, Mills asks in the chapter titled "The Beaver Past and Present" whether beaver are weather-wise and answers in a most modern manner by reporting on the variation in behavior among beaver colonies that are all exposed to the same weather. He marks trees by notching them in "Harvest Time with Beavers" in order to determine how far beaver might transport logs, and then searches for notched logs. And in "The Primitive House" he takes a statistical approach to the question of how commonly beaver houses are plastered in the fall.

The modern scientist would also fault Mills because he has a ready, adaptive, and often teleological explanation for each observation. Rarely does Enos Mills leave questions open. One of the few occasions occurs in "Transportation Facilities" where he asks whether a tunnel increased the water supply of a colony by design or by accident. At this pointy in his discussion Mills does seem to realize that he has framed the debate between the teleological view and the behaviorist view, but here the matter ends. Usually, however, his mind seems uncluttered by such concerns.

The controversial center of "In Beaver World," as Enos Mills himself was clearly aware, is the author's willingness to grant his subject the ability to reason. He states his position succinctly in a single paragraph in the chapter titled "As Others See Him":

> For more than a quarter of a century I have been a friendly visitor to his colonies, in which I have lingered long and lovingly. That he makes mistakes is certain, but that he is an intelligent, reasoning animal I have long firmly believed. As I said in *Wild Life on the Rockies*,--"I have often seen him change his plans so wisely and meet emergencies so promptly and well that I can think of him only as a reasoner."

Here Enos Mills the naturalist was walking on most dangerous ground. Specifically, he risked becoming directly embroiled in the so-called "nature-faker" controversy begun by John Burroughs in March 1903, when he used the occasion of an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* to ridicule as "sham naturalists" those who attempted to humanize and sentimentalize animals by giving them human traits. Burroughs' essay, and the spirited, at times rancorous, debate encouraged by its inevitable sequels and rebuttals(including the famous sortie into the field made by Theodore Roosevelt) engaged the attention of the popular press at precisely the time that Enos Mills was attempting to establish his own authority as a naturalist.

When approached for his views, Mills initially tried to straddle the issue, perhaps because of his own genuine ambivalence. Nevertheless, his early writings betray the tendency toward the

anthropomorphic treatment of wildlife. On a number of occasions in *Wild Life on the Rockies*, Mills was willing, if perhaps at times unconsciously, to attribute the ability to think not only to beavers but to other animals as well--a willingness which moved one reviewer to comment that such "utterances, of course, put Mr. Mills in the 'reason' school of American writers, as opposed to the 'instinct' school of which John Burroughs, the Sage of Slabsides, is the official mouthpiece."

It is unlikely that Mills arrived at his anthropomorphizing through any careful, systematic weighing of abstract, theoretical arguments for or against positing mental states for animals. More likely, in the beginning, he simply followed his "gut feelings," much in the way many modern pet owners do with respect to a favorite dog or cat, without any real in-depth understanding of the points of argument that could be raised against the position. Though many pages go by *In Beaver World* without significant anthropomorphizing, it is unmistakably there. At times (particularly in the chapter "The Beaver's Engineering") Mills limits himself to the use of concepts like "intention" and "forethought," which at least some naturalists of Mills' day would have been willing to defend. In this chapter, for example, Mills finds himself describing a protracted "project" carried out by a whole group of beavers in which many individual actions seem to be guided by a long-range goal. These behaviors, Mills came to believe, could not be explained simply as responses to short-term needs or stimuli. Rather, many of the actions made sense only in the context of "intention" and "forethought," of promoting rewards that would be received many months (even years) in the future. On other occasions, however, Mills ' anthropomorphizing leaved entirely the field of defensible debate. He puts words into beavers' mouths; terms beavers "friends;" commends them as ethically or morally honorable; and calls them "people" or "folks." The problem with wandering so "near the danger zone" in his treatment of animals was that Mills, who on other occasions took great delight in correcting popular misconceptions about the natural world, risked not only straining his readers' credibility but undermining the very scientific understanding of nature that he so wished to encourage.

Enos Mills was well aware that he was courting trouble. Just as soon as he voiced his belief in the beaver as "reasoner," (in the chapter "As Others See Him"), Mills immediately turns for support to two highly regarded authorities on the subject of beavers and animal rationality, Lewis H. Morgan and George John Romanes. Fortunately, however, Mills' anthropomorphic tendencies seem to have been largely overlooked by the contemporary reviewers of *In Beaver World*, who seemed most impressed by the fact that the book "is not dry science." As the *Charleston News and Courier* continued, "It is like everything else he has done, full of life and action and human interest, and is at the same time authoritative." When Mills' anthropomorphism was noted, in fact, it seems to have even evoked a positive response. In declaring the beaver "a reasoner," Chicago's *Inter Ocean* noted in a full-page review on June 29, 1913, that

> Mr. Mills flings down the gauntlet to Theodore Roosevelt, John Burroughs and others of the "instinct school" who hold that instinct alone rules the animal world and cry "nature fakers" at William J. Long, Ernest Thompson Seton, Charles D. Roberts and others of the "reason school" of naturalists. Mr. Mills writes with reserve and refrains from trying to read reason into all the works of the beaver. Nonetheless, the facts in his book will make the "instinct school" do some hard thinking.

The question of animal rationality is, of course, by no means a closed case in current scientific circles, and Mills, interestingly enough raises some of the very issues that biologists today find to be of interest. Moreover, it is pointless for anyone to quibble greatly with a work published more than a century ago that is, in so many ways, a success. The time that Mills spent in the field carefully observing, photographing, taking measurements, and drawing diagrams of the beaver was time well spent, and his willingness to study these animals in their natural environment anticipates the development of ethology in the 1930s. Though some of his work has been superseded over time, the voice of Enos Mills remains an historically important one. . . . The wonderful and enduring strength of *In Beaver World* resides, finally, in the accounts that Enos Mills provides of beavers in their primordial state, accounts that not only continue to make for good and interesting reading but retain considerable value for any modern day biologist doing work on this most fascinating wilderness creature.

4.

Biking and Climbing with the Denver Ramblers, 1891

It is more or less common today to see young men and women, almost effortlessly it would seem, pedaling up the steep inclines of mountain roads on bicycles. In many cases, they carry with them camping and climbing gear, indicating that theirs is more than a one-day adventure. Bicycling has been enormously popular in the United States for more than a 125 years. And, for more than century, it has been used as a means of getting people up to and into the mountains.

Like any number of inventions, the bicycle, as we know it today, was pioneered by Europeans and perfected by Americans. In this case, the inventors were German, British, Scotch, Irish, and French. The first American patent on the bicycle was taken out in Connecticut in November 1866 by a newly-arrived French carriagemaker named Pierre Lallement, who had produced a model exhibited at the Paris Exposition the previous year. The early bicycle—or "velocipede" as it was known until the early 1890s—was a cumbersome vehicle, whose speed was greatly inhibited by the fact that without gears, the front wheels which provided propulsion, could be turned only once with a single turn of the pedal. Improvements soon followed: the front wheel was made larger and the back smaller; the rider's seat was moved over the wheel to provide a more efficient use of leg power; chains and sprockets allowed propulsion to be transferred to the rear wheels; and pneumatic tires Invented by Irish veterinarian John Boyd Dunlop), coaster brakes, variable speed transmission , and adjustable handle bars were added. And, by 1899, American promoters had imported a British fad that had swept the Continent: the "6-day bicycle race."

Coloradans quickly took up the sport. So popular did it become that an early-day Fort Collins passed an ordinance prohibiting bikers from "swarming" on town streets. At a time when the rough roads into the mountains still drove travelers to despair (or prevented their going altogether) bikes became an alternative means of transportation. Clubs were formed, and they, too, took to the mountains—with all the brashness and gusto of the young. Three members of the Colorado Wheel Club "have left Estes Park and arrived in Loveland," the *Fort Collins Courier* (quoting the *Denver Tribune*) noted in its edition of July 16, 1884, "well tired and badly broken up." Undaunted by either weather or road conditions, the bikers kept coming. And the mountains were there for them.

14,256-foot Longs Peak, in particular, beckoned. During the 1890s, the Peak attracted its full quota of those who were prepared to both bike and climb. For these bikers, as for those who made the attempt using more pedestrian transportation, the most convenient way station was Longs Peak House, the ranch in the upland valley at the base of the Peak operated from 1875 to 1902 by the Reverend Elkanah J. Lamb (1832-1915) and, later, by his son Carlyle (1862-1958). The Lambs offered food, shelter, advice, and encouragement. For a fee of five dollars, they also offered the services of expert mountain guides—which in the early days helped to augment Father Lamb's preacher's salary. "If they would not pay for spiritual guidance," the elder Lamb subsequently wrote in his memoirs, "I compelled them to divide for material elevation."

The Lambs, like many innkeepers, kept a register in which their guests were encouraged not only to record their destination but to offer their comments for the edification of those who would follow. One of these ledgers, covering the decade 1891 to 1901, has survived. Stamped inside the front and back covers is the ranch's logo: "Long's Peak House, E.E. Lamb, Prop. Estes Park, . . . Colo. Situated at the base of Long's Peak. A most beautiful location, good cottages, saddle horses and guides, furnished. Rates $2.00 per day."

Among the visitors that took full advantage of Longs Peak House—and recorded their stay—was a group of young bicyclists who called themselves the "Denver Ramblers." For several years the Ramblers came together during the summer months to take trips or "tours" into the mountains. The Denver Ramblers were avid climbers as well as bikers. As an aftermath to adventuring they, too, took the liberty of recording in the Lamb's ledger their experiences on Longs Peak. That account of August 15, 1891--spirited, well-written, and fully deserving to be included in the literature of Longs Peak—follows below. It was originally reproduced in 1996 with permission of the Colorado Historical Society—now History Colorado.

The Denver Ramblers 2nd tour of '91. Same date, as above, same conditions. (A. Craig and L. C. Davis of Boulder had left Lamb's ranch at 4:15 a.m., reached the Keyhole at 9:05 a.m., and the foot of the Trough a half hour later: "Encountered a terrific electrical storm, were driven into a hole in the rocks. We pretty near froze, and concluded that 'discretion was the better part of valor' so returned to Lamb's reaching here 1:35 p.m. and ate a square meal.") The Denver Ramblers always to the front, having been first wheelmen to push wheels to summit of Pikes Peak, enjoying the glorious coast down the Cascade Toll road. Reached Lamb's at 5:00 p.m. after one of the grandest bicycle rides in the world consuming most of the day of Friday on the delightful roads of Estes Park. The party consisted of H. G. Kennedy, Will Search, Geo. Kennedy, Robt. Gerwing, and W.E. Perkins. Under the guidance of our own Hod Kennedy left the ranch at four fifteen followed by the above Boulder gentlemen. The pace was a very stiff one and a mile and a half up the trail, the Boulder gentlemen dropped back. The first 1500 feet altitude was reached in one hour. From timber line they left the track veering to the south, followed up "the Gorge" to "Crater Lake." Here several photos were taken, when the climb was again resumed the "rocky Cone" being skirted to the "saddle" where Crater Lake again came in view 1500 feet below. The Boulder Field was left to the right, the party walking around the base of the Peak, approaching the Key Hole from the east. After eating sandwiches at the Key Hole, the Boulder gentlemen could be seen way below the "Boulder Field." The wind at the Key Hole was terrific and fleecy clouds were scurrying past the Peak. A short rough climb brought the Ramblers to the flat step rocks from which point, avalanche after avalanche of loose rock were sent rolling, rumbling and crashing into the gorge two thousand feet below.

As the climb up the Trough was commenced, distant growling of thunder was heard indicating approaching storm. Nothing daunted, the party pushed on up the precipitous gulch. Soon the entire western range was obscured by low white clouds. In a few moments a blinding sleet storm was upon them. Brilliant electric flashes lighted the clouds and thunder crashed and roared. The scene was magnificent, yet terrible, but the party was composed of Denver boys, familiar with mountain storms and expecting a sudden abatement, climbed upward, with freezing hands and shivering bodies.

Hod guided them onto the ledge, where it was somewhat sheltered, and called them to recover themselves. Their last one hundred and fifty feet was the most perilous and it was only grim determination, with which the boys set out, that carried them up. They crauled to the Pyramids where they rested, sheltered from the fury of the storm. The wind was blowing a hurricane and temperature below freezing. Amid that nothingness and howling wind was a time for serious reflection.

There seemed nothing left in the world but that narrow rock (which could be seen for a radius of about thirty feet) and the five shivering wretches. As nothing could be gained by remaining here they again crauled [sic] down to the more substantial shelter of the ledge. Soon the sun peered through a rift in the clouds, and from its graceful rays the boys gain became dry, and after a few moments spent in viewing the grandeur of the departing storm they crept over the top of the Trough in the face of the wind which was still blowing fiercely.

Down the Trough and across the dangerous slope and again to the Key Hole, through which the wind had not ceased to blow with irresistible force. Several photos were taken and from here, looking all directions, with a 4 x5 Triad camera. Just at the north end of the Boulder Field the boys saw a covey of white ptarmigans and after a couple of hours hunt bagged four, which was quite fair for revolver practice. These were photographed as a matter of record. Lamb's ranch was sighted just before another rain storm came on, at 3:40 p.m.

No record was attempted and no track kept of time On the summit all were too cold to observe watches or barometer, so neither time nor altitude was taken, photographs ditto The day was thoroughly enjoyed, and with anticipation of an early supper, refreshing sleep, and best of all, a magnificent coast back down to Lyons on the victor cushions, the boys are now around the fire, telling how it was, etc., etc.

Postscript. A year later, on August 6, 1892, the Denver Ramblers were back in Estes Park and at Lamb's ranch on their third annual tour, "via Middle and North Parks by wheel." The next day they once again climbed Longs Peak. "Today's trip," one of their number recorded with satisfaction in Carlyle Lamb's ledger, "was a very fine one and made up for the terror of last year's blizzard."

5.

The First Ascent of Mount Richthofen

For the young man from Michigan, the summer of 1908 represented the adventures of a lifetime. Not only did the twenty-four-year-old William Cooper spend eight days exploring and mapping the Wild Basin wilderness south of Longs Peak, and some seven days climbing in the San Juans where he made mountaineering history, but he also found time in mid-August to make the first recorded ascent of 12,940 foot Mount Richthofen, west of Estes Park across the Continental Divide. The narrative of Cooper's ascent of Mount Richthofen brings to a close one of the busiest and most pioneering four months in Colorado's mountaineering history.

William Cooper first came to Estes Park with his parents in 1904. He returned in 1907, making his base of operations Enos Mills' famous Longs Peak Inn at the foot of that peak some nine miles south of the village of Estes Park. . . . While staying at Longs Peak Inn, Cooper met Joe Mills (1880-1935), Enos Mills' younger brother, then serving on the athletic staff of Fort Worth University. Joe Mills and William Cooper shared a common love for nature and the outdoors. A lifelong friendship developed, and thus it was not surprising that in setting out two years later to conquer Mount Richthofen--named for German geographer/geologist Ferdinand von Richthofen--Cooper would invite the younger Mills and his new bride Ethel Steere Mills to accompany him.

The narrative of Cooper's adventures to the summit of Mount Richthofen follows. It is taken from the1971 manuscript entitled "Mountains" based on Cooper's original field notes which was deposited in the archive of the University of Minnesota, where Cooper spent virtually his entire professional career from 1915 to 1951. His story:

Enos Mills often praised the beauty of the region surrounding the ultimate sources of the Colorado River (this upper stretch was then known as the Grand River). In particular, Mt. Richthofen, he said, was a fine mountain. Of course I must go and climb it. I tried to persuade Joe and Ethel Mills to go with me, and was so far successful as to obtain their agreement to accompany me as far as Poudre Lakes. For the remainder of the trop I would have the enjoyable company of my friend [horse] Tip.

August 18. --In preparing for the start I found some difficulty in arranging my load. My sheepskin sleeping bag, comfortable but bulky, went nicely behind the saddle. My rucksack, full of canned goods and other items, wobbled woefully on top of the bag. It occurred to me to put the straps over my shoulders and let the rucksack rest on the sleepingbag. In this way I started out from the Inn. At Marys Lake I met a fisherman. "Hey," said he, "carrying your pack to save your horse?" At the Estes post office, where I met Joe and Ethel, I made a change. I procured two stout bags, divided my food supply between them, and hung them on the pommel, one on each side. Late in the afternoon we started up the Fall River road. We camped near some deserted cabins in Horseshoe Park. A corral nearby relieved us of responsibility for the horses.

August 19. --Ethel slept in my bag last nighty and was pleased with it. Joe and I made ourselves a blanket bed beside the fire. We were just well settled for the night when a few drops of rain fell. A change became necessary. Joe picked up his wife, bag and all, and deposited her and it on the floor of one of the cabins. We moved our blankets in likewise and settled ourselves for the rest of the night. It was raining steadily in the morning, and we deliberated as to whether or not to go up the canyon. The question was decided in the affirmative. There was then, of course, no road across the Divide. An ancient Ute trail, very dim, followed approximately the route of the Trail Ridge road of today, and gave its name to that road. The trail we were taking, following the course of the present one-way Fall River road, was a bad one, rocky and washed. Tip is skillful in such places, but at one particularly bad spot both of his hind legs slipped off the downhill side. I stepped off on the uphill side and waited while Tip struggled back. Out of the forest, and a long stretch over alpine meadow brought us finally to Poudre Lakes just at dark.

August 20. --We had a delightfully comfortable night. Our immense log fire burned out completely, and we were so comfortable we did not replenish it at once. Ethel says she watched the stars, which she is welcome to do if she likes it better than sleeping. We arose at five and started at once, without breakfast, for Specimen Mountain. Leaving the horses at timberline, we crept to the crest of the ridge, hoping for the sight of the mountain sheep that make Specimen Mountain their home. There they were, four of them, browsing quietly on the green meadow slope. In an instant they saw us and quickly disappeared. The sentinel, a big ram standing statue-like on a high point, lingered a few moments, then he too vanished. Soon they reappeared on a ridge above us and watched us with very apparent curiosity. A little later, rounding a corner of the mountain, we saw them for a third time, more distant but in full force. We counted twenty, and there were some magnificent fellows among them.

The clouds were closing in around us, making an immediate return essential. We prepared a quick breakfast and packed for the trail. Joe and Ethel departed for home, following the dim Ute trail over what is now known as Trail Ridge. Tip was resentful at not being allowed to go with his equine friends, but soon became resigned to his obvious duty to look after me. He and I left the Poudre Lakes, and a short distance beyond we (When Tip and I are fellow travelers it is always "we") crossed the Continental Divide at Milner Pass, less than fifty feet above the lake and one of the few places in this region where one may cross the Divide without going above timberline. We next encountered two or three boggy meadows, which are an abomination unto Tip. He doesn't mind just plain water, but when it comes to big holes and soft mud he will go any distance around rather than venture in. Here, as often, there was no way around, so he had to plunge, neatly to his belly. Suddenly we came to the head of an abrupt gulch and saw far below us the flat swampy valley of the Colorado River and the reddish peaks of the Never Summer Range beyond.

It looked as though a single jump would land us in the valley, but we prudently took the trail. It was easy to descend, but not so easy to do it gracefully. The recent rains had made it rather easy to descend too fast. Tip scrambled and slid, sometimes along all four feet at once. To increase the comfort and safety of both of us I dismounted and went ahead, slipping and sliding over the rocks and down the muddy slopes. Tip came tumbling along so fast behind me that I had to be rather reckless in my jumps to keep out of his way. The valley seemed to rise to meet us, and it was a surprise, looking back up the slope, to discover how great a descent we had accomplished.

A road of sort was welcome, and turning northward we made good progress toward the mountain mass that shut in the upper end of the valley. Fences had to be let down occasionally, and the river forded several times. At the edge of a grove we came upon a huge camping party; Tip expressed a desire to stop and visit, which I overruled.

The usual thunder storm now threatened, and I made haste to reach Lulu City, a group of half a dozen abandoned cabins and succeeded before the rain commenced. One of the cabins gave welcome shelter from the big drops. I put provisions and sleeping bag inside and left Top out in the rain in a field of good grass. After the rain, with the excuse of giving the saddle a chance to dry, I lingered for a full hour feasting on wild strawberries--in which occupation, to my scientific delight, I found two specimens of *Botrychium lunaria*.

I repacked finally and we started on again. The road was in fearful condition--the mud a foot deep with young rivers along and across it. A mile of this brought us to the Grand Ditch, an enterprise for carrying water from the Never Summer Range across the Continental Divide. I turned aside to the ditch camp hoping to find some oats for Tip and sugar for myself. The workmen were all away, but I introduced myself to the cook and obtained everything I needed. An old prospector pointed out a black summit rising above the spruce covered hills as my goal, Mt., Richthofen (there were then no maps of the region), and advised me to climb by the way of his camp. I thanked him and chose my own route.

Tip wished to have his supper at once, and investigated the bag of oats in hope of finding an opening. To his disappointment I put the bag on the saddle in front of me, and we began to look for a good camping spot. We crossed the ditch by a log bridge, followed a swift stream a short distance, then entered a beautiful little park only a few hundred feet below timberline. I selected a spot on the edge of the woods--as neatly perfect a camping spot as could be imagined. There was a flat dry spot for fire and bed, plenty of wood in assorted sizes, a small stream nearby, and good grass for Tip. A shower threatened, and I made haste to start my fire. The shower came and wet me somewhat, but the blaze lived through it. Tip munched his oats oblivious of rain and everything else.

I had bacon toasted on a stick, cheese ditto, bread and butter, and an orange. Very soon I picketed Tip in a good locality for feed, put a last armful of branches on the fire, and crawled into my bag alone in the forest and happy. No, not alone--Tip was with me.

August 21. --I awoke early after a thoroughly restful nighty. The sky was doubtful. Low clouds were hanging about the summit of Richthofen and the tops of many of the mountains were cut off. I picketed Tip in a new place, hid my belongings in the woods at a little distance and started to climb. It took but a short time to reach timberline. The clouds were still ominous but beautiful beyond my power to describe. Bulging, billowy masses rested upon the peaks and ridges, constantly changing their forms, growing larger, sometime on one side, then on another, then boiling upward with slow, majestic motion. Above these lay in seemingly motionless array tiers of flat stratus clouds--not motionless, for some magic change was visible with every upward glance.

Wisps of clouds formed from nothing before my eyes and grew to great cottony balls. Others, fraying out at the edges, became thinner and thinner in texture and melted away. The air was peculiarly silent. An occasional breeze came almost as a relief to break the suspense. Sometimes the clouds parted and gave a glimpse through a ragged opening of a glorious sky. Two eagles took an interest in the moving dot upon the alpine meadow. They circled round me with very evident curiosity and finally one came so close that his portrait was obtained. I walked for a mile, gradually ascending over as smooth rolling meadow dotted with alpine flowers. Signs of sheep were everywhere and I watched carefully for them but saw none.

The peak itself was now at hand, the summit only a thousand feet above me. The climb was very easy all the way, but I stopped often to look back at the wonderful cloud formations. I watched an immense cumulus mount higher and higher--thousands of feet--finally assuming the form of a gigantic round-topped tower. I was very sure that no one had ever been permitted to look upon such a display. A great white wall now shut out the mountains and distant clouds alike: such whiteness as I had never seen before--excerpt possibly in a snowy landscape before the breezes strip the trees.

The mist threatened to envelop me, so I took careful note of my surroundings and the route by which I had come, in case the clouds should make a retreat that way advisable. Soon I was completely enveloped, but knowing which way the summit lay I kept on and was there before I knew it. At the same time, to my surprise, I emerged from the clouds; on the north side of the peak all was clear. Behind me rose the white wall, hiding everything in the direction from which I had come.

The country to the northward was entirely new to me. It comprised the rolling hills and valleys of North Park with the Medicine Bow Range bounding it on the east. Most of the landscape was darkened by low lying clouds, but Mt. Clark in the Medicine Bows was in full sunlight with its bright yellow rock slopes and its glistening snow banks; and so it remained as long as I stayed upon the summit. Of the Never Summer peaks, upon the northernmost of which I stood, only one other was visible--a summit half a mile away, a little lower than mine, with a large cairn upon it.

My mountain fell steeply toward the north in rugged cliffs. In a wild basin at the foot of the slope lay an exquisite lake (Lake Agnes), dark from the clouds above it, with a little rocky island, bearing a few trees, near the farther shore. The dark green forest just reached the lower end and, with the surrounding cliffs and the tiny island, was perfectly mirrored in the glassy water. A larger rock glacier of gray granite fragments descended to the lake from the head of the basin. On the right an immense rock slide, a thousand feet high, one half colored yellow, the other half reddish brown, descended to the water's edge at a steep angle. The composition of the whole picture was perfect, the color harmonious.

I did not spend much time upon the summit, as the clouds became constantly thicker. The descent was by way of a rocky buttress and everywhere were abundant signs of sheep--even tufts of wool. I made all haste to reach the lake before a breeze should ruffle the surface, but the breeze arrived first and brought rain with it. I reached the lower end of the lake by traversing the great slide. At a distancer it appeared exactly like a pile of sand but closer acquaintance revealed

its true nature--rock debris of all sizes, mostly large. Its slope was about 35° and the profile was one of the straightest lines I have ever seen in nature. Below the water line the debris slope extended downward as far as could be seen, at the same steep angle. It actually looked dangerous to pass below the threatening masses of loose fragments. In reality few of the stones were unstable. The walk was nevertheless laborious and I was glad to reach firm rock. I found that the slide had forced the outlet of the lake far out of its natural course, raising its surface level considerably.

The lake was still ruffled and reflection photography impossible. I waited opposite the little island, feeling surer that if I ever felt the breeze would depart I would be treated to something unusual in the way of reflections. An hour passed; the wind died away. The waves decreased to wavelets, then to mere ripples. A slight breath once or twice passed across the water, turning the surface to silk. Finally only a barely perceptible movement remained--then absolute stillness.

During this process I watched the development of my island's reflection. A hazy outline grew gradually steadier and more definite; than a distinction of light and shade, trees and rocks appearing as formless blotches which gradually took shape until each twig and leaf and each edge and crack in the rocks was sharply outlined, identical with the reality above. The little rounded island with its double in the water finally resembled exactly a gigantic clam tightly closed; the stunted spruce were like clinging tufts of dark green seaweed.

Upon turning my attention toward the mountains at the head of the basin, a summit to the right of the one I had climbed and perhaps half a mile from it, caught my attention. Its handsome rounded profile was, without the faintest shadow of doubt, the profile of the mountain in the picture given me by Enos Mills, and said by him to be Mt. Richthofen! After a three-day trip to ascend that particular mountain, had I climbed the wrong one? I was dumbfounded. But it was too late to climb the right peak and mine was certainly the higher of the two. Moreover, mine was pointed out by the prospector at the ditch camp as Mt. Richthofen. It was too late, and perhaps Mr. Mills was wrong, after all (he was!)

My route back to camp was around the north end of a massive spur from Richthofen (Nokhu Crags). As the distance was uncertain I made as fast time as possible considering the hard traveling that I encountered. It was aside hill traverse all the way to Lulu Pass (Thunder Pass) and the right sides of my feet became thoroughly tired of it before long. I kept near timberline, sometimes above, sometimes below, whichever looked the easier. I rounded ridge after ridge, each time expecting to se the Pass just beyond.

It was a question whether the slippery, grassy slopes or the sides of loose rock and sand were the harder. When struggling along over one kind I invariably wished for the other. After a couple of hours of this I circled a rocky promontory fully expecting it to be the last; instead there yawned before a deep forested valley with a very large rock glacier filling the upper end. The only way was directly across, so reluctantly I descended, skirting the nose of the "glacier" which almost seemed to be encroaching upon the forest. No better counterpart of a true glacier could be imagined. A tiresome climb out of the valley was unavoidable but in reaching the top of the ridge another valley came into view. Across it, though, was Lulu Pass with the wagon road winding up

to the summit. I avoided most of the descent this time by working up the valley and before long I stood upon the Continental Divide, with only a mile of road between me and Tip.

When I leave a horse for a whole day I always worry, but the horse is always there when I come back--or always has been so far. This time Tip was particularly glad to see me for he was inextricably tangled in his picket rope. He had wound himself several times around his tree, then stepped under the rope in some way and drawn it into a hard knot. Finally he had gotten the rope wedged between the hoof and shoe of his hind feet and the length of rope between hoof and neck was so short that he could not put his foot on the ground but was standing on three legs patiently awaiting my return. Like the sensible horse that he is, he submitted to my attempts at disentanglement without a struggle, hopping around on his three usable legs when I wished him to change position. It proved impossible to extricate the wedged rope and I was compelled to cut it. Poor Tip! I wonder how long he had been standing on three legs.

It was now four o'clock and I packed with haste in order to get as far as possible on the road to Grand Lake. We retraveled our route of the day before past Lulu City, finding it muddier than ever, for much rain had fallen in the meantime. It was nearly dark when we passed the trail from the Poudre Lakes and I began to watch for a spot to camp. Such places are few and far between in the upper Colorado valley, for the whole region has been denuded of its original spruce forests by tremendous fires and nothing now remains but hideous stretches of half burned poles, partially concealed by a young growth of lodgepole. After the marshy river banks were some slight remnants of the spruce forests, but they were impossible for camping. Everything was soaked by the recent rains and lodgepole does not furnish an inexhaustible supply of dry twigs, as does the spruce. I deliberately rode by a shack with a light in its window.

A half mile farther I halted by a grove of lodgepole, determined to find a place to sleep nearby. As I stumbled around in the dark, something white on the ground caught my attention. It proved to be a fine specimen of meadow mushroom and in as few minutes I found more than I could carry. The thought of broiled mushrooms for supper made my mouth water. The prospects for as fire looked doubtful but I found some fairly good grass for Tip and a sheltered place for me not far from water. I now set to work to build a fire. Some lodgepole trees furnished twigs but they were thoroughly wet and would not take fire. I reached for my knifer to cut shavings from some seemingly dry wood lying under a tree. To my disgust it was not to be found; I had left it at my last camp.

I next dug into a log with my dull hatchet and with difficulty hacked off some shavings from the interior. They were wet and wouldn't burn. I tried another log with the same result. Some paper bags which I had with me were also wet. Finally I built up a little pile of matches and got quite a blaze with them, but even this blaze would light neither twigs nor shavings. I finally gave up and there lay those magnificent mushrooms with no way to cook them!

By this timer, being somewhat damp myself I began to feel decidedly chilly. There was nothing to do but crawl into my bag, and eat my supper in that position--menu, bread and butter and sugar and cheese, no chocolate to drink and no mushrooms! Then I went immediately to sleep.

August 22. --This morning, aided by daylight, I found some dry twigs and had a fine fire going at the second match. Soon I was consoled by hot coffer and delicious boiled mushrooms, while Tip, having eaten his fill of grass, lay contentedly watching me. Soon we were on our way again down the valley of the Colorado, through alternate groves of lodgepole and spruce with less and less burned country as we went down. The broad stretches of bright green marsh grass, the willow thickets, and the scattered groves of evergreens artistically placed, made an endless series of beautiful landscapes.

Low clouds hid the mountains, parting here and there to disclose a distant peak. It was hard to believe that some skillful gardener had not arranged it all. Occasional showers passed over, of course, or the weather would have seemed strange.

Tip was lazy or tired and required considerable urging. I amused myself by noting his peculiarities and whims. He is not a nervous horse. He never notices a blowing paper or a bright colored rag on the roadside. Even automobiles trouble him not the least. But a large gray stone beside the road suddenly coming into view from behind a tree will invariably startle him. He always makes a scared little jump to the other side of the road, instantly recovers his equanimity, and trots on as if nothing had happened. Perhaps it is merely affectation for in every other situation he is absolutely calm and collected.

Like most horses Tip will seize every opportunity to snatch a mouthful of herbage from the roadside. His taste, however, is decidedly peculiar, for the greatest delicacy on earth to him is a big, fat, prickly thistle head. He will spy one a long way off and go yards out of his way in order to pluck it. Frequently he uproots a whole plant and carries it along to enjoy at leisure as he goes. Tip has a very evident appreciation. of his own skill as a rock climber. He will choose the rockiest part of the road or trail, steep places preferred, and will slide down smooth rocks and step off high ones when such proceedings are absolutely unnecessary. He has considerable skill in this line, without doubt, but his self esteem is such that her sometimes overestimates it. His desire to do "stunts" and my desire to be on the safe side often lead us into disagreement.

Tip's most obvious idiosyncrasy is his grunt. He grunts now and then in all situations but employs his power especially when going downhill. Sometimes the grunts come in short, detached order; sometimes as one long continuous groan. It is wonderful how long he can sustain the tone without taking breath. Tip's grunt is always laughable and never loses its novelty. Many other peculiarities has Tip, which I cannot remember now--all interesting and amusing and lovable like the horse himself.

About noon the rounded summits of the Front Range came into view. They are not at all imposing from the west. On fact the prominent summits are scarcely distinguishable from the general level of the plateau. At one o'clock I rode into the settlement of Grand Lake and dismounted in front of a store where I once more stocked up. Some fresh fruit was very welcome. The lake is large and beautiful but the resort is altogether too stylish. I felt rather out of place in my rags among the well-dressed inhabitants and lost no time, after inquiry as to the right trail, in leaving town.

Very soon came a terrific downpour of rain, with severe electrical accompaniment. One bolt struck less than a quarter mile away. The worst part of the storm soon passed, but moderate rain continued and wet and chilled me. The trail was at first uninteresting, through a monotonous lodgepole forest. About the middle of the afternoon I came to Big Meadows, a place to be remembered for its quiet beauty. A long narrow meadow is surrounded by gentle mountain slopes, thickly forested. The trees advance into the meadow singly and in companies; willow thickets line the banks of the winding stream that traverses it.

The higher mountains beyond its upper end were blanketed with clouds, and here and there over the moist meadow cloudlets formed and vanished. The trail skirted the woods, providing many vistas between the trees. It crossed the upper end of the meadow at a particularly boggy spot which tried Tip's patience severely. Then we began to climbing earnest through the spruce forest beside a stream with many cascades [Cooper is following the North Inlet trail which passes by Cascade Falls.] When I dismounted to photograph one of these, Tip seized the opportunity to perform an acrobatic climb up a smooth rock to procure a choice morsel of grass.

An hour before dark we came out into a little park a few hundred feet below timberline. It was the last possible camping spot, so I picked a pleasant spot and prepared to spend the night. Tip enjoyed a meal of fine growth of *Bromus porteri*, while I gathered wood, built a fire, and started the chocolate. Darkness came before supper was ready, and I ate by the light of the fire. My knife being lost, I was compelled ton slice my bacon with the ax. After supper I dried my clothes, my bag, and myself, all of which had become pretty well soaked. In drying my coat I neglected to remove a pocketful of damp matches. They tried beautifully, but must have smoldered, for when next morning, I put an orange into that pocket it went right through the cloth and rolled on the ground.

Indications for the next day's weather were favorable, which was a relief to me, for the passage of the Flat Top trail is dangerous when the landmarks are concealed by clouds. There was a great abundance of foodstuffs left in my bags, especially sugar, butter, and condensed milk. It seemed a pity to throw it all away; I decided to try camp fudge. For the benefit of those who wish to try camp fudge I give the recipe.

Into a buttered tin cup put three five cent cakes of Peters chocolate, broken fine, a certain amount of condensed cream, and all the sugar and butter you can spare; add a little water from a nearby cascade. Place the cup among the coals where cinders can fall into it. If cinders do not seem sufficiently abundant, poke the fire vigorously. Boil for two hours, frequently stirring in the cinders with a spruce twig. Set off on a cool rock overnight and serve with shredded wheat biscuit at breakfast next morning. Don't try to clean the tin cup; throw it away.

It is strange how, when alone in the forest at night, one hears sounds that have no existence. This evening, over the background of a crackling fire and the murmur of a nearby stream I distinctly hear horses and men's voices approaching up the trail. No men or horses came, but the sounds persisted. Something similar happened yesterday while descending Mt. Richthofen: I was certain I heard a rooster crow, though the nearest poultry ranch was many miles away. Picketed Pip in a new place; went to bed.

August 23. --We made an early start (taking my semi-liquid fudge in a paper bag). We were soon at timberline, facing a bitter wind. The pools were frozen and remained so all day. The three miles over the alpine meadows of the Continental Divide required considerable care in keeping to the trail; the small cairns and red Ts painted on the rocks [trail markers] were few and far between. Walking most of the way kept me reasonably warm. Reaching the familiar region near Hallett Peak, Longs came into view, bearing a fresh coat of snow. The clouds, moving swiftly eastward, barely cleared its summit. We found the Flat Top trail down into Estes Park badly washed out. In the timber we had to cross that dreadful burned area the natives call the "pole patch" [Cooper is probably referring to one of the areas scarred by the Bear Lake fire of 1900]. Here I threw away the remnants of my fudge. Now on the level road--where we spilled all that remained of our provisions on account of the breaking of s rawhide thong. No matter--we were almost home. Up Wind River trail and back to the Inn at three o'clock, bringing to an end the wettest trip in my experience--and perhaps the happiest, possibly because for company I had only my friend Tip.

6.

"Alone Amid the Wind's Mad Revelry":

The Death of Carrie Welton

Shortly before midnight on Tuesday, September 23, 1884, Carrie Welton, a forty-two year-old woman from Waterbury, Connecticut, became the first recorded death on Longs Peak. She died alone, huddled against the rocks of the Boulder Field as a demonic gale flailed at her garments. Welton was a victim not only of exhaustion and exposure, but also of her own willfulness, her recklessness, and her love adventure. In the immediate aftermath, her death was also the subject of controversy. In the years that followed, many other climbers would perish on Longs Peak, but their spirits—as far as we are told—did not return to the places where they lived, and died. Carrie Welton's did.

Caroline Josephine Welton's family traced its origins in Waterbury back to at least 1679. Her father, Joseph Chauncey Welton, a highly successful businessman, began his career as a quintessential Yankee peddler, selling clocks and other merchandise throughout the antebellum South as a traveling agent. Returning north in 1839, he became partner in the firm of William R. Hitchcock and took charge of the company's store in New York City. That same year Welton married Jane E. Porter, the youngest daughter of Deacon Thomas Porter, the original owner of the Waterbury Brass Company. Their daughter and only child, Caroline Josephine, or Carrie, as they called her, was born three years later, June 7, 1842.

By the time Carrie was eleven, the Weltons were back in Waterbury, where Joseph, a tireless worker who prided himself on never taking a vacation, purchased interests in both the Waterbury Brass and the Oakville Pin companies. Success and prosperity quickly followed, culminating a decade later, in 1863, with the purchase of Rose Hill Cottage, a handsome stone mansion on Prospect Street.

The Weltons spared little expense in securing their daughter's education, sending her off to Miss Edwards' School in New Haven and the Mears-Burkhardt School in New York, following which she studied drawing and oil painting in New York with several well-known artists of the day. None of this, including attentions paid by Waterbury society and its eligible bachelors, seems to have matter much to Carrie Welton.

From the age of twenty, the center of her life was her beloved horse Knight, a gift from her father. Carrie Welton loved animals, keeping dogs, cats, and rabbits, but Knight was her favorite. She installed him in a velvet-draped stall in the Rose Hill stables, equipped him with special shoes and tack trimmed with silver, and fed him oats from a bone china bowl, hand painted with pansies and lettering bearing his name in gold. Carrie and her spirited black horse became familiar figures around town as they rode the woods, fields, and streets of Waterbury even in the most inclement weather.

Blue-eyed and brown-haired, Carrie Welton became a striking woman. A life-sized portrait now in Waterbury's Mattatuck Museum reveals her as tall and dark-complexioned with a bearing that is self-confident and almost regal. Long before she left home for Colorado, Carrie Welton had become known among her contemporaries as a woman of social graces "with a propensity to do uncommon things" and with a "reputation for courage and physical endurance." She also was impulsive and headstrong, accustomed to having her own way, and confronting life on her own terms.

On March 26, 1874, Joseph Welton, by then president of Waterbury Brass, was killed by a kick from Carrie's horse, Knight. For his two survivors, money was not a problem, for Welton had seen to it that wife and daughter were well taken care of. The distribution of his estate was odd in at least one respect, however, for Rose Hill was divided: Jane Welton was given the house; Carrie was given the grounds.

Both women initially sought consolation through travel, and in 1875-1876 mother and daughter visited California. By 1880, however, their relationship had significantly changed. There was a deep and lasting estrangement, and for reasons never entirely clear. From that point on, Jane and Carrie were content to go their separate ways. After 1880, Carrie Welton never returned to Rose Hill, and in 1883 she removed her mother as executor of her will.

By 1884 Carrie Welton had become what was then regarded as a spinster, whose life was plainly in transition. Again she turned to travel and physical activity, coming West that spring, first to Yellowstone Park, where she spent several weeks exploring, and then to Colorado Springs. For Carrie, this was a second visit to Colorado. Though it would later be intimated that she suffered from a heart condition, Carrie Welton had been in Colorado Springs the previous Year, presumably staying with Augusta A. Warren who then ran two popular boarding houses. The highlight of that visit was a climb of 14,110-foot Pikes Peak, which Welton completed despite encountering a severe storm.

Welton now took up residence at the splendid new seventy-five-room Antlers Hotel on Cascade Avenue, which had opened only that June. Carrie and the hotel's manager, fellow New Englander Augusta Warren, were apparently friends of long-standing. The two women shared a love of nature and the out-of-doors, and during the weeks following her arrival, Augusta took Welton to Bear Creek Canyon where she had a homestead log cabin, and to other attractions including Manitou Springs.

Welton was determined not only to repeat her Pikes Peak success but also to accomplish the mountain's first ascent of the season. The winter of 1883-1884 had been an exceptionally cold one, and well into summer the trail, clogged by deep snows, remained almost impassable. An augur of things to come, Welton was warned that the undertaking was a foolish and dangerous one. Somehow obtaining the service of two guides, she departed Manitou at midnight and reached the summit after a tedious and cold trip.

From Colorado Spring, Welton went north by rail to Denver, where she stayed with friends at the Brown Palace Hotel. The lure of the mountains (reinforced, perhaps, by encouragement from Augusta Warren) next brought her to Estes Park, apparently during the week of September 14,

1884. She took up residence at the Estes Park Hotel on lower Fish Creek Road, which since its opening seven years earlier had served as the centerpiece of the Earl of Dunraven's Estes Park holdings. Welton's first days in that valley were spent largely sightseeing by horseback. On Monday the 22nd she announced her intention to ascend Longs Peak, which at 14,259 feet was about the elevation of Pikes Peak but a more difficult climb.

Mountain climbing had clearly become a passion for Welton. In fact, she had informed an acquaintance prior to her arrival at Estes Park that she intended "to have a gold band put around the handle of her pretty riding whip for every peak she had climbed." Theodore Whyte, Dunraven's resident manager, tried to dissuade her. Whyte doubtless told her that the remaining snow of the preceding winter had left the peak unclimbable until late August, particularly on its north and west sides, and that September weather in Colorado, however warm and golden, was unpredictable.

Buoyed by her successful climb of Pikes Peak, Welton was adamant. On Monday afternoon, leaving behind a small package at the hotel but taking her jewelry, she engaged Henry S. Gilbert, a local livery operator, to take her to Lamb's Ranch. By 1884 the Reverend Elkanah Lamb (1832-1915), the first professional guide to the Longs Peak region and who for many years ran a small hotel, Longs Peak House, at its base, had turned the guide business over to his son Carlyle (1862-1958). It was with the younger Lamb that Welton made arrangements to guide her on the eight-mile ascent of Longs Peak the following day, Tuesday. Gilbert departed, stating that one of his drivers would return to the ranch and take her back to Estes Park at 8 a.m. on Wednesday.

After Monday night at the ranch and a hasty breakfast, Welton and Carlyle Lamb left Lamb's Ranch at 5 a.m. on horseback. She was warmly (if somberly) clad. Over a pair of black broadcloth riding pants she wore a black alpaca dress and a heavy black saque in addition to an elegant black dolman coat trimmed with fur. Around her neck was a heavy cashmere shawl, on her hands a pair of heavy kid gloves. She carried a gossamer raincoat, which she would later put on against the weather. Wisely, she covered her face with a silk mask as protection against the sun.

Though the day broke warm and pleasant, it took some five hours to make the first six miles. As on Pikes Peak, the snows of the preceding winter were still very much in evidence, at times obscuring the trail itself. The horses, usually surefooted, kept breaking through snowbanks warmed by the sun. At length it proved so difficult for the horses that Carlyle and Carrie decided to leave them well below the usual tethering place at Boulder Field, the famous tumbled mass of rocks at the east edge of the peak's formidable face. That decision, made in sunshine while the two climbers were still fresh, probably cost Carrie Welton her life.

Lamb and Welton made their way on foot across Boulder Field and then toward the Key Hole, the jagged opening with its rocky overhang on the northeastern side of the peak and through which they must pass to proceed to the summit. At the Key Hole the weather began to turn against them. They encountered a strong, chilling wind and dark clouds, a sign of worse weather still to come. Young Lamb, who had been climbing Longs Peak since age seventeen, wisely advised retreat, telling Welton that even if they did succeed in gaining the summit there would be no view. Welton would have none of it. She had heard such objections as this before from her

guides on Pikes Peak. Her response, Carlyle Lamb later told his father, was that "she had never undertaken anything and given it up." They proceeded.

It was known even then that it is best to be off of Longs Peak by noon to avoid the generally inevitable afternoon storms, some of which can be fierce. By the time Carrie and her guide reached the summit it was cold and quite late—3 p.m. by the elder Lamb's later account. Welton was weary and their stay was brief. As Lamb had feared, dark clouds had intensified, a sign that a storm had already set in below. Leaving the summit, the clouds briefly lifted. But now, as they recrossed the Narrows and headed down the Trough, they found themselves caught in a fearsome snowstorm—the worst, Lamb would later report, that he ever had seen in any part of the mountains. Their descent became increasingly slow. Carrie began to complain of weariness, and by the time they reached the bottom of the Trough, she displayed signs of exhaustion. During the next two hours, they covered no more than two-thirds of a mile, Lamb alternately leading and carrying Welton. Fully dressed, she weighed about 130 pounds, and Lamb too began to tire. They struggled to the Key Hole, but by then Welton, growing increasingly numb from the cold, had become, as Lamb, recalled, "so utterly exhausted and chilled that she could not stand alone." The moment of crises and decision had come. It was now 10 o'clock at night.

Descending a short distance below the Key Hole, over terrain so rough and steep that it is almost impossible for one person to help—let alone carry—another, Carlyle Lamb called a halt. Sitting down, he confided to Welton that he too was exhausted and so cold that he could scarcely walk. The only chance that either of them had for survival, he told her, was for him to leave her and go ahead for help. At first Carrie objected to being left. Finally she agreed to remain where she was until he could return. Lamb removed his vest and tied it around her feet, arranged her waterproof and shawl as best he could against the cold and wind, and then plunged into the darkness.

The storm had lifted momentarily, and Lamb was aided in his descent by the light of the moon. Reaching the horses, he rode one and led the other five miles through the timber to his father's ranch. He made good time. Awakening his father and fortified by a quick cup of tea, the two began the return trip. Elkanah Lamb, strong at fifty-two and as experienced as any man in the ways of Longs Peak, took the lead. Son Carlyle, "almost completely exhausted" and plainly suffering from his ordeal, fell behind. It was now nearly 1 o'clock Wednesday morning. As they reached timberline, the wind was blowing a gale, making progress difficult as they continued up the moraine toward Boulder Field. Just before daybreak, the elder Lamb reached the edge of the uplift. Elkanah Lamb would never for the rest of his life forget the sight awaiting him. "Almost a mile across the Boulderfield [sic]," he wrote years later,

> I came in sight of the tragic spot, where Carrie J. Welton lay at rest, having died alone amid the wind's mad revelry and dismal dirge, and which was yet holding high carnival over her body by blowing every section of her garments in its unrelenting fury, seemingly sporting with its victim in demonical triumph. I remember, with clear distinctness, my involuntary expression as I approached the body: "I fear, my young lady, that you are past saving." Welton had struggled about ten feet from the spot where young Lamb had left her, and fallen over a rock, bruising head and wrist. She lay in a snowbank, still wearing the silk mask of the day before, covering a face now rigid yet placid. Beside her was the ivory-handled riding whip upon which she hoped to record her mountaineering achievements. In her belt

> was a five-cylinder Smith & Wesson revolver. A gold watch was fastened to her dress with a black silk cord, and in her bosom, it was later discovered, she carried a small chamois bag containing three elegant rings, one with a large solitaire diamond.

The Lambs placed Welton's body in a double blanket, tied together by a small rope cut in sections. It took two hours to reach the horses. By 10:30 a.m. Wednesday they were back at Lamb Ranch, where they found Gilbert's driver waiting as instructed two days earlier. Elkanah Lamb summoned Justice of the Peace Peter J. Pauly, Jr., who had the remains placed in a box. At 6:30 p.m. he left by wagon on the seven-hour trip to Longmont where the body could be embalmed and from where the Welton family was notified for further instructions. Almost a half-century later, Margaret Ross, who helped to lay out Welton's body, would recall that "her hair was so beautiful and all her clothing so wonderfully neat and handsome; and her complexion was like velvet."

On October 17, a small, invitation-only service took place at Rose Hill Cottage. Following the hymn "Abide With Me," Carrie Welton's remains were interred in the family plot. Two thousand miles to the west, among the rocks of the Boulder Field on Longs Peak near the spot where Welton laid down to die, Elkanah Lamb erected a small rude wooden slab:

> "Here Carrie J. Welton lay at Rest…Died Alone…Sept. 23, 1884."

By Friday, September 26, the story of Welton's death circulated nationally, including an article in the *New York Times.* The *Longmont Ledger* and the *Denver Times* had the story first, the *Ledger* having talked with Carlyle Lamb. "Under the circumstances," the paper reported, "Mr. Lamb could see no other way out of the difficulty but to leave Miss Welton and proceed with all practicable haste to his father's house for help." The press pushed ahead with inquiries, and the next day follow-up stories appeared in the Denver *Tribune-Republican* and the *Colorado Springs Gazette*. The *Tribune-Republican*'s account was particularly detailed, and quoted I. N. Rogers, the Denver undertaker who was summoned to Longmont to embalm the body, as saying that young Lamb ("a rough, good-hearted country boy")

> is not censured by the people living in the park, for he undoubtedly did what he considered the best thing to do when he abandoned Miss Welton and hurried on for assistance. Fault is found by some who think that Lamb could have kept the lady from freezing by gathering some dry wood when he had reached timber line and kindled a fire where he left her. Rogers also squelched any rumor of foul play when he reported that Carrie Welton's money, mostly in the form of three large drafts against banks in New York, had been given by her to the proprietor of the Estes Park Hotel for safekeeping.

This story appeared on Saturday, September 27. The next day the *Tribune-Republican* focused on Carlyle Lamb. The thrust of the accusations, euphemistically described as "new developments," was carried under front page headlines: "THE DEATH ON LONG'S PEAK. Additional Facts in Regard to the Sad Fate of Miss Welton. SOME EVIDENCE OF GROSS NEGLECT. A Suspicion that She Was Deserted by the Guide When Most in Need of His Assistance." The source of this new "evidence" was liveryman Henry Gilbert.

The driver, Gilbert said, had proceeded that morning past the Lamb ranch and "up to timberline, five miles above the house." There at 10 a.m., Gilbert continued, the driver had met the Lambs carrying Welton's body. To be sure, the prospect of driving a team and wagon to timberline on Longs Peak under any conditions in 1884 is difficult to imagine. Nonetheless, the *Tribune-Republican* story yielded to conclusion "that it does not seem reasonable that it would take two men six hours to carry the body but one mile" and the accusation that the Lambs thus had not returned promptly to the death scene to retrieve the body, as they claimed. The newspaper's special correspondent in Longmont added:

> Those who are best acquainted with the location and guide do not hesitate to charge young Lamb with cowardice in the matter. They think when he saw Miss Welton was first taken with a fainting fit in the dark, that he became frightened at the prospect of a night on the peak, and that he abandoned her to her fate, and that he and his father did not ascend the peak in search of her until after daylight the next morning.

The story was repeated in the *Colorado Springs Daily Gazette* the next day, September 28.

Elkanah Lamb was of course upset by the charges against his son Carlyle. Not only did he have faith in Carlyle's veracity and courage, but as seasoned mountaineer the elder Lamb knew all too well about mountain dangers. On October 1, four days after Gilbert's comments first surface, Elkanah told the *Fort Collins Express* that

> his son did everything possible under the circumstances, and that the roughness of the path made it impossible to carry the now-helpless lady any farther, and that it even would have been difficult for a person unencumbered to pass over the route. He added that the day upon which Welton lost her life was the coldest in four weeks. Miss Welton, he continued, made the ascent of the peak despite warnings which seemed only to make her more anxious to undertake the climb.

The Elder Lamb continued to press his side of the story, furnishing the following week's issue of the *Courier* with his own accounts of the events of September 23. It began,

> In view of the many reports and some of them very exaggerated, that have been published, we think justice to ourselves and to the community at large demands an intelligent statement concerning the tragic fate of Miss Carrie J. Welton. . . .

By the time of Elkanah Lamb's letter, Carlyle had already received public support from an unexpected quarter. It was a front-page letter to the editor of the *Denver Tribune-Republican* "in defense of young Lamb, the guide who has been censured, to some extent, for leaving Miss Carrie Welton on Long's Peak." The writer, E. S. Darrow, said: "I believe this to be entirely untrue, and unjust to a brave and faithful guide." Darrow continued that he and his two daughters had made the ascent of Longs Peak the preceding year, guided by Carlyle Lamb. Having lost their way, and being late in returning, they were forced to spend

> the night on the mountain, a mile or two below the spot where Miss Welton perished and about a mile above timber line. We were overtaken by darkness before reaching the timber;

> a terrible thunderstorm of hail and sleet coming on; it was impossible to regain the trail. Young Lamb was thoughtful and considerate and most faithful to his charge, building a fire from the gnarled roots and underbrush. He spent the night in watching the camp and looking for the trial, and was constant in his efforts to minister to our comfort and safety, and at the dawn of day, resuming our descent, he brought us to the hotel . . . a quiet and manly fellow and fearless of danger.

This journalistic exchange of later September and early October essentially brought to an end the public discussion of Carlyle Lamb's conduct on the night Carrie Welton died. To the extent that a verdict was rendered, it was that Carrie Welton was a headstrong and adventurous young woman who perished because of her own recklessness.

Epilogue

Even before Carrie Welton's remains reached Waterbury, newspapers reported that she had been seen on dark nights, riding her beloved horse Knight about the grounds of Rose Hill Cottage. But that was not all. In his 1913 memoirs, Elkanah Lamb wrote that only forty-eight hours following Welton's death he was alone in his ranch house late at night, and his thoughts turned to her:

> I tried, by imagination, to conjecture her state of mind she lay there alone, exhausted, and not able to travel, with the wild wind howling its dismal requiem as it swept over the Boulderfield; and knowing that in nature's realm of darkness and chilling night, there was no pity nor tears to shed over suffering humanity. While musing thus . . . I lay down upon my couch to rest and sleep, incidentally casting my gaze towards the window in my chamber; and there, under my startled gaze, and seemingly as natural as life, stood Carrie J. Welton, looking directly toward the bed where I lay, the yellow silken mask over her features adding intensity to the uncanny presentation. Now I am not superstitious, and I do not believe in ghosts, spooks, or hobgoblins, but this ghostly appearance in the solitude of my lonely situation was the severest test of my equilibrium and courage ever before experienced in my life. Even while I was denouncing my superstitions, fears and feelings, a strange inexplicable fascination drew my eyes toward the window again, and there she stood gazing steadily towards me on the couch. Well, I leave the witchery of this peculiar mental phenomenon and experience to the expert psychologists to explain.

7.

Vanished in the Mountains:

The Saga of the Reverend Thornton R. Sampson

The Reverend Dr. Thornton R. Sampson was an unlikely candidate for mountain tragedy. A professor of church history and founding president of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Austin, Texas, Sampson, a master of seven languages, was a scholar by inclination and training. On the morning of September 3, 1914, the day before the dedication of Rocky Mountain National Park, the sixty-three year old clergyman started up the Flattop Mountain trail from Grand Lake to attend the festivities in Moraine Park. He never arrived. The story of what happened next first appeared in the Summer 2000 issue of *Colorado Heritage***.**

Thornton Sampson's love of mountains was not new. During earlier years he had "tramped in the high altitudes of Asia and Europe," as his ministerial colleague Arthur Gray Jones later wrote, and crossed and recrossed the great passes in Austria, Switzerland, Italy, France, and Spain. As he grew older, Sampson continued to find rest and inspiration in his communion with the mountains. ("My husband loved the mountains," Ella Sampson would later tell the press. "He said he communed with the wild things while alone in the depths. . . .")

Arriving in Denver on August 7, Sampson and his wife spent several days at the Metropole Hotel. On the 11th, having moved Ella Sampson into a room at the YMCA, the minister left the city for a fishing and tramping trip through the Estes Park region, planning to return to Denver three weeks later, on September 5. Sampson knew the area reasonably well. He had spent one summer vacation, or possibly two, in the Colorado Rockies, which he boasted he had crossed on foot some ten times.

His vacation ramble began without incident. Within a week after leaving Denver, Sampson had made his way across the Continental Divide through the old silver mining camp of Teller City to Rand, a tiny hamlet in North Park, from where on August 19, he sent Ella a postcard. Two days later, he again wrote from Rand, reporting to his wife that he was staying with a "forest ranger" named Stevens. He had met Stevens, Sampson told his wife, on a previous trip, and the accommodations he offered were "much cheaper and more comfortable than in the miserable little hotel." The only complaint voiced by Sampson was about his encounter with "abominable autos," incursions of civilization which threatened the hunting and fishing. "Tomorrow," he concluded, "I am going up to see some friends who live out of the reach of anybody else, about half a mile from the top of one of the most difficult passes. They say I am the only visitor they have ever had. I shall take up the mail and some fresh meat and spend a night with them, possibly."

The pass Sampson spoke of was doubtless 10,285-foot Cameron Pass, at the entrance of North Park, astride the old wagon road linking Fort Collins and Walden. It was from Cameron Pass, on August 28, that his last communication to his wife was written, though Sampson had apparently

left to return south to Grand Lake village in Middle Park before the letter itself was posted. In that letter, the *Dallas Morning News* reported, Sampson told his wife that "he had never felt better in his life and was gaining in strength and health." He also told her that he was "well supplied with provisions for his tramp to the village of Estes Park."

By August 28, the day of his letter, Sampson left Grand Lake, making his way on foot northward towards Squeaky Bob Wheeler's tent resort on the North Fork of the Colorado River (or Grand River, as it was then known), fishing as he went. There Sampson posed for a photographer, wearing his cap, smoking a pipe, holding rod and reel. Five-foot-eleven and 170 pounds, with blond hair, gray eyes, and strong features, Thornton Sampson was a man easily recognizable, as several would shortly testify.

This much of the Reverend Sampson's August 1915 journey we know with reasonable certainty. What happened in the days that immediately followed must be pieced together from a number of published sources, in which the information is often sketchy and at times contradictory.

Sampson apparently left Squeaky Bob's camp on September 2. His announced intention was to make his way by trail across Flattop Mountain to attend the dedication of Rocky Mountain National Park scheduled to take place in Horseshoe Park two days later. The journey before Sampson was some sixteen miles, a strenuous but not terribly difficult trip for anyone in good physical condition. By that night he was back at Grand Lake village. From there the next morning he started alone for Estes Park, taking the North Inlet trail to the broad peneplain that marks the summit of 12,324-foot Flattop Mountain.

On the morning of September 3, 1915, Thornton R. Sampson was on his way to Estes Park. That morning was bright and fair, and with every sign of a good day, Thornton Sampson dressed lightly. He carried only a few provisions, "one full meal and a quantity of condensed food tablets," reported the *Denver Times*, in a small kit. Both his clothing and his kit suggested that he expected to encounter little difficulty in reaching Fern Lake Lodge at the foot of Odessa Gorge, where he planned to spend the night before completing his journey into Estes Park.

Two miles out of Grand Lake, Sampson was overtaken by Clifford Higby, a licensed guide and part owner of Fern Lake Lodge, making his way by horseback home to Estes Park. The two men passed pleasantries, and Higby gave Sampson directions. Higby told Sampson that Higby would leave a cairn marked with a red bandanna to the east of Flattop Mountain, together with further instructions on how to reach Estes Park by way of Odessa Gorge. Higby proved as good as his word, for the bandanna and directions, together with an arrow pointing towards Fern Lake, were later discovered intact, exactly where Higby had promised.

There also was a reported encounter with forty-six-year-old prospector William M. Currence, who had a crude cabin and several claims at timberline on Mount Chapin. Some days afterwards, Currence told *The Denver Post* that he had met Sampson on the trail. According to Currence, a known eccentric—who, it would be divulged sometime after, had a long history of mental instability—Sampson introduced himself and asked the way to Fern Lake Lodge. The account, which sounded very much like Higby's, down to the cairn with its attached note, may well have misled one of the rescue parties that later combed the area.

Sampson was last seen alive at 2 the afternoon of September 3 by a party of three women and their guide who were returning to Grand Lake from a trip into the mountains. He was sitting, and evidently resting, in a small Forest Service shelter, 1,500 feet below the Continental Divide, some six miles from the cairn that Higby had marked.

What happened next can only be surmised. It is known that by 4. p.m., at about the time that Sampson should have reached the cairn on the summit and turned down into Odessa Gorge, the weather, always unpredictable in September, had changed for the worse. Thick, heavy clouds descended upon the mountain, rendering visibility extremely difficult, followed by heavy snow and high wind. By the next day the snow across the area had drifted in places to depths of forty to fifty feet.

Though Thornton Sampson missed the appointed rendezvous in Denver on September 5, his wife and friends initially professed no great alarm, for as an Austin, Texas, newspaper noted the following week, the minister "has often taken long jaunts through the woods or mountains alone and frequently makes excursions of this sort when on a vacation." The suggestion was even advanced that Sampson had "lost himself intentionally for the purpose of getting a thoro [*sic*] rest." This conjecture came from C.B. Kendall, a member of the U.S. Geological Survey, who had accompanied Sampson by train from Denver to Steamboat Springs at the beginning of his trip. The men had talked for two hours, during which Sampson told his companion that "he often lost himself in the hills while on hikes, as he loved the mountains." "Dr. Sampson told me," Kendall was quoted by the *Denver Times* as saying, "that he took this same trip last summer . . . and that twice before he had traversed this route. He is evidently a good woodsman and could not lost [sic] himself in the forests. I though him very competent to take care of himself."

Sampson's intended route, Kendall reported, was to take him south of "the Estes region, along the ridge," by which Kendall surmised, "he might have gone south towards Corona," the railroad station at Rollins Pass.

So confident were his friends of Sampson's return that not until Monday evening, September 13, did the first search party headed by Shep Husted, Carl Piltz, and Ira Coleman leave Estes Park, taking the westward trail up from Horseshoe Park to Lawn Lake, with the intention of searching Hagues Peak and Hallett (Rowe) Glacier before circling back toward Specimen Mountain, and covering the area around Odessa Gorge. A second search party left Grand Lake the following morning to cover the area eastward. It included four men hired by the Denver Rotary Club—in response to an appeal from the Austin, Texas, Rotary, where Sampson had been an active member. Also in this party were Roland G. Parvin and M. E. Rowley of Denver's Metropole Hotel, who were determined to "see that nothing was left undone that might lead to trace of the clergyman."

A third party of mountaineers left that same afternoon. It was led by Denverites Morrison Shafroth, son of former Colorado governor (and by now, 1915, U.S. senator) John Shafroth, and George Barnard, secretary of the Colorado Mountain Club and one of its founders. They camped out the night of the 16th by Bear Lake in more than a foot of snow, waiting for daylight so they could search the foot of the Hallett Peak. "The rocks of this pinnacle [Hallett Peak,]" the *Dallas*

Morning News reported two days later, "are broken and loose. It is feared that Dr. Sampson climbed Mount Hallett, put his weight upon a loose rock and was cast over the precipice. Mountaineers in Estes Park recall that in precisely a similar manner William [*sic*] Levings, a young Chicagoan, lost his life a few years ago." That reference was to Louis Raymond Levings, who in 1905 had lost his life attempting to photograph a snow cornice on Mount Ypsilon. The same issue of the *News* reprinted a photograph of Lake Odessa with a crude handwritten arrow pointing toward the Flattop trail over the Divide.

By September 18, some fifty people, including many of Estes Park's leading citizens, were involved in the search. Spurred by a $500 reward offered by Ella Sampson for finding her husband dead or alive, *The Denver Post* reported that "Every man who can be spared from work in the stores, hotels and garages in the little town of Estes Park is hurrying off on snowshoes into the mountains to join the search for the body of Thornton R. Sampson. . . . "

Of all those offering opinions to the newspapers, perhaps the most compelling came from veteran mountaineer Shep Husted, who, with perhaps the exception of Enos Mills, knew the mountains of Estes Park better than any other individual. Having scoured the deep snows of the Odessa Gorge area, Husted told the *Rocky Mountain News* on September 16 that "he would stake his reputation as a guide upon his belief that the lifeless body of the Reverend Thornton R. Sampson . . . lies at the bottom of Odessa Lake Gorge, hidden from view by a thick coverlet of snow." "The guide bases his calculation," the *News* writer continued, "upon a three-day search of the region, coyote tracks in the snow and other marks and indications that are nothing to [the] untrained eye, but speak volumes to the mountaineer."

By September 14, Frank Sampson, Thornton and Ella Sampson's only son, a civil engineer living in Orange, Texas, had arrived in Denver, to participate in the search. He was soon joined by his brother-in-law, the Reverend E. T. Drake, pastor of the Luther Memorial Church in Orange. The Reverend R. E. Vinson, president of Austin Theological Seminary, was dispatched by the seminary's trustees to aid in the search for their former leader, even though it meant delaying the opening of the school year.

Frank Sampson became the family's spokesperson, and it was from his conversations with the press that the minister's supposed connection with President Woodrow Wilson first surfaced. Within days, the Wilson-Sampson relationship was being reported nationwide as fact: "President Wilson, a close friend and former schoolmate of the Rev. Thornton R. Sampson," the *New York Times* told its readers on September 18, ". . . has requested all government officials in Colorado who might be of assistance to join in the search." This much-repeated connection between Sampson and Woodrow Wilson seemed to rest on the fact that the paths of the fathers of both men had briefly crossed in Hampden-Sidney, Virginia. That Sampson and the President were "schoolmates," much less "close friends," has no apparent basis in fact. If Thornton Sampson and Woodrow Wilson knew one another, it was as very young children.

Giving plausibility to the assertion, however, was the younger Sampson's willingness to produce for the press the telegram he had sent to Agriculture Secretary David F. Houston, his father's former neighbor in Austin: "Father lost in National Park between Grand Lake and Estes Park. Four days' futile search by scouts. Please notify Attorney General [Thomas Watt] Gregory and

Postmaster General [Albert S.] Burleson. I go to Estes Park tonight. Will keep in touch with Assistant District Forester [Fred] Morrell." This telegram found its way into a number of newspaper stories, including one by the *Washington Post* on September 17. Strengthening the rumored connection was the telegraphed response, received within days, from Attorney General Gregory: "Am greatly distressed over the news regarding your father. Please advise me by wire if I can be of any assistance."

On September 18, as a report from Fort Collins, published in the *Dallas Evening Journal*, noted: "Twenty Government Forest Rangers left for Estes Park . . . under orders not to return until they found the Rev. T. R. Sampson. . . ." This party, which had been ordered into the field by Houston through Fred Morrell, was divided into four groups of five rangers each, given enough food for five days, and was ordered to rendezvous and report at Estes Park on September 22. Though Frank Sampson, Morrell, and members of the Denver Rotary Club temporarily joined this new search party, the probability was widely shared that Sampson was dead by now. Even the family seemed resigned to the outcome. "No news," Ella Sampson telegraphed a friend in Austin before her son's arrival in Denver. "Sheriff and posse searching. Frank coming. Almost hopeless." Frank echoed his mother's resignation: "Father loved the mountains. He said he communed with the highest things while alone in the depths of wild, rugged country. And if father's time had been allotted, what more could he have asked than to have stood alone with his Maker on the top of the peak and gave [*sic*] his tired spirit to Him who had alone guided him in the night of snow, cold, and peril?"

The rangers and their pack horses returned to Estes Park on September 22. The *Rocky Mountain News* reported that one group, led by Forest Service supervisor Herbert N. Wheeler, had made base camp at the shelter cabin on the Flattop Trail, where Sampson was last seen, and from there spent three days traversing the Continental Divide, north and south, "searching the canon heads and gorge walls which form the precipitous east side of the divide in the Estes Park region . . . Flattop, Hallett, Notchtop and other peaks of the region." Other groups searched the gorges on north and south sides of the Estes Park-Grand Lake trail. Dr. Roy Wiest, Estes Park's resident physician, even allowed himself to be lowered by rope into various crevasses on Tyndall Glacier.

Part of the problem facing the searchers, as a subsequent Rocky Mountain National Park historian, William C. Ramaley, has noted—echoing the assertion made by Herbert Wheeler in October 1915—was the condition of Flattop itself, which was literally covered with cairns of one sort or another. "It seemed that almost every visitor must have added one of his own. Thus, this gentle mountain top was turned into a trap for the unwary if the weather was the least foggy, or snowy. Even experienced guides could lose their way in bad weather."

There were clues. Based on fire remnants found on the concrete floor of the shelter cabin, there was speculation that Sampson had spent the night there. On September 24, the *Longmont Call*'s Estes Park correspondent reported that there was evidence that Sampson had roasted some small animal by the fire, and that a piece of coarse brown paper was discovered nearby with the name "Sampson" clearly written, and with other indiscernible pencil marks. The note, the *Call* surmised, "would apparently indicate that the missing clergyman had realized he was lost, and having made a vain effort to leave intelligence of his intensions, had sought shelter from the icy blasts which at this time of year frequently sweep over Flat Top [*sic*] mountain."

Some days earlier, Shep Husted, Sam Service, and John Malmberg of Estes Park had located the ashes of another campfire, this one on the East Slope of the Divide. The fire site was, the *Rocky Mountain News* reported, "in a region into which Dr. Sampson would have gone to get to Odessa and Fern lakes, his destination by a short cut." The site, labeled "quite fresh," was on Mill Creek below timberline and at a place where it was supposed that Sampson could reach without being able to complete his journey into the park. At the fire there was a stick which had been whittled as for toasting a piece of bread, and nearby was a stick of pine whittled as if to get shavings to start a fire. Even more tantalizing was a bit of burned writing paper, also found on Mill Creek. Only one word on the paper was distinguishable—the initial 'Dr.' Interestingly enough, in reporting these facts and conjectures it apparently occurred to no one that if Sampson were trapped by mountain snows on Mill Creek, he could easily have found nearby shelter and refuge at the Mill Creek Ranger Station.

By September 23, although three rangers still remained in the field, the search for Thornton Sampson was virtually abandoned. Three days later, Ella Sampson was back in Austin.

Just then, however, the search was momentarily revived. Newspapers in Fort Collins and Loveland reported that Estes Park grocer Sam Service received in the mail a letter "from the southern part of the state." The author was an anonymous spiritualist who reported "that he saw in a vision the exact spot where the body of the Rev. Thornton Sampson lay and describing in detail the circumstances of the minister's death. . . ." The site, interestingly enough given the earlier discovery, was Mill Creek, and though local residents were, according to the *Loveland Reporter* "somewhat skeptical as to the mysterious letter having much value, many of them believing the writer to be some crank," they were also determined "to leave no stone unturned to trace the missing man." The search was made by a small party, but without success. As the *Fort Collins Morning Express* concluded with a hint of disdain on September 29, "the unknown author of the letter evidently misunderstood the angel which he declared appeared to him in a dream concerning the exact location of the body, for the directions given failed to reveal the body of the Texas clergyman at the point where the writer said it would be found."
On October 3, a memorial service was held in Austin for the Reverend Sampson. The *Austin Statesman and Tribune* wrote that it was "attended by as many people as could crowd into the University Presbyterian Church" at Highland, where Sampson and his family regularly worshipped. Included among the mourners were "the most prominent people of the city." Principal speakers were Dr. R. E. Vinson, president of the Austin Presbyterian Seminary, and Pat N. Neff of Waco, head of the Texas Conference for Education. Resolutions passed by the seminary's faculty and students were also read.

Frank Sampson was not in attendance. The day before, he had been summoned back to Colorado by a discovery splashed across the pages of Denver's major newspapers. *The Denver Post*, with its typical penchant for sensationalism, summarized that matter graphically: "Animal-Gnawed Skeleton Found In Hills and Is Believed That of Lost Educator." An unidentified body, the story reported, had been found by a stockman from Steamboat Springs while rounding up cattle on Little Rock Creek, twenty-two miles east of Yampa, Colorado, some forty miles west of the search area. The partially eaten corpse had a gray moustache, as did Thornton Sampson.

The *Rocky Mountain News* made even more of the story, giving it front-page attention and bold headlines: "Routt Ranger Finds Body Thought Sampson's/Disappearance of Minister May Be Solved." The story said: "The body of a man, battered by wind and snow, torn by wild beasts—which is thought to be that of the Rev. Thornton R. Sampson of Austin, Texas, was found yesterday . . . . The body bears many resemblances to the description of the missing minister." While the details reported were basically the same, the *News* added color and plausibility by interviewing Shep Husted, Cliff Higby, and George Barnard, three of the mountaineers who had participated in the original search for the missing minister, and Enos Mills, now back from the San Juan Mountains of southwest Colorado where he had been promoting yet another national park for Colorado. Husted was the most circumspect of those quoted, asserting once again his conviction that Sampson had perished somewhere in the depths of Odessa Gorge. He did allow, however, that "it would have been possible for Dr. Sampson to have wandered to Routt Country." Higby, one of the last to see Sampson alive, was far more positive. Without offering any explanation, he volunteered the conclusion that "the body found was that of the clergyman."

The *News* did somewhat better in supporting its hypothesis in its follow-up story the next day: "Mountain guides have said it would have become possible for the educator to have become lost, wandered around aimlessly, struck the wrong trail or have become demented thru exposure and hunger, walked back over a trial he had made from Steamboat Springs to Grand Lake." The residents of Estes Park, however, remained skeptical, logically pointing out that the area in Routt County was some of the wildest territory in the Rocky Mountains, "and [lay] in a direction which no sane man would be likely to take, even if he was completely lost . . . . Dr Sampson was altogether too good a mountaineer to head for Routt county when he wanted to get into the Estes Park country for the national park dedication. . . ."

The story and its premise quickly evaporated. While the body in Routt County was so decomposed that the younger Sampson was unable to make a positive identification, Frank did tell the authorities that on the basis of the corpse's missing teeth, plus the fact that it seemed older and grayer than his father, and that his father had a missing nail on his left thumb, it seemed unlikely that the Reverend Sampson had been found.

Not content to let interesting hypotheses fade away, the *Denver Post* was back three weeks later with a new theory and an even more sensational story. "Dr. T. R. Sampson Murdered by Hermit in Hills Above Estes, Is New Theory," screamed the headlines on October 18. This conjecture had as its source none other than acting park supervisor Charles R. Trowbridge, who the *Post* reported had told his superiors in the Department of the Interior that Sampson had been accompanied on his trip into the mountains by a "queer stranger." Forest Service officials, the story continued, "have learned there was an insane man in the mountains near Estes Park about the time the Texas minister disappeared." Trowbridge, the report said, had learned from Ella Sampson that her husband had written in his letter that "he had taken for a companion on his walking trip into the mountains a decidedly queer man whom he had met along the way." The "queer companion" was never identified, and unless the individual alluded to was the man named Stevens of whom Sampson had written his wife from Rand, the story seems to have been largely fabricated.

This did not, however, stop the *Post* from concluding that Sampson's body was at the "bottom of some prospect hole along the heights of the continental divide west of Estes Park." Ending the convoluted story was what was purported to be a direct quote from Trowbridge's letter to Washington: "I can hardly conceive that a man experienced in mountain climbing, as I understand Dr. Sampson was, could be lost. He had been several times thru this range, altho not over this identical trail. No one has been able to find out who the minister's queer traveling companion was."

There the case of the missing minister came to rest. "The supposition is," Trowbridge wrote in his supervisor's annual report for 1915, "he became bewildered after reaching Flat Top [*sic*] Mountain and was unable to locate the trail. It is also possible that Dr. Sampson may have been struck by lightning or may have had an attack of heart failure." In an attempt to prevent further such accidents, Trowbridge "rearranged" the cairns on the Flattop trail, placing them some 200 feet apart, and removed numerous others which could confuse and mislead the unwary. Trowbridge reported at year's end that he intended, "to paint them [the cairns] white with a black circle about one foot from the top."

The following April, Shep Husted was contacted by Frank Sampson who told him "to begin negotiations for hire and equipment of as many men as he considered necessary to go into the mountains as soon as the snow begins to melt on the heights." Such a search, if indeed it was ever initiated, was fruitless.

And there the matter rested for sixteen more years, until July 9, 1932. That afternoon, Meldrum Loucks, a young man from Fort Collins and member of a trail reconnaissance crew, came across human skeletal remains at the base of a cliff at the foot of Odessa Gorge. The left leg clearly showed a shinbone fracture. The upper part of the skeleton was encased in what had been a raincoat. Nearby in a cave-like rock overhang was found a knapsack containing a pipe, leather puttees, a can of tobacco, matches, English-made fishing flies, toilet articles, a few coins, a tattered railroad timetable, a watch (still capable of keeping perfect time), and a frayed diary, the handwriting still legible despite years of exposure. The Reverend Thornton R. Sampson had at last been found.

The diary was of particular interest, for it recorded Sampson's itinerary following his August departure from Denver, as he made his way through Teller City to Squeaky Bob Wheeler's place on the Colorado, where he dutifully noted his expenditures. It also revealed, for the first time, that Sampson had been "slightly indisposed" during the preceding week, suggesting that his trip to Estes Park had begun at Wheeler's and not a Grand Lake. The story of the long-lost minister's journey was now clear enough. He had indeed reached the summit of Flattop Mountain, and then continued on, correctly, to the top of Odessa Gorge which he needed to descend in order to reach his destination at Fern Lake Lodge. As sunset approached and snow began to fall, travel became treacherous. Lost and confused, perhaps still suffering the effects of his "indisposition," Sampson slipped and fell, breaking his leg. Though he found shelter and perhaps even managed a fire that night, the combination of wet clothes and falling temperatures on a cold September night proved fatal. Thornton R. Sampson fell asleep and did not awaken.

The discovery of the minister was reported across the nation, with the repeated comment that he had been "a close friend of President Wilson." Frank Sampson was called back to the mountains of Estes Park to identify a body. The photograph taken during Sampson's visit at Squeaky Bob's resort was brought forth by Estes Park resident Clem Yore. It clearly identified the clothing that the minister had with him at the time of his disappearance. Even more telling was the pipe found in the knapsack. It was one that Frank Sampson had carved for his father. Equally poignant was the letter found with the body, whose handwriting the younger Sampson immediately identified as that of his mother.

It was the wish of Ella Sampson, then living with a daughter in Toronto, and the family that Sampson be interred in the mountains close to where he had perished. The spot chosen was some five miles distant from the place the skeleton was discovered, in a tomb carved out of a cliff just beyond the Fern Lake trailhead near Moraine Park. There was little more do to, much less to say. "But for the anxiety his disappearance caused his loved ones," Frank Sampson told the press in Atlanta, his home by that time, "I cannot imagine my father wishing for a more peaceful passing—high in the mountains, from which all his life he had drawn his inspiration."

Soon afterwards, a headstone of sorts, in the form of a board with white lettering against a green background, was installed by the place of interment. Though unfortunately not transcribed until years later, when some of the words had become indistinct, its message was clear:

REV. THORNTON ROGERS SAMPSON DD
1852-1915
MISSIONARY EDUCATOR
A RUGGED MAN OF GOD WHO PASSED AWAY AMID THESE RUGGED MOUNTAINS THAT HE LOVED SO WELL AND WHICH INSPIRED HIS MANY ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE WALKS OF MEN [WORD INDISTINGUISHABLE] AND WHERE IT WAS HIS WANT [*sic*] TO [INDISTINGUISHABLE] FOR CLOSE COMMUNION WITH HIS MAKER.

8.

"If I ever grew up and became a man": The Boys of '89

A New Glimpse at William Allen White's First Summer in Estes Park

With Nancy P. Thomas

In his 1946, Pulitzer Prize-winning *Autobiography,* William Allen White (1868-1944), the much-celebrated editor-owner of the *Emporia Gazette*, briefly recalls the summer of 1889, during which he and a group of Kansas University companions camped in Moraine Park beside the Big Thompson River in present day Rocky Mountain National Park. For White, and for several of his companions, it was a defining moment. "If I ever grew up and became a man," White would later write, "it was in the summer of 1889, in Colorado, in a little log cabin filled with a dozen boys on the Big Thompson River."

The young men who came together in that sequestered glacial valley in sparsely populated Estes Park were destined for national prominence, and the long-remembered of that summer forged lasting friendships that informed their later lives. On his part, White would use his editorial position with the *Gazette,* which he purchased in 1895, to become a respected voice in national Progressive and Republican politics as a spokesman for middle America, a role which earned him the title "Sage of Emporia." Though his companions would go to carve equally successful careers for themselves, they made it a point over the years, however busy, to keep in touch, forever linked by the bond of youth and what they found in themselves and in each other during those halcyon days beside the Big Thompson.

A recently recovered series of photographs taken that summer, archived ay Emporia State University . . . , provides the occasion to visit once again that special moment in time.

We do not know just how that first outing was planned, though it was clearly pre-meditated. White, a portly young man, who by his own admission shunned athletics and neither fished nor hunted—strange credentials indeed for someone bound for the mountains—had spent the previous spring with lifelong friend Vernon Lyman Kellogg (1867-1937). The pair earned money for the Colorado trip by working for Colonel Oscar E. Learned, owner of the two newspapers in Lawrence, Kansas, the *Daily Journal* and *Daily Tribune*—in White's case by soliciting printing jobs and subscriptions. Wages in hand, White and Kellogg purchased roundtrip railroad passes to Loveland, then as now, a gateway to Estes Park.

Giving the summer expedition a legitimatizing purpose (handy, no doubt, in allaying the concerns of skeptical parents) was University of Kansas professor of natural science and mathematics Francis Huntington Snow (1840-1908), Kellogg's "guide and friend," and with whom White had also taken courses. An 1862 graduate of Williams College, where he earned a master's degree and, later, a Ph.D., and Andover Theological Seminary, Snow had come to KU in 1866 to teach mathematics following service in Civil War battlefield hospitals. His association

with KU would last forty-two years. In 1868, only two years into that career, a clear promise of things to come, Snow became one of the seventeen men who organized the Kansas Academy of Science, to whose *Transactions* he would contribute more than a hundred scientific articles. Snow inspired Vernon Kellogg to embark on the distinguished academic career that took him to Cornell, Leipzig, Paris, and then back to Kansas, where he briefly served as professor of entomology before being chosen in 1884 to fill the chair of entomology at Leland Stanford's new university in California.

A popular, if demanding, teacher, Professor Snow was responsible for much of the early biological exploration of the West. Between 1876 and 1907, he conducted summer scientific expeditions to various destinations in Kansas, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado, collecting large quantities of plants, insects, mammals, birds, fossils and meteorites for the university's museums. For these excursions, Snow regularly recruited university students--including women, unusual at the time--as well as young scientists and members of his own family. Thanks to their help, Snow's entomological collection--the largest in the United States, it was said--came to contain more than 21,000 species and 275,000 specimens of insects.

The University of Kansas in White's day was a small and welcoming place: some five hundred students in all departments, taking courses from thirty-six professors in five buildings. Students not only to built strong relationships with one another, but also interacted with their professors in ways that would be most likely unachievable today given the hug size of many contemporary state universities. Even in such an intimate atmosphere, Professor Snow stood out. Enthusiastic and serious about his subject, the approachable professor could laugh at student horseplay without losing either control or respect. "In after-years," one of his students noted, "we loved to recall, not so much that we had studied botany and zoology at the University, as that we had studied them under Professor Snow."

Snow reached out to students in part through the Science Club, an organization to which Kellogg, who later served Snow as an assistant secretary, belonged. The Club met informally on Friday evenings to discuss general scientific subjects. Because of his friendship with Kellogg, Will White, though an indifferent student who would fail to graduate because he could not pass the required courses in mathematics, no doubt attended as well, at least upon occasion. "Professor Snow," he later recalled, "certainly gave me a great respect for the sciences and made it possible for Vernon in later years to keep me reading along the lines which otherwise I should have abandoned." During the 1888-89 academic year, Snow was elected president of the faculty; in spring of 1890 he became chancellor of the university.

Three of Francis Snow's twenty-six summer expeditions, in 1889, and again in 1892 and 1897, took him to Estes Park. The first of these provided the adventure of a lifetime for William Allen White and twelve of his KU friends—mostly members of Phi Delta Theta, White's and Kellogg's own fraternity, together with three members of Phi Kappa Psi. And what a group they were! Though White recalled that his fraternity was "known for its scholarship," and that its members "all rose to decent careers, leaders in their line of work," this statement hardly does justice to the talented young men who were that summer's companions, most of them then in their late teens or early to mid-twenties. Though White and Kellogg were virtually inseparable, the duo became a trio with the admission of Frederick N. Funston (1865-1917), or "Timmy," as

he was called, a “pudgy, apple-cheeked young fellow, just under five feet five,” who weighed less than 120 pounds. Like Will White, Timmy Funston “indulged in no athletic sports whatever,” but was both “fearless” and “a good rifle shot,” and compensated for “his runty size by laughing at himself, clowning in short.” According to one widely circulated campus story, Funston once broke four of the Phi Delts’ chairs while using them as waltzing partners. However unprepossessing and unpromising as a youth, for he was anything but a good student, the “clumsy but nimble” Funston, already the son of a U.S. congressman, would go on to win fame as Major General “Fighting Fred” Funston, a national hero for his role in capturing Filipino President Emilio Aguinaldo during the Philippine-American War (1899-1902).

Their other companions included two brothers, Edward Curtis Franklin (1862-1937) and William S. Franklin (1863-1930), . . . both of whom would later enjoy distinguished scientific careers. Edward showed so much promise as an undergraduate chemist that he stayed on at Kansas to teach until 1893, when he joined classmate Vernon Kellogg at Stanford to conduct important experimental research. W. S. "Cap" Franklin, also taught at Kansas after graduation, though after three years he left for the University of Berlin and a career in physics and electrical engineering that would eventually take him to Iowa State College, Lehigh University, and, finally, to M.I.T. As a tribute to the friends of their KU years, Ed Franklin would name one his sons Vernon Lyman Kellogg Franklin, while Ed's younger brother would title his 1913 collection of essays on education, *Bill’s School and Mine*, whose title “and some of the material were borrowed from my friend William Allen White.”

In addition to the brothers Franklin, there was Henry Earle “Harry” Riggs (1865-1949), who became a professor and head of the department of civil engineering at the University of Michigan; Frank Craig (1870-1926), who, like White, worked for the *Lawrence Daily Journal* as an undergraduate, before earning a law degree, practicing law, and founding and serving as president of a bank in Oklahoma; and Herbert Spencer Hadley (1872-1927), who became a lawyer, and then, as attorney general of Missouri, prosecuted the Standard Oil Company for violating that state’s antitrust laws. Elected governor of Missouri in 1909 on a reform-minded platform, Hadley, as White notes in his *Autobiography*, “came within a pin scratch of being nominated by the Republicans in 1912 for President.” Hadley, one of the three Phi Psis, finished his career as chancellor of Washington University in St. Louis.

That is eight. . . . [Thanks to a photograph of the group taken at their cabin in Moraine Park and labeled by William Allen White, and to an interview with General Frederick Funston published in *The Denver Times* in May 1902, we now know that the party also included Schuyler C. Brewster (1868-1930) of Iola, Kansas and his younger brother, William L. “Petit” Brewster (1868-1930), Alvin Lee Wilmoth (1857-1924), at thirty-two, the oldest of the group and a second year law student at the University of Kansas who would later serve as county attorney, KU regent, state legislator, and probate judge; and Amos H. Plumb (1869-1939) from Emporia, the son of Kansas’ senior Senator Preston H. Plumb, who had helped to found the town in 1857.] Unaccountably absent was William Appleton “Will” Snow (1870-1899), the son of Professor Snow, who was a close friend at KU with White, Kellogg, and Funston, and often accompanied his father on his summer excursions. The younger Snow, like White, embraced a journalism career, his with the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Ironically, he drowned in San Francisco Bay in 1899, washed overboard while sailing out to meet General Funston and his 20th Kansas

Volunteers, triumphantly returning home from the Philippines. Snow wanted to be the first on the scene to chronicle the event for a Kansas City newspaper.

[The acknowledged leader of this group of young men, White would recall four decades later in an article expressly written to honor him, was Edward Curtis "Buck" Franklin, who at twenty-four was well into his collegiate years when White himself arrived in Lawrence. As White soon discovered, Ed Franklin occupied a special place both among the Phi Delts and in the campus classrooms. At the fraternity, it was Franklin who "spiked" White and invited him to join. Franklin served as "a sort of patriarchal sponsor," who took it upon himself "to go about the freshman prodding them up, making them study, keeping them straight." An elder statesman, Franklin led by example—by exercising a force of character that White somewhat elliptically attributed to "the wisdom of an understanding heart." When it came to the Colorado outing with the boys of '89, Franklin apparently (and, no doubt, inevitably) found himself once again cast in something of the role of chaperone, as well as "guide, philosopher, and friend." White and Ed Franklin would continue to enjoy a special bond. In the late 1890s Franklin married Effie June Scott, the sister of Kansas congressman Charles F. Scott, who would become William Allen White's next-door neighbor in Moraine Park.]

To the High Country

Getting from Loveland to Estes Park in 1889 was by no means easy. It meant a long, hot, and dusty thirty-mile journey ride by stage over the hard hills on the old Bald Mountain-Pole Hill Road, though an account of the journey published that August 23 in the *Fort Morgan Times* on behalf of the Union Pacific Railroad makes the trip seem almost effortless. "Estes Park is pronounced the most beautiful of Colorado parks, . . . the article begins.

> It is a wild and incomparable spot. Dinner is taken at Rattlesnake Park about noon, after a drive over one of the most beautiful and picturesque of mountain roads. The park is reached about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The stage ride itself, with its beautiful views is alone worth the trip. At one point on the line over thirty-five lakes on the plains are in view from the coach.
>
> From the top of Bald Mountain and Pole Hill views can be had of the valleys of the Cache La Poudre, Big Thompson and St. Vrain. The view of the Estes Park and Snowy Range from Park Hill, just before descending into the park, is one of the grandest scenes in the Rocky Mountains. There are plenty of accommodations of every kind, and price are reasonable.

[The boys from Kansas were not "flush with money." So, sending their heavy outfits on by express, they set out on foot, each man carrying his blanket and a few provisions, cooking "a little 'grub' over a pine fire," and sleeping under the trees. Despite the assurances of the Union Pacific, it proved slow going: the grade, in places, ran as high as twenty percent, leading one traveler, four years later, to proclaim his trip "the worst climb you have experienced in a public road."]

Camping in Moraine Park

The location chosen for "Camp Phi Delt," as Kellogg and Funston would call their base of operations when they returned the following summer, was in Moraine Park--or Willow Park as it was originally and still in often called--a glacier-carved valley shaped by ice rivers flowing out of Forest, Spruce, and Fern Canyons to the west. Here, close by Eagle Cliff Mountain and the meandering banks of the Big Thompson River, the boys found a small but serviceable chinked log cabin, heated by a stove, that would become their home for the months of June, July, and August.

[The cabin's rusticity ultimately proved too much for Amos Plumb, who at age twenty suffered from back problems. Funston, looking back on the episode a dozen years later in his interview with the *Denver Times*, told the story this way:

> At the cabin, they took turns at cooking. One morning a few days after their arrival, the boys made humorous remarks about the bowlder [sic] quality of the biscuits that young Plumb had cooked for breakfast, at which the amateur chef took offense. He left the party and went to the ranch to board, and his comrades, at that time, said he escaped because they "guyed" [ridiculed] him. As a matter of fact, Plumb was an invalid—the only one of the party—, and found that his health would not endure roughing it.]

Though White and his friends roughed it that summer, they hardly did without all the resources of civilization. Beginning in 1880, Moraine Park maintained its own government post office. There was also a small general store run by the widowed Mary Sprague, who, together with her two sons, Abner and Fred, operated the small, nearby cabin resort known as Sprague's Ranch, one of the region's pioneer tourist resorts.

As . . . [period] photographs . . . show, the area along the Big Thompson in the center of the valley was then being actively cultivated for its hay, both by the Spragues and their neighbors, the Fergusons, who maintained sizable herds of cattle in the area. . . .

[Professor Snow, as planned, joined the boys in August, turning for Kellogg, and some of the others, what had been mainly a summer's lark into something of a scientific expedition. Unlike his young companions, with whom he slept and "messed" during his first days in the park, Snow arrived aboard the regular stage. "After a stage ride of 32 miles (Loveland to Moraine), from 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.," he wrote,

> I was put down at the cabin of the "Kansas boys", as they are now quite widely known in this region. I found them just returned from a ten days trip to 'Specimen Mountain", and came in upon then with a Rock Chalk, Jay Hawk[i] just as they had seated themselves to the supper table. Kellogg & Ed. Franklin did not return from their trip with the rest but they will be here tonight. The boys, having lived 10 days on oatmeal and corn-cake, were ravenously hungry. Supper consisted of toast mountain sheep (two of which were killed by Funston and Hadley) fried trout, biscuit & coffee. There is no butter in camp, but milk in abundance. The cake was much enjoyed and I had to unpack my trunk to get it out to round up the supper in becoming style. The boys are strictly enforcing the rule of "no razors in camp" and you would be amused to see the different stages in the evolution of beard illustrated by the various members of the party. Will Franklin & Harry Riggs have a

patriarchal aspect, Funston, Wilmoth and Brewster have a less advanced development, while Hadley, Craig & the younger Brewster exhibit the incipient stages of hirsute adolescence. . . . I slept last night on the cabin floor with W. S. Franklin for a bedfellow, and found him a very quiet non-calcitrant partner. When Kellogg gets back I will put up the fine new tent I bought in Denver. This is a nice lot of boys. The two Brewsters, Hadley & Wilmoth occupy a tent by themselves and have a separate mess, and I am with the 7 boys in the cabin, messing with them. They take turns as cooks, each of the 7 holding office for one day each week and they will not allow me to share the work, which is good of them. So I can collect at my pleasure. This is a fine locality for botanizing, and I hope to make a large collection of plants as well as insects.]

There was also plenty of female companionship. Though White's *Autobiography* [and Funston's 1902 newspaper account] makes no reference to the presence of women, much less to summer romances, a number of the [surviving] photographs show that the young men from Kansas did not lack female company on their mountain adventuring, including their trips to Longs Peak. This must have particularly pleased Timmy Funston, whose numerous amours snd "one-and-only-loves" were matters of campus legend.

[One party, perhaps not surprisingly, was from Lawrence and KU, and, like the professor himself was in Moraine Park by pre-arrangement. It included Will Franklin's twin sister, Nellie, as well as Helen Sutliff, (the Pi Beta Phi to whom White paid substantial attention during his KU years, including the summer of '89), Helen's younger sister Jennie and another KU schoolmate Eva Fleming, who together had established housekeeping of their own in a nearby cabin which Helen and Jennie's mother, Mrs. Jennie Sweet Sutliff, had rented for the season. Though Mrs. Sutliff was no doubt there to play the role of chaperone, her presence among the young seems to have had no more dampening effect than did Professor Snow, who would accompany a coed party to the top of Longs Peak and be photographed with the group. . . .

The intrusion of these females into the bachelor world of White, Kellogg and the others clearly occasioned moments of merriment, one of which, thanks to another of Professor Snow's letters, we know about in some detail. In Snow's retelling, the sewing skills in mending their britches were hilariously called into question when the ladies appeared one afternoon unannounced. . . . Young Herb Hadley also celebrated the summer, sharing some if its details with his family at home. The trip was described in a letter to his father written at the end of June. "Our crowd is an especially jolly one. Will Franklin and Henry Riggs are both in for fun and Funston keeps the whole crowd laughing most of the time." Two months later, in August, as the summer wound to its conclusion, he succinctly summarized it all without, like White, mentioning female distractions. "This has been," he wrote, "the pleasantest summer I have ever spent."]

Of the "boys of 89," only Funston left his name associated with the mountain nomenclature of Estes Park. On one excursion that summer, during which one may surmise, given his reputation, that he was clowning to impress one or more young ladies, Funston fell (or jumped—the stories differ) into the raging torrent on the Big Thompson, just below where Spruce Creek and the Big Thompson come together, a favorite stopping place for those bound for Fern Lake and above. Until at least 1919 these swirling waters would be known as "Funston's Pool."

For the larger outlines of those three summer months, we have only White's *Autobiography*, written at a distance of more than half a century, to call upon. Like all such documents, his recounting of that summer, clearly reshaped in memory, is selective. In addition to the absence of any mention of women, there is no mention of Professor Snow nor of his summer collecting activities. One of the photographs [referenced] above, however, clearly shows a a butterfly net, a necessity for capturing insects, and we know that Vernon Kellogg spent part of his time bird-watching. The following year, when he returned to Lawrence, Kellogg wrote a short article titled "Notes on Some Summer Birds of Estes Park, Colorado," listing seventy-six different types of "avian fauna." It was published in 1890 in the *Transactions of the Twenty-Second Meeting of the Kansas Academy of Science*.

Given its lasting personal importance, White wrote surprisingly little about that summer. In fact, his account comprises less than three pages in a very long and often detailed work. "We were not a serious crowd," he writes.

> We lived simply, gayly [sic]. We had two rules, only two, as the laws of our republic: every man must clean his own fish, and no razor would be allowed in camp. So we grew whiskers. Mine were red and upturned from under the chin—an Irish mustache. We cooked when the Franklins told us to cook, for they were our elders, and washed dishes without rancor or friction. Every man made his own bed, which was on the floor, of the one-room log cabin, for we all slept in a row over spruce boughs and under our own blankets. And every man looked after his own kit—a change of underwear, his store clothes which he never wore in the park, a book or two or three or half a dozen which he brought, and his gun if he had one, which I did not, and his fishing tackle—ditto with me.

[It appears that the trout-cleaning rule was the outgrowth of a heated argument that William Allen White had early on with Frank Craig over just who should clean the trout caught that day. The discussion, Funston recalled, at length got so "warm" that Craig picked up a butcher knife and White, in retaliation, lifted a chair in the air. "Before the combatant came together, their companions rushed in and hostilities ceased, without any casualties resulting."]

Whatever his stated reluctance, White accompanied Timmy Funston on his hunting forays; after one of them White willingly enough to cut up and cooked the "contraband" mountain sheep that Funston bagged and then displayed as a trophy for the camera. . . .

Funston used his rifle on still another occasion. Spotting some enterprising sign painters defacing a huge boulder not far from camp with an advertisement "admonishing the use of somebody's sarsaparilla," the pugnacious Funston pursued them down the road, scaring them off "largely by his unique and convincing profanity, supported somewhat by his cocked rifle." What inspired and provoked the fun-loving Funston on this occasion, White does not say. Perhaps it was because, as one of the photos show, some of the KU boys and their female companions has previously posed on the same boulder. At any rate, Funston's act of bravery proved a Pyrrhic victory, for the painters had already done their work. To this day—more than a 130 years later—their handiwork, "Drink Denver Soda," splashed across the rock with lead-based paint, remains visible below the modern concrete bridge spanning the Big Thompson.

In White's retelling, their sojourn in Moraine Park was a magical, idyllic time, lived completely in the present with little or no concern about home, family, nor events in the world beyond the mountains. Days, weeks, and months easily collapse into one another in White's few pages, as he talks of gathering wild red raspberries and strawberries for "delectable shortcakes," making "passable" flapjacks, frying fish, and doing more than his share of "hauling down wood from the mountain for our cabin." He also read—passing many an afternoon with books while lying in a hammock hung in a wooded grove.

And for the first—and perhaps the last—time in his life the unabashedly un-athletic Will White actually hiked and climbed. On two occasions he made the summit of 14,259-foot Longs Peak, once in the company of Vernon Kellogg, the other as a member of a party that included Fred Funston, Herb Hadley, and Ed and Nellie Franklin, and the Sutcliff sisters. White apparently accomplished the "hard, long climb" without regret. "When I got to the summit for the first time," White recalls,

> we could see across the plains the smoke of Pueblo two hundred miles away. We could see over into Wyoming. It was a beautiful sight. But when I started down that precipice I was frightened, literally scared numb and stiff, and Kellogg had to coax me down.

While on the summit he and comrades posed for an obligatory photograph.

Trip to Lulu City

White also reports an even longer excursion, "forty miles from our camp"—though in truth probably a bit less—to the deserted mining camp of Lulu City on the banks of the Grand (now the Colorado) River. Organized and laid out in ambitious fashion in 1879 with nineteen streets and a hundred city blocks, Lulu soon boasted four lumber mills, a hotel, stores, saloons, and a post office, together with any number of private log dwellings. But the boom proved to be short-lived: the gold, silver, and lead mined there were of low grade and costly to extract. By 1884, the fledgling town had closed down, it would seem, almost overnight. "There was the post office," White remembers,

> with letters in the boxes; the saloons with the empty bottles on the shelves; the billiard tables with their green baize, moth-eaten and rat-gnawed; the stores with their shelves like grinning skulls empty of their fleshly furnishings; in the cabins the cookstoves stood in the kitchens, and iron safes standing open, too heavy to be moved. It was a dramatic picture—that little town of Lulu down on the Grand.

Other contemporary visitors have left similar descriptions, though none convey better the sense of eerie unreality that lingered over the hastily abandoned mining camp than William Allen White. What White does not tell us is that, having arrived, the boys took possession of the deserted town in the name of Kansas, hoisted over it their broad pennant, and for several days indulged themselves by living in one empty house after another.

[**Departure**

Having tramped into the mountains, the boys of ’89 determined to tramp out as well. Setting off about the first of September, their route would take them west across the Divide, down along the Grand River past Grand Lake, and from there, by way of Berthoud Pass, to the Clear Creek mining camp of Lawson. Again we have Funston to thank for the anecdote which tells us that, though the boys had crossed the Divide before to get to Lulu City, this time they became lost and actually wandered about for days. “Late one night,” Funston recalled for the *Times* reporter, who then retold it all in the third person,

> they went into camp worn out and discouraged. The only provisions left were coffee and condensed milk. In the morning they packed up their outfit and started on. They had proceeded only 300 yards when they reached the top of a hill and there, just below them, lay Grand Lake, a spot they had supposed was miles distant.

Reaching Lawson, the boys decided that the ascent of one more fourteener must cap the summer. They chose Grays Peak, the highest point on the Continental Divide even though that too them west rather than east. That summit gained, they once turned east to Golden where they took the train, having walked some 145 miles from Sprague’s ranch.]

Mountain Memories

“I should define that summer as hilarious,” White recalls, filled with jokes, high-jinx and laughter. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the post-Fourth of July photograph the boys had taken of the assembled group, which evidently included several guests. “We were not a drinking crowd,” White tells us. But there they are, mugging it up for the camera, posing with the empty bottles of the beer consumed during their all-day celebration of two or three days before. That photograph, White notes, later “printed in many a newspaper and magazine . . . when we were grown into man’s estate and somewhat celebrated, has frozen us there as the young devils we were not.”

And so that long-remembered summer of boyhood companionship and camaraderie ended. For White, the future moved ahead, and by the following summer he was fully occupied with the beginnings of his journalism career. Not so with Vernon Kellogg and Fred Funston, the other two members of the “inseparable” trio. The very next summer they returned to Moraine Park, perhaps to the very same log cabin, a place which Kellogg, in a letter of June 1890, refers to as “Camp Phi Delt” [a name which Herbert Hadley and his two Phi Psi brothers were obviously not there to contest].

The high spirits of the previous summer remained. In a surviving letter in Emporia State University's William Allen White Collection, Kellogg wrote to Helen Sutcliffe, the Pi Beta Phi to whom White paid substantial attention during his KU years and who became yet another lifelong friend:

> Timmy and I have put in the forenoon capturing "Billy the Mule"--We are jubilant over our success in stalking and "roping" the sad eyed humorist of the mountains and as I sit here in the boys' cabin and gaze with my left eye--the right concealing about its person a

> large fragment of pine tree--on William the Conquered, I gloat, as Mr. White would say, several large and audible gloats. We shall put the humble beast to his proper use tomorrow; intending as we do to start for Flat-top (Table go hang) with the determination to work our way northward along the range to the mountain at the head of Thompson Canon; thence down and home.
>
> We hope to rediscover and to explore Chapin's Glacier; a coolly determined plan to be doolly [*sic*] executed.
>
> We have shot no large game yet; no bear nor sheep, nor any of our crowd. . . .
>
> Le "Chateau" is quite deserted, and Timmy and I feel lonesome within its sight.

In this letter, Kellogg references Connecticut druggist Frederick H. Chapin. The previous year in Boston, the Appalachian Mountain Club had published Chapin's engaging tales of mountain adventuring *Mountaineering in Colorado: The Peaks About Estes Park*, advertising to the nation the charms and challenges of Estes Park. The glacier below Hagues Peak in the Mummy Range that Chapin visited and wrote about was then more commonly known as "Hallett Glacier," after rancher-mountaineer William Hallett, its discoverer. It has since been renamed Rowe Glacier. Kellogg's letter also reminds us that Flattop Mountain was originally called Table Mountain.

Though Kellogg and Funston clearly missed their companions of the summer before, as the mention of "Le Chateau" suggests, that did not prevent them from pursuing new adventures that both subsequently wrote up for publication. Funston's came almost immediately. His "Storm Bound Above the Clouds," appeared in the July 1891 issue of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, Mary Mapes Dodge's popular magazine for children. It is the well-told story of his adventure with Kellogg-which he places in May 1890, though it resembles the one Kellogg wrote Miss Sutcliffe about the following month. Ignoring the advice of an old stage driver who warned that the lingering snows made climbing dangerous, the two set off with Billy the burro and three days of provisions for the summit of Flattop Mountain. The next day, in their attempt to explore the canyon below, Funston and Kellogg were caught in a savage spring blizzard. They managed to survive only by using their rifles as ice axes, which prevented them from sliding down the treacherous ice-crusted slope to certain death.

Vernon Kellogg waited thirty years longer to tell his story of their encounter with a huge mountain lion on the flanks of Flattop Mountain in an article titled "Mountaineering in America," written for the October 1921 issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Kellogg also used the occasion to recall a memorable episode of the summer involving a trip taken with Funston and one of the Franklin brothers up Windy Gulch to Specimen Mountain to watch bighorn sheep. During their hike, Kellogg tells us, he and Franklin were hard-pressed to convince the future major general not to crawl into a bear's den. Kellogg's purpose in writing up these episodes for the general reader "is simply one of suggestion," he said. "If you are surfeited with swift-motoring; or tired of endless golf; or impatient with having the world too much with you, take a dose of American mountaineering." There is also in Kellogg's case, the obvious pleasure of indulging in memories of youth.

Will Franklin also returned to Estes Park, which he visited on at least three occasions, the first apparently as early as in 1886. He touches briefly on these earlier experiences in the delightful collection of letters and poems that he printed privately (and anonymously) in 1903 as *A Tramp Trip in the Rockies of Colorado and Wyoming*, an account of a month-long pack trip through the mountains, presumably taken in the early 1890s before he left to study in Europe. The first three nights of the trip, he writes, were spent at Sprague's Ranch in Moraine Park, where Fred Sprague greeted them warmly. "Having seen our tracks (hob-nails) . . . he remarked . . . that 'God's people had come,' meaning the Kansas boys with whom he became acquainted in '86 and '89."

White's Return to Moraine Park

Though William Allen White missed the trip up Flattop Mountain in 1890 with Kellogg and Funston, it was White, alone who returned to Moraine Park as an adult and made it his own. He brought bride Sallie Lindsay on their honeymoon in 1893 to spend much of that summer in a cabin above the Big Thompson. He returned again in June 1911, this time with children: Bill, Jr., age eleven, and Mary, age seven. When the Whites came back the following summer, it was to stay.

For "as few hundred dollars," White purchased a cabin, built sometime in the1890s, on the lower slope of Eagle Cliff Mountain. "The cabin was only eighteen by twenty-four," he later wrote,

> with a fireplace in a little living room, two bedrooms, and a kitchen. . . . [T]here on the hillside we found a place of peace to which we were to withdraw in summers for thirty years and more. I pause to chronicle the beginnings of the house in Estes Park because the episode had a larger place in our real lives than had all the clash of the combat which was just before us on the big national stage. . . .

White would subsequently build another small cabin up the hillside for an office, where he wrote many of his books, short stories, and articles, and two even smaller cabins adjoining the main cabin for growing children and guests.

Summers were not the same after Mary White's tragic death in 1921. While riding her horse along North Merchant Street in Emporia, Mary turned to wave to a friend and ran into a low-hanging limb. To a father's overwhelming sense of loss, Moraine Park and its surrounding peaks no doubt finally offered a measurer of solace, much in the way the simple yet poignant editorial he penned that May for the *Emporia Gazette* did, giving both father and daughter a measure of immortality.

In later summers, the day's writing done, William Allen White would sit in his favorite chair, a cane rocker, on the front porch of the cabin above Moraine Park. There, he would look down on the Big Thompson and the spot where he and his KU comrades spent the memorable summer of '89. One by one, those boys had slipped away, after having been translated, like White himself, into distinguished men. Young Will Snow was the first to go, tragically drowning in 1899; then the fearless war hero Timmy Funston, incredibly enough dead of heart failure at a border post in Texas in 1917, at the age of fifty-one. The other boys of summer followed: Frank Craig in 1926, special friend Herb Hadley in 1927, Will Franklin in 1930, and both Ed Franklin and Vernon

Kellogg in 1937, the latter, besides daughter Mary, the most heart-felt loss of all. Only Frank Riggs, the civil engineer, outlived White, dying in 1949 at the age of eighty-four.

On how many occasions, one must ask, as he sat on that porch, did William Allen White's thoughts turn to the boys of that first summer and their shared experiences in the cabin by the river? What White remembered most, it is clear, was the laugher, loud to the point of hilarity, born of the carefree days of youth when each day was full enough and the future would take care of itself. We can only imagine that White, sitting there, grown old like his friends, shared the sentiments of another writer, an even earlier visitor to Estes Park, whose simple prayer upon departing spoke of treasured moments past, "Lord, keep my memory green."

9.

Lost Links: In Search of Estes Park's Oldest Golf Course

With Derek Fortini

Colorado justly celebrates the scenic character and quality of its golf courses, and any number of its cities and towns pride themselves in having the state's oldest. Historic Estes Park, where golf is played among the unparalleled beauty of a high mountain setting, is one of those places. What follows is an account of the authors' attempt to identify and locate the oldest golf course in this resort community. As an exercise in historical research, however, ours was a bit atypical. To be sure, it combined research of the usual sort in museum and library with the kind of information that can only be gleaned by taking to the field. But what happened one August afternoon on the grassy hillsides above Estes Park's last remaining nineteenth-century lodge was something more than an experience in traditional archaeology. Ours, finally, is a story about the human imagination, how it can be used to inform and enlarge our knowledge of the past, and, in this case, how it helped us to better understand the game of golf as the sport was played across a mountain landscape a century and more ago.

The displays along "History Wall" in the clubhouse of Estes Park's public 18-hole golf course make the case succinctly. The course's original 1918 configuration included what remained of an earlier 9-hole course built by Windham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, the fourth Earl of Dunraven, for the guests of his Estes Park (or "English") Hotel which, until it was destroyed by fire in August 1911, stood across Fish Creek Road below what is now the 10th green. That course, said to have been designed with the help "of a golf expert from Scotland," is generally regarded as one of the "oldest" in Colorado, though the layout of its modern successor has been changed several times. In 1944, workers converted a large section along today's U.S. Highway 7 into a commercial airfield with a 3,000-foot runway. The Estes Park Hotel, "as comfortable and well kept as the great establishments of the White Mountains" according to writer Alfred Terry Bacon, was opened with considerable fanfare in the summer of 1877, then enlarged with wings at both ends. Well-manicured lawns were installed for tennis and other games, and a large artificial pond was created in front of the hotel by damming Fish Creek, the remnants of which are still visible. The date of its golf course, however, remains unclear, though surviving advertisements and photographs suggest the early 1900s, rather than before.

Golf has long been enjoyed in Estes Park by visitors and residents alike, some of the latter bragging early on to the Denver press about being able to play year-round because of the usually temperate local weather. The valley's lodges and hotels led the way. The fashionable Stanley Hotel put in a 9-hole course below its main buildings shortly after its opening in 1909. . golf was also played on links courses at the Elkhorn Lodge and at the Rustic Hotel. Later, Stead's Hotel in Moraine Park installed a course with an underground system to water the greens that took golfers back and forth across the Big Thompson River. Signs of that course, first played in 1960, remained long after the hotel itself was removed—in fact until 2008 when the National Park Service staked out the entire original course as a prelude to its final obliteration. But which

course was Estes Park's oldest? What follows is an account of the authors' recent attempt to provide the answer by reconstructing what can be learned of the golfing history of Elkhorn Lodge, the venerable resort on Fall River established by pioneer William E. James in 1877 and operated by members of the James family well into the twentieth century.

Our search, initially at least, was unpremeditated, though it took inspiration from an April 20, 2009, *New Yorker* magazine article by veteran staff writer David Owen. He reported on the discovery of a long-lost golf course designed by Old Tom Morris, the legendary father of modern golf, on a remote island in the Outer Hebrides fifty miles off the coast of Scotland. It subsequently involved two turn-of-the-nineteenth-century photographs of golfing at the Elkhorn (retrieved from the archives of the Estes Park Museum quite by accident), as well as a second article, this one about golfing in Colorado, published well over a century ago in the August 1901 issue of *Outing, An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Sport, Travel and Recreation*. This article, as republished in a 1986 book on golf history, had been filed away several years ago for possible future use. All these things serendipitously came together one recent August afternoon when we set out in search of what one of our photographs had labeled, perhaps a bit euphemistically, the "View from Elkhorn Golf Links."

Golf came to Colorado and to the rest of the United States suddenly, and relatively late. Though historians tell us that the game can be traced back to mid-fourteenth century Scotland, and perhaps even earlier, golf did not establish itself in America until the final decades of the nineteenth century. It was not until 1888, for example, that the nation's first permanent club, the St. Andrews Golf Club, was formed at Yonkers, New York, and only then, lore has it, because a group of devotees known as the Apple Tree Gang, who were in the habit of hanging their coats on a large apple tree before playing a few holes, had their coats stolen and needed a safer venue. America's first 18-hole course west of the Alleghenies opened in 1893 at Downers Grove outside Chicago. And though the Amateur Golf Association of the United States (today's USGA) was founded in December the following year, the first Western Open tournament—the event that would eventually evolve into the PGA tour—did not take place until 1899.

Golf made its Colorado debut in 1895 at Denver's popular Overland Park. The course— built perilously close to an existing race track—sent players across a twelve-foot-wide irrigation ditch leading from the nearby South Platte and was the first west of the Mississippi. "The golf craze has struck Denver…" the *Akron Weekly Pioneer Press* warned readers on April 26. "[T]here are many who are taking a great interest in the game. The favorite play-ground is at Overland park [*sic*], where every day in the week the lovers of the sport may be seen in practice."Other papers echoed the statement.

Three years later, the Town and Gown Golf Club opened in Colorado Springs. It's now called the Patty Jewett Golf Course and advertises itself as the oldest in the state in terms of continuous use at one location.

Even then, skeptics abounded. "Golf is the reigning fad of the hour," writer and tennis player J. Parmly Paret wrote in an 1895 article that appeared in the June 22 *Aspen Morning Sun*, and, presumably, other papers around the state as well.

> Its growth in this country has been little short of marvelous in the annals of sport. Lawn tennis had a similar boom ten years ago, but it did not rise in public favor with the same meteoric suddenness which has marked the appearance of golf. It's the same old story of Dame Fashion's sway. Some of America's foremost society took up golf last year, and it immediately became fashionable. Now everyone is playing it, and the game spreading more rapidly than did lawn tennis, our society's former fad. . . . One plays golf as one takes an after dinner walk. With a cigar or a pipe still in one's mouth, and an argument on some abstract question still on one's lips, golf exercises the body while the mind is distracted from a fatigue by other matters.

We do not know just when golf arrived at the Elkhorn Lodge with absolute certainty, though we do know that the sport was warmly embraced at an early day by William James' two sons, Homer (1867–1958) and Howard (1872–1928), both of whom became life-long devotees and players of considerable skill. Following their father's sudden death in 1895, Homer and Howard, together with their mother, Ella (1844–1917), took over the active management of the lodge. Given their enthusiasm for the game, it was no doubt during the years that immediately followed that the brothers laid out a golf course to complement their expanding resort complex, which then included a main lodge and casino, barns, corral, and other outbuildings, as well as a growing number of small cottages, some of the tent variety.

Whatever the exact date of its beginnings, a golf course at the Elkhorn Lodge saw regular use by the summer of 1899, when the following brief articles appeared in the *Longmont Ledger*:

> There will be a golf tournament at the Elkhorn links tomorrow. First prize will be one dozen golf balls; second prize, one golf iron. (July 21, 1899)
>
> There will be another golf tournament at the Elkhorn golf links tomorrow. (August 4, 1899)
>
> The regular handicap golf tournament came off with lots of fun at the Elkhorn links last week. Mr. Thorner won the gent's prize, one Buger brassie, and Miss Mary Borden the lady's prize, one golf ball. (August 11, 1899)
>
> Homer James won the prize at the golf links last week. Miss Mary Borden won ladies prize. (September 8, 1899)

The reference to "brassie"—the name given to a pre-twentieth century golf club most closely related to today's 2-wood—is clear enough. Mary Borden, and presumably, Mr. Thorner as well, were paying guests at the lodge.

From the perspective of the historian, what is perhaps most suggestive about the items which some long-forgotten local correspondent contributed to the *Ledger* is both their number and matter-of-fact tone. That tone suggests that in 1899 neither the course nor its "regular handicap" tournaments were viewed as surprising or new, allowing us to surmise that golf had been played at the Elkhorn the previous season, if not before. That would safely date the Elkhorn course from 1898, the same year that the now-famous Town and Gown Golf Club was established in

Colorado Springs—and two full years before immortal British Open champion Harry Vardon excited the Colorado golfing world by playing exhibition matches in both Denver and Colorado Springs while touring the nation to promote his new Vardon Flyer golf ball.

So far, so good. But where exactly was the Elkhorn course located? What did it look like to the early golfer, and, even more importantly, was there any remaining evidence that would allow us to establish its layout and design with any degree of certainty?

These were the questions we took with us into the field that August afternoon. Our only visual clues (to the extent they were clues at all) were contained in the two photographs from the Estes Park Museum reproduced below. The first is captioned "Howard James Putting to the Ninth Hole," the second, "View from Elkhorn Golf Links." The captions of both, it might be noted, appear to be written by the same hand, suggesting that they were taken at approximately the same time, perhaps even by the same camera.

While these photographs would prove to be indispensable, we had something of equal, if not greater, value in hand that day. This was Samuel Huston Thompson, Jr.'s August 1901 *Outing* article, "Golf in Colorado." This early work of sports journalism had its obvious attractions, for it was clearly written by someone who was not only thoroughly familiar with the game of golf and how it should be played, but, as we soon discovered, was an equally keen observer of how the layout of a given course would dramatically impact play.

Thompson (1876–1966) was a most interesting fellow. Destined to teach law at the University of Denver and become a prominent, and wealthy, Denver attorney, Thompson would serve as Assistant U.S. Attorney General under President Woodrow Wilson, his close personal friend, and, later, as a member and chair of the Federal Trade Commission. A lifelong Democrat who served as Wilson's western campaign manager in 1916, Thompson himself was nominated for the presidency at the party's 1928 convention.

Even in 1901, at the age of 25 and a newly-minted lawyer, Thompson displayed remarkable abilities. He handled his journalism assignment like a seasoned professional, with both confidence and flair. Thompson began by providing a succinct overview of his subject, starting, not unexpectedly, with the challenges of the course at Overland Park , and then profiling some of the golfers who had played there, including Harry Vardon. He then quickly turned the attention of the "golf enthusiast" to Estes Park, a destination that still required a final twenty-five-mile trip by stagecoach, referring explicitly to the Earl of Dunraven's early interest in the Estes Valley and the hotel he erected "years ago" as a result.

The all-too-brief attention paid to the Earl of Dunraven and his hotel is telling. Thompson was a well-educated, Pennsylvania-born easterner who had successfully negotiated his way through Princeton University, having prepped at nearby Lawrenceville. Athletically inclined, Thompson played on the Tigers' great 1896 football team (called "the strongest team Princeton ever developed" by historian Frank Presbrey), and, as a member of the class of 1897, graduated the same spring that the university's newly formed golf team—of which he may well have been a member—played its first intercollegiate tournament. His passion for sports, most notably football, stuck. After leaving Princeton, Thompson coached that sport at Oberlin in 1897, at

Lehigh in 1898 and again in 1897 (studying law in New York City in the offseason), and at the time of his article, though now making his home in Denver, had just completed two years as head football coach at the University of Texas (with a record of 14 victories, 2 losses, and a tie). He would be remembered there as a tough disciplinarian who would not let his team drink water during practice.

Given his own background and credentials, and the fact that he was writing for a decidedly "eastern" publication like *Outing*, "Shy" Thompson (as he was now known in the sporting world) might have been expected to use his article to showcase the Estes Park Hotel and the challenges of its course. Dunraven's hotel had been built to serve the kind of people that Lawrenceville and Princeton sent into the world—together with the well-healed from golf-conscious places like Scotland, England, and the Earl's own Ireland.

But he did not. Rather, Thompson focused his readers' attention on Elkhorn Lodge, and in a way that obviously suggests its precedence where the playing of golf in Estes Park is concerned, wrote:

> After wandering over the hills for some time in quest of a location, a course was finally agreed upon near Elkhorn Lodge, within easy access of the log casino of that ranch. It was out of the question to construct grass greens at a hight [*sic*] where it was not possible to pipe water, so the players were compelled to use sand, and for cups resorted to tin cans. Interest in the sport has steadily increased in the Park, so much so that near the English hotel, on Lord Dunraven's property, a rival course has been laid out. Contests are held several times during the season, in which as many as thirty have participated.

What follows is a charming, if not surprisingly somewhat vague, series of descriptions; descriptions we had little choice but to try to follow as we pursued our search for what might be left of the Elkhorn course.

Thompson was perfectly clear about one thing. The course began and ended near "a structure, built of unhewn logs, and dignified by the name Casino"—a clear reference to the building that then guarded, as it still does, the eastern entrance to the grounds of Elkhorn Lodge. Though Thompson finds the Casino lacking "some of the modern conveniences," he also notes that it was "fitted up" as a kind of clubhouse, with "a bath-room, billiard tables, and dance hall." In Thompson's day the Elkhorn Casino, built in 1890, was already more than a decade old, and, as Thompson makes abundantly clear, paled in comparison to the large and impressive club quarters of the new Town and Gown Golf Club in Colorado Springs, whose photograph he also provided to the reader. The Casino would nonetheless continue to serve the Elkhorn and its guests in a similar fashion until 1912 when the building was converted into sleeping quarters, the first in a long series of transformations.

We began our adventure here, outside the Casino, slowly making our way up the adjacent hillside past the cabin known as "The Chapel," a gem of early Western Stick architecture. We were looking for anything that might give us a clue as to just where the lodge's early golfers, playing in a day before the advent of the wooden tee, might have scraped together and carefully arranged small mounds of sand on which to launch their round of golf.

"On the way to the first hole of the Elkhorn Lodge links," Thompson wrote, "there is a hazard about one hundred feet wide and thirty deep, the ground rising from, the further side of this ravine, in a difficult angle to the green." The ravine in question was not difficult to locate, but once we crested the ridge that rises southwest of the lodge buildings, the enormity of our challenge became immediately, and painfully, clear. "No obstacle of note, obstructs the direction to the second hole except a row of pine trees, located a few feet off the direct line." True enough, but in which direction should we look? The grassy tableland before us, with its scatterings of rocks and pines, rolled gently upwards and stretched in all directions, an area large enough, and open enough, to conceal any number of 9-hole courses.

What follows next in Thompson's description only increased our confusion and bewilderment. There was also now, for the first time, the creeping sense that maybe, just maybe, we were on a fool's errand. This despite the obvious fact that Thompson's narrative was clearly offering up to the golfers of his day the sound and sympathetic advice of a well-seasoned coach—someone used to teaching others—someone who had taken the time to become familiar with just how a round of golf on this Elkhorn course might profitably be played:

> The next drive is so short that it is necessary to use an iron and woe to the unfortunate who goes to the farther side of the green, for his ball will tumble down an incline a hundred feet or more, unless a lucky stone bars it. From this tee to the fourth the player should summon all his skill and call the fates to his assistance. A hundred yards beyond the ground rises to an eminence, which compared to the ordinary artificial bunker on an eastern course is a Pike's Peak. At the very apex of this hill there are clumps of pines, fifty feet apart, through which one must guide the ball, and at the same time must measure with exact precision the force which he puts in his drive, or run the risk of again encountering one of these temper destroying inclines. To play the next hole properly requires the ready use of the lofter to carry the ball over the top of a granite wall, lying directly in front of the tee, not over fifty feet away, and in some places twelve feet high. Should the player be unfortunate enough not to get a sufficient rise, he might as well give up the scores for that hole, as the ball will rebound from that rock and tumble down the hill. Finally when it stops, the wall will still confront it.

Thompson continues on in much the same vein. Here is what he has to say about the seventh hole:

> There are few impediments to overcome and the green in plain view from the sixth tee looks easy; the deception lies in the fad [sic—fact?] that the green is located upon the side of a hill, at any angle of descent parallel to it. The green may be made in two strokes, but if perchance the ball has any extra momentum it is sure to roll to the lower end of the scraped place, and then it is in the realm of chance as to the number of strokes it will require to climb up to the hole. On such a course skill with the lofter is the greatest essential, while the only clubs one need carry are a driver, putter, and lofter, there is no opportunity for a brassie.

For the first half hour, perhaps longer, very little of Coach Thompson's prose description made much sense as we scoured the topography around us, looking for what he had described, no doubt accurately, as "scraped places" or for anything else that might help us match the present landscape with rounds of golf played long ago.

It was then, just when we needed help the most, that the recollection of David Owen's *New Yorker* article rescued the day. It reminded us of what, in fact, we were actually dealing with. This was no modern well-watered golf course, with mown-grass fairways, clipped greens, and carefully placed sand bunkers. What lay before us was a true "links course" in every original sense of that often-misused term. Whoever laid out the Elkhorn course had been forced to work with the realities of the land itself—in this case a relatively treeless, upland hillside, with rough native grass, uneven ground, and scattered outcroppings of rock—precisely in the way that Old Tom Morris had been forced to do in sculpting his long-lost course out of wind-swept coastal terrain. True "linksland" of the type Morris had to contend with in Scotland was nonarable. Local farmers dismissed it as worthless for raising crops, but others thought it worthy of reclaiming for a game played by grown men. On courses such as these, the land's original rough features and natural hazards remained; no attempt was made to smooth over the bumps and slopes of fairway or green. Most importantly, the course route lay straight out and back, beginning and ending at a clubhouse. No picks and shovels, much less gigantic earthmovers here; just the land itself.

What Owen had discovered during his own adventure in the Outer Hebrides was what we now needed most to learn and understand about golfing in early Estes Park. The kind of golf course that we were looking for would only be discoverable to the extent we were able to set aside our modern preconceptions about golf courses and use our imaginations to view the present through the prism of the past. As Owen reminded us, "Groomed fairways are the descendants of the well-grazed valleys between the old linksland dunes; bunkers began as sand depressions worn through the thin turf by livestock huddling against coastal gales; the first green and teeing grounds were flattish, elevated areas whose relatively short grass—closely grazed by rabbits and other animals . . . —made them the logical places to begin and end holes."

In short, the golf course we sought was not unlike the ones that Old Tom Morris and his contemporaries had built in other places. Like theirs, the Elkhorn links had shared its grassy slopes with wild animals, in this case with herds of elk and deer, and, no doubt, with cattle and horses as well. And we had not even begun to make allowance for the oddly named hickory clubs, or "sticks," used by old-time golfers, or the new (in 1848) rubberized and truly round "gutta percha" golf ball, or "gutty," which made for longer drives and truer putts—and the way that these early implements of the game determined what a nineteenth-century golf course could be. To be sure, artistry and skill always impacted golf course layout. How should rocks, trees, and other kinds of landforms and hazards be incorporated into a challenging links course? Unlike today, the job of Morris and other early course designers, as Owen notes, was not "to re-contour the ground in order to conform to golfers' expectations but to direct play over existing terrain in thought-provoking ways, and to capitalize on lucky topographical accidents." It was precisely the ability to make such decisions, and make them well, that made Old Tom and his colleagues famous.

Suddenly the Elkhorn's links course began to make sense. It was not that we found positive traces of tee areas or greens, or even many flat places which might have once contained them (though we did come across a number of old rutted wagon paths of the sort that might have once been used to convey tournament spectators up from the lodge below). By travelling in a nearly straight line southwest, we rather easily found the approximate spot from where the photograph labeled "View from the Elkhorn Golf Links" had been taken. With its view of Longs Peak, its guardians Mount Meeker and Mount Lady Washington, and the other peaks of the Front Range looming in the distance, the original photographer had wanted to show what the Elkhorn course looked like at its farthest extreme. (The place where the photographer stood, it should be noted, is directly above the area which now contains Estes Park's landfill, transfer station, and a number of other, fortunately, hidden-away buildings.)

Here was where the Elkhorn course turned back on itself—no doubt, near the fourth or fifth green. It was where Homer and Howard James and their guests, having perhaps taken a last lingering look at Longs Peak, turned upon the mountain and began to play their way back toward the Casino, hole by hole, over land that now went more downhill than up.

Having now loosened our imaginations, Coach "Shy" Thompson's somewhat hyperbolic descriptions became relatively clear. "Gigantic trees, felled in prehistoric times, are strewn over the entire course, but these cause little worry to the player who has been circumventing boulders and living pines. Yet with all these difficulties it is a curious fact that those who have gone over this and the Overland course, vary but a few points in their respective scores." Thompson's final point was a reassuring one: whatever it looked like today, the Elkhorn links had once met the expectations and standards of good golfers.

Toward the very end of our August walk, we were offered an unexpected reward. We discovered, or rather rediscovered, the ninth "green," the place where a slender, young-looking Howard James had long ago been photographed putting his ball toward the final hole. That green was right where it should have been, a short stroll above the Casino and its waiting amenities. As the "then" and "now" photographs below affirm in their juxtaposition, the scene, save for the absence of the "scraped place" of the green itself, has changed little. The same rock outcropping is there above the hole; beyond it the same central pine tree, its upper trunk still bending to the left. The line of fence posts clearly visible in the original photograph made us certain of our discovery. Some of these were still in place a century and more later, just over the rise beyond the rocks.

For all its initial puzzlements and frustrations, our afternoon turned out to be a satisfying, even exhilarating, success. We had found the long-lost Elkhorn links. Better yet, we had learned, at first-hand, something of how the game of golf was played in Estes Park when the game itself was young. One question, of course, remained. Was the course over which we had just wandered the oldest in Estes Park? We think so; and once again we have our companion and guide of the afternoon, Samuel Huston Thompson, Jr., to thank. For if, as Thompson suggests, the Estes Park Hotel had only entered the golfing business because a rising interest in the sport demanded it, and had laid out a course of its own only in self-defense "to rival" a competitor, then the question of which golf course in Estes Park is older would seem to be settled in favor of the Elkhorn

Lodge—especially when one takes into account the deep interest that the James brothers took in the game and its development.

There is one final bit of poetic justice. In the fall of 1917, when the new Estes Park Country Club purchased 120 acres of land that had once contained the Estes Park Hotel's 9-hole course in order to "install a modern golf course" and build a "comfortable" log club house, the club's thirty subscribers immediately turned to two of its own members, both of whom happened to be among Estes Park's most accomplished and active golfers. One was Joe Mills, owner of the Crags Hotel and brother of writer-naturalist Enos Mills. The other was Dr. Homer James of Elkhorn Lodge. Over two days, Mills and James laid out an impressive-looking 18-hole, 6,000-plus-yard par 73 course. The new course is "covered with a rich growth of mountain grass," both the *Loveland Reporter*, and the *Loveland Daily Herald* reported to their readers on November 17, 1917. "Numerous pines, large boulders, a gullie and a brook, the latter of which must be crossed five or six times in the playing of the course, constitute enough natural hazards needless [*sic*], for the moment at least. For the time being the course will be a non-irrigated one, using sand greens." Here, unmistakably and by design, was yet another textbook example of a true links course—precisely the kind of course on which Homer James, who quickly emerged as one of the new club's early champions, had already won his golfing spurs at Elkhorn Lodge. On June 29, 1921, the *Daily Herald* pronounced Estes Park's new course "one of the most interesting and enjoyable in the state."

10.

Cole's Place

Travel north from Allenspark on U.S. Highway 7. Turn right either onto Cabin Creek Road at Meeker Park, or onto Big Owl Road (County Road 82), just before Eagle Plumes. Either way, a short drive through the woods brings you into Cabin Creek Park, a large, well-watered, grass-filled basin below the south dome of the Twin Sisters. You have arrived at the site of Cole's Place. Ever hear of it? Most residents of the Tahosa Valley and the Estes Park-Allenspark region have not. It goes unmentioned in Lorna Knowlton's history of the Allenspark area, *Weaving Mountain Memories* (1989), and in the three volumes of *Over Hill and Vale* (1956, 1962, and 1971) by Harold Marion Dunning, the Loveland antiquarian who made his passion for gathering the facts of regional history a lifetime calling.

Yet for several years beginning in 1898 Cole's Place in Cabin Creek Park, operated by rancher Harry Cole (1862-) and his wife Rosaline (1862-), was a successful summer resort rivaling in popularity those in the Estes Valley, and directly competing with them for tourist business. Thanks to Charles W. Boynton (1854-1926), the long-time editor of the *Longmont Ledger,* and a few other sources, we are able, even at a distance of more than a century, to piece together the outlines of this all-but-forgotten bit of local history. Well before he built a summer cottage at Ferncliff at the turn of the century, Boynton was hugely interested in the happenings in and about Allenspark and made sure that the *Ledger* had a local correspondent on hand to report them.

How Harry Cole, a native of Chardon, Ohio, first came upon this relatively unknown part of the Tahosa Valley is unclear. But by 1897 he was using the land along Cabin Creek, the stream that flows down from Mt. Meeker, to range cattle, some 200 to 225 head by one account. With the help of his step-brother and partner, Frank Parmalee, Harry brought cattle up in late spring by way of the South St. Vrain road and its steep Stanley Hill from his winter home in Highlandlake, a small and short-lived Front Range community north of Longmont just across the Weld County line. (In 1906, bypassed by the railroad, Highlandlake would, quite literally, move itself to the east and become the town of Mead.) Cole himself would later transfer his valley operations to the ranch he called "Sunnyside" on the Little Thompson near Berthoud,

Over the winter that followed, Harry and Rosaline decided to expand their summer operations in Cabin Creek Park by opening their property to those wishing to camp and fish, much the way fellow-rancher John Copeland would soon do at the mouth of Wild Basin. The Coles also sold various sorts of camping supplies, including their own butter and eggs, and took in as boarders those who preferred not to rough it out-of-doors. Over the next three seasons--1898 to 1900—facilities were expanded and Cole's Place, as they named their establishment, came to enjoy a substantial regional reputation for its amenities, hospitality, and cooking, particularly the latter. "The comments on the dinner at Cole's yesterday," the correspondent of the *Ledger* noted, "is [sic] enough to make the cook of that place proud for the rest of her natural life."

During the 1899 and 1900 seasons Cole placed business card-like advertisements in the valley newspapers, locating his resort 12 miles from the Estes Park post office, and offering as a "specialty" "Dinners for Tourists, Picnic Parties and Campers." Also available, his card noted, were guides and saddle horses for Longs Peak and a "variety of beautiful trout streams" which promised "large and small" alike "easy success." The board in 1899 was $1.00 a day (increased the next year to $1.50) or $7.00 a week. That August the Coles' visitors included Enos Mills, still principally known as an athletic mountain guide; Howard James, then helping his mother to operate Elkhorn Lodge; Estes Park photographer William T. Parke; and Hugo Miller, owner of what would later become the McGraw Ranch. Cole's Place on Cabin Creek had been discovered.

During these years Harry Cole employed a four-horse rig to transport tourists from as far away as Ward and, presumably, given his advertisements, to and from John Cleave's small post office in Estes Park, the place of rendezvous for stages and wagons bringing tourists up from the Front Range towns. Thanks to such efforts Cole's Place was able to compete with such well-established resorts in the Estes Valley as Sprague's Ranch in Moraine Park, the Elkhorn Lodge (to which the Coles supplied butter), and Horace Ferguson's Highlands Hotel below Marys Lake.

Harry Cole was so successful in marketing his establishment, in fact, that during the summer of 1898 Sallie Reed, Horace Ferguson's daughter, then operating the Highlands with the help of her husband, Charles, openly fretted about the competition for boarders she was getting from Cole's Place. A case in point was a Mr. Merrill, his wife, and two sons, whose patronage Sallie lost to the rival establishment. "They would have stayed here," she explained to her absent husband, "but Cole came down on the board so low that it knocked me out. Takes the two boys, 12 & 14, at half price. . . . I offered all the inducements possible to have them remain here, but am afraid Cole's cheap rates will catch them. He offered them room and board for $6.00 per week for each of those large boys. I told him I couldn't come down to that." Harry Cole's aggressive pricing may well have come at the expense of profit and reflect a neophyte resort owner's attempt build a clientele for what was in 1898 a new and rather out-of-the-way place. This, of course, was something that Sallie Reed could not know.

Cole's Place had a successful inaugural season. "Cabin Creek Park has been made lively lately," the *Ledger* noted in early August, during a two-week period in which a "full house" was reported. "Singing in the evening and fishing in the day- time." Even editor Boynton "and lady," as yet without a summer cottage of their own, came up from Longmont for a look, bring- ing with them their fishing gear. Minnie Boynton carried off the honors: "when Mrs. B. came wading through the wet grass soaked by rain she had one-sixth more fish than Mr. B."

Like most resorts Cole's Place offered dances on a fairly regular basis, some more elaborate than others. "There was a good old fashioned shake down at Cabin Creek Park last Friday night, and such a shake down" the *Ledger* told readers in June of 1899; "the gals had on their dancing clothes. At daybreak the fiddlers, gals and boys turned into the home stretch neck and neck; at sunrise the gals finished winners, the fiddlers a good second, and the boys a poor third. There were 41 guests, some came from 13 miles away [suggesting that some of Cole's participants had come all the way from Estes Park]."

The 1900 season was the last, and for reasons that unfortunately went unreported. Running a mountain resort was, of course, never easy, particularly for relative newcomers, and it is safe to assume that the decision to close Cole's Place and concentrate their summers on the grazing of cattle had a good deal to do with time and effort required to cater to patrons' needs which then, as now, were often demanding. The decision to close their mountain enterprise, moreover, seems to have been made quickly, for the *Longmont Ledger* had enthused that July about the Coles' "new and large kitchen," detached from the rest of the house in "regular old southern style" cheerfully predicting that it "will make that famous Cabin Creek bread and butter taste more juicy than ever." Hardly the sort of investment you would expect to find in a place about to close.

As in previous years, Cole's Place ended its season in early October, following which Harry and Frank Parmalee immediately took their cattle down to the valley to be auctioned off. But not before a final "ball." "It was a grand success," *the Ledger* tells us. "There were ladies and gents from Gold Lake and Ward some coming for [sic] twenty miles. How is that? Music was furnished by Otis & Baker." Though a caretaker was hired for the intervening winter, in the aftermath Cole's Place disappears from history.

The Coles did not. During the years that immediately followed the *Ledger's* Highlandlake correspondent made periodic reference to the social activities of Harry and Rosaline Cole and their three children, Anna, Arthur, and Ethel. Though Harry and Frank Parmalee presumably continue for a time to graze their cattle in Cabin Creek Park, by the summer of 1904 that arrangement too had come to an end. The property had been sold to local rancher Fred Robinson, who four years earlier, in 1900, had purchased Franklin Hornbaker's Goodview Ranch at the foot of Mount Meeker (a small resort which would later under the Dever family become Meeker Park Lodge). Though Hornbaker took in a small number of summer guests at Goodview Ranch, there is no indication he tried to use the buildings at Cole's Place for a similar purpose. In fact, much to the obvious consternation of Boyton's *Ledger* correspondent, Robinson closed the site to camping, and hired a "young man and his gun to see that those who pass do not stop to eat their lunch or admire the scenery," making "fishing practically prohibitory on Cabin Creek." "We have been informed," the correspondent caustically concluded, "that the road is a government road, and if this is the case the public have rights also."

Harry Cole and his family would remain a presence in the Tahosa Valley for many years. Until 1918 they continued to own 160 acres to the north of Cabin Creek, land immediately adjacent to property owned by Enos Mills, and, as late as 1911, were said to be leasing 1300 acres in the vicinity on which Harry was ranging 340 head of cattle. That Harry and Rosaline considered themselves very much a part of the Tahosa Valley community is also clear. In June of 1910 Harry and Rosalind banded together with Charles Edwin Hewes, the Reverend Elkanah J. Lamb, Charles Levings, Dean Babcock and a handful of other local residents as the so-called Front Settlers League to oppose the national park then being aggressively promoted by Enos Mills. They were so-motivated, their published manifesto states, by their fear that Mills would become the "administrator" of the new park and use his authority "to our detriment."

The Front Range Settler's League, though never more than a footnote to the long campaign that led to the creation of Rocky Mountain Park in 1915, was, in fact, yet another chapter in a long-

running series of squabbles between the fastidious and idiosyncratic Enos Mills and his near neighbors. So heated did matters become that in September 1910, a few weeks after the League's opening salvo, Mills himself was hauled into a Love- land court, found guilty, and fined for his assault on the Coles' 22-year-old son, Arthur. In the aftermath Mills would publicly excoriate Cole as a "shifting, grass-stealing stockman who does not own property in his own name" -- this despite the fact that in July 1898, when Mills received final approval of his original homestead claim, Harry Cole had been one of his witnesses. Hard feelings notwithstanding, in 1918 the Coles sold Mills their 160-acre homestead property. Mills widow, Esther, renamed it "Bear Gulch."

Most of what happened to Harry Cole and family in the years that followed has also been forgotten. Both the 1910 and 1920 federal censuses show Harry and Rosaline living in Loveland without their children, though by 1920 they are listed as being boarders in the home of Frank Drorbaugh. If readers of the *Wind* can provide other information, do let me know. That's how history is recovered and written: piece by piece.

Postscript: *The publication of this brief piece in the April 2011 issue of the* Allenspark Wind *briefly became the occasion, as I had hoped, for local discussion and search. The location was clear, the size of Cole's Place substantial enough to host large events and to house and feed a fairly large number of guests. The fact that there is no mention in Lorna Knowlton's book is remarkable. To be sure suggestions were subsequently offered. One was the so-called "German House," located off Big Owl Road on Cheley property near the "Outpost," Cheley's out-camping site. I actually visited the old house, boarded up and vacant. But its location was all wrong-- Cole's Place was in, or very close to, Cabin Creek Park. And so the search continues for the location of what was for a brief time an important part of regional history. One day I, suspect, more clues will be found. Till then, like the search for the abandoned golf course above Elkhorn Lodge, the search for Cole's place remains one of the most interesting of my history-recovering excursions.*

11.

The 1914 Arapaho Visit: Its True Significance

About noon on Tuesday, July 14, 1914, three Northern Arapaho Indians arrived by train at Longmont. The oldest, at age 73, was Gun Griswold, a rather taciturn retired judge. His younger, and much more animated companion, was Sage Sherman, age 63, dressed for the occasion in his blue-cloth chief-of-police uniform. Accompanying them was Tom Crispin, a much younger man of mixed blood. Crispin spoke fluent Arapaho and English and was there to serve as interpreter. Met at the station by automobiles, by late afternoon the three had been taken to Longs Peak Inn as guests of its owner, Enos Mills.

The Arapaho had come from the Wind River Reservation in west central Wyoming at the invitation of the nomenclature committee of the Colorado Mountain Club, as part of its campaign to gain support for the creation of Rocky Mountain National Park. Earlier that year CMC members had come up with the idea of researching the original Native American names of landmarks in the Estes region. Unable to locate professional anthropologists, the CMC turned to the Arapaho themselves, issuing an invitation for a two-week pack trip that July through the area, outfitted and led by veteran guide Shep Husted. Oliver Toll, a 23-year-old lawyer, was recruited to take notes during their journey. These field notes were organized and published 48 years later, in 1962, by what is now the Rocky Mountain Conservancy under the title *Arapaho Names and Trails*. Thanks in large measure to this trip, some 36 Indian names were subsequently affixed to mountains, trails, lakes, and other local land features (as well as names in translation—e.g. Gianttrack, Lumpy Ridge, and Never Summer). Oliver Toll had no formal training as an ethnologist or linguist. Yet, as the late Jim Benedict has observed, though not ethnography in the classic sense, his notes provide "a delightful—often humorous—account filled with information, much of which has proven reliable."

But what was, and is, the real and lasting significance of the visit of the 1914 Arapaho? To be sure there are those place-names, and, even more importantly, the legends and stories that the two elderly Arapaho attached to them: to the Apache Fort in Upper Beaver Meadows, to Longs Peak, Thatchtop, and Specimen Mountain, and to the waters of Grand Lake, as well as to the ancient trails that led up and over the tundra of Trail Ridge. These legends and stories are, as Benedict notes, "all we have."

Until 1914, there had been little or no attention paid to the region's pre-history. In fact, Enos Mills, the area's first historian, in his 105 page, *The Story of Estes Park*, published in 1905, dismissed that past in a single brief paragraph: "When Estes first came to the Park he saw new lodge poles and other recent Indian signs, but, so far as is known, there never was an Indian in the Park since the white man came." Since there had been no frontier-like encounter between Native Americans and Europeans, for Mills their one-time presence had little meaning.

In 1914 the Arapaho were similarly dismissed with little more than wry humor. The *Longmont Ledger* set the stage, telling its readers that their arrival "suggested dream land, fairy land and

Leather Stocking Tales." Oliver Toll recalled, somewhat apologetically, that "we became at once public characters to the citizens of Longmont; and in fact throughout the trip were accorded a place in the estimation of the public somewhere between that of a governor and a theatrical troupe." For most, these Native Americans returning home were little more than anachronisms of the Old West, much like the vaudevillians of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, a romanticized piece of Americana that lasted until 1913.

I had read Toll's *Arapaho Names and Trails* a number of times, and made frequent use of it in my writings. But its true significance did not occur to me until this past August, when I went down to Bond Park to watch a program sponsored by Rocky Mountain National Park commemorating the 100th anniversary of the 1914 pack trip. On hand were Northern Arapaho elders and their families, who during the day shared their history, stories, legends, and culture, as well as their present-day concerns, with those who came by. The next day they were taken across Trail Ridge to Grand Lake, symbolically completing the pack trip of their ancestors.

That day in Bond Park the Arapaho elders talked about those ancestors for whom the Estes region was once a special place, and about the legends and stories that grew out of their contact with the land itself. It was then that I suddenly understood, in a moment of personal epiphany, the real and lasting significance of the Arapaho pack trip of a century ago. The gift of the Arapaho to us was what historians, sociologists, and psychologists refer to as "a sense of place," a combination of characteristics and meanings that make a particular piece of geography unique and special. Human beings naturally wish to understand the places where they live. A fully developed sense of place involves knowing and understanding the human cultural experience that has taken place in a given landscape over time. It involves not only understanding our own cultural experience in that landscape, but something of the cultural experience of those who have gone before. And it involves our ability to connect the two.

Enos Mills, in describing the world that Joel Estes stumbled upon, saw it only as an unpeopled wilderness upon which the Estes family, without challenge, could superimpose their own kind of civilization. Until Mills populated that world with the pioneers who followed, Estes Park had no history, no "sense of place."

In 1914 Gun Griswold and Sherman Sage told us about the myths, legends, and stories their ancestors attached to the land—myths, legends, and stories which they in turn passed down among their people and which Oliver Toll, in turn, passed down to us. The Arapaho sense of place—the Estes Park-Rocky Mountain National Park region—that they shared so willingly in 1914 was one that their descendants confirmed for us in Bond Park a hundred years later. It was then, as I listened, that I finally and fully understood. Without knowing the cultural experience of the Arapaho, however briefly, my own appreciation of this special place would be a diminished one. That was the Arapaho gift to me that August Saturday morning.

2020 Postscript: *The departure of the Arapaho, the "Peak Naming Indians," was treated by the press with the same supercilious attitude as their arrival. Returning to Fort Collins, before departing,*

they were taken to the Agricultural College and shown over the buildings and grounds there on their way to their homes.

Then, having performed the duties placed upon them by the white men, having been fed and dined and carried about in automobiles, they were turned back on their own resources. Each promptly took his roll of blankets, skillfully constructed a cigarette from the makings, and started off a hike to the depot, where all were to take the train out of town. Arrived at that point each squatted himself, in the approved Indian fashion, enjoying his smoke, and was back in the attitude and stolid calm of an agency Indian whose holiday was ended and who was on his way back to chew government beef.

--Fort Collins Express, *July 30, 1914*

12.

Enos Mills and the Creation of Rocky Mountain National Park:

A Centennial Essay

On January 26, 1915, President Woodrow Wilson signed legislation creating Rocky Mountain National Park. Six days earlier, following the final passage of the bill, a congratulatory cartoon had appeared in the Denver Post. *It showed Enos Mills, park bill tucked safely under his arm and shaking hands with "Goddess Colorado," who is saying, "Enos, I'm proud of you!" In the background, two mountains join in: "Good boy, Enos!" "I always knew you were all right, Enos!" Within a matter of months came the title that Mills would proudly appropriate in his writings: "The Father of Rocky Mountain National Park." Though Mills would die a premature death seven years later in 1922, this is how many remember him to this day.*

Father of Rocky Mountain National Park is, nonetheless, an unfortunate descriptor. It simplistically implies—as does that Denver Post *cartoon—that Enos Mills was singlehandedly responsible for the establishment of the nation's twelfth national park. He was not. Though Mills' role was important—and at times crucial—others helped, and in major ways, over the course of an exhausting campaign that lasted nearly seven years. As we celebrate the centennial of this important accomplishment, it is appropriate to revisit the campaign that created Rocky Mountain National Park, particularly with respect to the role played by Enos Mills and others.*

The inspiration for the new park can be directly traced to spring 1908 and a suggestion made at a meeting of the Estes Park Protective and Improvement Association (EPPIA), a group of local boosters whose major contribution to date had been the successful campaign to build a fish hatchery on Fall River two years before. The speaker on that occasion was Herbert N. Wheeler, head of the Medicine Bow National Forest, which included the area now embraced by Rocky Mountain National Park. "If you want to attract tourists," Wheeler told his audience, "you should establish a game refuge where tourists can see the wild life." By way of illustration, Wheeler produced a map covering four townships—an area of over 1,000 square miles, extending twenty-four miles north to south and forty-two miles east and west, from the Poudre River along the foot- hills through Estes Park and west toward North and Middle Parks.

Enos Mills did not attend that meeting, but the proposition struck a resonant chord. Accordingly, he wrote Wheeler—headquartered in Fort Collins—to inquire about where the actual boundaries of such a preserve might be located.

There the matter largely rested until the June 1909 meeting of the EPPIA, which appointed a committee of two to study the matter further: Enos Mills and steam auto pioneer and local hotel owner Freelan Oscar Stanley. From that point onward, Mills took things into his own hands. Within days of the association's September meeting—at which the membership voted unanimously to seek the creation of the Estes National Park and Game Preserve—Mills published a statement of his own. It called attention to the "exceptional beauty and grandeur"

found around Estes Park while bemoaning the fact that "in many respects" the area was "losing its wild charms." "Extensive areas of primeval forests have been misused and ruined," Mills wrote, continuing:

> . . . saw-mills are humming and cattle are in the wild gardens! The once numerous big game have been hunted out of existence and the picturesque beaver are almost gone. These scenes are already extensively used as places of recreation. If they are to be permanently and more extensively used and preserved, it will be necessary to hold them as public property and protect them within a national park.

By 1908 Enos Mills was a man to be listened to. He had long since overcome the health issues that originally brought him as a sickly youth of fourteen to Estes Park from the family farm in eastern Kansas. Inspired by a chance meeting with naturalist John Muir on the beach at Golden Gate Park in San Francisco in 1889, and by dint of sheer will, hard work, and no lack of capacity for self-promotion, Mills had emerged as a leading advocate of forestry and conservation, with a compelling persona to match. He purchased Longs Peak House, a small resort he renamed Longs Peak Inn and then enlarged over the years into one of the most distinctive and best-known mountain hostelries in the nation. Two other reputation-enhancing events also helped Mills.

The first was a three-year appointment beginning in 1903 as Colorado's official snow observer, a well-publicized and romantic calling that sent Mills on lonely journeys through the high country to measure the depth of the snowpack at the head of rivers and streams in anticipation of the spring runoff. The second occurred four years later, in January 1907, when Mills went to work as a salaried lecturer for Gifford Pinchot's new Forest Service, an agency just two years old and struggling to expand and consolidate its role as the guardian of "wise use" conservation.

This assignment elevated Mills' expanding platform from a regional to a national one and allowed him to fine- tune his growing preoccupation with the recreational and aesthetic uses of nature. For the next two years Mills took his message to the nation. Between October 1908 and May 1909, he made 140 appearances in thirty-six states. He spoke to any group that could secure a hall and turn out an audience on the practicality and poetry of forestry and the physical and moral value of getting outdoors to enjoy the "spell" of nature. Clad in a brown sack suit, the unpretentious Mills seemed authentic to the core: a happy, enthusiastic, down- to-earth man of the West.

This was the same image that Mills projected in his writings. By now he was making a name for himself, publishing essays on nature and conservation in national magazines like *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Atlantic*, *Collier's*, and *American Boy*. Mills soon began to gather these essays in anthologies, starting in 1909 with the miscellany he titled *Wild Life on the Rockies*.

Despite Mills' enthusiasm and the unanimous decision of the EPPIA at its annual meeting in 1909 to seek the formal creation of a game preserve, the next three years brought little progress. Mills received support from fellow preservationists and an increasing number of individuals, but for a surprisingly long time plans for the park remained nebulous. Basic questions about boundaries, acreage, and private in-holdings remained unanswered. In the absence of detailed maps, much of the discussion turned on a few amateurish and erroneous sketches.

There was also pushback. At the national level, some argued no new national parks should be created until an administrative structure existed to manage and oversee them, an effort that would culminate in 1916 with the creation of the National Park Service.

As Mills and his supporters soon discovered, the major challenge was both tactical and political. It required, above all, the establishment of an effective coalition of local, regional, and national advocacy groups to lobby for a park bill and then monitor its progress through Congress. Preservationist J. Horace McFarland and his powerful American Civic Association—a supporter of state and national parks—came on board early. So did James Grafton Rogers and his Colorado Mountain Club (CMC), an organization formed in April 1912, along the lines of John Muir's Sierra Club, whose initial membership of twenty- five contained two future park superintendents: Roger Toll and Edmund Rogers. Of equal importance in the early years and throughout the campaign was realtor and civic leader Frederick R. Ross, head of the Denver Chamber of Commerce, which formed a National Park Committee to coalesce support among the Denver business community.

Other groups joined as well. These included the National Federation of Women's Clubs and its Colorado chapter; the Daughters of the American Revolution; the Colorado legislature and the Colorado delegation in Washington; the Denver Real Estate Exchange; state Democratic and Republican organizations; and local business and civic groups in Boulder, Larimer, Weld, and Grand Counties. With some exceptions, Colorado's press was friendly and supportive.

So was Mills' old friend, John Muir. "I'm heartily with you in your plan for a National Park in Colorado," he wrote Mills in February 1910. "Will call attention of the Sierra Club to the proposed new park."

Nowhere was Mills' role more critical than with respect to the Colorado Mountain Club and the General Federation of Women's Clubs, whose Education Committee chair, Mary Belle King Sherman, had spent several summers at Mills' Longs Peak Inn and eventually bought a vacation cottage nearby. Without Mills' direct personal involvement, the CMC would not have been founded and the General Federation would not have become so vigorously engaged in support of the new park.

Attorney and CMC leader James "Jim" Grafton Rogers (1883–1971), ever at the center of things, also played a key role. A recent graduate of Yale and DU law, Rogers practiced law in Denver with Morrison Shafroth, the son of Colorado Governor and future U.S. Senator John F. Shafroth. Though the CMC did not pass a public resolution of support for the park until April 1914, it was Jim Rogers who, having thoroughly researched the legislation that created previous national parks, patiently drafted and redrafted the legislation. He remained the guiding and calming force throughout a frustrating seven years in which emotions often ran high.

Rogers also proved adept at using the expertise of Club members and other fellow Denverites to work through many of the vexing logistical questions about the park. His partner, Morrison Shafroth, was particularly helpful. As Rogers later noted, throughout the campaign Shafroth stood ever ready "to travel to Washington with boxes of lantern slides and portfolios of photographs."

As details about the park began to crystallize, so too did opposition. Initially, individuals and groups in Boulder and Grand Counties, which stood to lose a large portion of their territory under the Mills proposal, opposed the plan. There was also the expected opposition from mining, grazing, timber, and water interests, which argued against restricting the amount of public land available for commercial use. Leaders of both political parties in the state also resisted, chafing against the policies and practices of the Forest Service, which they found excessively bureaucratic, and against those of the federal government in general, which already controlled nearly 15,000,000 acres of Colorado land on which no taxes were paid to the state. In the Estes Park region the only major objection came from a small but vocal group of Mills' Tahosa Valley neighbors— the so-called Front Range Settlers League—who saw in Mills' advocacy a threat to their property, fearing the power he might wield over them should he become head of the new park.

Mills himself was unclear about the position of the Forest Service and its new Chief Forester, Henry Graves, with respect to the new park. At the very least, he came to believe that his old employer was guilty of foot dragging in offering its support. Soon, Mills openly and heatedly charged the agency of being an active—if covert—opponent, out to delay, sabotage, and, if at all possible, kill the Estes Park project. "Scratch any old Forest Service man," Mills wrote to his friend Horace McFarland in March 1911, "and you will find a Tartar who is opposed to all National Parks."

Breaking what seemed to Mills and his colleagues an endless logjam of delay was the September 1912 visit to the Estes region by Robert Marshall, chief geographer of the United States Geological Survey. Marshall had been sent west by Secretary of the Interior Walter Fisher with verbal instructions to "Go out and see what you can and come back and tell me about it." Marshall and his party—which included two survey assistants—spent six days inspecting the region and meeting with a variety of individuals in Denver and Estes Park. One was Jim Rogers, to whom Marshall suggested the Colorado Mountain Club find names for unnamed peaks in the region. The result was CMC's Nomenclature Committee, which two years later, in 1914, sponsored the visit of three Arapaho men from Wyoming's Wind River Reservation to aid this task. As a result of their two-week pack trip through the proposed park, thirty-six landforms now bear Native American names.

With Marshall's departure, hopes were high. Park supporters were not disappointed. His report of January 9, 1913 was highly enthusiastic, though it reduced the size of the original Wheeler-Mills proposal to 700 square miles. The Marshall report, more than any other single factor, propelled the park forward. Difficulties lay ahead in the form of compromises and political haggling—two years of them in fact—but Colorado at last had the outline of a new national park. Marshall also gave the future park its name.

> The name "Estes Park," which has been commonly used to designate the proposed park, is not in my opinion sufficiently comprehensive. The Estes were early pioneers and their name, no doubt, will always be preserved in the valley now known as Estes Park. A national park should, however, bear a name of broader significance and it is certainly fitting that this striking park section of the Rocky Mountains— the backbone of the country—should be honored in the naming of this proposed park, rather than that it

> should be given a name of merely local significance, and it seems appropriate that it should be called the "Rocky Mountain National Park."

The Marshall report was also highly tactical. It waxed eloquently about the region, calling it "as beautiful as any to be found in the United States, or, indeed, in the world."

"At first view," Marshall continued, "as one beholds the scene in awe and amazement, the effect is as of an enormous painting, a vast panorama stretching away for illimitable distances. . . . Each view becomes a refined miniature, framed by another more fascinating, the whole presenting an impressive picture, never to be forgotten." Stressing its accessibility to major population centers, Marshall was also careful to note the proposed park contained "but little marketable timber," and no "well-developed mines," though he did indicate that the "development of water power," grazing, and the automobile should be permitted.

Here Marshall was, of course, placating those who argued against locking up nature. This tactic was not new. Yellowstone and Yosemite only became national parks when proponents argued they did not contain resources needed for the economic development of the West. The establishment of Yellowstone—our first national park—did not occur, in fact, until it had been deemed worthless for anything other than tourism. Not until the 1930s would Congress recognize wilderness preservation as the primary justification for establishing national parks.

The Marshall report in hand, Jim Rogers went to work drafting the first park bill. It was introduced in the House of Representatives on February 6, 1913, and in the Senate the following day. Interestingly enough, it contained utilitarian provisions allowing timbering, mining, and grazing, thrown in by Rogers as window-dressing in support of Marshall's assertion that the region contained few marketable resources. Though Rogers was confident the legislation would pass without a hitch, the bill quickly died. One reason for the failure was the matter of boundaries. The bill made the Moffat Railroad the southern boundary of the proposed park. This boundary was subsequently moved north to Wild Basin.

In the end it took three separate park bills and five separate revisions, all overseen by the patient Jim Rogers. Before it was over the area of the proposed park had been whittled down still further to 358.5 square miles—far less even than the 700 proposed by Marshall and the 1,000 that Mills and Wheeler had originally discussed. In the process, tempers flared. Enos Mills, a man of extreme sensitivities, whose suspicions at times bordered on paranoia, believed that not only was the park secretly opposed by the Forest Service, but that Rogers himself was guilty of procrastination and of making too many concessions and compromises. "I can no longer remain silent," Mills wrote Rogers in May 1914, "while the President of the Colorado Mountain Club exhibits the Forest Service on one shoulder and the Park on the other."

Rogers, for his part, worried about the ferocity Mills displayed against his opponents and warned Chamber head Ross that Mills seemed "suspicious of everybody's motives but his own" and could do park supporters like the Chamber "considerable harm if his feelings are hurt." Looking back on these events a half century later, in 1965, Rogers was forgiving. He recalled Mills' "fiery personality and small bald figure," but then he generously added, "My admiration and even affection [for him] have not faded."

Fortunately, though Mills' behavior was increasingly disturbing to allies like Rogers, Ross, and McFarland, it did not diminish his importance as a spokesman for the proposed park. The final park bill was introduced in both houses on June 29, 1914. Thanks to the skilled handling of Colorado Senator Charles Thomas, the bill quickly made its way through the Senate, which on October 9, 1914, referred its version to the House and its Committee on Public Lands. When that committee finally held its hearings beginning on December 23, Mills was introduced by Colorado Representative Edward Taylor, from first to last a tireless supporter, as "one of the noted naturalists, travelers, authors, and lecturers of this country who has made a great study of this question and has lived in the park for a great many years and knows every foot of it, and is probably better qualified to speak on this park than anyone." In the presentation that followed, Mills proved himself fully equal to the task with "a stirring plea for the Park."

Equally helpful was photographer and Colorado Mountain Club member Frank W. Byerly, who on Christmas Day, at the request of Morrison Shafroth and Frederick Ross, left his home in Estes Park for Washington, bringing with him hand-colored stereoptical views of such scenic landmarks as Longs Peak, Bear Lake, Fern Lake, and Grand Lake. At the close of the second session of hearings on December 30, members were summoned into a large committee room where Senator Thomas introduced Byerly and his photographs. This collection, Thomas told his fellow legislators, "showing the mountain, the sky, the lakes, the waters, and foliage . . . will give you much more vividly than any words of mine possibly can, the tremendous attractions, advantages, beauties, and sublimity of this section of the country."

The sessions of that committee were the last and final step in the long and torturous park campaign. With the bill formally reported out of committee on January 12, 1915, Edward Taylor arranged to have it placed on the calendar for passage on January 18—the earliest date possible. Although the legally required quorum was not present that day, and a quorum call would have killed the legislation, House Speaker Champ Clark allowed Edward Taylor to call up the slightly amended Senate bill. After forty minutes of debate, during which everything still hung in the balance, the final park bill passed almost unanimously by voice vote. Senate concurrence followed the next day.

A week later, on January 26, 1915, President Woodrow Wilson signed the bill into law. It included $10,000 in annual funding for the new park.

"The people of Colorado have many things to be thankful for at the beginning of this new year," *The Rocky Mountain News* told its readers,

> . . . but perhaps none of them, not even the remarkable revival of the mining industry, means more to the future of the state than the creation of the Rocky Mountain National Park. The passage of this bill is the crowning result of one of the best organized and most efficiently managed campaigns ever conducted by Colorado people to obtain any benefit for the state.

A full century later, we can only wonder at the complexity of it all and at the stubborn insistence of men like James Grafton Rogers, Enos Mills, Frederick Ross, Edward Taylor, and others to see the task through to a successful conclusion. Who deserves to be called the "Father of Rocky

Mountain National Park"? The park's longtime ranger and historian Ferrell Atkins told me many times that the steadfast Rogers most deserved the title. Unlike Mills, who found the park campaign "strenuous" and "growth compelling," Rogers in 1915 called it "the most strenuous and unpleasant struggle I was ever connected with." Clearly, without James Grafton Rogers and his legal expertise, his Colorado Mountain Club supporters, and his professional, political, and social Denver friends, the road might have been longer still. By August 1914, Germany, France, and Great Britain were at war. A few years later the United States would also be involved, with little time to focus on such issues.

The case for Enos Mills importance is equally strong. It was Mills first and last who, as historian Patricia Fazio notes, "cultivated and nourished the seedling park dream." It was Mills, she continues, who

> . . . gained Rogers and the Colorado Mountain Club [as well as other outdoor organizations with which it became affiliated]; McFarland and the American Civic Association; Muir and the Sierra Club; Mary Belle King Sherman and the General Federation of Women's Clubs; George Horace Lorimer and the *Saturday Evening Post*; Frederick R. Ross and the Denver Chamber of Commerce; Freelan Oscar Stanley and his Estes Park Protection and Improvement Association cohorts; and a lengthy list of magazine and newspaper editors and writers.

Recent historians, seeking more complex explanations, invite us to take a closer look. They ask us to consider "the strong thread of economic self-interest and promotion" that lies behind it all in the form of "Individuals, Chambers of Commerce, conglomerations of real estate developers, park officials, and politicians all [of whom] saw in the park idea an opportunity to further economic growth through the promotion of tourism." As Jerry J. Frank further writes in *Making Rocky Mountain National Park: The Environmental History of an American Treasure*,

> The geographic, economic and political nature of Denver was of crucial importance. The Longs Peak region, though beautiful in its own right, lacked the sort of geological or cultural curiosities requisite of our longest standing parks. Instead, the idea of a park nestled at the foot of Longs Peak was attractive because it held the promise of drawing tourists, generating revenue, and providing respite and relaxation to a growing middle class of urbanites eager to momentarily escape the city's whirr. In the final analysis, the creation of Rocky Mountain Park offers a subtle reflection of the urbanization of the West and the nation—without Denver, without the swelling desire of millions of Americans to escape the harsh angular world of the city, Rocky Mountain National Park would not have come into being.

Perhaps Frank is right. But in the end it scarcely matters. What really matters in 2015 is not the story of the creation of Rocky Mountain National Park, however fascinating I may find it as a historian. What matters most in this centennial year is not Rocky's past, but its present and future. And here all of us have a critical role to play. America's national parks are no more destined for perpetuity than anything else. They can all too easily—as we have seen more than once in recent years—become pawns in political games. Enos Mills, Jim Rogers, and the forces of American life—sociological, economic, and otherwise—established this scenic treasure for

us. Their successors have just as successfully guided Rocky Mountain National Park through its first century.

But past is merely prologue. The years ahead are likely to be equally challenging, if not more so. National parks, as author and environmentalist Wallace Stegner has noted, are the "best idea" that America ever had. And we are their present-day custodians and stewards. Rocky Mountain National Park's centennial year, rightly considered, should be a year of both reflection and re-dedication, so that a hundred years from now it will be said that we in our time—to quote the 1916 act that created the National Park Service—helped "to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects . . . by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations." Put in less lofty terms: that we helped secure Enos Mills' "great dream," and success- fully and safely passed that dream forward into the hands of those whom we will never know.

13.

F. O. Stanley and Restrictive Racial Covenants:

An Evidentiary Report

With Thom Widawski

1. During the summer and fall of 2017 it was alleged in several news stories, one of which was reported on Denver's ABC Channel 7, and then repeated in a letter to the editor of the *Estes Park Trail Gazette*, that F. O. Stanley was responsible for a restrictive racial ("whites only") covenant placed during the early 1940s on a lot in the Stanley Heights Subdivision, the 215.5-acre area below and east of the Stanley Hotel. This allegation quickly became an accusation that Freelan Oscar Stanley (1849-1940), long celebrated in Estes Park as an iconic figure, was "essentially . . . a racist"--an accusation then repeated as established fact in e-mails to Estes Park's Mayor and members of the Estes Park Board of Trustees. Among the consequences, an August 2018 e-mail to Town Trustees from the Colorado Montana Wyoming State Conference of the NAACP announcing its opposition to "the transformation of the F. O. Stanley home into a museum without providing the proper historical context regarding Stanley's involvement in racially-restrictive covenants on his property." Accusations about "F. O. Stanley's sordid past" and Estes Park's "long, sad history of discrimination" continued into 2019.

2. A close look at the available documentary evidence suggests a very different story.

3. The original allegation, as reported in the August 7, 2017 issue of *Colorado Politics* by staff writer Joey Bunch, can be easily summarized: While researching information on Estes Park native Georgia Graves,[1] a talented contralto who performed with the Metropolitan Opera Company, it was discovered that the 3-acre lot in the Stanley Heights subdivision that Georgia Graves and her husband, Howard MacDonald, agreed to purchase from F.O. Stanley on August 31, 1940 came with a racially restrictive covenant.

4. Offered as proof in both the *Colorado Politics* and Channel 7 stories was a photographic copy of the covenant in question. It reads: "None of said building sites or any part thereof shall at any time be used or occupied by, or sold, leased, or given to any person or persons of any race other than the white race, but this restriction shall not prohibit any of the occupants from having employees who are not of the white race."

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1. Georgia Graves MacDonald (1901-1991) was the youngest of the three daughters of Estes Park farmer William Graves (1865-1943) and his wife, Delilah (1872-1958). On September 8, 1933 she married Howard B. MacDonald (1898-1965) of Yonkers, New York in Loveland. It was a second marriage: her earlier marriage to Frank Service of Estes Park, the son of pioneer grocer Sam Service, who she had married in 1920 while still a conservatory student at Colorado Agricultural College (now CSU), had ended in divorce in February 1927. The MacDonalds subsequently made their home in Yonkers, New York, north of New York City, in the same house in which Howard, a graduate of Yale College, had lived as a child. Georgia Graves, who performed under her maiden name, enjoyed a distinguished musical career. During one two-year period she gave some 120 performances at such venues as New York City's Carnegie Hall and Radio City Music Hall and with the Metropolitan Opera Company, as well as in a number of foreign countries. Her engagement to Frank Service was announced at a well-attended evening party at the Graves home. *Estes Park Trail Talk* (July 16, 1920), 4.

5. As the Bunch story noted, on October 2, 1940, "about five weeks" after agreeing to sell the lot in Stanley Heights to Graves and her husband, and 10 days after returning from Estes Park, F. O. Stanley died at his home in Newton, Massachusetts.

6. So much for the accusation. It is clear enough. But what exactly did Georgia Graves MacDonald and her husband agree to, and what did F. O. Stanley insist upon, in their agreement of August 31, 1940? Ironically, given the seriousness of the accusation, no one seems to have asked.

7. The Stanley Estate Papers in the Colorado State Archives in Denver provide the answer. They contain a copy of the signed 1940 agreement that the MacDonalds made with F. O. Stanley. It reads in its entirety as follows:

> This agreement, made this thirty-first day of August, nineteen hundred forty, between F. O. Stanley of the first part and Howard B. MacDonald and Georgia G. MacDonald of the second part,
>
> WITNESSETH: the party of the first part having sold to the parties of the second part, Lot # 28, in the proposed Town Addition to Estes Park, Colorado, said addition to be known as Stanley Heights, the description of said Lot #28 is as follows:
>
> Lot #28 of Stanley Heights Subdivision, Larimer County, Colorado; more particularly described as follows: Beginning at a point whence the West Quarter (W 1/4) of Section nineteen (19), Twp. 5 North, Range 72 West of the 6th P.M., bears S. 53^0 05' W. a distance of 863.5 feet; thence N. 2^0 14' W. 228.1 feet; thence N. $10^0$40' E. 6.7 feet; thence S. 89^0 04' E. 578.9 feet; thence S. 0^0 56 W. 227.8 feet; thence N 89^0 04' W,. 568.4 feet to the place of beginning. Containing 3.0 acres more or less.
>
> The party of the first part agrees to have city water at the boundary of the lot, also electricity, in the spring or early summer of 1941; also all the roads for ingress and egress will be platted according to the present survey of the new Stanley Heights Subdivision. Specifications and limitations of buildings to be constructed on this property will be in accordance with the Subdivision specifications as now understood by both parties.
>
> The purchase price of Lot #28 is $1800.00, of which $200 has been paid this date, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged. The balance of $1600 to be paid by parties of the second part on or before January 1, 1940. No interest on this payment to be charged.
>
> In the case of default by party of the first part of any portion of this contract, parties of the second part are to be entitled to full refund of the down payment of $200.00. If parties of the second part do not fulfill the terms of the contract, said down payment of $200.00 will be forfeited.
>
> Joint tenancy to this lot to remain in escrow at the Estes Park Bank or to be held by Mr. C. Byron Hall, Estes Park, Colorado.
>
> Party of the first part agrees to pay 1940 taxes due in 1941. Abstract to be available to parties of the second part at a reasonable cost, to be paid by parties of the second part.
>
> (sgd) C. BYRON HALL, F. O. STANLEY, Agent
>
> Agent for party of the first part
>
> (sgd). HOWARD B. MacDONALD, GEORGIA G. MacDONALD

Parties of the second part

Estes Park, Colorado.

(Stanley Estate Papers, Colorado State Archives, File #4489, Page 146. Note: The Stanley Estate Papers are not numbered--the page numbers provided represent the pages as they appear sequentially.)

Obvious here is the fact that other than the financial terms, and the commitment by F. O. Stanley to provide the necessary infrastructure within a year, no conditions of any kind were placed upon the transaction by either party, let alone a racially restrictive covenant.

At the time of purchase, the Stanley Heights Subdivision with its 54 lots did not yet legally exist. It was only "proposed." Much of the essential work remained to be done. Water and electricity needed to be brought to "the boundary of the lot" and "all the roads for ingress and egress," while surveyed, had yet to be finally platted (or mapped) and recorded with Larimer County. Moreover, the completion of this infrastructure was not expected until "the spring or early summer of 1941." Preliminary work, the Stanley Estate Papers indicate, had been performed by Edwin W. Wallace (1896-1988), a survey engineer living in Estes Park. Between July 1939 and September 1940 Stanley had employed Wallace to "Survey . . . Stanley Heights (laying out roads, dividing into lots, marking lot corners & preparing preliminary maps" for which he was subsequently paid $749.71 by the Stanley estate. The complexity of Wallace's task is suggested by the 1,034 survey stakes which Stanley himself purchased from the Estes Park Lumber Company between July 8, 1939 and May 3, 1940. See Stanley Estate Papers, Pages 295, 297.

8. How then did a racially restrictive covenant come to be attached to lots sold in the Stanley Heights Subdivision? That too is part of the Stanley story, though the evidence shows that it had nothing to do with F. O. Stanley himself.[2]

9. Though he had sold the Stanley Hotel to transportation pioneer Roe Emery a decade earlier in October of 1930, at the time of his death, in addition to homes in Estes Park and Newton, F. O. Stanley still owned almost 1,400 acres of property in Estes Park, most of which was located along Dry Gulch and Devils Gulch roads in the northern part of the Estes Valley. Those properties were subsequently appraised at $57,954.60. They included the large 215.5-acre hillside parcel that would become Stanley Heights.

10. Oddly enough, considering his wealth, and the fact that he was a widower without children, F. O. Stanley died "intestate," without a will. But he did have heirs. On July 7, 1941, nine months after his death, nine of these heirs, all but one Stanley's nieces and nephews, entered into

2. The core of the Stanley Heights property was the 160.4-acre homestead claim originally filed with the Denver Land Office by one Charles Fowler, whose identity is unfortunately lost to history. On May 4, 1876 for $500 Fowler then turned the property over to Theodore Whyte, the Earl of Dunraven's resident agent and overseer, making it part of the Earl's Estes Park holdings which F. O. Stanley and Burton D. Sanborn purchased in 1908. Stanley received sole title from Sanborn in September 1911. See Book 242, Page 285, Office of the Larimer County Clerk and Recorder.

a Trust Agreement with the International Trust Company of Denver[3] for the purpose of "selling and liquidating" F. O. Stanley's remaining Estes Park holdings. Those holdings were separately listed under Schedule A of the Agreement. Specifically exempted was Lot 28 in what would become the Stanley Heights Subdivision--the 3-acre parcel that Stanley had previously "agreed" to sell to Georgia Graves MacDonald and her husband. This Trust Agreement is filed in Book 743, Pages 239-257 in the office of the Larimer County Clerk and Recorder. (This document, and other County records referenced below, are available on-line and may be viewed through the Easy Access Portal on the Larimer County Clerk and Recorder's Office website.)

11. Under the terms of the Trust Agreement, the Stanley heirs agreed to "release, sell, convey, and quit claim to the Trustee [the International Trust Company] the real estate more particularly described in Schedule A, which is hereto attached" and granted to the Trustee "Full and unrestricted discretionary power and authority to hold, manage, control, sell by contract . . . the property of the trust estate. . . ." Further, it conferred upon the Trustee "every power of management which might be conferred upon a trustee. . . ."

The Trust agreement was to run for 20 years after the death of the last heir or "until all the real estate is sold and the last trust property distributed," though it could be terminated at any time by a majority of the heirs (referred to throughout as "the Settlors").

12. In its subsequent Declaration of October 28, 1948, the International Trust Company made clear what happened next. Acting on the basis of the July 7, 1941 Trust Agreement, it had "caused said real estate to be designated as 'Stanley Heights,' and to be surveyed and divided into streets; and did adopt and declare the restrictions, covenants, conditions, and easements declared hereafter in this Declaration set forth and has heretofore sold and conveyed certain lots in said 'Stanley Heights'. . . . "

What follows is the list of restrictions and covenants that the International Trust Company placed upon the sale of the Stanley Heights lots. The 6th condition is the restrictive "whites only" covenant"--exactly as it was reproduced as an illustration for the 2017 *Colorado Politics* news story and for the story that appeared on Denver's Channel 7. (LCCR, Book 864, Pages 192-198.)

13. Attached to the 1948 Declaration is a list of the 28 individuals (or couples) who received deeds for lots in Stanley Heights between November 12, 1941 and September 4, 1947. Attached to Lot 28 are the names of Howard B. MacDonald and Georgia G. MacDonald, with the record date of November 12, 1941. Also attached as Exhibit A is the original plat map[4] of the Stanley Heights Subdivision. (LCCR, Book 864, Page 198).

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3. The International Trust Company was one of Denver's most prestigious financial institutions. Located at the corner of 17th and California, in the heart of Denver's financial district ("the Wall Street of the West"), the International Trust Company Building, erected in 1912, with its ornate Corinthian columns and rooftop balusters and balustrade, was considered one of the city's architectural treasures. The Company's president was John Evans (1884-1966), the grandson of Colorado's territorial governor and a prominent Denverite. Evans was also president of Denver's First National Bank, established in 1865 and located nearby. Under Evans' leadership, the two institutions merged in 1958. Thereafter, the First National Bank became the institution of record for Stanley Heights documents.

4. This plat map is not dated. It was completed by Carroll H. Coberly of Denver, a well-known consulting engineer, who was undoubtedly hired by the International Investment Company to complete, and perhaps redo, the work that Edwin Wallace had begun. A second plat map ("Stanley Heights--Addition B To the Town of Estes Park, Colorado") was completed in October 1945 by Howard F. Smith and recorded with Larimer County on January 1, 1946. See LCCR, Book 6, Page 6.

How the MacDonalds first learned of F. O. Stanley's propose subdivision we can only surmise, though Stanley's intentions were clearly known in Estes Park and the project that surveyor Wallace had been working on for more than a year was visible enough to anyone interested. The promise of new and exclusive self-contained subdivision with large lots close to the village of Estes Park clearly had its attractions for those contemplating a vacation home. Moreover, the lot chosen was a choice one. Located on high ground, it came with a particularly fine view. The MacDonalds, then presumably on vacation and paying a visit to Georgia's former hometown (her parents were by then living in nearby Loveland), decided to become early buyers even though, as their contract with Stanley noted, the installation of the necessary utilities and entrance and exit roads was still a year away. The risks were minimal: the required $200 down payment modest, with no interest on the balance. Like many vacation home buyers before and since, the MacDonalds seized the opportunity.

14. As indicated above, the MacDonalds' agreement was negotiated and signed on F. O. Stanley's behalf by Charles Byron Hall (1879-1944), a long-time Stanley employee. Hall had helped build Stanley's Fall River hydroelectric plant beginning in 1908 and then managed that facility for more than 20 years. Over the years, he became Stanley's confidante, and, later, the administrator of both the Flora J. R. Stanley and F. O. Stanley estates. Hall also served as a commissioned agent in the sale of F. O. Stanley's Estes Park holdings. Between 1937 and 1940, Hall handled the sale of some 43 different tracts of Stanley land, totaling $54,403. These included the August 1940 "contract for sale" with the MacDonalds.

15. Though they had reached their agreement with F. O. Stanley on August 31, 1940, and paid the remaining $1600 owed on their lot on February 21, 1941, the MacDonalds' deed to that property was not legally filed until November 12, 1941. On that date Charles Byron Hall, as the administrator of Stanley's estate, filed an Administrator's Deed (by definition, a legal document that transfers title to the property of an intestate individual) with Larimer County. It included the Larimer County Court order filed two days earlier, on November 10, 1941, and signed by County Judge Harry H. Hartman, directing him as administrator "to perform the Agreement made by the deceased dated August 31, 1940" and "deliver a deed to said grantee." The court order goes on to read: "In the said contract of sale it is provided that specifications and limitations of buildings to be constructed on this property will be in accordance with the subdivision specifications as now understood by both parties. . . ." The next paragraph adds that the purchasers, Howard B. and Georgia G. MacDonald, "have agreed that the form of deed, 'Exhibit B,' attached to said petition, is satisfactory to them." (LCCR, Book 734, Pages 337-342).[5]

16. "Exhibit B" is Hall's Administrator 's Deed, attached to which is the legal description of the Stanley Heights property followed by the six restrictions, including the racial one, that were to apply to its use and development. These restrictions are the same as those that later appear in the 1948 Declaration referenced above.

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5. While Hall served as Administrator of the Stanley Estate, the legal work on behalf of the Stanley heirs was handled by W. Clayton Carpenter and Thomas Keeley of the Denver law firm of Hughes & Dorsey. Though not the largest in the city, Hughes & Dorsey was considered the so-called "Dean" of Denver's elite Seventeenth Street law firms. It handled legal work for both the International Trust Company and Denver's First National Bank and was conveniently officed on the third floor of the International Trust Company Building. Both of its principals, Clayton O. Dorsey and Gerald Hughes were sons of United States Senators and the firm itself was considered a force to be reckoned with in Colorado business and political circles.

Hall's Administrator's Deed, with these same attachments, is also included in the Stanley Estate Papers, Pages 173-181. They are included with the "PETITION FOR SPECIAPERFORMANCE OF AGREEMENT FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE TO HOWARD B. AND GEORGIA G. MACDONALD" which Hall filed with the Larimer County Court on October 4, 1941. Also included, as "Exhibit A," is the original August 31, 1940 contract for sale agreement with the MacDonalds (as reproduced in Section 7, above).

17. What the Administrator's Deed makes clear is that in accepting the legal deed to their Stanley Heights lot the MacDonalds also accepted the restrictions that the International Trust Company had imposed on all the lots in the Stanley Heights Subdivision under the broad authority established by the Trust Agreement of July 7, 1941 with the Stanley heirs.

18. Despite evident expectations, lots in the Stanley Heights Subdivision did not sell quickly. Perhaps because of World War II, the next recorded sale did not occur until May 26, 1944. Four more lots were sold that year, all to Dorothy E. Kremser-Stoddard (1891-1960), the only daughter of F. O. Stanley's sister Chansonetta Emmons, and one of the nine Stanley heirs. Interestingly enough, two of her purchases were Lots 27 and 29, located on what is now West Lane. These directly bordered the MacDonald lot on the south and east. On November 22, 1946, Dorothy Kremser-Stoddard also purchased Lots 39, 40, 41, and 42 in the Stanley Heights Subdivision. By December of 1948, she had purchased the MacDonald lot as well. (See LCCR, Book 889, Page 384). These purchases were doubtless seen at the time as investments, for Dorothy Kremser-Stoddard's summer home was located on Lot 25 on Stanley Circle in Estes Park's Little Prospect Subdivision. All of the Kremser-Stoddard lots in Stanley Heights were subsequently sold. Ironically, Lot 28, the lot that has since occasioned so much controversy, was never built on. It has since been combined with Lots 27 and 29.

19. However regrettable and offensive by the standards of our time, the racial restriction put in place by the International Trust Company was considered to be among the best real estate practices of the day both in Colorado and across the United States. Such racial restrictions are found on the property deeds of several Estes Park subdivisions in addition to those originally attached to deeds in Stanley Heights.[6]

Reduced to writing, such restrictions were subtle and made to seem eminently reasonable. Consider, for example, Article 34 of the "Code of Ethics" published by the National Institute of Real Estate Brokers of the National Association of Real Estate Boards in its *Real Estate Salesman's Handbook*, Second Revised Edition (Chicago 1954). It reads as follows under Part III, Page 25 ("Relations to Customers and the Public"): "Protector of Neighborhood Values. A Realtor should never be instrumental in introducing into a neighborhood a character of property or occupancy, members of any race or nationality, or any individuals whose presence will clearly be detrimental to property values of that neighborhood."

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6. The original covenants and restrictions on Stanley Heights properties were replaced by a new set without a racial covenant on August 17, 1961. See LCCR, Book 1148, Pages 101-110.

20. Though none should be needed, there is additional exculpatory evidence. Stanley had begun selling off his Estes Park holdings as early as 1913, and, as the agreement with the MacDonalds indicates, continued to do so until the eve of his death. There are literally scores of surviving deeds, including those for the 43 transactions negotiated on Stanley's behalf by Charles Byron Hall between 1937 and 1940. Very few of these carry restrictions; none are of a racial nature.

21. At the time of his death, F. O. Stanley still owned some 14 lots in the Little Prospect Mountain Subdivision, the area surrounding today's Stanley Circle. This subdivision of single family homes, though smaller in lot size, is not unlike Stanley Heights. First platted on August 11, 1927, its 40 lots were created out of a 107-acre tract of land that had originally belonged to Stanley. The original platting and the initial sale of lots was, however, the work of an entity called the Stanley Corporation, a syndicate of investors that included George Frederick Bond of Estes Park, the younger son of another Estes Park icon, Town founder Cornelius H. Bond. The previous year the Stanley Corporation had agreed to pay F. O. Stanley $800,000 for all his Estes Park holdings. These included not only the Stanley Hotel, but the Stanley power plant on Fall River and the undeveloped land on Little Prospect Mountain. In 1930, after the Stanley Corporation defaulted on its obligations, Stanley successfully went to court and regained title to all his properties, including the lots on Little Prospect. These lots were re-platted by Stanley on July 26, 1937. (See LCCR, Book 5, Page 29).

One of those lots, Lot 17, had been sold on July 12, 1937 to Charles Byron Hall, the contract to which, like the one on the lot sold to the MacDonalds, remained outstanding at the time of Stanley's death. The "Agreement for Sale and Purchase of Property," signed by both Stanley and Hall, is included in the Stanley Estate Papers (Page 159). It contains seven terms and conditions that Stanley himself had imposed upon the sale: (1) "that said premises herein conveyed shall not be used for any commercial purposes whatsoever; (2) that not more than one house shall be erected on each acre or portion thereof; (3) that the said house shall have a cement or stone foundation and shall have an exterior of logs, log siding, shingles or stone and of shingles or composition roofing; (4) that only brick or stone chimneys shall be used therein; (5) that the said house shall be equipped with sanitary plumbing; (6) that there shall not be more than one garage for each house and said garage shall conform with the construction of the house; (7) that there shall be no other outbuildings whatsoever." All of these conditions have to do with the buildings to be erected.[7] Nothing is said about the owners themselves, let alone the imposition of a restriction based on race. These exact same conditions are found on the deed for a portion of Lot 21, which Stanley sold to Steve and Nellie Orlasky on June 24, 1938 and on the deed for a portion of Lot 20 that Stanley sold to Eddie Stokes on June 30, 1938. (See LCCR, Book 670, Page 401 and Book 680, Page 277). A search of the deeds to properties in the Little Prospect Mountain Subdivision, it should be added, has failed to reveal any carrying racial covenants.[8]

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7. Interesting to note is the fact that Hall's Petition for Specific Performance with the Macdonalds with respect to Lot 28 in Stanley Heights and Hall's Petition for Specific Performance with respect to his own Lot 17 on Little Prospect are found together in the Stanley Estate Papers (Pages 173-189). Attached to the former are the six conditions imposed by the International Investment Company, to the latter the seven imposed by F.O. Stanley himself. The comparison is a stark one.

8. See, for example, F. O. Stanley's December 8, 1936 deed to Ralph and Ruth Pettit for Lot 19, and F. O. Stanley's November 25, 1937 deed to Della Snell for Lots 1 and 2. LCCR, Book 670, Page 174 and Book 639, Page 490.

22. **Summary:** Given what we know about his scores of land transactions in Estes Park over three decades, the idea that F. O. Stanley, weeks before his death, should instruct his agent, Charles Byron Hall, to impose a racial covenant on the sale of a lot to a local celebrity and her husband is on the face of it absurd. Especially so when the lot in question was located in a "proposed" subdivision that had yet to be legally platted. Yet this is precisely the claim that has been made and repeated.

What the historical evidence shows is that the racial covenant found on the deed of the MacDonalds' Stanley Heights lot was not the creation of F. O. Stanley. Rather, it was imposed by the International Investment Company of Denver, acting under the broad authority granted to it in July 1941 by Stanley's heirs--a full nine months after F. O. Stanley's death. It was the International Investment Company that having "caused . . . [the] real estate to be designated as 'Stanley Heights,' and to be surveyed and divided into streets," "did adopt and declare the restrictions, covenants, conditions, and easements" on the lots "heretofore sold and conveyed . . . in said 'Stanley Heights.'" One of these "restrictions, convents, [and] conditions" was the racially restrictive one attached to the MacDonalds' deed.

It is our hope that the historical evidence offered here is sufficient to counter once and for all the unfortunate public accusation that Freelan Oscar Stanley imposed "racially-restrictive covenants on his property." F. O. Stanley's well-documented generosity to the Town of Estes Park, the community which he adopted and served, is without parallel. His legacy is one that deserves only our admiration and praise.

14.

Henry Cornwallis Rogers: A Brit in Colorado

> We are pleased to see the smiling face of Mr. H. C. Rogers once more. Mr. Rogers has been spending a few weeks in Denver, but is always glad to return to the Park.
>
> ---*Loveland Register* (May 24, 1906)

The early history of Estes Park, like that of many communities in Colorado and the West, is filled with stories of interesting and colorful individuals, many them now either forgotten or but little known and under-appreciated. One such individual is Henry Cornwallis Rogers (1865-1935), who for the better part of four decades wanders in and out of the pages of Estes Park (and Colorado) history. Though hardly an imposing figure at 5 feet 3 inches, Rogers was easily recognizable because of his Van Dyke beard, his British accent, and his often-impeccable dress. The surviving record suggests that he made friends easily. And though he came from what would generally be described as an aristocratic background, and was clearly well-educated, Rogers apparently sported none of the affectations which often set English-born settlers of the "gentleman class" apart in their adopted American setting. As a well-respected bachelor resident of Estes Park and, later, Craig, the talented and energetic Rogers moved effortlessly throughout Colorado, at various times an architect, photographer, inventor, dry-land farmer and homesteader, and, towards the end of his life, like his long-time acquaintance steam auto pioneer Freelan Oscar Stanley, a maker of quality violins.

Yet, somewhat surprisingly, though Henry Rogers died close by in a Longmont and is buried in Longmont's Mountain View Cemetery, his death went unnoticed by the *Estes Park Trail*, a newspaper that usually made it a point of memorialize the achievements of local residents, particularly those it considered its "pioneers." What follows is a biographical sketch of Rogers' life as I have been able to piece it together from a variety of historical sources. My hope is that by adding it to the historical record, additional information will emerge to flesh out Henry Rogers' life story and make it more complete.

As with many instances of historical research, my search for the details of Henry Rogers' years in Estes Park came to have a decidedly personal and serendipitous note. Some years ago, because of my work on F.O. Stanley, Pieter Hondius, the son of one of Estes Park's pioneer settlers and long-since a personal friend, gave me a warranty deed dated September 12, 1936 between Flora J. R. Stanley (F.O. Stanley's wife) and Eleanor Hondius, Pieter's mother. With the deed came a similar-sized map, meticulously hand-drawn to scale, of labelled properties clustered on the hillside across from Elkhorn Lodge. Two wonderful mementoes that I promptly had framed together. For a decade or more they have hung side by side on my study wall. During that time I had never paid either much in the way of attention--that is, until I hit a snag in my efforts to locate precisely just where in 1903 Henry Rogers built the cottage he would occupy for more than two decades. What caused me to glance at that map, and then take it down from the wall for closer inspections, I do not know. Frustration, perhaps. But luck, certainly. There it was on the

map--two one-acre squares labelled "H. C. Rogers," one of whose carefully inserted dimensions perfectly matched the details in the deeds bearing Rogers' name that I had found at the Larimer County Courthouse. Good fortune indeed! An important part of the puzzle solved.

Beginnings: Henry Cornwallis Rogers was born on May 9, 1865 in Gwennap, a village and parish in Cornwall, a rural county in the westernmost part of southwest England, bordered on the north and west by the Irish sea, on the south by the English Channel, and by County Devon to the east. In the 18th and early 19th centuries, with over 100 active mines, Gwennap was said to be the richest copper mining district in Cornwall. Rogers' father, the Reverend Saltren Rogers (1823-1905), was the Anglican Vicar of Gwennap, a parish church dating from the 15th century; his mother, the former Julia Lucy Mann (1827-1906), daughter of the Reverend Horatio Mann, born in Siena, Italy though a British citizen. They were a family of ten. Henry was the youngest of three brothers (he survived both); he also had five sisters, three of them younger.

Henry Rogers' middle name, "Cornwallis," was part of his maternal inheritance. In 1771 Catherine Mann, his mother's ancestor, had married James Cornwallis (1743-1821), the 4th Earl of Cornwallis, whose older brother, Charles Cornwallis (1738-1805), is best known to Americans as the British general who surrendered to George Washington at Yorktown. Henry Rogers made little attempt to conceal his middle name from his Estes Park and Colorado neighbors and friends, a fact, no doubt, that added to his "Britishness."

The Reverend Saltren Rogers, Henry Rogers' father, came by his calling naturally. His own father, the Reverend John Rogers (1778-1856) was also an Anglican priest, who for more than 30 years served as Rector of St Mawnan and St. Stephen's Church, in Mawnan in northeast Cornwall, and in 1820 was named Canon Residentiary of Exeter Cathedral in nearby Devon. More importantly, John Rogers was a member of the landed aristocracy. In 1832, his father, also named John Rogers, a Member of Parliament for Penry and Helston in West Cornwall, inherited estates in the manors of Penrose, Helston, Carwinion, Winnianton, totaling some 10,000 acres. With them came several mines. One of those was the famous Tresavean copper mine, Cornwall's largest. There, in 1842, the elder Rogers installed an engine, the first in Britain, which he used to raise and lower his workers "to a depth of 27 fathoms" (162 feet), a time saving invention that replaced the traditional system of perpendicular ladders. A popular landlord, the Reverend Rogers was a man of many talents, known for his work as a botanist, mineralogist, and scholar of Hebrew and Syriac.

Though the fourth of five sons, Saltren Rogers evidently received some of his father's wealth. His oldest brother, John Jope Rogers (1816-1880), Henry Rogers' uncle, inherited the Penrose estates and was elected a Member of Parliament for Helston. Another brother, Reginald (1819-1874) inherited the Carwinion Estate. The vicarage at Gwennap, which Saltren Rogers occupied for 37 years (from 1856-1893), came with a "living" valued in 1866 at £425 a year, and included 69 acres of glebe land--that is, cultivated land owned by the parish from which additional income could be derived. And while Saltren Rogers' inheritance is unclear, and his own estate, probated in 1905, was a relatively modest one, at the time of the 1871 Census there was sufficient wealth for Henry Rogers' parents to maintain a staff of five female servants--a governess, cook, nurse, housemaid, and laundress. When Saltren Rogers retired in 1893, it was to Tresleigh House in the closeby market town of St. Austell, which, in addition to its six bedrooms, drawing room,

conservatory, covered balcony and entering carriage drive, came with "tastefully laid out" "pleasure grounds . . . planted with valuable trees and shrubs," together with kitchen garden, stables, piggery, potting house, &c." It also came with "a magnificent view of "the Pentewan valley and surrounding country."

During his years at Gwennap, Vicar Rogers was known not only for the excellence of his preaching and for his work on behalf of his parishioners but for his contributions to the larger community. Over the years, Saltren Rogers served as a trustee of the local Mechanics Literary Institute, as chair of the Gwennap School Board and the Cornwall Miner's Association, and as president of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, a prestigious organization founded in 1832 to improve mining equipment and technology and the health and welfare of miners and fishermen--the two occupations most essential to Cornwall's economy. It was such efforts and the widened reputation they inspired that in 1878 earned Rogers the appointment as Honorary and Non-residentiary Canon of the new cathedral in Truro, a neo-gothic stone edifice whose completion in 1910 he would not live to see.

At Gwennap Salten Roger had a large and appreciative congregation, and his formal retirement in 1893 occasioned a celebration in late October 1893 that "filled [the church] to overflowing, many of the parishioners being unable to get inside the doors to witness the presentation to the vicar." Canon Rogers was then honored with a silver service paid for by 420 subscriber, its salver engraved to read: "Presented to the Rev. Canon Rogers by the inhabitants of Gwennap, on his resignation of the living, after having held it for 37 years, during which time he had endeared himself to all." A series of church members then rose to speak of the Vicar's career and accomplishments: of his £3,000 restoration of the Gwennap church and school room, and the building to his own design of a mission church at Carharrack, a village three miles northwest of Gwennap; of his interest "in the education of the young" and work "amongst the sick and poor;" and, perhaps the most flattering of all, of his ecumenicalism--"the high esteem in which the Canon was held by the Nonconformists of the parish. . . . Although he differed from . . . them, they quite believed it was conscientious, and if and when [John] Wesley [the cleric who inspired the schism known as Methodism within the Church of England] lived had there been clergy like the Canon, perhaps there would have been no separation." Before the afternoon concluded, Saltren Rogers' second daughter Constance Louise ("Connie") Rogers was given several gold bracelets by the church choir and inhabitants of Gwennap "in grateful remembrance of several years voluntary service as organist."

Like his father before him, Canon Rogers was a man of many and varied interests--natural history, horticulture, minerology, and astronomy among them. As time permitted, he gave well attended public lectures on these subjects, as well as on his travels. For these he sometimes used "lantern views," evidencing an interest in early-day photograph that his son Henry would come to share. Flowers, plants, and the out-of-doors were his particular favorites and during his final years at Gwennap Rogers established a botany class. Weekly lectures were followed by monthly Saturday "social rambles" in order to study "a selected order of plants, and to enable the members to confer with each other on points of general interest."

As members of the English gentry, the Rogers family took the education of its male sons seriously. That meant being sent off at a young age to one England's elite boarding (or "public")

schools to be prepared for the university. Before entering Trinity College, Oxford, both Henry Rogers' father and grandfather had attended Eton College, known for educating generations of English aristocrats, prime ministers, and other national leaders. Henry Rogers' older brother, the Reverend Gerard Saltren Rodgers, on the other hand, attended less prestigious Marlborough College, a boarding and day school in Wiltshire founded in 1843 for the sons of Church of England clergy. In 1878, at the age of 19, he then entered Oxford's Corpus Christi College, where he earned both B.A. and M.A. degrees.

Henry Cornwallis Rogers began a similar path. At age eight he was sent to Allhallows School in Honiton near Exeter in Devonshire, a well-regarded boarding school dating back to the early sixteenth century. While there, however, Rogers suffered an attack of rheumatism--the beginning of a series of health problems that would dramatically alter and shape the course of his entire adult life.

At Allhallows, Rogers developed an aptitude for the arts, studying both architecture and the violin. With the blessing of family, he decided on the former. Until the late 19th century, most advanced architectural training came from working with established architects. In 1886, at age of 21, that need took Rogers to London, where he joined an architecture firm and later formed a partnership with two other architects.

When the 1891 Census was taken, Henry Rogers listed address was St. George, Hanover Square, in London's West End, one of the centers of London's musical and cultural life. St. George's Church, located there, was said to have the most fashionable congregation in the city. This arrangement was clearly a promising one. During the months that immediately Rogers' emerging career as the architect of record on three separate projects is part of the historical record. All were in Cornwall, two of them, not surprisingly having to do with churches. The fact that Rogers was identified on each as the "son of the Rev. Canon Rogers of Gwennap" suggests, of course, some form of patronage and parental involvement, hardly unusual for time and place.

The first was for a new vicarage at St. Budock Parish Church at Budock, eight miles southeast of Gwennap, one of the oldest in Cornwall. Rogers' plans were approved in the fall or early winter of 1891; the cost of the building was said to be £1600. The second was for a new mission church at Mylor Bridge, a parish equally close to Gwennap. Able to seat some 230, the 60 x 25-foot church, built at a cost of £600, was dedicated in November 1892. For its design Rogers undoubtedly consulted his father, who a decade before had won praise for having designed and built a similar-sized mission church ("a beautiful and finished little building") at Carharrack, a village within his parish.

Henry Rogers' third project of the period was a substantially larger one and far more career enhancing. In January 1893, the Building Committee for the new public hospital at Falmouth announced that it had selected the plans of "Mr. H. C. Rogers, architect" for their proposed building and its attached dispensary. Designed by Rogers "to have cheerful appearance," the three-story Falmouth Hospital with its two wings and ornamental brick facings was completed and opened in April of 1894. It was financed by London philanthropist and newspaper owner John Passmore Edwards, a native of Cornwall and champion of the working poor who gave freely toward the building libraries and hospitals. Passmore and Rogers both attended the lavish

public ceremonies of May1893 that attended the laying of its cornerstone. The Plymouth hospital building, it should be noted, still exists, though since 1930, when a new hospital was built, it has been turned to other uses.

While other architectural projects may have been undertaken and completed during this period, these remain unknown, and in the year that immediately followed the cornerstone laying Henry Rogers himself drops from sight. What we now know is that in the fall or winter of 1894-1895 his health once again failed. Physicians were consulted. The problem: a severe case of tuberculosis that had cost him the use of one lung. The prescribed remedy, not unusual for time and place: the need for a change of climate. By the following summer Henry Rogers was in Denver and Estes Park.

In all probability, the choice of Estes Park was no accident. Since 1891 Denver had been home to celebrated Swiss pulmonologist Dr. Carl Ruedi (1848-1901), formerly of Davos, Switzerland. (He had become world-famous the decade before for treating Scottish author Robert Louis Stevenson.) Learning about the climactic virtues of the Estes valley, Ruedi spent the winters of 1891-92 and 1892-93 there, taking observations on temperature, barometric pressure, and hours of sunshine, concluding that these conditions are "exceedingly favorable" to health and comparable to those in Davos. By 1894, Ruedi, who was also on the faculty of the University of Denver's School of Medicine, was sending patients with consumption and other respiratory problems to Estes Park, where in time, he wrote, "we shall be able to found a sanatorium and have as good accommodations . . . as the best health-resorts in Europe." With Ruedi himself now close at hand in Denver to supervise his patients, the decision for Rogers to come to Estes Park was a logical, perhaps even a predictable, one.

Rogers also came with the support and financial backing of family. As the subsequent record would show, Henry Rogers arrived in America with sufficient funds to finance his travels and to support a lifestyle which, though not lavish, was sufficiently compatible with what he had known in England. Despite those resources, Henry Rogers by no means fit the Victorian definition of the British "remittance man." That term, used frequently in caricature and derision, was reserved for young well-educated upper-class Englishmen, who, having been sent off to America by their families with financially support from home, lived lives of indulgence and profligacy--something that Rogers decidedly did not. Whatever monies Rogers had at his disposal were nonetheless sufficient to allow him to live comfortably abroad while recovering his health and enabled him to do so without having to be overly concerned with making a living in a new and very different social and political environment.

First years in Estes Park: On July 12, 1895 Henry Rogers signed his name in the big leather-bound ledger at the Elkhorn Lodge, one of Estes Park's oldest resort establishments. He did not do so alone. Signing the ledger with him was his father, the Reverend Canon Rogers, age 72, doubtless dispatched by the family to make sure that their ailing son and brother arrived safely at his American destination. Henry Rogers listed his address as "London, England;" the Reverend Rogers, using the title "Canon," signed as his residence "St. Austell, England."

We know from Canon Rogers' subsequent letter to the *Royal Cornwall Gazette* that father and son embarked from Dundee in Scotland on the steamer *Croma* which left port at 4:30 a.m. on the

morning of May 31st. It was a rough crossing, with squalls, 20-foot waves, cold weather, and a danger of icebergs. It took a full two weeks to reach New York, where they disembarked on June 15th. They did not come west directly. Instead, as they must have planned, Henry Rogers and his father travelled north up the "beautiful banks" of the Hudson River to Albany, and then turned west to visit Niagara Falls where they stayed in a "nice clean temperance hotel."

Two days later by rail they were in Denver, where Saltren Rogers made it a point to pay a visit to British Vice Consul Richard Pearce (1837-1927). Pearce and the elder Rogers were friends of long-standing. Before coming to Colorado as Vice Consul in 1885, Peace, who would serve two terms as President of Colorado Scientific Society, had taught science in Cornwall and since his departure continued to contribute scientific literature to Cornwall's Royal Institution and Geological Society. Equally to the point, his consular office at 17th and Lawrence was a short 12 blocks from the office of Dr. Carl Ruedi, to whom he may well have offered an introduction.

To reach Estes Park from Denver in 1894 was still by no means easy. The coming of the railroad helped. Travelers could come by way of Longmont on the Colorado Central, or by way of the small gateway town of Lyons which the Chicago and Burlington had reached in 1885. But that still left a six hour, or longer, trip up the North St. Vrain Canyon by stage or wagon. Interestingly enough, once arrived at the Elkhorn Lodge father and son did not stay. They would register at the Lodge again two weeks later, on July 29, 1895, presumably travelling and sightseeing in between, much as they had done in their visit to Niagara Falls. For Henry Rogers these two visits to the Elkhorn Lodge would be the first of many. Despite the fact that most visitors from abroad might be expected to prefer the Earl of Dunraven's more lavish Estes Park (or "English") Hotel on Fish Creek, the Elkhorn would become H. C. Rogers' lodging of choice. His name appears in the Elkhorn register 15 times between July 12, 1895 and July 25, 1912, at times for lengthy stays.

No small part of this preference had to do with Henry Rogers developing relationship with members of the family of Lodge founder William E. James, most notably his second son Howard James (1872-1928), who took an active hand in building out and running the resort after his father's death in 1895. There was also Howard's Dutch-born brother-in-law, Pieter Hondius (1864-1934), then ranching and farming in both Moraine Park and in Upper Beaver Meadows. Hondius, who would marry Howard James younger sister, Eleanor, in 1904, and Henry Rogers were contemporaries; Howard James a few years younger. All three would become good friends, Howard James particularly so. In March 1909, to cite but one example, though an important one, when Henry Rogers became ill and required hospitalization, Howard James accompanied him on the long trip down to Denver.

For Canon Rogers his trip to America, considering the very difficulty of the undertaking, was surprisingly brief. By early or mid-September he was back in New York. The eight-day return trip to Southampton aboard the German ship *Trave*, he reported to friends in Cornwall in his letter to the *Royal Gazette*, was "pleasant," though "not without a good tumble one night, the waves taking us on the broadside." Despite the different nationalities on board ("We had several American, German, and a few English and French passengers, and one young Spaniard"), Canon Rogers was able to persuade the captain to allow him to preside over the Sunday worship service, though he was forced to use the *American Prayer Book*. By the last week of the month

he was home in England. "I have travelled about 12,000 miles since I left St. Austell," he concluded, "and have had hardly a single drawback or misadventure throughout my wanderings for which I cannot be too grateful to Him to Whose providential care I owe so much."

The thoughts of Henry Rogers must have been very different. Left behind was the cosmopolitan world of late Victorian London, a city of 4.4 million people, the center of an empire that ruled one-third of the world's population and quarter of its land mass. Ahead, a most uncertain future. He was now in foreign parts; in a remote and sparsely settled mountain valley, some 4,600 miles from home. His year-round companions several dozen families, mostly stockmen and farmers. The short months of summer with their influx of vacationing visitors of course made life more interesting and varied. But one's survival, let alone one's happiness, pretty much now depended on the willingness, and ability, to adapt, make new friends, and like so many new arrivals to America before and since, begin life anew. Fortunately, Canon Rogers' son was fully up to the task.

Though the historical record for the year that followed is a sketchy one, Henry Rogers' health appears to have recovered and rather quickly. The surviving ledger of Longs Peak House, the small mountain hostelry and half-way house in the Tahosa Valley presided over by the Reverend Elkanah Lamb and his son Carlyle for those climbing Longs Peak, tells us that on January 7, 1896, some six months after his arrival in America, Henry Rogers "of Cornwall, England," accompanied Shep Husted of Estes Park "as far as the Boulder Field," an accomplishment in any season, let alone winter. Rogers did even better the following August when he is credited with making the first moonlight ascent of the peak itself, a feat that the celebrated Enos Mills would later make a standard part of his guiding repertory.

Between those two events, Rogers did something even more dramatic. On July 28, 1896, he appeared before Larimer County Clerk Clarence A. Jarbeau and declared under oath his intention "to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to . . . Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. . . ."

The reason for Rogers' decision at this early date to become a naturalized citizen and remain in America is, of course, unclear. It may well have been motivated by something as simple as a desire to be able to claim land in the Estes Park region under the provisions of the Homestead Act as many of his new acquaintances had done and were doing. This required, at a minimum, the declaration of intention. If this was his plan, one perhaps occasioned by newly-recovered health, that plan soon changed. By the beginning of 1897, Henry Rogers had decided to end his Colorado adventure, return to London, and resume his architectural practice. On the way home, he made it a point to spend time travelling in Mexico, a pleasurable side-trip, suggesting that he did not anticipate a return to the Americas in the near future.

Safely back in England, Rogers paid an early visit to his brother the Reverend Gerard Rogers, then serving as headmaster of the Old Ride Preparatory School, a day and boarding school located in Branksome Park just outside Bournemouth, which he had founded a decade earlier in 1885 at the young age of 27. Henry Rogers came with gift in hand. Witness this notice in the Old Ride *School Chronicle* for the year 1897:

> Mr. H. C. Rogers, who has just returned from his three year's stay in Colorado, has brought back a great many specimens, the results of his prowess in the Rockies and Mexico, and with ducal magnificence has presented them to the School Museum.

In addition to the collection, Rogers presented the school library with a copy of William Temple Hornaday's classic *Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting: A Complete Guide*, published in 1891. Rogers further made his presence known at the school on June 11, 1897 when he apparently ventured onto the Old Ride athletic fields to take part in a cricket match with the its first eleven, though, we are told, he "did not bat."

Once again, however, Henry Rogers' health failed him. During the winter that followed, accompanied by one of his sisters, he escaped the dampness of London and sought relief in Switzerland, but without success. Presumably while there he again consulted Dr. Ruedi, who by the fall of 1896 had returned to that country and was in private practice in the small town of Aroso, west of Davos, the well-known health resort. Whoever the physician, Rogers was advised to return to Estes Park. His journey to Colorado, circuitously, took him first to South America with stops in Argentina and Chile before turning north. When Rogers next registered at the Elkhorn Lodge, on June 6, 1899, he signed his address as "Chile," no doubt with tongue in cheek for by then the Lodge staff and owners knew perfectly well their guest's country of origin. Two weeks later, in its issue of June 23rd, the *Longmont Ledger* announced his return:

> H. C. Rogers, who spent the summer and winter of '96 and '97 in this vicinity, is at the Elkhorn Lodge. Thinking he was perfectly well he returned to England but found that the climate did not agree with him. He has tried South and Central America and Mexico, but finds that this climate agrees with him better than any other.

Shep Husted and the Rustic Hotel: Over the next two years, Rogers renewed and developed his friendship with Shep Husted (1867-1942), undoubtedly building on the comradery of their winter trek from Longs Peak House to the Boulder Field. For Henry Rogers that relationship helped shape the years that immediately followed--years during which Husted, who Enos Mills pronounced "the most capable guide I have known," would not only become Mills' chosen successor as a Longs Peak guide but become the best-known and most sought-after trail guide in the Estes Park region.

Just what first attracted Rogers to Husted and the Husted ranch in the north end of the Estes Valley is unclear, though it is tempting to attribute it to the fact that when Shep first came to Estes Park in 1887, at age 20, it was to visit this aunt, Margaret May Cleave, who in May, 1882 had married Estes Park carpenter and postmaster John Cleave. Cleave, like Rogers, was a native of Cornwall.

Whatever the reason, the friendship with Husted took root. By the date in late July on which the 1900 Census was enumerated, Rogers was boarding with Shep, Shep's wife Clara and their two small children. That same year, when the Husteds decided to enter the resort business, Rogers was asked to design the big two-story central lodge building for what became "The Rustic Hotel," completed in 1901. In return, Rogers was permitted to build a small cottage on Husted property near the Hotel for his "sole and exclusive" use, an arrangement which in June 1901 was

formally extended by legal agreement until June 1, 1930, provided that Rogers pay the assessed property taxes. Given the arrangement, Rogers most likely played a role when the Rustic was enlarged in 1903. In the process he also became a life-long friend of William G. Edwards (1865-1952), Husted's attorney and soon-to-be business partner in the Rustic enterprise. Edwards, a Welshman who had come to America in 1887, would manage the hotel until 1913 when it was sold. Though Edwards' arrangement with Shep and Clara Husted ended in apparent controversy, the fallout clearly did not extend to Henry Rogers. At the time of Rogers' death in 1935, W. G. Edwards became the American executor of his Colorado estate, a responsibility he would continue to discharge over many years."

The arrangement with Husted and Edwards was clearly an advantageous one. It gave Rogers ready access to room and board, at least on a seasonal basis, during his first years in the park, though his cottage's out-of-the way location in the extreme north end of the Estes Valley clearly had its inconveniences. In fact, in July 1908, during a trip to the Rustic from the new village of Estes Park, Rogers' horse stumbled and fell, throwing him heavily to the ground, fracturing his collarbone, and forcing him to wear his arm in a sling. Three months of recuperation followed, much of it spent at the Elkhorn Lodge, reflecting not only convenience and need, but, by then, his relationship with members of the James family.

Well before that date, however, Henry Rogers had given up a reliance on his cottage at the Rustic in favor of other, and more convenient, quarters--quarters located much closer to what would soon become the center of the village of Estes Park. In May 1903 the local correspondent of the Fort Collins *Weekly Courier* reported that "H. C. Rogers is building a cottage." His new home was presumably completed well before winter, for we know that by February 1904, it was being serviced by the Colorado Telephone Company's line coming up from Loveland.

The site chosen by Rogers was an impressive one: two acres of land, secured from Ella James, the widow of Elkhorn Lodge founder William E. James, located on the sloping hillside directly north of the Lodge and across Fall River and Fall River Road. Others thought so too, for the land that Rogers selected was then in the process of becoming part of a complex of cottages built on James land, one of several such areas that would grow up in close proximity to the Elkhorn Lodge which served as their social center. We know many its original and early owners because they are so-identified on the hand-drawn 1936 Stanley map referenced above.

They were, as a group, for the most part an affluent lot, business and professional men and their families, individuals who could afford to summer in the mountains and wanted a cottage of their own. They included George Tritch, Jr. (1871-1925) the son and heir of wealthy Denver hardware pioneer George Tritch; Reeve Chipman (1875-1947), a Chicago-born Princeton and University of Colorado graduate who made his living in Boston in the international tourist industry; Henry Merrill Tileston of Chicago (1856-1912), inventor and manufacturer of ventilated eye guards, who in 1902 authored *Chiquita: The Romance of a Ute Chief's Daughter*, whose various settings included Estes Park and Longs Peak; and Dr. Charles B. Lyman (1863-1927), a Harvard-educated Denver surgeon who beginning in 1908 held an appointment as professor of surgery in the medical school of the University of Colorado. There was also a Dr. Freeman of Denver. His name not only appears on the 1936 map, but in both the Elkhorn ledgers and contemporary newspapers.

Close by these cottages, above Fall River Road and closest to Elkhorn Lodge, was the home of Eleanor and Pieter Hondius. Completed in 1905, Henry Rogers was said to have been the architect. Later, to complete the community, Eleanor's brother Howard James would build a new home for himself across the road from Hondius home, the road that would later become James Street.

One of the remaining cottages shown on the map is labelled in quotation marks "Bonney." There are references to the "Bonney cottage" in the *Estes Park Trail* as late as 1938, and one suspects that it either belonged to Denver pulmonologist Dr. Sherman Grant Bonney (1864-1942), or was used by him to house the patients he routinely referred to Estes Park, one of whom in the summer of 1903 was F. O. Stanley. His name too appears on a number of occasions in the Elkhorn Lodge register, the first on July 3, 1898.

George Tritch, together with Howard James and F.O. Stanley, aided materially in providing early infrastructure. Water was needed, and early on the three men, working together, installed a small water ram (a self-acting hydraulic pump) on nearby Fall River to bring water up hill to the existing cottages. Stanley's own summer cottage was nearby.

Henry Rogers would own and occupy his cottage, at least on a seasonal basis until June 1927, when it passed into the first of other hands.

The remaining record for the years between 1900 and 1905 is once again relatively sketchy in detail, though as early as May of 1900 the *Longmont Ledger* announced, presumably at Rogers own request (and surely on his behalf), that "H. C. Rogers intends to start a photographic studio near the post office. Rogers confirmed that intention two months later in July when he informed the census enumerator that he was currently employed as a "photographer." We hear nothing more about such a venture, however, until the summer of 1904, during a period when Rogers was also serving, together with Moraine Park resort owner J. D. Stead, as a County Road Overseer for Estes Park. That summer, fellow photographer Fred Clatworthy later recalled, Rogers was very much in business, making use of the studio he had set up in a small shack with a pump located just west of the post office which stood at the "Corners," the intersection of today's Elkhorn and Moraine Avenues. Postmaster John Cleave owned both land and building, which one assumes Rogers had rented for the season, as he may have done in previous years.

One of the photographs that Rogers copyrighted and offered for sale was a 6 3/4 by 39-inch panoramic view of the Estes Valley taken from Mount Olympus, capturing the mountains and an almost totally empty Estes Valley from Longs Peak to the Mummy Range, several copies of which survive in the collections of the Estes Park Museum. Clatworthy describes Rogers as "a well-educated little Englishman who made the first real photographs of Estes Park." "He had a cabin," Clatworthy recalled, "at the north end of the Park and was one of the first natives I met when making pictures from the old Rustic hotel. . . ." Interestingly enough, despite Clatworthy's assertion about Rogers' photographic talent (a talent which his panoramic photograph amply confirms) few, if any, additional photographs bearing Rogers' name and copyright seem to have survived.

During this period Henry Rogers apparently also did photographic work on commission. In April 1903, the Fort Collins *Weekly Courier* announced that owners of the Elkhorn Lodge (Ella James and sons Howard and Homer) were bringing out "a splendid illustrated pamphlet of Elkhorn Lodge and some surrounding scenes. Photographs are by H. C. Rogers." That was in April; in December the same paper announced that Rogers was again boarding at the Lodge, now but a short walk from his recently-completed cottage. Though like virtually all Estes Park resorts, the Elkhorn Lodge routinely closed over the winter months, in some years, apparently including 1903, there were exceptions.

Summer of 1903: The summer of 1903 turned out to be a particularly important one in establishing Henry Rogers' presence in Estes Park, most notably because it was during those months that Rogers made the acquaintance of Freeland Oscar Stanley and his wife Flora. The Stanleys had arrived in Estes Park in late June and were staying in a rented cottage at Rockside above the Elkhorn Lodge, close to Rogers' own. Their first meeting, Flora Stanley recalled in her diary, took place during an afternoon visit to the Estes Park Hotel on Fish Creek, where on Sunday afternoon guests and visitors were regularly entertained with "broncho busting exhibitions."

During their conversation Rogers told the Stanleys that he had designed the Frank Gove cottage at Rockside at which they were staying. Flora's diary also tells us that the Stanleys soon encountered Rogers again during one of their many Sunday visits by steam car out to the Rustic Hotel, whose views of the mountains F.O. Stanley pronounced his favorite in the Park. Flora, on her part, made it a point to take note of the cottage that Rogers had erected close by the main lodge, and still owned, calling it "a very pretty one." As with Shep Husted, the relationship with F. O. Stanley, with whom he shared a love of music and interest in violins, would become an important part of the Henry Rogers story.

That summer ended, as Flora also noted, with considerable fanfare. At 12:55 a.m. on the morning of Thursday September10th, the residents of Estes Park and surrounding areas were awakened by a violent earthquake whose deep rumbling tremors lasted between five and ten seconds, doing little actual damage but stampeding cattle on several local ranches, rattling windows, and shaking dishes.

Rogers as Architect: In the 1904 Larimer County *Directory*,[53] Henry Rogers listed his occupation as "architect." He would do so again in the 1907 County *Directory*, and as an architect having his "own office" three years later at the time of the 1910 Federal Census. Given his previous training and his work experience in Cornwall and London, this was hardly surprising. But much of his ability to once again pursue his career had to do with the opportunities offered by time and place. The years between 1905 and 1910, beginning with the platting of a new village by the Estes Park Town Company in the spring of 1905, ushered in a period of rapid building in the Estes Valley. Seemingly overnight, the area around the John Cleave's home and post office at the "Corners," usually quiet save for the bustle that came with the arrival of the mail and, seasonally, with the arrival and departure of tourists, became the center of an increasingly built-out resort community. Architecture and planning were not a priority. The opportunity to get into the tourist business by establishing a physical presence in the new town was. There was "a grand rush" to buy lots, photographer Fred Clatworthy recalled,

"some for businesses but many for residences. A few capitalists bought as many as four lots. Our next step was to 'beg, borrow, or steal' enough money to build anything that would shed water and hold a business name or sign." The building-out offered plenty of opportunity for anyone with architectural talents, and Henry Rogers became a ready and willing participant. In March 1907, in an apparent act of faith in Estes Park's future, Rogers himself became one of Clatworthy's "capitalists" by purchasing six lots in Block 11 from the Estes Park Town Company. These properties were strategically located on Macgregor Lane, facing the open space that the Town Company set aside in its second plat for a future park. Rogers paid $325 for all six.

Many of Rogers' architectural endeavors during these years are no doubt lost to history. They surely included his own cottage above the Elkhorn Lodge, and, as noted may well have included the Hondius home below. They may well also have included the Stanleys' summer cottage located on what is today Wonderview Avenue. Before their first summer in Estes Park was over, with F. O.'s health noticeably improved, the Stanleys had chosen an 8.4-acre hillside parcel of land adjacent to their rental cottage on which to build a summer home of their own. The work began almost at once. The Stanley's 5,240 square foot "cottage," completed the following year, was built in the Georgian Colonial Revival style that F.O. Stanley favored and graced every structure he ever built, including, of course, the Stanley Hotel. But the 14-inch beams used throughout, and the unsupported archway in the divided staircase above the front hall entry, were unusual in 1904 suggesting the help of trained others and Henry Rogers is said to have had a hand in the cottage's interior design. At the very least, during the intervening winter of 1903-1904, while construction was on-going, Rogers kept the Stanleys, who were once again living down in Denver, apprised of the progress on their new home.

What we do know with certainty is that during the latter part of the decade, Rogers was kept busy on at least two additional major projects. The first was the concert hall at F.O. Stanley's big new hotel complex. Though Stanley chose architect T. Robert Wieger of Denver to design the main hotel building, it was Rogers who was hired to draw up plans for the 44 x 96-foot music and entertainment building called the Casino, a facility later described as having "remarkable acoustic properties and of dimensions approaching a good sized auditorium." "Mr. Rogers is quite an architect," the *Longmont Ledger* announced. "He drew up the plans for the Casino." Given the sophisticated engineering and architectural requirements of the building, the choice of Rogers is, perhaps, not as surprising as it might first appear. Henry Rogers, we now know, had studied the violin as a student at All Hallows in Devonshire, an interest he may well have shared with F.O. Stanley, a fellow enthusiast, during their early social interactions.

Building the Casino proved difficult. On the night of November 19, 1908, a "hard wind" toppled the entire structure, forcing the crews to start over. The surviving record also tells us that Rogers took his oversight responsibilities seriously, perhaps excessively so. During one episode, his exercise of authority, undoubtedly on Stanley's and Wieger's behalf, offended some of the workmen, including one Charley Spencer, who was putting in the concrete fireplaces and sidewalks of the hotel. Annoyed by Rogers, Spencer, reportedly, simply walked off the job in protest, "taking two of his workers with him." Such officiousness led the Estes Park correspondent of the *Longmont Ledger* to quip that "We will change our item about Mr. Rogers being acting superintendent for the architect. He is only the architect's critic."

That was in July of 1908, clearly a busy time for the versatile Rogers. The following month, on August 5, 1908, he applied for a patent on a new and improved septic tank, "having various partitions and a system of pipes whereby the lighter and heavier constituents of the sewerage may be separated, dissolved and deodorized by oxidation." The name of Sidney W. Sherman is provided as a witness on the application, suggesting that in all probability the system was designed by Rogers for the large two-story log house on Moraine Avenue built that year for Sherman himself. (It was built on the site of what today is the CenturyLink office.) Like Rogers, Sherman was a health-seeker, having arrived in Estes Park in March of the previous year with wife and son from Grand Rapids, Michigan. The following year, Sherman would use his experience in banking to become the cashier and largest stockholder of the new Estes Park Bank, whose president just happened to be F. O. Stanley. While waiting for the bank to be constructed and opened, the Shermans needed a new home. Located within a short walking distance of the bank site, it became one of the largest in Estes Park. Stanley's personal involvement with the bank--the first brick building in Estes Park--strongly suggests that Rogers was the Shermans' architect as well. If so, he was no doubt a party to the laying of the house's cornerstone, "with appropriate ceremonies," in early June. Buried in the mortar and made part of the foundation, Estes Park's summer newspaper, the *Mountaineer*, reported was a tin box containing "a bank letterhead with the names of the bank officials, a bank business card, a penny bearing the date of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, a recent photograph of the Park and the first issue of the *Mountaineer*." The box was sealed and wrapped with wire to "preserve its contents for all time."

In pursuing his septic tank patent, which was granted on April 6, 1909, Rogers chose wisely. His attorney was a member of the famous Washington, D.C. firm founded by Victor Justice Evans, much of whose success came from Evans' promise to inventors of a full refund if he failed to secure his clients' patents.

The year 1908, as it turned out, was a particularly busy one for Rogers. In addition to his work at the Stanley Hotel, on the Sherman home, and quite possibly, the Estes Park Bank, on June 24, 1908, when Estes Park organized its first telephone company, Rogers, together with Pieter Hondius, Howard and Homer James, Hugo Miller, James Stead, Josie Hupp, William T. Parke, and Cornelius Bond, became its directors. These individuals--a veritable "who's who" of local leadership--had come together in May 1907 to purchase the local exchange when its owner-operator, the Colorado Telephone Company, which had installed the first line to Estes Park by way of Loveland in 1900, decided that there was not sufficient "work to be done" in Estes Park to justify maintaining a local employee.

We hear about only one more of H. C. Rogers architectural projects in Estes Park. During the winter of 1912-1913 he was reported to be working on plans for a new and badly-needed post office, completed in 1915 in the town park on land gifted to the federal government by the Estes Park Town Company. Exterior photographs reveal a handsome one-story wood and stone structure with a slate roof that stood out by contrast from its more pedestrian neighbors, a credit both to its architect and its builders which included Estes Park master mason Carl Piltz. "The interior of the building," the *Loveland Daily Herald* reported, "is most attractive. A concrete floor and plaster walls bring out the rich dark brown finish of the exposed beams and

furnishings. . . . Large window [,] arranged in sets of five, provide for sufficient lighting and ventilation. Deep porches will prove a delightful place to await the distribution of the mail."

Dryland Farming and New Beginnings: Though at the time the 1910 Census was enumerated in Estes Park on April 18th Rogers could rightly declare himself a practicing architect, that career was about to be largely replaced, by another, and very different, one. Twelve days later, on the 30th, Rogers certified with the Clerk of Larimer County that his earlier July 1906 Declaration of Intention to become an American citizen was "full, true and correct." This time there would be no change of plans. On September 7, 1910, Henry Rogers made good his stated commitment, a decision no doubt dictated by his understanding that the dry mountain climate of Estes Park and Colorado that he had long-since become used to was essential for his health. But there was another, and equally, if not more, compelling reason. As an American citizen, or, as in Rogers' case, someone who had declared his intention to become one, he was eligible to obtain land in the American West at a nominal cost. Henry Rogers would soon file claims totaling 480 acres.

The land Rogers chose, rather surprisingly, was not in Estes Park, or even in its vicinity. Rather, it was located in the westernmost Colorado, in the then largely unsettled high desert North Fork/Big Gulch country, some 20 miles outside the ranching town of Craig, a community of some 500 soon to become the county seat of the new Moffat County. As yet without a railroad, in 1910 Craig was best reached by stage from Steamboat Springs, a journey of 50 miles.

Though Rogers never explained his motives for these purchases in print, they clearly had to do with a new-born interest in dryland farming, a vogue which swept Colorado in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Fed by an optimism that a more scientific approach to farming (as championed by the Agricultural College in Fort Collins) could overcome the limitations of semiarid and other environmental shortcomings it, dryland farming, not surprisingly, found enthusiastic and widespread support from the railroads and from local business and agricultural interests. Their belief was in the possibilities of "climate-free agriculture": that dedicated and experienced farmers could capture and conserve the soil's low level of available moisture and use it to grow marketable crops on an annual basis. In Craig and northwest Colorado that optimism was further fed with the coming of the long-anticipated Denver and Salt Lake Railroad (David Moffat's old Denver, Northwestern, and Pacific) which finally arrived in 1913.

Where Henry Rogers learned about wheat farming, or became convinced he could carve a living for himself in the remote and arid sagebrush country of Big Gulch, can only be surmised. Rogers was, to be sure, familiar enough with the ranching and farming activities carried on in and around Estes Park. These included those of his friend Shep Husted who kept sizable acreage under cultivation, raised sizable crops of potatoes and grazed cattle directly below the Rustic Hotel. Not far away on Macgregor Ranch at the mouth of the Black Canyon, the Johnson brothers, Ed and Charles, were growing hay and ranging cattle under lease on some 800 acres. But this type of agricultural activity, thanks to the readily availability of water, was very different than the hardscrabble existence possible in Big Gulch. That is one mystery. An even larger one is the identity of the individual or individuals who first brought the availability of such land to Rogers' attention and were sufficiently encouraging about its possibilities to persuade a

bachelor of 45, with chronic health issues, to pick up, move across the state into what was essentially a barren and windswept wilderness, and make a new beginning as a dryland farmer.

Anticipating the coming of the railroad, Craig had more than its share of businessmen intent on turning a profit from land sales. One of those who played a role was Craig real estate man Stephen A. Boyce (1865-1941) whose name appears on the Affidavit of Witnesses attached to Rogers' Desert-Land Entry of April 27, 1910 in which Boyce claims a 15 year acquaintance "with the character of each and every legal subdivision or portion of the land described." Also attached to the Entry is a crude hand-drawn map of the "Proposed scheme for irrigating lands" sketched into a section map printed by the C. S. McCandless & Company, Routt County Realties, Craig, Colorado. Nothing more is discoverable about Boyce and we know little more about Charles S. McCandless (1863-1951), and his short-lived McCandless Company. Though their roles may well have been incidental and perfunctory, they became part of the applicant's BLM files--in Rogers' case Files 04323 and 04324 in the Glenwood Springs Land Office.

In the end what brought Rogers to Big Gulch may have been nothing more than a promotional brochure like the 14-panel one published by the Moffat Road (the Denver, Northwestern, and Pacific) soon after it reached Steamboat Springs in December 1908. Titled in red and black letters "*Free Land Opening on the Moffat Road Routt County Colorado*," and touting the incomparable opportunities of Routt County, it was clearly designed like so much of the railroad literature of the day to encourage settlement and the organization of economically stable communities along its right-of-way sufficient to support its passenger and freight business. As such it mirrored much of the immigrant literature of the nineteenth century that contributed mightily to opening up and populating the "Golden West."

Whether Rogers ever saw such a brochure we of course will never know. What we do know is that one of the reasons that David Moffat pushed so hard to have his railroad reach Craig and the Yampa Valley was to access its rich coal deposits, cattle, and agricultural products for shipping to the Denver market. This to compensate for the fact that, unlike rival Edward Harriman and his Union Pacific, the Moffat Road received no subsidies of government land or other incentives to help Moffat and his investors pay the enormous costs of construction. We also know that on April 27, 1910, certifying himself a resident of Colorado, Henry C. Rogers filed claim to 160 unappropriated acres west of Craig under the Desert Land Act, legislation enacted by Congress in 1877 to encourage and promote the economic development of arid and semiarid surveyed public lands in the American West. He would later double down on his initial investment by claiming an additional 320 contiguous acres under the Homestead Act of May, 1862. In time, Rogers' Big Gulch holdings would come to total some 784 acres.

The Desert Land Act imposed stringent conditions. Among them, proof within four years that the applicant had completed irrigation sufficient to raise ordinary agricultural crops on at least one-eighth of the land claimed. Other conditions, included submitting to the local Bureau of Land Management office an annual account of monies spent to improve, irrigate, and cultivate one's land. Also required were statements by two credible witnesses about those expenditures, and, by the end of the third year, a map of improvements made upon the entry.

Rogers clearly took these obligations seriously, having no doubt first consulted horticulturists at the agricultural college in Fort Collins about current best practices. He began plowing in the fall of 1910, and by the following summer let it be known that he was successfully experimenting with Turkey Red wheat, a tall and hardy variety of winter wheat, brought to the plains of Kansas in the 1870s by Mennonite immigrants from the Ukraine. Such experimentation continued. Four years later, on December 23, 1915, Rogers reported in the *Moffat County Courier* that he "had made some experiments which proved to him that ground plowed in the spring should be allowed to lay till fall before planting to crop." "The extra yield," the *Courier* editorialized, "will pay for letting the land lay apparently idle that long." Such expertise did not go unnoticed among his Moffat County neighbors. In 1917, within weeks of the United States declaring war on Germany, Henry Rogers was appointed to the Executive Committee of a group of Craig residents who dedicated themselves to "increasing crop production and conserving food supplies" for the war effort.

As a newly nationalized American citizen with both voice and vote, Rogers had no reservations about joining fellow farmers in local controversies that potentially affected his interests. During the late winter of 1910-1911, for example, it was rumored that large-scale sheep ranching was about to be introduced in Moffat County. In response, a "convention" on the "sheep question" was held at the Craig Opera House on Saturday, April 1st. It was led by 32 prominent cattle ranchers who came well prepared with resolutions of protest. "Compared with cattle," read one, "sheep are an abomination and a curse to the country." Though the chief antagonists were the cattlemen, local farmers willingly joined them because of circulated reports that sheep owners refused to feed their animals hay. Hearing news of the meeting, Rogers, who had just completed a horticultural short course at the college in Fort Collins during Farmer's' and Housekeeper's Week, rushed back from Estes Park where he had been wintering. Unfortunately, he arrived too late. "Mr. Rogers had read of the sheep meeting and had come all the way from the Park to be present and speak," the *Moffat County Courier* reported the following week; "consequently he was very much disappointed to find the matter settled when he arrived."

To meet the requirements of the Desert Land Act, the energetic Rogers went to work clearing some 60 acres of sagebrush to increase the growth of native grass, sufficient in places to be cut for hay, placed 19 acres under cultivation for crops of rye, wheat, and oats, and, using cedar posts, installed between a mile-and-a-half and two miles of wire fencing (accounts differ) to protect both crops and range rights. Rogers also began grazing cattle (between 5 and 100 head depending upon the season). Irrigation posed a significantly larger problem. Having bored for water to a depth of 20 feet without success, Rogers was forced to undertake the solution he had proposed (or others had proposed for him) in his initial entry.

The North Fork of Big Gulch crossed Rogers' entry, and in May 1912, shortly after filing his second yearly report, Rogers hired a 27 year old local surveyor, Czech-born Joseph Biskup, to lay out an impressive 40-acre reservoir to capture its water, together with spring runoff from what was essentially open range. After securing public bids, contractor A. H. Johnson was hired to construct an earthen dam 30 feet high and 450 feet long with a spillway and 12-inch outlet pipe, a structure containing some 14,000 cubic yards of earth. What came to be known as the Antelope Reservoir was said to be capable of impounding 1,200 acre-feet of water. This was to be but the beginning. "It is Mr. Rogers' ultimate intention," the *Moffat County Courier* told its

readers on October 3, 1912, "to enlarge the dam 28 feet above its present height as early next year as he can get further measurements of the flood water. The cost of the present structure is about $3,000 and it will impound sufficient water to irrigate Mr. Rogers' desert and homestead lands." "A good substantial dam," the *Courier* concluded by way of emphasis and approval, "is being built having much greater width on the bottom thus obviating the danger of its going out."

Unfortunately, Johnson's dam did not work to plan. On Sunday March 30, 1913, those flood waters came, taking out culverts, bridges, and roads, and for a time threatening downtown Craig itself. Dry Lakes Reservoir, the largest in the county, went out; and, as the *Craig Empire* subsequently reported, "H. C. Rogers' reservoir in Big Gulch, built last year, was badly damaged." Upon hearing the news, Rogers himself, who was then in Craig, was both incredulous and dismissive. "Unable to learn any particulars," he considered the possibility "without foundation." In time, the damage inflicted upon his reservoir, and the cautionary lesson delivered by the deluge, became a sufficiently clear. Henry Rogers made no attempt to rebuild the ambitious structure, leaving a visible eyesore in evidence more than a century later. Today, a mystery whose origins even the most knowledgeable local residents have forgotten.

The failure of Antelope Dam forced Rogers to seek relief from one of the key requirements of the Desert Land Act. It also meant that efforts to secure final title to the land would drag on for a dozen years until November 1, 1922, having had to survive several requested time extensions. It also had to survive one or more challenges from Land Office officials at Glenwood Springs, one of which, it turned out, was because Rogers had misfiled the location of part of his original claim. This required an amendment--the request for which was not made until May 28, 1912, two years after his initial filing. These delays and the reasons for them left both Rogers and government agents exasperated, with Rogers having to assure the Land Office on more than one occasion that he was not a "trickster"--one of those who try "to acquire valuable coal lands through desert-homestead entries. Don't, please don't, consider me one of these." "It will give me infinite pleasure," he continued, "if you will send an official here to look up my record & take note of what I am doing. I feel confident that I can then satisfy you that this is not the case of a land trickster."

On November 9, 1915 the General Land Office finally relented and granted Rogers his "relief" on the irrigation issue, with an Assistant Commissioner concluding that "While the showing made by the claimant is rather meager it is within the knowledge of this office that the damming of dry-draws and retention of water in coulees is a very unsatisfactory and unreliable system of irrigation, and that as a rule such an irrigation and water supply system is not sufficient to meet the requirements of the desert land laws. . . ."

For all its difficulties, the seasonality of dryland wheat farming, in which crops were planted in the fall, left to germinate over winter and spring, and harvested in summer or early fall, proved advantageous for Henry Rogers and his lifestyle. It allowed him to establish a yearly pattern which he religiously followed for more than a decade: summering in Big Gulch and wintering in Estes Park. Almost like clockwork, Rogers followed a schedule, referred to in the local newspapers as his "customary winter's sojourn" or "annual pilgrimage." Friends and neighbors in both places grew to expect these annual comings and goings, which had Rogers, now routinely described as a "well known Big Gulch ranchman," returning to his ranch in late March or early

April. By late November he was off again to Estes Park, with occasional trips back and forth to places like Denver "on business" in between, trips that after 1913 were greatly facilitated by the proximity of the railroad at Craig.

Though the area around Rogers' claims was relatively sparsely settled when he first arrived, the population of the Big Gulch region was significantly enlarged in the spring of 1916 with the arrival of several parties of emigrant farmers who came by train and wagon from Sargent, Nebraska. It was reported at the time that a train scheduled to leave Sargent for Craig in April was expected to include some fifteen carloads of household goods and stock (including 17 horses) and a "coach containing sixty men, women, and children"--"the first time in the history of the state that a colony of that size has been moved at one time." Many of these new settlers and those that followed in their footsteps--the Zions, Hollands, Hartmans, and Stufflebeams among them--became Henry Rogers neighbors and friends. Interestingly enough, two of these Big Gulch neighbors, Lawrence Herbert and Frank Lawrence, like Rogers himself, were bachelors. There was also dentist-turned-farmer-rancher Dr. Garfield Canon and his wife Laura (Laura had served for a time as Moffat County's Superintendent of Schools). The Canons owned a sizable ranch in Big Gulch close by Lay Creek as well as a home in Craig.

Rogers became particularly close to the Zion family (Iowa-born Adam Zion, a blacksmith and wagon-maker by trade; his wife Rachel Anne; the two Zion sons, Norton and Perry; and their wives). The Zions had come west with the 1916 emigrant train to take up sizable acreage near Rogers in a small valley drained by a gully where they grew both wheat and alfalfa and raised hogs and dairy and beef cattle. They also opened and operated a low-grade bituminous coal mine for their own use. Good neighbors all, the Zions agreed to watch over Rogers' property during his absences and to take care of his fields and fences.

Given the relative isolation of Big Gulch, these families soon became a close-knit ranching-farming community of which Henry Rogers was a welcome member. In addition to pitching in with help during threshing season, there were the kind of weekend social visits, shared meals, and dances that became customary, if not obligatory, in rural communities everywhere. There were also local organizations such as the Big Gulch and North Fork Good Roads Club, which Rogers himself occasionally hosted. These activities and those who attended them can be easily followed over the years in the reports filed by the local correspondents of both the *Craig Courier* and its competitor the *Craig Empire* (one of whom, for a time, was Alta [Mrs. Perry] Zion). Thanks to these correspondents we come to know a great deal about Henry Rogers' activities in Big Gulch and Craig in the years after 1910. To cite but one example, when Rogers left for Estes Park in late October 1923, his Big Gulch neighbors gave him a special "goodbye dinner" and then memorialized the occasion in print. These neighbors served Rogers in other ways as well. When he needed to file papers on his claim, including the Final Proof for his Desert-Land Entry on October 18, 1921, Fred Stufflebeam, Elmer Hartman, Perry Zion, Lawrence Herbert, Frank Lawrence, Garfield Canon and others all willingly stepped forward as witnesses.

Across the Divide in Estes Park, Rogers continued to maintain a similar presence during his winter sojourns. His activities, like those in Big Gulch, were periodically reported in the press, especially after 1921 when, for the first time, Estes Park had a year-round newspaper.

In July of 1912, for example, the *Estes Park Trail* noted that "H. C. Rogers has been in Estes Park the past week," a decade later, in June 1922, that he had made a gift of "one or more books" to the new Estes Park Library. Two years later, in January 1924, as a sign of the post war conditions in Europe, local residents were told that Rogers had "received a letter from Germany that required four two hundred million mark stamps to bring it to this country."

On a much more substantive note, the following month the editor of the *Trail* reported that he himself had received a letter from Rogers advocating the "acquisition of a museum for Estes Park" to be located in the 'Village Green.'" "When the Estes Park Townsite Company so munificently donated that space to the public," Rogers' letter continued,

> it was with the understanding that two buildings or three buildings of a public nature might be placed on it. . . . As I was passing down the street a few weeks ago, I stopped alongside Mr. Grubb's livery barn [on Elkhorn Avenue, located in what is now the municipal parking lot across the street from Bond Park], in the yard of which stood one of those old-fashioned stages that not so long ago used to convey us from Lyons to Estes Park. These old vehicles are already a curiosity, although it is only a few years since they were discarded in favor of the autocar. Surely, steps should be taken, before it is too late, to secure one of these old horse-drawn coaches as an exhibit in the proposed new museum. In a hundred years' time it would be a "dream" alright, and quite invaluable [sic].

In March 1924 Rogers was among the 22 attendees at a surprise wedding anniversary party honoring long-time Estes Park grocer (and soon-to-be mayor) Sam Service and his wife Sadie. Also attending were such other local luminaries as his friend Howard James of Elkhorn Lodge, artist and judge William Tallant, and town founder Cornelius Bond.

Two more newspaper references to Rogers followed in 1925. The first in February, a reference in the *Trail* to the bill for $28.50 that Rogers had presented to the Town Board of Trustees for payment, the second in November, this time in the Longmont *Daily Times*. It reported the arrest and jailing of a named Denver man and his "woman companion" who had broken into Howard James' cabin:

> H. C. Rogers of Estes Park, who occupies a cabin 200 yards from the Burling cabin [the cabin which the Edward B. Burling family of Washington D.C. had been leasing during the summer months] saw a man and woman loading the goods into a car. Thinking it strange that James would be moving goods from the cabin that time of year, Rogers notified James, who in turn telephoned the Fort Collins sheriff and Marshall Henry Bohn of Lyons.

In 1926 there were three more brief mentions in the *Estes Park Trail*. In May, the news that the "H.C. Rogers cottage" was to be rented for the coming summer; in November, both news of Rogers' return to Estes Park for the winter and his attendance at a dinner given by Pieter and Eleanor Hondius at which Howard James was also present (again giving credence to the story that Rogers had had a hand in designing the Hondius home).

As with the Husteds, Jameses, Hondiuses, and other prominent pioneer residents of Estes Park, during his Big Gulch years Henry Rogers also developed friends in nearby Craig, now the county

seat, periodically making visits into town that sometimes lasted as long as a week or more. Like his other comings and goings these were reported in the local press, on one occasion in 1912 with the explanation that Rogers needed "recuperation from a long siege of bachelor fare." His friends in Craig early on included long-time Justice of the Peace and Routt County pioneer Samuel Haubrich (1838-1914), to whom Rogers sent a cane as a present from Estes Park during his winter sojourn of 1913. His longest lasting friends, however, were Major Z.Z. (Zaccheus Z.) Carpenter (1849-1926) and his wife Julia (1877-1980). "The Major," as Carpenter was affectionately known, was a Kentucky-born Civil War veteran who came to Craig in 1909 where he sold both insurance and real estate during the early years of the homestead boom while serving as a Commissioner in the United States Land Office. The Major also processed the land claims of new settlers and it is likely that it was in that capacity that he and Rogers first met. The Major's name and signature appears, in fact, on a number of Rogers' subsequent Bureau of Land Management documents. A surviving photograph in the files of the Museum of Northwest Colorado shows Major Carpenter and Henry Rogers, both formally dressed, facing each other across a chess board in what is presumably the Major's office.

It was Julia Carpenter, however, who Major Carpenter married and brought from home from Louisville, Kentucky in July 1913, that became Rogers' best and longest-lasting friend in Craig. At first, perhaps, the attraction was because of her diminutive stature which matched Rogers' own. It may also have been Rogers' talents as an architect. Over the years Rogers reportedly drew up house plans for a number of Craig residents, including those for Julia Carpenter's home on Yampa Avenue which contained a much-commented-on living room with a lead glass skylight. Later, in 1932, when Julia purchased the old telephone exchange building, also located on Yampa, Rogers drew up plans to convert it into two four-room units that Julia then named the Carpenter Apartments. "The new building," the *Craig Empire Courier* commented on July 20, 1932, "will be of two stories. The outside walls will be of stucco. An attractive front of modern design with plate glass windows on the first floor and old style English windows on the second floor is planned." Julia Carpenter, who lived to be 103, would go on to become a much-loved civic leader and local celebrity as the "grand old lady of Craig."

These friends, and their intercessions, were not only appreciated but needed, for with age came continuing and increasingly difficult health problems. Returning from Estes Park in April 1923, Rogers was reported as not being "in good health of late." These issues persisted and, by summer, the symptoms were serious enough for Rogers to spend several weeks at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. "The physicians were unable to furnish a satisfactory diagnosis of his ailment," the *Craig Empire* reported on August 8, 1923, "but concluded an operation unnecessary at this time." In January of 1926, while in Estes Park, Rogers had "an attack of pneumonia" for which he was taken down to the hospital in Longmont. "As we go to press," the *Estes Park Trail* reassured its readers, "he seems to be making excellent progress." Rogers again recovered and resumed his customary routine, which in June 1927 included jury duty in Craig. Rogers' declining health, and the concern of neighbors and friends in Estes Park, may well explain why in September 1928 Sam Service, Cornelius Bond, and Bond's son Frank, made it a point to stop by Craig to visit Rogers "at his 802 acre ranch" during their seven day motor trip west to Salt Lake City.

During these years, Rogers made two trips back to England to see members of his family, a pilgrimage doubtless delayed by the events of World War I, which saw the death of his cousin Reginald's son and namesake, killed in action at the Somme in 1916. The first trip home occurred in 1920. The second occurred nearly a decade later in July 1929, taking him "to Cornwall and other points," and lasting some three months. The trip was inspired, in part at least, by the fact that his oldest sister, Julia Beatrice, had died the previous year, shrinking the remaining family circle. For the 1929 occasion, his youngest sister, Harriet Eleanor Rogers, returned home from Nairobi, Kenya in East Africa where she was doing missionary work. Others came "from different parts of the world."

Once on board the London-bound *S.S. Minnekahda* on this second trip, Rogers posted his proposed itinerary. It included Hexworthy, a hamlet near Launceston on the border between Devon and Cornwall, where his sister Edith and her husband Ralph Rogers were then living and where Harriet Eleanor would later make her home. Hexworthy House, as the Rogers' house was named, though remodeled several times, had been built in the seventeenth century and had a long and storied history, including the fact that Oliver Cromwell was said to have been a guest during a three-day visit to Launceston in 1646.

The 1929 trip home also allowed Rogers the opportunity to indulge his interest in violins and violin making. This hobby, one that increasingly preoccupied his later years, reflected an interest that Rogers had developed years before as a schoolboy at Allhallows in Devonshire and then set aside in favor of architecture. Back home in England, Rogers made a point to seek out Arthur Richardson (1882-1965), said to be "one of the finest 20th century English [violin] makers," to get an opinion on the quality of one of his own violins--an instrument made from Moffat County spruce. Then living nearby in Devon not far from Launceston, Richardson, who like Rogers was self-taught, was reportedly "so taken with the tone quality of the instrument that he kept Rogers with him all day asking questions as to his method of work, material used, etc." To reciprocate the favor, once back in Big Gulch, Rogers "sent spruce back from the mountains back to Richardson in England, who believes it to be of exceptional quality for violin making." Interestingly enough, Rogers' experience with Colorado spruce echoes that of his Estes Park friend F.O. Stanley, who reportedly found "enough wood . . . to make violins for the rest of his life" in an abandoned mine tunnel above timberline near Silverton.

Final Years: The visit to England took its toll. But even earlier, by the winter of 1928-1929, Rogers, had given up his decades-long winter trips to Estes Park. That winter and the next were spent in Vernal, Utah, a town of some 1700, 90 miles to the west, where, according to a subsequent newspaper story, the congenial Rogers quickly developed a new circle of friends. Ironically, in fact, it was among these new friends in Vernal, that the bizarre story of Rogers' premature death was circulated not once but twice--an event alleged to have occurred at two different places and under totally different circumstances.

As reported in the November 14, 1929 issue of the *Vernal Express*, the first of these stories was "to the effect that H. C. Rogers, a homesteader near Craig, Colo." had been murdered--a story soon "corrected following the discovery of the true identity of the man found dead." Rogers second reported death occurred abroad, while he was staying at a hotel in Liverpool, about to embark for home from his trip to England. At 5 p.m., on a day when Rogers had yet to return to

his hotel, several police officers appeared at the hotel office looking for "a man named H. C. Rogers." Examining the register, and after asking for a description of Rogers ("precise as to approximate age, height, color of hair, and as to apparel") the officers announced to the clerk that "Mr. Rogers had just been run over by an automobile and instantly killed." "A small but sympathetic crowd" quickly gathered in the lounge outside the office. "In the midst of the discussion Mr. Rogers walked into the lounge room quite safe and sound, and quite innocent of having suffered any sort of accident not to mention violent death."

On his return to Vernal, the *Express* concluded, Rogers

> was greeted by the many friends he has here and all were glad to see him. Many heard the original rumor of his death by violence on his homestead but had not heard of the correction. None of his friends here had heard of his second violent death in Liverpool, likewise an erroneous report.

During that same winter, no doubt encouraged by the praise received from Arthur Richardson, Rogers "improved his time by building a number of violins." He also offered his services repairing them, running advertisements in the *Vernal Express* directed to "Violinists:"

> Many violins are in use which owing to faulty fittings, cannot produce their maximum tone or pleasure to the performer[.] Perhaps the bridge is defective or misplaced also the sound post, nut, pegs or tailpiece. In such cases bring it to H. C. Rogers who can regulate it for a moderate charge and tell you how to keep it so[.] Bows are also repaired[.] I am not equipped for repairing badly smashed instruments which is costly work."

Over the next three years Rogers' health declined. By the summer of 1931 he was no longer farming. In fact, he spent those months at the Persinger Fox Farm, west of Craig, a ranch of sorts operated by the Persinger sisters, Leafy and Edith. The following summer was spent with his friends the Canons on Lay Creek.

In September 1932, while still with the Canons, Henry Rogers suffered a stroke. Taken to Craig, Rogers was cared for by local physicians until he could be moved to the hospital in Longmont. There things improved. By early November, Julia Carpenter, who step in to oversee Rogers' Big Gulch affairs, made it a point to visit him during a trip to Denver, telling the *Craig Empire Courier* that "Mr. Rogers has improved very much and is now able to walk around the room a little every day." By Christmas of that year, to recuperate Rogers had been moved from the hospital to the home of Cynthia Ann Wisecup, a widow living on Emery Street in Longmont. Built in 1907 in a quiet neighborhood, the one-story Wisecup home had six bedrooms and a wrap-around front porch where in good weather Rogers could sit and take the air. There Rogers remained, an invalid, or close to an invalid, for the remaining two years of his life.

In September 1933, Henry Rogers was joined in Longmont by his youngest sister Harriet Eleanor. To be with him, she had to travel from Nairobi to Yokohama, Japan, and then across the Pacific to Los Angeles, where she arrived on August 25th. After a brief visit with her brother in Longmont, before the month of September was over Harriet Eleanor had travelled west to

Craig for a visit with Julia Carpenter, specifically, it appears, to pick up some of her brother's belongings.

For the next 19 months Rogers continued his convalescence, living with Mrs. Wisecup on Emery Street, a few blocks east of Longmont's Roosevelt Park. Moved back to the hospital on April 9, 1935, Henry Cornwallis Rogers died of bronchial pneumonia two weeks later.

In the aftermath, it was Julia Carpenter who wrote Rogers' obituary for the *Craig Empire Courier*, providing for the first time a number of key details surrounding his early life, details that Julia no doubt had learned from Harriet Eleanor. "Moffat county friends," she concluded, "will long remember his cheerful disposition, his keen intellect and able discussion of matters of current interest and his intimate friends will miss his loyal and helpful friendship." Sentiments that those who remembered Rogers in Estes Park doubtless shared. Whatever funeral service held was a private one, after which his ashes were interred in Longmont's Mountain View Cemetery. All but forgotten today in Estes Park and in Craig, Henry Cornwallis Rogers deserves a better fate, for his life story touches on the growth and development of two very different kind of Colorado communities during unique and important periods of state history. Hopefully this essay will in some measure begin to right the balance.

Postscript: William G. Edwards, Shep Husted's one-time partner, by then practicing law in Denver, was joined by Ralph Baron Rogers of Launceston, England and John Percival Rogers of Falmouth, England as executors of the Henry Rogers estate. The former was the husband of Rogers' sister Edith; the latter was said to be a cousin. The estate, which consisted of 784 acres in Big Gulch, a bank account with a balance of $216.71, personal property, and stock in some 18 companies, was valued at something more than $12,000, a modest amount even by the standards of the day. The only items of value among Rogers' personal property were 11 hand-made violins. By the terms of his will of November 1, 1929, Rogers' estate was to be divided equally among his living sisters. At the time of his death they were four in number: Edith Rogers, Constance L. G. Fox, Alice Rogers, and Eleanor Rogers. The sisters became the recipients of all but two of Henry Rogers' violins, one being given to William Edwards "as a keep-sake," the other to Sarah Louisa Rudge of Vernal, Utah.

The task of selling Rogers' stock holdings, which included shares in Goodyear Tire & Rubber, Chrysler, and General Foods, was easily disposed of, though as liquid assets they had been a victim of the Great Depression. The problem was disposing of the Dry Gulch property for which, as Edwards found and reported to the Court, there was little or no interest. To maximize their value, these lands were left under the watchful eye of Julia Carpenter, who was still involved in the Craig real estate business begun by her late husband, "the Major." When she could, Julia leased the Rogers property for grazing purposes, though the reported sums received were modest. In September of 1947, 12 years after Rogers' death, with all four of the sisters now dead, Edwards received permission of the Court to sell the 784 acres, "expressly excepting and reserving . . . an undivided one-half (1/2) interest in any and all oil, coal, and mineral rights." Two months later, on November 24, 1947, Henry Rogers' land was sold to Joseph F. Livingston (1884-1948), a Craig sheep rancher, for $3,136.20, for which Julia Carpenter received a broker's commission of five percent.

That did not quite end the story. The mineral rights remained. Three years later, in July 1950, Edwards still serving as executor, petitioned for the right to lease 493.45 of those acres to the Carter Oil Company of West Virginia for five years and for "as long thereafter as oil and gas may be produced." In return there was a cash bonus and a first-year rental of $513.08. There apparently were no subsequent payments by Carter Oil.

The Rogers property with its mineral right restrictions subsequently passed through the hands of fellow Craig sheep rancher Louis S. Wyman (1883-1958) and were then sold to their present owner Rex Ross Walker (1934-) of Boulder for an undisclosed sum. In June of 1976, Walker secured the missing mineral rights to the land from the remaining heirs of the Rogers estate, making the property once again whole. The Henry Rogers Big Gulch property is today part of the sprawling Sombrero Ranches, headquartered at 781 County Road, just east of Lay. It provides spring and fall pastures for the largest guided-ride provider in Colorado, and is the site of the annual Great American Horse Drive involving as many as 800 horses, "the largest horse round up in the Northern Hemisphere, possibly the World." If the names Rex Walker and Sombrero Stables sound familiar to those in Estes Park, they should. Sombrero Ranches, founded in 1958 by Walker and his brother-in-law Pat Mantle, still operate stables in Estes Park and in adjacent Rocky Mountain National Park. In end, it would seem, the Henry Rogers story has come full circle.

15.

William Tenbrook Parke: "The Picture Man"

Preface:

William T. Parke (1857-1924), referred to affectionately by his friends as "Billy," was one of Estes Park's pioneer photographers and business owners. His name appears on two of the town's earliest surviving panoramic photographs, on other photographs, and on any number of early postcard views, many of which are now considered collectors' items. My interest in Parke had been only a casual and passing one until 2017, when his reputation and place in community memory were openly challenged in connection with the Town of Estes Park's Centennial Year "Pika in the Park" activity, a child-friendly downtown scavenger hunt for twelve small bronze pika statues--each named for a local historical figure of note. The prize for finding all twelve: a "Pika Finder Button" from the Estes Park Visitor Center. One of the donors requested that a pika be named for William T. Parke, whose store on Elkhorn Avenue is still very much in use.

Suddenly there was controversy. The propriety of a Parke pika became an issue. Moral outrage was directed at the Town and its contest sponsors for having named a pika for a "known pedophile" and "sexual predator," a "closet pervert" who "was accused and convicted 100 years back of having improper sexual relations with an underage girl." When the Town Administrator attempted to defend the scavenger hunt as an innocent activity, he too was accused of being "in favor of adults having sex with underage children." Fortunately, most of these accusations and their attendant noise occurred largely out of public sight in various e-mail exchanges posted on the Town of Estes Park's official website and, anonymously, on at least two internet sites.

Normally, I prefer not to wander into such contentious waters. I am far more interested in writing about what happened in the past than I am in entering and commenting on the controversies of the present. But curiosity about such extreme charges, and my belief in fair play with respect to the use and misuse of local history, encouraged me to investigate. Like any of us, Parke is due as honest a treatment as the record will allow. But instead of simply trying to reconstruct and examine the episode in question, I decided to research the known facts of Parke's life to provide a larger context in which to understand the man himself. In so doing I discovered a great deal about Parke and his life story, though, as always, there is more that I would like to know. But for now this biographical portrait will have to serve. Correcting a public wrong, or at least, as in this case, placing it in a larger and more appropriate historical frame, is always a worthy undertaking. To that extent my journey into history has been a rewarding one.

Beginnings:

William Tenbrook Parke was born in Valparaiso, Porter County, Indiana on July 2, 1857, the second child of William Forsyth Parke (1815-1885) and his wife Catherine E. Perkins Parke (1827-1908), both natives of New York. For William Parke's father this was a second marriage. Two decades before, in April 1840, the elder Parke had married Mary Jane Foster (1817-1852),

the daughter of a Palmyra, New York farmer, by whom he had a son, Henry F. Parke (1846-1867). At the time of the 1850 Census, William F. Parke was still in rural Palmyra, like his father-in-law making his living as a farmer.

Mary Jane Parke died in August 1852, and shortly thereafter William and Henry left Palmyra for Valparaiso in northwest Indiana, not far from Lake Michigan, where William Parke resumed farming. In Valparaiso he met, and in 1854 married, fellow New Yorker Catherine E. Perkins, a woman 12 years his junior. How Catherine, like her husband, found her way to Valparaiso has never been explained, for at the time of the 1850 Census, Catherine, at age 23, was still living with her parents in Adrian, Michigan, nearly 200 miles to the east. Their first child, a daughter they named Eliza, was born in 1855, but died two years later. There would be three more children, all of whom would survive into adulthood: William Tenbrook (1857-1924); Lillian (1859-1935); and Zenith Arthur (1869-1932).

Though in the 1860 Census William F. Parke is still listed as a farmer, sometime in the decade that followed he gave up that occupation. By 1870, he had moved his family into the town of Valparaiso, a growing regional agricultural and transportation center of 2,700, and had become a retail grocer. His son and namesake would later pursue both occupations.

The Missing Years:

We know very little about the first four decades of William T. Parke's life--that is, about his childhood years and the years before 1900. What we do know is that on March 13, 1884, the unmarried Parke, then age 27, gave notice of his intention to make final proof on a 159.01-acre homestead claim near the town of Stuyvesant in sparsely-settled Osborne County, Kansas, high rolling open prairie in the northcentral part of the state that had been Indian country but three decades before. The town of Osborne first settled in 1871, and the county seat, anchored the local farming community. As the *Osborne County News* explained in 1885, Osborne

> is located on the north side if the South Fork of the Solomon River. Is the largest town in the county and is constantly improving. Has a good water power, good public school, five church organizations, good opera house and the fine business buildings. Is surrounded by a good farming country; the principle productions are wheat, rye, corn, oats, potatoes. Cattle, sheep and hogs are extensively raised in the county. Land ranges in price from $3 to $25, per acre, according to location.

Osborne County in the 1880s was filling up quickly. Like most new places, it was actively promoted by land agents and other boosters who aggressively touted its future prospects. Local newspapers led the way. Osborne had no less than 12 between 1873 and 1920, three during William T. Parke's day: the *Osborne County Farmer*, the *Osborne County News*, and the *Osborne County Journal*. Prominent in their reporting were notices from the Land Office in nearby Kirwin where the pace of business was swift. When, on June 4, 1885, the *Osborne County News* announced the most recent recipients of land patents, Parke's name appeared with 74 others.

Friendships often developed among fellow claimants, who then vouched for one another as land offices witnesses. Parke was no exception. In the fall of 1887 he so-obliged one A. W. Dwinelle, Jr. of Liberty, an Osborne County town which like Stuyvesant no longer exists.

Parke was among the more ambitious. By December 15, 1887, he had taken advantage of the Timber Culture Act of 1873, a supplement to the Homestead Act of a decade earlier, to gain title to additional 160 acres by filing on a contiguous quarter section. There were, however, conditions. The Act provided 160 acres of public land at no cost, but required the claimant to cultivate trees, planted not more than 12 feet apart, on 40 of those acres, and to keep them in healthy growing condition for ten years (the acreage requirement was later reduced to ten). Proof required the testimony of no fewer than two reliable witnesses.

Here Parke ran into difficulty. Whatever success he enjoyed as a farmer was not matched by his success in growing trees. In April of 1892, a complaint was registered at Kirkwin by neighbor and fellow farmer, 26-year-old Casper G. Titus, alleging that Parke was in direct violation of the law: that he had plowed and cultivated no more than five acres of land and had planted none of the required trees. In fact, Titus charged, there was no timber at all growing on Parke's land. Such complaints were not uncommon for time and place, for the Timber Culture Act, by its very nature, invited abuse, and led to fraudulent claims and speculation. In Parke's defense, growing stands of trees on the open prairie of Osborne County was a difficult, if not impossible, undertaking--even for those who were well-equipped and experienced. Parke was apparently neither. Charitably, in retrospect, his offense was undoubtedly less a desire to defraud the government than the failure of an overly optimistic neophyte farmer to understand the possible.

In the aftermath, perhaps because of the complaint, and certainly because of the limited prospects of his land, Parke elected not to stay. He sold out and continued to move west. On July 26, 1894, Parke filed a new 160-acre homestead claim, this time in the high plains country of Kit Carson, Cheyenne County, Colorado, registering with the Denver Land Office his intention to "prove up" by ranching and farming. If its records are correct, Parke once again also filed a Timber Culture Act claim.

For the would-be rancher-farmer, Cheyenne County was a journey back in time. First settled by horse ranchers in the 1870s, and formally established with great promise in 1889, it remained at the time of Parke's arrival but thinly settled. There was optimism. The years 1885 to1890 had brought unusually heavy rainfall to an area habitually dry, a place where, in most seasons, water was only obtainable from wells dug in excess of a hundred feet. But extreme droughts returned, and between 1890 and 1900 crop failures in corn, oats and wheat caused all but the hardiest of the County's pioneer residents, many of whom had initially lived in sod houses, to give up their land and livelihoods and move on. The population of Kit Carson in 1890 was 534; by 1900 that number had declined to 501. One of those who chose to leave was William T. Parke. By the turn of the century he was in Estes Park. Like his father before him, and without much, if any, public explanation, by then he had exchanged the vagaries and uncertainties of farming for the rather more predictable grocery and mercantile business.

Entrance into Estes Park:

William T. Parke first enters the Estes Park historical record in 1900. When the census for that year was enumerated on July 27th and 28th, he was operating a general store on the south side of what would soon become lower Elkhorn Avenue, approximately across the street from what is now (2020) Town Hall. The land, a half-acre which and backed on the Big Thompson River, had been acquired for $200 from the Earl of Dunraven's Estes Park Company Limited. It came with the stipulation that allowed Parke to operate "a store for the sale of dry goods, groceries, and provisions" but, conversely, seemed to exclude its use for anything else. The "county road" referred to in the deed, was then, as contemporary photographs show, but a narrow, barbed-wire-fenced lane meandering west toward the Elkhorn Lodge, since the late 1870s a popular summer resort. Parke quickly went to work and erected a small and nondescript wooden store. Over the next three decades, before being torn down and removed in June 1929, this building would serve a number of purposes, including housing Estes Park's first steam laundry. At one time it was also, apparently, part of a livery operation.

Estes Park in 1900 was a decidedly seasonal community, quiet and secluded in all but the short months of summer. But Parke was once again optimistic. He not only let potential customers know that his goods came directly from Denver, but declared his intention to operate his new store on a year-round basis--the first business in the Estes Valley to attempt to do so.

Over the next two years Parke's new enterprise was at least a moderate success, though not without incident. On the night of June 30, 1902 Parke was unexpectedly visited by 45-year old Gustave "Gus" Pflum, a German-born resident of Big Elk Park west of Lyons in what is now Big Elk Meadows, who confessed that he had just shot and killed sawmill owner F. R. Allen. There had been an altercation over a burnt bridge on Pflum's property, and Pflum, having somehow made his way to Estes Park (a destination as seemingly improbable as the rest of his story) now wanted to give himself up to the authorities in Fort Collins. Parke, using his store's recently installed telephone, made the requested call, after which the two men were content to await the morning arrival of Deputy Sheriff Reece Richart. In the aftermath, a quickly empaneled coroner's jury ruled the shooting of Allen a justifiable homicide because "there has been bad blood between people in that section."

Parenthetically, the telephone in Parke's store entered Estes Park history a year later, ironically on the very same month and day. On the afternoon of June 30, 1903, it was used by auto pioneer Freelan Oscar (F. O.) Stanley to inform William Welch, owner of Welch's resort above Lyons, that Stanley and his small steam car had safely arrived in Estes Park, and in record time. For Stanley the call was vindication. That morning a skeptical Welch had refused to send an employee along to help Stanley, then recovering from tuberculosis, make the trip. In years to come, given his subsequent contributions to town and region, Stanley's unheralded arrival would come to be seen, in the words of naturalist-author Enos Mills, the "epoch-making event in the history of the Park." And William Parke's telephone played a role.

By that date, however, Parke himself was gone. By August 1902, within weeks of the Pflum incident, Parke had turned his grocery over to Samuel Service of Lyons. It proved an easy and timely transition. The genial Irishman, had just finished a term as mayor, was willing, and had little difficulty moving his existing mercantile business twenty-odd miles west, up and into the Parke building, a business he would successfully operate in Estes Park (though not continually

on this site) until 1928. Parke, apparently glad to be done with it all, promptly "celebrated the occasion by making a visit to friends in Indiana."

Given the time and effort that Parke had spent reaching an agreement with the elusive Earl of Dunraven, the brevity of his grocery venture is surprising. It clearly had nothing to do, however, with Estes Park and its future prospects, for Parke would soon return to open and operate a new and very different kind of business and do so with great success. In the interim, we now know, he was very much engaged in lucrative activities in other places.

Loveland:

Estes Park, initially, was not William Parke's year-round residence. For a number of years, beginning in 1899, and until at least 1906, Parke spent his winters in Loveland and by every indication considered Loveland home. In April 1899, for $600, he purchased a house at 486 West 5th Street from West Loveland farmer James W. Hagadon. This neighborhood, thanks to Parke would soon become formally known as Loveland's Huntington Place Addition; its residents made up of individuals very much like Parke himself, representing a wide cross-section of the professions and occupations typically found in a rapidly expanding western town. Parke's small one-story house, built in 1891 (now known as the Crumrine/Flowers House), still stands, an integral part of Loveland's 5th Street Historic District. Close by, at 411 5th Street, was the late Victorian cottage built that same year by Frank G. Bartholf. Bartholf, the Fort Collins *Weekly Courier* tells us, was one of those who accompanied Parke on his trip to Estes Park in March 1900. For a relative newcomer, Parke was in good company. The enterprising Bartholf is said to have at one time been the largest single landowner in Larimer County.

Parke settled into Loveland life quickly and by mid-January 1900 had been installed as an officer in the local chapter of the Woodmen of the World, a fraternal order with an active presence in Larimer County. It was not that his earlier connection with Estes Park was forgotten. In December 1902, the Estes Park correspondent of the *Courier* reported matter-of-factly that "W.T. Parke, the old-time store keeper, but now of Loveland[,] spent Thanksgiving here."

Loveland was growing quickly. Its population, which stood at less than 1100 in 1900, would more than triple in the decade that followed, a decade that saw a late nineteenth century regional agricultural center and railroad town transformed into an economically more diverse twentieth-century residential and business community. Much of this growth was fueled by the rapid development of the local sugar beet industry, anchored by the completion in 1901 of the Great Western Sugar Company's Loveland factory, the first in northern Colorado. The following year the Colorado & Southern Railroad opened its new downtown brick depot, bringing with it yet another, and equally obvious, sign of modernity and prosperity. These were boom times. There was money to be made in real estate if one had the vision, resources and skill to make the investment. William T. Parke clearly had all three.

Parke's first apparent Loveland real estate transaction occurred in August 1899 with his purchase from James Hagadon. That same month he made his first sale: two-thirds of an acre to Margaret Miller, the wife of a local druggist, for $725. His largest single purchase came in September 1902 when for $3,500 he was able to secure six lots in Loveland's Kilburn's West Side Addition,

a residential area platted in 1883 and bisected by 5th Street. Clearly a bet on quick appreciation, these lots came with the rights to draw water from the Barnes Ditch, Loveland's original water supply. Parke's largest recorded sales came during the years 1906, 1907, and 1910: for $3,200, $2,942 and $3,000 respectively ($3,200 being the equivalent of about $92,000 in 2020 purchasing power).

There was also the 1903 sale for $2,500 of seven lots in the neighboring Huntington Place Addition to wealthy Loveland fruit farmer Samuel S. Taylor and his son-in-law Albert F. Warner for $2,500. Three years later, in October 1906, Parke sold the men two more lots in Huntington Place for $500, lots that Taylor and Warner were able to sell at a quick profit two months later for $600. Their buyer, Greeley lumberyard proprietor Edmond. J. Bender, was one of Parke's previous Huntington Place purchasers. Such quick turn-around transactions, contemporary newspapers tell us, were not uncommon--a reflection of the optimism, vibrancy and fast-moving nature of Loveland's real estate market.

The $3,000 sale in 1910 referenced above, to one Anna E. Sarchet, was for open farmland to the east of Loveland's business and residential district, an area bounded on the north by what is now 14th Street and on the west by US 287. No small part of the attraction was its close access to the Big Thompson and Manufacturing Company Irrigation Ditch, dating from the 1860s. Water and water rights were, of course, of critical importance--even then a determining factor in Loveland's growth and development. Without adequate access to adequate irrigation, the hot weather of summer forced crops and grasses grown in the meadowlands to mature before they were fully grown. Parke made another sale for 10 acres in the same area the following year--this time to Russian-born farmer Jacob Cook, bringing him $2,100. In December 1914, Cook for the same price purchased a contiguous five acres.

What is not clear is exactly how many of these purchases were initially financed, though one strongly suspects that Parke was just as adept at making good use of other people's money as he was at buying and selling properties. We do know that the land in Block 39 of Loveland Everett's Addition, which Parke obtained from James Hagadon for $600 in May of 1899, was secured by an indenture promising repayment "on or before two years from date." Parke held the property until February of 1901, then for three times that price sold it to Loveland's James R. Anderson and his real estate partner John M. Cunningham.

Over time Parke would have a direct hand in the development of three contiguous Loveland neighborhoods, all located near his 5th Street home: the Ten Brook Place Addition, whose plat map was signed by Loveland Mayor George Lord on March 3, 1903; the Huntington Place Addition, for which Parke personally filed the initial plat map two months later, on May 7, 1903; and Kilburn's Westside Addition. (Huntington was the married name of William Parke's sister Lillian.) All but two of Parke's city transactions were in these popular neighborhoods. The remaining two, in 1899 and 1901, were both in Everett's Addition a few blocks to the east, platted in 1880. Altogether, between the September 19, 1903, and August 16, 1909, under Parke's name as grantor and grantee, I have been able to locate 32 separate real estate transactions in these four neighborhoods. The very number attests, of course, both to Parke's ability as a real estate agent and developer, and to the amount of time spent pursuing these activities. Oddly enough, one the Parke's purchasers--for two lots in the Ten Brook Addition,

filed on April 1, 1903--was none other than Reece Richart, the man who less than a year before had escorted Gus Pflum from Parke's store in Estes Park.

Two of Parke's recorded transactions were with the City of Loveland. In July or August 1907, though its details and precise date remain unclear, he reached an agreement with local authorities with respect to Block 2 of the Huntington Place Addition which brought him $2,292.14. Two years later, in 1909, this time for an unspecified amount, Parke conveyed to Loveland the streets and alleys of the Ten Brook Addition.

All told, between 1899 and 1914, Parke's name as grantor and grantee are found on at least 44 Loveland and Loveland-adjacent transactions (see Appendix below). Those not in the city, like the purchases of Anna Sarchet and Jacob Cook, some 12 in all, were in the same section of farmland east of town. The earliest of these was Parke's purchase from David Hershman in May 1903. Over time Hershman, a Big Thompson Valley pioneer, had accumulated some 900 acres, all within two miles of what was then the city.

Not surprisingly, given the very nature of the real estate business where the dynamics of human relationships often play a defining role, over these years Parke developed a wide circle of Loveland acquaintances, many of whom he retained as friends as occasion and circumstance allowed. Some of these individuals, either were, or soon would be, numbered among Loveland's leading citizens. Parke clearly made money. These real estate transactions, together with what he earned from his brief interlude as a grocer, and from his new and evolving interest in photography, seem to have provided Parke with all the livelihood needed for the years between 1899 and 1906.

Parke as Photographer:

"W.T. Parke came up from Loveland on Wednesday," the *Weekly Courier's* special correspondent in Estes Park told readers on May 25, 1904, "and will remain here for several months." In making the trip he undoubtedly became one of the first to use the long-anticipated (and much delayed) new road up through the canyon of the Big Thompson that had opened earlier that spring. The summer that followed and its activities had been planned well ahead. Though his grocery store venture was a thing of the past, Parke had been regularly spending his summers in Estes Park, to the point of considering himself a resident, if only a seasonal one. For proof, there is the *First Annual Directory of Larimer County* of 1904, in which Parke's name is listed among the valley's 60-plus residents, his given occupation "photographer." Few in Estes Park would have been greatly surprised. A year earlier, in May 1903, the local correspondent of the *Courier,* in announcing that "Parke is home for the summer" had added that taking photographs was how their former grocer intended to spend his time.

Unfortunately, that summer did not end well. In early September of 1903 Parke was confined to bed for several days with "mountain fever," a catchall-term in the literature of the day, but now, given the symptoms, thought to be Colorado tick fever. Though soon reported to be "much improved," it was not until month's end that Parke was finally "able to leave his room."

Just where, when, and how Parke developed this interest in photographing the scenery in and around of Estes Park and in capturing on film the growth of its new village, and then turned both into a profitable vocation remains a mystery. It is tempting to think it had its beginnings during Parke's years in Cheyenne County, for after 1871 the town of Kit Carson was a stop on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, offering an easy 200-mile ride into Denver. From there a short trip on the Colorado & Southern to Loveland would not only have introduced Parke to that city but brought him to within a day's journey of Estes Park. But that is all conjecture. What we do know is that by the 1890s, thanks to the introduction of the dry plate and then the roll film, talented amateur photographers like William T. Parke could take good to excellent photographs. We also know that like so many others before and since, once fully exposed to the mountains Parke's interest and photographic skills quickly expanded and greatly improved.

By 1904 Parke's future course was largely set. That summer, as fellow-photographer Fred Payne Clatworthy would later recall, Parke formally ventured into the photography business, setting himself up in a small wooden building close by, and behind, E. M. A. Foote's retail store which stood at the corner of what is now Elkhorn and Moraine Avenues on land rented from postmaster John Cleave. A large sign across the top of his building read "48 postcards for 25c." "Billy had a little hesitancy in speech," Clatworthy continued,

> but knew his own mind and in the end would tell you all about it! I have some of the first postcards, black and white, of Estes Park published by Billy. He wasn't going to let anybody, especially a little outfit like the Tammen Co. of Denver, beat him. . . .

Clatworthy's reference, clearly meant as a compliment, was to the H. H. Tammen Curio Company of Denver, established in 1881 by Harry Heye Tammen (1856-1924) and his partner Charles A. Stuart, for a number of years the largest publisher of postcards in Colorado.

We know very little about the camera or cameras Parke used to produce his first photographs. But there are clues. On October 7, 1901, a representative of the Multiscope and Film Company of Burlington, Wisconsin wrote a two-page letter (one recently recovered) to "Mr. W. T. Parke, Estes Park, Colo.," responding to Parke's inquiry about the possible uses of the Company's Al-Vista Panoramic Camera. "Dear Sir," the letter reads:

> We have the favor of the 28th ult [sic] and carefully note the contents. Replying will say that we do not recommend our cameras for taking portrait pictures, but after practice think you will be able to do some very nice work. We have seen some very fine work done, but as we do not like to overestimate what our camera does we do not recommend it for this class of work. We do not want anyone dissatisfied with our cameras or claiming that the camera does not do all that we claim for it.

The panoramic camera in question, invented in 1896 by Company Vice President Peter Angsten, was both attractive and versatile. Constructed of Morroco leather-covered wood, it contained a spring-propelled left-to-right pivoting lens enclosed in a soft leather bellows. Capable of using roll film on which to capture a 180-degree image, the turning speed of the camera was adjustable for four different light conditions and for greater or lesser air resistance, easy enough, in short, for an amateur or professional to use with good results, given sufficient practice.

The Company's letter to Parke goes on to indicate that a copy of its 1901 catalog providing "full information regarding our line" is being mailed under separate cover. Also provided was a rough estimate of freight weights to Greeley and Denver ("which we figure are about the two nearest terminals to you"), this evidently in response to another of Parke's questions. As a final enticement, the letter promised a "50-% discount on any camera in our list--cash with order."

Where Parke learned enough about the Al-Vista camera to prompt his letter of inquiry we, of course, do not know, but the imagery used in Company advertisements to capture the imagination would surely have caught his attention: "As the view from a mountain top exceeds the view seen through an open door, so does this new camera surpass the one of ordinary construction." It "Takes a Broad View of Things."

Other items found with the letter include a piece of paper with the serial number 2825, suggesting that an Al-Vista camera was in fact ordered. If so, it may well have been the camera that Parke took with him up the slopes of Little Prospect Mountain in 1907 and again in 1909 to take two of the earliest known panoramic photographs of the village of Estes Park and in 1908 carried up to a high shoulder on Mount Olympus to capture, north and south, the snow-capped peaks of the Front Range. One more panoramic photograph bearing Parke's name came to light in the course of researching this study. Similar in size to the others, it is captioned "'Rocky Mountain National Park' From Estes Park," the major peaks (from Mt. Meeker on the left to Stones Peak on the right) identified by name. Though the caption makes clear that it was offered for sale after the Park's dedication in 1915, the date at which the photograph itself was actually taken is, of course, impossible to determine, and may have been much earlier. Though similar in some ways to the view from Mount Olympus, this photograph was taken further to the south, and lacks the clarity and detail of its predecessor, perhaps because of the reproduction process.

There would be other cameras. These included the "big new camera" which Parke took into the field in spring of 1908, and a large long-bellowed Century Studio camera manufactured by the Folmer & Schwing Division of the Eastman Kodak Company for in-house portrait work that was left behind (and remains) in the building that once housed Parke's photo and curio store. Further, the agreement which Parke signed with his successor John Baird in October 1920, setting the terms and conditions of sale, while it included "all merchandise and fixtures" specifically excluded five cameras.

Parke's New Store:

A full line of Kodaks, Kodak supplies and the free use of Kodaks at W. T. Parke's. Developing and printing for amateurs.

Parke's 1904 summer venture into retailing his photographs was evidently a success. So much so, in fact, that it would be only a matter of time until he needed, and wanted, a larger, more attractive, and more centrally located building--one that he himself owned. This became possible after March 1905, when a group of Loveland businessmen, including former Larimer County sheriff Cornelius H. Bond, paid postmaster John Cleave $8,000 for his quarter section of land at the confluence of the Big Thompson and Fall Rivers for the purpose of laying out a town. Incorporating themselves that August as the Estes Park Town Company as the vehicle for future development, their first improvement, a necessary one, was to lay down a two-inch pipeline to

the site to bring water from a small diversion on Black Canyon Creek, a task completed the following spring. Then came the sale of lots encompassing a full seven blocks (some 264 lots in all). Twenty-five foot lots on Elkhorn Avenue were offered for sale for $50; lots farther to the east for $35. Activity was brisk, and by June some 25 lots had been sold. "Our next step, Fred Clatworthy recalled, "was to beg, borrow or steal enough money to build anything that would shed water and hold a business name or sign." Clatworthy's Ye Lyttle Shop was ready and open for business by July 4th.

William T. Parke was also an early buyer. Having spent the winter of 1905-1906 in Loveland, he let it be known in January that he planned "to open a store in the Park next summer." This, of course, required property, and on March 26th Parke finalized with the Town Company the purchase of four lots in Block 2, for which he paid $200. Their location, a few steps east of the corner of what was now Elkhorn and Moraine Avenues, was ideal. By 1909 Parke's near neighbors would include both the Hupp and Manford hotels, the first in the village, and the recently-opened Estes Park Bank. Directly across the street were the offices and facilities of F. O. Stanley's equally-new auto stage line. Parke's deed, like those of others, included a restriction: an "express condition and covenant," a clear reflection of the moral stance of Bond and his fellow developers, that should liquor be offered for sale on the premises by the new owner or by his or her successor, the land and its buildings would immediately revert to the Estes Park Town Company.

Construction of the small wooden building that would house Parke's his photography and curio business began well before his deed was filed, with Parke himself apparently doing much of the work. This meant winter trips back and forth to Loveland, at least one of them noted. "W. T. Parke goes to Estes Park this week," readers with the *Fort Collins Express* were told on March 7th, "to resume work on his new store room, and get ready for business the coming season." Like most of its neighbors, Parke's store was built on stone footings without a basement. Work progressed rapidly, and by mid-May Parke was able to announce that he expected "to have his store finished and ready to receive his new stock of photographic supplies etc. by the first of June." By late May he was painting the building and had purchased porch chairs "for the accommodation of . . . customers." William Parke was as good as his word. The opening of his art and curio store beat competitor Fred Clatworthy's by a full month.

Postcards were Parke's stock in trade, and it was his good fortune to be part of what is now regarded as its "Golden Age." That period began in March 1907 when the United States, yielding to public pressure, permitted a line to be drawn down the back of a postcard separating address and message, expanding room for the latter. (Earlier US postcards restricted messages to the front, or picture, side of the postcard with the back used exclusively for the address.) Not surprisingly, the era of the "divided-back" that followed saw an exponential growth in the number of postcards produced, sold, and collected. During its early years, Parke's postcards, like those of the best professional photographers, were produced in Germany, whose high-quality lithographic printing process yielded finely detailed images widely regarded as the best in the world. Though German preeminence ended with the coming of World War I, by that date Parke's reputation as a postcard photographer was well established. Fred Clatworthy was right about Billy Parke: in Estes Park no one needed an H. H. Tammen.

Parke produced both individual black-and-white and hand-colored postcards as well as postcard "folders" containing between 10 and 48 separate views. Some folders came in "attractive cardboard packets ready for mailing." He also produced and sold individual photographs, including the Little Prospect and Mount Olympus panoramas referenced above, as well as any number of early, and now historically valuable, views of the village. Two of Parke's most distinctive post cards were "double-wides," offering panoramic views of Hallett (now Rowe) Glacier and Longs Peak and the Front Range from the Dunraven Hotel. There was also an attractive tan souvenir booklet bound with a red cord, containing 22 photographs, each measuring 6 x 4.25 inches and individually glued in place. Titled, simply, *Estes Park, Colo,* Parke published the booklet on behalf of the Estes Park Protective and Improvement Association, an organization of local boosters dedicated to promoting tourism. Similar souvenir albums with Parke's imprimatur appeared as early as 1905.

Parke sometimes commissioned the work of others. For example, in 1908, during his second year doing business at his Elkhorn Avenue location, Parke announced that he had engaged local artist Richard Tallant to paint a series of water-color postcards of places like Longs Peak, Bear Lake, and Horseshoe Park, to be sold for 50 cents each. Tallant's in-town studio was nearby--in fact just across the street. They are "real works of art" the announcement read: "the most tempting things in the way of local views that have yet been offered to the tourists, or others who are interested in Park scenery."

Parke's postcard and photograph inventory was a large one. "W. T. Parke not only has faith in the future of the Park," the *Estes Park Trail* told its readers in July 1914, "but he believes that the 'future' has arrived as is shown by his having just received 108,000 post card views of the Park."

Like fellow photographer and business competitor Fred Clatworthy a few doors to the west, Parke produced maps for the visiting public and carried a wide variety of souvenir, curio, and other tourist items, including, in Parke's case, fishing equipment. Particularly distinctive were a series of small pictorial ceramic items manufactured for Parke in Germany. These were the product of the Wheelock Company, a midwestern firm, one of America's leading distributors of souvenir items. Wheelock hired travelling salesman to call on merchants like Parke and take their orders from pattern books, the merchant providing local scenic photographs that were sent on to Germany and applied to the ordered pieces. Among surviving Wheelock souvenirs bearing Parke's name are a match holder whose picture is captioned "East End of Big Canyon Loveland and Estes Park Road;" a small Dutch shoe with a picture of "Gem Lake, Estes Park, Colo.," and a small vase and a pin tray, each illustrated with a picture of "Lake Ursula [Bear Lake] Estes Park, Colo." Such items were widely collected by tourists in the years before the World War I which, as in the case of German lithographed postcards, stopped their manufacture. Parke's inventory also included Native American goods, which he personally took a hand in seeking out and selecting. One such occasion evidently occurred in January 1910 when newspaper readers were told that Parke, "the Estes Park Curio man," had set out on a weeklong '"business trip to Arizona and New Mexico."

Between 1912 and 1914 Estes Park finally had a regular summer newspaper, the *Estes Park Trail*, for which Parke regularly furnished Editor John Yale Munson of Berthoud with photographs, including the panorama that highlighted the paper's very first issue. From the

beginning the *Trail's* Estes Park office, where readers were told they could order their subscriptions and leave items of local interest, was housed with "Mr. William Tenbrook Parke." Not surprisingly, Parke was also one of the *Trail's* most regular advertisers, and Munson, by way of gratitude, made it a point not only to credit and thank him for his photographic contributions but to assure readers that Parke's pictures "are very fine"--"the workmanship is of the best."

The *Trail* was not the only newspaper to report on Parke and his photographic activities. To cite by one example, the Estes Park correspondent of the *Longmont Reporter,* who knew Parke well enough to use his or her column to poke fun at the man and his picture-taking. "Billy Parke," readers were told in May 1908 "is out most of the time taking pictures. Billy is a rustler [hustler?], and makes good pictures. He has already taken five or six pictures of the big hotel [the Stanley Hotel, then under construction], and was out Friday trying to get a picture of the whole Rocky Mountain region from Gallup, New Mexico, to Laramie, Wyoming. He almost succeeded with his big new camera. . . ." Others, in a similar vein, simply referred to "Parke, the picture man."

Parke did not do his photographic work alone. The July 5, 1913 issue of the *Estes Park Trail* speaks of Parke's "photographic department," meaning one John Burns, a bachelor, who worked for Parke for several seasons between 1908 and 1914. Though described as "a popular young man," and only briefly entering the historical record, Burns clearly helped to expand Parke's photographic inventory. Parke sent Burns off to such relatively secluded places as the Odessa Gorge where he took photographs of Odessa and Fern Lakes, and Burns may well have been responsible for one of Parke's most interesting photographs, a panorama of Hallett (now Rowe) Glacier taken from the lower slopes of Hagues Peak. Burns also accompanied Parke on joint photographic excursions, such as the one the two men took in June 1914 over the not-yet-complete Fall River Road. There were "frequent stops for photographs" along the way before reaching the convict camp "where we were hospitably served with a bountiful dinner of prison fare." The reference was to the convicts from the state penitentiary at Canon City who had begun construction of a road across the Continental Divide the previous summer and were housed in roadside log huts near the mouth of Endovalley. Parke and Burns' afternoon trip resulted in a full-page article in the *Estes Park Trail*.

During several summers beginning in 1918 Parke was joined by Adelbert Henry Reading (1872-1955), who, since 1898, had been operating a photographic studio, gallery, and school (the Valparaiso School of Photography) in Parke's hometown. Reading, later referred to as "the dean of Hoosier photographers," returned to Estes Park for the next three summers on what was clearly a working vacation. In 1920 Reading brought with him his wife Caroline. The season over, the couple return home by way of Mesa Verde and Taos so that Reading could film ceremonial Indian dances at the Taos Pueblo on San Geronimo Feast Day.

The years running up to America's entrance to World War I were good ones for Estes Park, and Parke's success soon made clear the inadequacies of his building. Changes were needed. These began in the Spring of 1912 when he remodeled the store's front facade and replaced its original windows with plate glass ones. A year later, in time for the 1914 season, Parke went further: he doubled the size of the building's floor space by adding a new wing to the west, and removed the original open porches "to meet the demands of growth in business."

Then as now finding good summer help was a challenge. "Mr. Wm. Parke wears a long face nowadays," the local correspondent of the *Fort Collins Express* reported in August 1910, "and we suggested to him it was probably owing to the fact that the tourist season would soon be over. 'That's true enough,' said Billy sadly, 'but there's just the girl and she is going away.'" The following summer Parke was fortunate enough to hire eighteen-year-old Doris Bond, the oldest daughter of town founder Cornelius Bond to work "behind the counter."

William Parke would operate his shop on Elkhorn Avenue until October 1920, when, having decided to retire, he sold the business to John B. Baird of Denver, a former resident of Cleveland who had made his living as an adding machine salesman for the Burroughs Company. Parke clearly wanted to sell, and Baird to buy. In fact, to complete the transaction for their agreed-upon price of $15,000, Parke accepted a modest down payment of $1,500 from Baird and his wife, Margaret. According to their arrangement an additional $6,500 was to be due on or before April 1, 1921, when the date for the final payment of $7,000 would be decided. Ultimately, they settled upon an eight-year mortgage at 6% interest, a mortgage that was not paid off by the Bairds until August 1928--four years after Parke's death.

John Baird was well aware of the good will of his predecessor and its value. After what the *Trail* referred to as a brief interior "remodeling campaign," Baird reopened his business as "The Parke Shop," making it clear in his advertisements that his was the "Oldest and Largest Store of the kind in the Village" and that Baird himself was the "successor" to William T. Parke. Baird would continue to underscore this relationship into the 1930s by periodically providing the *Trail* with Parke's photographic postcards to use as illustrations ("Courtesy of Baird's Gift Shop"). During the summers of 1921 and 1922 Baird wisely retained the services of photographer Reading: "Our Photographic Department is now open for Kodak Finishing. Mr. A. H. Reading who has been in charge of this department for the past three years is again with us."

The Bairds, who would own and operate Parke's business for nearly a half century, made additional changes to the building and its exterior. The most dramatic of these in 1937 when Baird replaced the facade and front porch with a two-story brick addition that included living quarters on the second floor. In 1970 the business was sold to the Seybold family which would operate it for 35 more years. At the time that Parke turned the building over to John Baird, Dr. Henry S. Reid, Estes Park's summer-time physician, was officed there, an arrangement that no doubt encouraged summer trade. Reid would stay on as a tenant in facilities that the Bairds enlarged.

Between 1908 and 1912 Parke made several other investments in Estes Park's expanding downtown area. In November 1908, for $100, he purchased lots 8 and 9, in the Riverside Addition from the Estes Park Town Company, a stretch of 20 lots along Moraine Avenue and between Moraine and what is now West Riverside Drive. Parke owned these lots until January of 1920 when, for $400, he sold both to Ralph Macdonald as the site for Macdonald's new steam laundry, a business that for more than a decade had been operating in the old Parke-Service grocery store building on lower Elkhorn Avenue.

A second local transaction occurred in April 1910, when Parke paid a man named Kagle $1,000 for a portion of the property close to, or at, what is now 161 Virginia Drive, just above Bond Park. Parke did not hold it long. That November he sold it for a quick profit of $500 to Joseph R. Anderson, one of the original principals of the Estes Park Town Company, and one of his earlier Loveland customers.

In December of 1912, there was yet another Estes Park purchase: two lots on Elkhorn Avenue, these located immediately west of Sam Service's new store and home. The seller was Emma B. Harter of Loveland, the wife of retired grain merchant and banker Samuel B. Harter. The price $1,400. These lots, which the Harters had purchased from the Estes Park Town in 1906 for $100, contained the summer home that they had begun and completed that same year. The Harter house, clearly visible in early village photographs, including in the panoramas taken from Little Prospect Mountain, may well have served for a time as William Parke's home. Parke would own this property until April of 1919. He then he sold it for $2,750 to enterprising homesteader Anna Wolfrom, best remembered for her Wigwam Tea Room, opened in 1914 on the old Wind River Trail to Marys Lake. Wolfrom used the house as her vacation home until 1922, then, to expand her business presence in Estes Park, remodeled it to become the Indian Store, into which Wolfrom moved a tearoom four years later.

Civic Engagement:

As might be expected of a successful grocer and shopkeeper, by all accounts William T. Parke had an affable and outgoing personality and made friends easily. This despite the "little hesitancy of speech" of which Fred Clatworthy spoke. Whether in Estes Park or in Loveland, Parke entered into the life of the community, taking seriously the civic responsibilities that came with participation. Being a bachelor helped--giving him more time than married friends to devote to such things--and perhaps providing the impetus as well. This began early. In December 1901, during his short-lived career as Estes Park's grocer, Parke was elected the local justice of the peace, subsequently reporting expenses of five dollars. That was the beginning; once Parke again became the owner-proprietor of an Estes Park business his civic participation dramatically quickened.

This began with Estes Parke's new fire department, organized in January 1907. Now with a business and building to protect, in a town whose wooden buildings posed a constant fire danger, Parke volunteered to became one of its two nozzlemen. The position was perhaps more honorific than real since the fledgling organization was unable to purchase its first hose cart until 1913. The next year there was a more immediate opportunity. In response to the Colorado Telephone Company's decision that it could no longer afford to keep an employee in Estes Park, Parke stepped in with Cornelius H. Bond, Sam Service, Howard and Homer James, James Stead, Pieter Hondius and others. They purchased the exchange, established a new operating company, and then installed themselves as its board of directors. Parke was also asked to become a board member for the Estes Park Bank, the third chartered in Larimer County, which opened its doors for business in June 1908 with F. O. Stanley as President.

Of perhaps greater importance was Parke's involvement with the Estes Park Protective and Improvement Association, the community's earliest and most influential civic organization.

Parke served as vice president in 1912 and again 1913. Organized in 1906, the EPPIA had a broad and ambitious charter: "to suggest, provide for, and maintain improvements, such as roads, trails, fish hatcheries, tree plantings, forestry, and any like attempts intended to be of use and benefit." Its most important success was the establishment of a new fish hatchery on Fall River Road in 1907. Among others: the construction of a concrete bridge over Black Canyon Creek, the building of new trails to Ypsilon and Fern lakes, and the publication of the booklet of William Parke's own picture views to promote local hotels and businesses. Here, once again, Parke found himself in the company of town leaders like Bond, Service, Hondius, and Howard James, as well as hotel owners F. O. Stanley and Enos Mills. Mills, by then a central figure, was well into his campaign for a new national park, a cause that had become an Association priority.

Parke also became an early member of the Business Men's Association, founded in 1910 or 1911 as an offshoot of the Protective and Improvement Association, and the forerunner of the Estes Park Chamber of Commerce. In the absence of any kind of local government--that would not come to Estes Park until 1917--this group of some 40 members saw itself as being in "intimate touch with the business affairs and general welfare of the town of Estes Park," and, like the EPPIA, raised funds for improvements. Requiring a place for the officers to meet, Parke offered his store. Particularly memorable was the meeting held there in late June 1911, when final arrangements were made for the town's upcoming "grand Fourth of July celebration" at which Colorado Governor John Shafroth had agreed "to give the address of the day."

Parke also kept an eye on regional, state, and national political affairs. For several years, as the appointee of the Larimer County Commissioners, Parke served as primary and general election judge for Estes Park Precinct 37, a position which required him to register, and therefore submit to public scrutiny, as a member a nationally recognized political party.

Estes Park Developer:

There is, apparently, no record of just where in Estes Park William T. Parke lived, at least seasonally, between 1906 and 1917, the years following his reentry into business, though, as noted, between 1912 and 1917 the Harter cottage on Elkhorn Avenue was at his disposal. We do know, as reported in April of 1906, that during the time his art and curio store was under construction, Parke was simultaneously building a three-room cottage "which he expects to rent," suggesting, of course, that he already had satisfactory living quarters elsewhere.

As he had amply proved in Loveland, Parke had an eye for local real estate and its development. When opportunities in Estes Park beckoned, he was equally quick to seize upon them, much as he had done in 1906 and 1908 by purchasing properties on Elkhorn Avenue and Riverside Drive, and, still later, by buying the Harter cottage. An even more promising opportunity occurred in 1909, after the Estes Park Town Company hired the Hayden brothers, Albert and Julian, to survey and open for sale a new 44-lot subdivision above the village. Named Al Fresco Place, it encompassed the area along what is now Big Horn Drive and Chapin and Chiquita Lanes, the northernmost part of John Cleave's original quarter section. William Parke was quick to purchase. In the spring of 1911, for $575, he bought three of its choicest lots (Lots 123, 125, and 143), located contiguously (and conveniently) west to east on the hillside above the town. They were, quite literally, "al fresco," "in the open air."

His purchase was clearly an investment in the future, for it was not until 1917 that the first house was completed on the Parke property, a 6-room cottage with basement located at what is now 348 Virginia Drive, just south of Wonderview Avenue. Its near neighbor was the 5,240 square foot summer home at Rockside that F. O. Stanley had completed in 1905.

There is nothing more in the published record about these lots until May of 1921, when it was reported that Parke had "started work on his new cottage on the hill." In all likelihood this was the small 3-room house that is now located at 360 Virginia Drive, completed, according to County records, in 1923.

On June 10, 1922, there was more news. Having exited the photograph and retail business, and no doubt in hopes of repeating his real estate successes with the Ten Brook and Huntington Place subdivisions in Loveland, Parke subdivided his three Alfresco Place lots to create the 12-lot Ten Brook Resubdivision. These lots occupy the entire north side of what is now Virginia Drive (though the street address of lot 12 is now 374 Big Horn Drive).

Parke began selling these lots immediately. On July 1, 1922, he sold Lot 5 and its existing house to Alexander McIntyre (1863-1925), a widowed carpenter, for $400, secured with "a note, deed of trust or mortgage," payable on or before 5 years at 7% annual interest. Three months later, on October 1, 1922, for $800, and with similar terms, Parke sold Lots 2 and 3 to Beach W. Cook (1880-1953), the owner of Cook's Log Cabin Cafe, located on upper Elkhorn Avenue. Cook wasted little time in their development. On February 23, 1923, the *Estes Park Trail* noted that "B. W. Cook is building a cottage of five rooms and bath on the property he purchased last year of W.T. Parke." This, presumably, is the house that currently stands at 340 Virginia Drive, completed in 1924.

On October 2, 1922, the day following his transaction with Beach Cook, Parke reached a similar arrangement for the sale of Lot 6. The purchase price was $400. The buyer, John A. McIntyre (1897-1990), was Alexander McIntyre's son, also a carpenter, who had come to Estes Park with his new wife Nell in the early 1920s. Since, according to County records, the house that now stands on Lot 6 (the property at 352 Virginia Drive) was not completed until 1929, John and Nell McIntyre and their infant daughter, may have decided to make their home next door with Alexander McIntyre.

The final sale in the Ten Brook Resubdivision whose details we know about with assurance occurred a year later, on June 16, 1923, when local coal dealer Orton R. Painter (1895-1957) and his wife purchased Lot 7 for $900, giving Parke a three-year note carrying the same 7% interest. The house on the Painter lot (356 Virginia Drive), assuming the correctness of County records, was not completed, however, until 1929, and by that date Orton Painter and his wife had moved to Greeley. All four of these notes were outstanding at the time of Parke's death, their terms and the balance-due on each are recorded in his estate papers, with only Beach Cook having paid down any principal.

Also in the Parke estate papers are two final pieces of information that help our understanding of the history of the Ten Brook Resubdivision. The first shows that "in contemplation of death"

William T. Parke transferred Lot 1 and its "improvements" to his widow, a transaction valued at $2,000. According to County records, Lot 1 contains two four-room houses (those at what are now 330 and 334 Virginia Drive), both completed in 1924. There is also a 1924 tax receipt for Lot 4 (344 Virginia Drive), land that at the time of his death was still presumably owned by Parke. The house on that property, the County shows, was also completed in 1924.

Parke's Extended Family:

Despite being a bachelor for most of his life, or perhaps because of it, family and family relationships were particularly important to W. T. Parke. And though life events and circumstances took the Parke siblings and their families in very different directions, the record shows that they kept in touch with one another and on a fairly regular basis. Lillian, who spent her entire life in Valparaiso, Indiana, in 1879 married Wellington "Will" Huntington (1857-1939), the son of Civil War veteran and a direct descendant of Samuel Huntington, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Will Huntington was a talented musician. He played, tuned, and sold both pianos and organs, for a time operated a music store in Valparaiso, and, late in life, managed the music department in one of its largest downtown businesses. Well known and much admired, in August 1934, the *Vidette-Messenger*, Valparaiso's hometown newspaper, ran a two-page appreciative article detailing his life and career.

The Huntingtons had five children. Two sons: Frank Isham Huntington (1880-1947) and Gordon Parke Huntington (1897-1986). And three daughters: Edna K. Huntington (1882-1911); Pearl E. Warner (1884-1981); and Agnes L. Henry (1891-1959). Two of the five children, like their uncle William T. Parke, would make their way to Colorado. Frank Huntington came first, initially for reasons of health. Early in the new century he left Valparaiso for Colorado's Hot Sulphur Springs in sparsely-populated Grand County across the Continental Divide, where he stayed on after his marriage to the daughter of Longmont's Mayor, and, in 1902 or 1903, was elected County Surveyor.

Frank's younger sister, Agnes, followed. She also decided to stay. While visiting her brother, Agnes met, and on June 18, 1913 married, town druggist Grover Cleveland Henry, who had come to Middle Park from his family's farm in Niwot, Colorado, near Boulder. In 1914, Henry became Hot Sulphur Springs' postmaster. Brother-in-laws Frank Huntington and Gordon Henry shared a common interest in music and as members of the Music Committee of the Winter Sports Club for a time they were responsible for providing "music for dances."

While Parke returned home to Indiana to visit the Huntingtons in Valparaiso on several occasions, once shortly after he sold his grocery in the summer of 1902, Lillian and Will Huntington seem to have visited Estes Park separately rather than together. Lillian spent the summer of 1903 housekeeping for her brother in Estes Park, no doubt to be closer to Frank. Will, on his part, did not make a first visit to Estes Park until more than a decade later, in September 1914, and then came alone. During the summer of 1903, their son Frank seized the initiative and, perhaps as a way of demonstrating his renewed health, hiked up and over the Flattop Trail with its nearly 3,000-foot elevation gain to visit his mother and uncle. Frank visited Estes Park again in 1906, and, presumably, on other occasions as well. It is tempting to think that on one of these visits Frank met his future wife, Harriet Morgan. But that may have come earlier, for, if the

Huntington family history is correct, after graduating from high school in Valparaiso in 1900, Frank Huntington moved to Loveland where he lived until sometime in 1902, presumably with William T. Parke. Frank's presence in Loveland may well account for the fact that when the very next year, on May 7, 1903, Parke platted the land he owned in West Loveland into 36 parcels he named his new subdivision the "Huntington Place Addition."

Frank and Harriet, who were married a year later, on December 28, 1904, would return the honor by giving their first-born son, Morgan (1906-2003), the middle name of "Parke." Morgan Parke Huntington, who in future years would choose to go by the name "Parke," spent several of his early summers with his maternal grandparents in Longmont, and later attended and graduated as class Salutatorian from Longmont High School. Given the proximity of Longmont and Estes Park, he undoubtedly spent time with his great uncle and namesake as well.

Parke's younger brother, Zenith Arthur, made his way from Valparaiso to neighboring Illinois, became an electrician, and about 1901 settled in Chicago with his wife, Olive Lulu (1865-1945), a native of Rockford, who he had married in Elgin, Illinois in 1891. In Chicago, Zenith worked for the Commonwealth Edison Company, the utility company which enjoyed an exclusive franchise for the city. He and Olive Lulu had two daughters, Lillie Belle (1891-1947) and Francelia (1895-1935). The Parkes first lived on South Langley Avenue on Chicago's north side, then moved south to 735 88th Place, a house that Zenith Parke built in 1914 and today still stands. The record shows that on several occasions William T. Parke visited his brother and family in Chicago, and then continued on to Valparaiso to see the Huntingtons, sometimes in connection with his vacation trips south where by 1911 Parke had begun to spend the winter. Several of the known surviving photographs of William T. Parke were taken during these visits.

As far as we know, neither Zenith nor Olive Lulu Parke ever visited Estes Park, but, apparently, one of their married daughters did. The August 27, 1915 issue of the *Loveland Daily Herald* reported that "W. T. Parke of Estes Park is spending the day in Loveland. He accompanied his niece to this city. She has been visiting him in the Park for the past few weeks and is now enroute for her home in the east." Most likely this was their older daughter Lillie Belle, now Mrs. Charles Butts, then making her home in Chicago.

Parke's relationship with Frank Huntington was a particularly close one. In addition to his regular duties as County Survey, Frank took on special projects. One of these came at the invitation of transportation pioneer Roe Emery to survey and help build the now-iconic Grand Lake Lodge, overlooking Grand Lake, then within the boundaries of Rocky Mountain National Park. It opened for business in 1920 to coincide with the completion of Fall River Road, for which Frank had done the survey work at its western end. Parke made trips to Hot Sulphur Springs to see the Huntington family in 1908, 1914, and 1916, visits that were reported in the *Middle Park Times*. "Mr. Parke has a picture studio at Estes Park," that paper explained in October 1916, "and is considered one of the most expert out of doors picture men in the country." Six years later, in the fall of 1922, Parke, by then retired, accompanied his nephew on a week-long trip to inspect the progress being made on Frank's Sunshine Irrigation project in Taos County, New Mexico, an unsuccessful short-lived venture that proposed taking water from the Rio Grande. Perhaps not surprisingly, Frank Huntington would later play a formal role on behalf of the Parke heirs in settling his uncle's estate.

Zenith Arthur's younger daughter Lillie, later Mrs. Charles Butt, raised her family in her parents' Chicago home. She also inherited the family photograph album which contains the only known photographs of William T. Parke taken with other family members. Four of those photographs are, fortuitously, available on-line at *Ancestry.com.*

Accusation and Trial:

Then came the summer and early fall of 1917, and the taunt drama played out against the backdrop of America's entrance into World War I. William T. Parke was put on trial, accused of sexually assaulting a minor. The unfolding story found its way into newspapers throughout Colorado. As might be expected, given the sensational nature of the charge and the identity of the accused, in Larimer County, and especially in Loveland, the story and its sordid details were carried as major news. For Parke, age 60, the ordeal must have been debilitating.

The accusation came from a girl of 14 named Esther Margaret Baldwin, who at the age of seven had been adopted by Edward and Flora Baldwin of Estes Park, following the death of her mother in Loveland. The Baldwins lived in the High Drive area above Beaver Point where Edward, an itinerant preacher for United Brethren, ranched and farmed while Flora rented cabins. Margaret, as she was known, was their second adopted child; in May 1901 they had adopted six-year old Willie Sisneros from a Denver orphanage, immediately changing his name to Edward Leroy Baldwin. According to family tradition, the relationship between Roy, as the boy was called, and the family was not a happy one. Apparently mistreated by the Baldwins, Roy ran away from home as a teenager and, though he would later make his adult home in Estes Park, his estrangement from family became permanent. Margaret also appears to have been mistreated, and to the point of negligence. It would later be said, in what can only be considered an understatement, that her family "have not been too careful of her general conduct."

Margaret Baldwin first accused fellow Estes Park resident and bachelor John C. Simms, a 39-year-old mechanic. Simms, she said, had taken "indecent liberties" with her and had "said things . . . which were improper." These things had occurred, he said, since she was seven--almost, that is, from the time of her first arrival in Estes Park. During the process of investigation, the girl also accused William T. Parke of similar offenses. Parke too was ordered to stand trial.

Prior to 1917, there is little in the historical record about John Cassidy Simms (1877-1958). What can be established is that by 1910 Simms, his father, William B. Simms, his mother, Cornelia, and his younger sister, also named Cornelia, were living in Estes Park on homesteaded land where his father made his living as a farmer. By that date, John Simms, who had been born in Cumberland County, New Jersey, was working at a local sawmill, and living on his own, perhaps at the mill.

Simms' trial in Larimer County district court came. While a number of Estes Park residents attended, prepared "to testify concerning the excellent reputation of the accused," the only direct testimony, and that of a particularly "salacious nature," came from Margaret Baldwin herself. Although "the girl's testimony," the reporter for the Fort Collins *Weekly Courier* told its readers, "was not very sound," Simms' "own testimony was very damaging." The jury, as the *Loveland*

Daily Herald succinctly put it on September 22nd, "chose to believe the story told by the girl." The defendant was found guilty and sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary at Canon City, his request for a new trial denied.

Margaret Baldwin for her part in the affair was ordered to the Colorado State Industrial School for Girls at Morrison (an institution established in 1897 as a place for "wayward" girls, ages 6 to 18). Until the Parke trial could be completed, she was held over in Fort Collins. Parke himself was released on bond.

In Parke's case there was pre-trial activity, the reasons for which the press only hinted at. On September 24, 1917, District Attorney Russell W. Fleming, a veteran lawyer who had been practicing law since the age of 19, "asked leave to file an information [i.e. a sworn written statement] charging indecent liberties . . . instead of the one alleging a statutory offense" (or rape). The request was granted by presiding 8th District Judge Neil F. Graham and so-reported in the *Loveland Daily Herald* on September 25th.

Though Estes Park had no year-round newspaper to report the charges against Simms and Parke, other Colorado communities did. The *Windsor Beacon* (September 27, 1917), *Montezuma Journal* (October 4, 1917), *Wray Rattler* (October 4, 1917), *Colorado Transcript* (October 4, 1917), *Fairplay Flume* (October 5, 1917), *Cheyenne Record* (October 4, 1917) and *Bayfield Blade* (October 5, 1917), among others, all reported the same story, though Simms' name (but not Parke's) was variously spelled. It read: "John Simms, an Estes Park man, was convicted in the District Court at Fort Collins of taking indecent liberties with a young girl. Wm Parke will also be tried on a similar charge, with the same girl as the principal witness for the state."

However succinct the account, the reason for District Attorney Fleming's request that the charge against Parke be changed seems, in retrospect, reasonably clear. He wanted Parke tried on the same charge as Simms, "taking indecent liberties," a charge on which Simms had already been convicted and found guilty. Fleming clearly expected that the case against Parke, based on similar testimony from the same accuser, would yield a similar verdict.

By the date on which the newspapers cited above published the accusation, the Parke trial was over. As the *Loveland Daily Herald* reported it:

> Parke's defense consisted in a flat denial of the story told by the girl and the introduction of a number of Estes Park people who testified to his good reputation and also as to the reputation of the girl as one who is inclined to trifle with the truth. Parke denied absolutely having anything to do with the girl, while other witnesses told of several instances which might go to show that the girl's word is not always to be relied upon.

John Simms, either in a fit of conscience or in an attempt to win a lighter sentence for himself, appeared as a witness for the prosecution. The substance of his testimony was that, walking into a back room of Parke's store, he had found the girl sitting on the owner's lap. After being sequestered for something more than an hour, the jury reached its verdict: "Parke was given a clean bill." The *Loveland Daily Herald's* front-page headline was even more emphatic: "W. T. PARKE RECEIVES A VERDICT OF NOT GUILTY."

The verdict was met with great relief, not only in Estes Park but in Loveland as well. As the *Herald* noted at the time, "Parke is well known here in this city as well as in Estes Park. He has always claimed the admiration and respect of all."

As a footnote: While his 1917-1918 Civilian Draft Registration record lists Simms as "in prison Canon City," by the time that the 1920 census was enumerated (in January,1920), he was back in Estes Park living with his parents and sister, once again employed as a sawmill worker. A decade later, in 1930, at age 52, he was living alone in Moraine Park, evidently supporting himself by doing odd jobs. Simms then disappears from the public record for nearly three decades, until May 13, 1958, when he died in Manitoba, Canada. He is buried in Longmont's Mountain View Cemetery.

Margaret Baldwin suffered a more tragic fate. Returned to the State Industrial School for Girls, she died a year later, on November 6, 1918, an apparent suicide. She is buried besides her stepmother who died in a Denver hospital less than a month later. Margaret's headstone in Loveland Burial Park is inscribed only with her nickname "Ritta."

Marriage and Final Years:

William T. Parke returned to Estes Park to finish his business career and enter retirement. Most of his subsequent mentions in the local press (for beginning in 1921 Estes Park at last had a year-round newspaper) had to do with his vacation travels. While many of Estes Park's well-to-do families preferred to winter in California, Parke, having tried that state at least once, chose the south, especially Mississippi. For the winters between 1919-1920 and 1923-1924, and probably as early as the winter of 1907-1908, his destination was Biloxi, a resort community of slightly more than 10,000, whose beachfront opened on the Mississippi Sound. The 1920 Census, taken on January 8, 1920, enumerated Parke and a number of others as boarders at a house on Laurel Street, a few short blocks from the water.

During several of these wintertime excursions, Parke kept the *Estes Park Trail* apprised of his whereabouts, in 1922 asking the editor to send him "folders" of Estes Park, undoubtedly postcard booklets, that, ever the local booster, he could share "among the people wintering here."

In early February of 1923 readers of the *Trail* were informed that "William Tenbrook Parke has arrived at his old stamping ground, Biloxi, Mississippi." What they were not told until three months later was that, on May 23, 1923, long-time bachelor William T. Parke had married Miss Harriet E. Herrick, age 45, at the Norwood Methodist Episcopal Church in Birmingham, Alabama. Parke was 65.

What we know about Harriet Herrick Parke (1878-1955) is relatively little. At the time of their marriage Harriet was living with, and presumably taking care of, her widowed father, Mortier B. Herrick, a retired farmer, in Ripon, Wisconsin, where the family had been living since before the turn of the century. She and Parke no doubt met during one of Parke's winter holidays in the South, while both were vacationing.

Though Harriet accompanied her new husband back to Estes Park, we learn little else about her during the months that followed. One thing we do know is that Parke made it a point to introduce Harriet to his sister and brother and their families during trips to Chicago and Valparaiso. Two of the surviving Parke-Butt photographs referenced above are of Harriet and William Parke together. Another shows Parke sitting with his older niece, Francelia, undoubtedly taken in Chicago, listening to piano music.

In September 1923, perhaps in anticipation of having family visitors and needing more room, Parke began building a new cottage in the Ten Brook Resubdivision. It was completed the following year. Unfortunately, its use by the Parkes, if any, was short-lived.

In July 1924, having once again wintered in Biloxi, William T. Parke underwent an operation at St. Joseph's Hospital in Denver for a cause or causes never publicly explained. On August 1, the *Trail* reported him as recuperating, noting that "Mrs. Parke has been with him at the hospital since the operation."

Two weeks later, on August 15, 1924, the *Estes Park Trail* had a sadder story to tell: "William Tenbrook Parke, Estes Park Pioneer, Dies in Denver":

> William Tenbrook Parke, an old-time resident of Estes Park, and widely known throughout northern Colorado, died last Monday at the St. Joseph's hospital in Denver, following an operation. He was 67 years old. Mr. Parke has been connected with various business affairs in Estes Park, having owned one of the first general stores in the village, which he sold out to Samuel Service. This original store building is still standing, and is now the Buffalo Livery. He also operated a photography business, which he sold to the Bairds, who now operate a gift shop in this location. He is survived by his widow, to whom he was married last year in Alabama. Mrs. Parke will take the body to Mr. Parke's old home in Valparaiso, Indiana, for burial.

On August 29th, there was a published "Card of Thanks":

> On behalf of my husband, W.T. Parke, I wish to thank the Estes Park friends for their many acts of kindness during his illness and death and for the beautiful floral tribute.

As far as most in Estes Park were concerned, one more newspaper announcement in the same issue of the *Trail* completed the William T. Parke story:

> Last Will and Testament of William T. Parke gives wife Harriet Parke $10,000, also gives sister Lillian A. Huntington $10,000 and brother Zenith Arthur Parke $10,000, remainder to nieces and nephews. Wife Harriet Parke is the executrix.

Though relatively uncomplicated as the *Trail's* account suggested, Parke's estate was a substantial one and took until October 1925 to settle. Some of his real estate transactions even longer. His estate's residual value, once expenses were paid, amounted to $55,838.52, nearly $840,000 in 2020 dollars, most of which came from 1918 World War I Liberty Bonds carrying a coupon rate of 4.25%. There were some minor stock holdings, several reflecting Parke's

investment in the Estes Park community (including a few shares in the Estes Park Bank, the Estes Park Water Company, and the Estes Park Golf and Country Club). Eight of his stock holdings, all in gas and oil firms, were subsequently found to have no value at all. Like a number of his Estes Park neighbors Parke had been investing in America's 20th century energy boom.

Once expenses and inheritance taxes were paid, the size of the residual estate was reduced. Harriet Parke received, as promised, $10,000 together with 20 shares of Mountain State Telephone & Telegraph stock; Lillian Huntington and Zenith Arthur Parke each received $10,000. William Parke's six surviving nieces and nephews divided the remainder, each receiving $1,864.84. There was, perhaps surprisingly, little personal property in the estate inventory, and that with an estimated value of only $2,000. Among the items inventoried, two cows and calves, 10 sheep, a horse and saddle, and a farm wagon, plow, and harrow, suggesting that William Parke, long-since remembered as Billy Parke the photographer, never totally gave up his interest in farming, if now pursued only as an avocation.

With her husband's estate closed, Harriet Parke left Estes Park and largely passes from view. We do know that five years later, on July 19, 1929, Harriet remarried, oddly enough in Clayton, Missouri, a suburb of St. Louis. Her new husband was Willard Hill (1860-1940), a retired farmer and a widower, who made his home in the farming community of Ithaca, Michigan. At the time of her remarriage, Harriet gave her address as Estes Park. The Hills subsequently lived in Ithaca, where Willard Hill died in 1940, and where Harriet continued to live until her own death on April 3, 1955. Her place of death, ironically, was in Birmingham, Alabama, the city where she and William T. Parke had been married two decades earlier. Both the Hills are buried in the Ithaca Cemetery.

William Tenbrook Parke is buried next to his parents in Valparaiso' Indiana's Old City Cemetery beneath a tall and slender, but otherwise unpretentious, granite tombstone. Its base is inscribed with the single word "Parke." His tombstone reads vertically: WILLIAM T. / SON OF / W.F. & C.E. / PARKE / BORN / FEB. 7, 1857 / DIED / AUG. 11, 1924.

Epilogue: What then are we then to make of the "Pika in the Park" episode, the apparent willingness to bend the facts of history to conform to present conviction, and the insistence that a man declared innocent by a jury of his peers should be publicly stigmatized for that crime a full century later? The explanation that Parke "had better lawyers" will hardly suffice.

As to truth. Herman Melville, whose works I used to teach, once wrote, thinking of Shakespeare, that "in this world of lies, Truth is forced to fly like a scared white doe in the woodlands; and only by cunning glimpses will she will reveal herself. . . ." I can only hope that what I have written offers one of those "cunning glimpses." As for William T. Parke, *In pace requiescat!* (May he "rest in peace.")

APPENDIX

WILLIAM T. PARKE'S REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS

1899-1928

SOURCES OF INFORMATION:

The information below on Parke's real estate transactions comes from the Grantor and Grantee books in the office of the Larimer County Clerk and Recorder and from the real estate transfer information found in five contemporary newspapers, where it was sometimes reported with typographical errors making electronic identification and recovery difficult. For example, the name "Parke" spelled without the final "e." In several instances (as noted below) citations in the Grantor/Grantee books in the Larimer County Clerk and Recorders Office also seem to be inaccurate because the specified documents cannot be located on the page listed. Those that are correctly filed can be viewed electronically through the County's Easy Access website portal. Unless otherwise noted, the properties referred to are in Loveland. The abbreviations used are as follows:

LCCR: Larimer County Clerk and Recorder
FCC: *Fort Collins Courier*
FCE: *Fort Collins Express*
FCWC*: Fort Collins Weekly Courier*
LDH: *Loveland Daily Herald*
LR*: Loveland Reporter*

Plattings:

Ten Brook Place and Block 5 Kilburn's West Side Addition, Loveland: January 1, 1902, LCCR Book 2, Page 11.
Ten Brook Addition, Loveland: May 3, 1903, LCCR, Book 2, Page 12.
Huntington Place, Loveland: May 7, 1903, LCCR, 2, Page 14.
Huntington Place Addition, Loveland: May 7, 1906, LCCR, Book 2, Page 43.
Ten Brook Resubdivision, Estes Park: June 10, 1922, LCCR, Book 4, Page 57.

As Grantee:

1899: (August 14): From James W. Hagadon: NW^4, Block 39, Everett's Addition. $600. LCCR, Book 127, Page 468 (FCWC, August 24). Release Deed of Trust, July 21, 1902. LCCR, Book 157, Page 65.

1902: (September 19): From Nathaniel and Sylvina Young: Lots 3 to 8, Kilburn's West Side Addition--14-5-69. $3,500. Together with right to use the water from the original Barnes Ditch. LCCR, Book 168, Page 454. (FCWC, October 1). Warranty Deed.

1903: (May 7): From David Hershman: Part 25-5-69, W^2 of NW^4 of NW^4, 20 Acres, plus 30-foot strip as described, together with water from Big Thompson Ditch & Manufacturing Company. $2,500. LCCR, Book 180, Page 420. (FCWC, October 14).
1903: (May 12): From May E. Davis: Part of Lot 18, Block 2, Huntington Place. $1. LCCR, Book 180, Page 59.
1903: (September 25): From Estes Park Company, Ltd: Part (24-25)-5-73. $200. LCCR, Book 175, Pages 471-3. Quit Claim Deed. (FCWC, November 18).

1906: (March 26): From Estes Park Town Company: Lots 11-14, Block 2, Estes Park. $200. LCCR, Book 202, Page 140. (FCWC, August 15). Warranty Deed.

1907: (October 1): From Thomas and Nellie Shreve: NE^4 of W^2 of NW^4 of NW^4--25-5-69. 5 acres. Water from Big Thompson Ditch & Manufacturing Company. $2,000 (payable over 5 years). LCCR, Book, 196, Page 38. Mortgage.

1908: (September 15): From Estes Park Town Company: Lots 8 & 9, Riverside Subdivision, Estes Park. $100. LCCR, Book 242, Page 71. (*FCWC*, FCE, November 18).

1910: From H. R. Eldred: E^2 of SE^4 & E^2 of NE^4--25-5-69, 10 Acres. $1 (FCWC/FCE, February 3)
1910: (April 12): From J. Kagle: Lot 18, Block 10, Estes Park. $1,000. LCCR, Book 277, Page 516. (FCWC, FCE, October 6). Warranty Deed. (Acquired from the Estes Park Town Company, $100--FCC, October 25, 1908).
1910: (September 7): From Anna E Sarchet: S^2 of W^2 of NW^4 of NW^4--25-5-69, 10 acres, plus 3/16 of one share of water from Big Thompson Ditch & Manufacturing Company. $2,000. LCCR, Book 240, Page 428. Mortgage.

1911: From Estes Park Town Company: Lots 123, 125 & 143 Al Fresco Place, Estes Park. $575. (FCE, May 18, FCWC, May 24).

1912: (December 13): From Emma B. Harter: Lots 5 & 6, Block 2, Estes Park. $1,400. LCCR, Book 310, Page 471. Warranty Deed.

1914: (November 25): From Newton Lumber & Mercantile Co.: NE^4 of W^2 of NW^4 of NW^4--25-5-69. 5 Acres plus 1/16 of one share of water from Big Thompson Ditch & Manufacturing Company. $1. LCCR, Book 315 Page 508. (FCE, December 31, FCWC, January 1, 1915).

As Grantor:

1899: (May 3) To Margaret E. Miller: 2/3 Acre in Kilburn's West Side Addition, Block 29 (14-56-69). Together with water rights from the original Barnes Ditch. $725. LCCR, Book 140, Page 18. (FCWC August 24). Warranty Deed.

1901: (February 6) To Joseph R. Anderson and John M. Cunningham: NW^4 of Block 39, Everett's Addition. $1,800. LCCR, Book 155, Page 392. Warranty Deed.
1901: To Lillian M. Osborn: 1/2 Acre in SE^4--14-5-69. $750 (FCWC, October 3). Warranty Deed.

1902: (November 6): To Henry Spotts: "The north 34 feet of lot 8 in Block five (5) of the Kilburn's West Side Addition . . . the same now being Lot 8 of Block 5 of Kilburn's West side addition as re-platted as Ten Brook Place & Block 5 Kilburn's West Side Addition." $300. LCCR Book 173, Page 150. Warranty Deed.
1902: (November 14) To Lillian J. Kinney: Lot 6, Block 5, Kilburn's West Side Addition, "according to plat of Ten Brook Place." $425. LCCR, Book 173, Page 57. (FCC, November 26). Warranty Deed.
1902: (November 25) To George W. Spencer: Lot 5, Block 5 Kilburn's West Side Addition. $425. LCCR, Book 173, Page 251. Warranty Deed.
1902: (November 25) To William H. Coffman: Lot 3, Block 5, Kilburn's West Side Addition. $1,000. LCCR, Book 254, Page 533. (FCE, November 25, 1908). Warranty Deed.
1902: (December 6) To Jane M. Ferguson: Lot 4, Block 5, Kilburn's West Side Addition. $400. LCCR, Book 173, Page 140. (FCWC, December 24). Warranty Deed.

1903: (January 14) To Lillian M. Osborn: Part Block 4, Kilburn's West Side Addition. $88. LCCR Book 173, Page 301 (FCWC, February 4).
1903: (April 1) To Wesley S. Evett: Lots 7 & 8, Tenbrook Place Addition. $350. LCCR Book 173, Page 537 (FCWC, April 15). Warranty Deed.
1903: (April 1) To Reece Richart: Lots 5&6, Block 10, Ten Brook Place Addition. $350. LCCR, Book 173, Page 538. Warranty Deed.
1903: (April 1) To D. G. Hollenbeak: Portion of 25-5-69. Lease. LCCR, Book 275, Page 193. Evidently misfiled.
1903: (May 1) To Samuel S. Taylor and Albert. F. Warner: Lots 2 to 9, Block 1, Huntington Place. $2,500. LCCR, Book 180, Page 97 (FCWC, June 3). Warranty Deed.

1903: (September 18) To R.O. and Myrtle Marquess: NW^4 of W^2 of NW^4 of NW^4--25-5-69. 5 Acres. Plus 1/16 share of capital stock of Big Thompson Ditch & Manufacturing Company. $1,250. LCCR Book 180, Page 495. (FCWC, November 4). Warranty Deed.

1904: (April 7) To Samuel Service. Beginning corner Sections 24 and 25-5-73 to center of Big Thompson Creek. $750. LCCR, Book 171, Page 289. Quit Claim Deed.
1904: (May 12) To Della T. Borsberry: Part Lot 18, Block 2, Huntington Place Addition. $1. LCCR, Book 187, Page 125. (FCWC, June 15; FCE, June 22). Warranty Deed.
1904: (May 12) To Helen G. White: Part Lot 18, Block 2, Huntington Place Addition. $1. LCCR, Book 187, Page 174. Warranty Deed.

1905: (February 10) To Herman Knapp. Lots 3 & 4, Block 1, Ten Brook Place Addition. $350. LCCR, Book 197, Page 414. Warranty Deed.
1905: (March 3) To Harry. E. Kelly: Lots 17 & 18, Block 1, Huntington Place Addition. $400. LCCR, Book 254, Page 53. (FCE, July 29, 1908). Warranty Deed.
1905: (June 9) To Solomon J. Krouskop: Part Block 5, Ten Brook Place Addition and Kilburn's West Addition--SE^4--14-5-69. $83.50. (FCE, October 18). Warranty Deed.
1905: To Samuel E. Borsberry: Lot 18, Block 2 Huntington Place Addition, part 14-5-69. $140. LCCR, Book 211, Page 44. (FCE, FCWC, November 1). Warranty Deed.

1906: To Fred W. Tebbe: Lots 9 & 10, Block 3, Ten Brook Place Addition. $3,200. (FCWC, July 4). Warranty Deed.
1906: (August 8) To Robert. S. Russell: Lots 2 & 3, Block 1 Ten Brook Place Addition, N^2 of NW^4--31-5-67. $350. LCCR, Book 221, Page 288. (FCWC, FCE, August 22). Warranty Deed.
1906: To Taylor & Warner: Lots 13 & 14, Block 1, Huntington Place Addition. $500. Warranty Deed. (FCE, September 26, FCWC, October 3).
1906: (March 30) To Samuel Service: Part 25-5-73. References the deed of September 25, 1903 from Estes Park Company to William Tenbrook Parke. $80. LCCR, Book 184, Page 310. (FCWC, October 3). Quit Claim Deed.
1906: (June 11) To Fred W. Tebbe: Lots 9 & 10, Block 1, Tenbrook Place Addition. To correct deed of same date in which Block 3 is given (LCCR Book 221, Page 72). $300. LCCR, Book 227, Page 173. (FCWC, FCE, November 21).
1906: (November 12) To Harry. E. Kelly: Lots 15 & 16, Block 1, Huntington Place Addition. $550. LCCR, Book 254, Page 52. (FCE, July 29, FCWC, August 5, 1908). Warranty Deed.
1906: (November 14) To Edmond J. Bender: Lots 10-12, Block 1, Huntington Place Addition. $900. LCCR, Book 227, Page 196. (FCE, November 21, FCWC, December 5). Warranty Deed.

1907: (August 10) To City of Loveland: Block 2, Huntington Place Addition. $2.292.14. (FCC, September 4). LCCR, Book 235, Page 209. Evidently misfiled.
1907: (August 14) To Daisy M. Peak: 2.92 Acres in SE^4--14-5--69. $50. (FCC, FCWC, September 4). LCCR, Book 235, Page 217. Evidently misfiled.
1907: To John Hahn: Lot 4, Block 2 Huntington Place Addition. $2,292. (FCC, FCWC, September 4).
1907: (October 21) To Thomas J. Shreve: N^4 of W^2 of NE^4 of NW^4--25-5-69. 5 Acres. Plus 1/16 share of capital stock of Big Thompson Ditch & Manufacturing Company $1. LCCR, Book 245, Page 26. (FCC, FCE, November 13). Warranty Deed. Release of Mortgage (October 21, 1907), LCCR, Book 316, Page 115.

1908: To H. E. Kelly: Lots 15 & 16, Block 1, Huntington Place Addition. $550. (FCE, July 29, FCWC, August 5).
1908: (July 7) To W. T. Parke and all: Colorado Telephone Company Bill of Sale. LCCR, Book 231, Page 585. Evidently misfiled.

1909: (August 16) To City of Loveland: Streets & Alleys of Tenbrook Place Addition. As shown on plat map of March 3, 1903. $1. LCCR, Book 247, Page 404. (FCE, October 6, FCWC, October 27). Quit Claim Deed.

1910: (September 7) To Anna E. Sarchet: S of W of NW--25-5-69, 10 Acres. Plus 1/16 share of capital stock of Big Thompson Ditch & Manufacturing Company. $3,000. LCCR, Book 277, Page 449. (FCE, September 15). Warranty Deed. Release of Mortgage (September 18, 1910), LCCR, Book 316, Page 154.

1910: (November 16) To Joseph R. Anderson: Part Lot 18, Block 10, Estes Park. $1,500. LCCR, Book 301, Page 283. (FCE, July 13, 1911). Warranty Deed.

1911: To Jacob Cook: SE^4 of NW^4 of NW^4, with all water rights, part--25-5-69. $2,100. LCCR, Book 285, Page 399. (FCE, January 14, LDH; January 15, 1915). Quit Claim Deed.

1912: (June 26) To Elias T. Beede: SW^4 of NW^4--25-5-69, "reserving therefrom 10 acres as follows. . . ." $1. LCCR, Book 285, Page 477. Quit Claim Deed.

1913: (May 14) To Edwin B. Grubb: Part 25-5-69, together with water rights. $1. LCCR, Book 315, Page 68. Quit Claim Deed.
1913: (May 14) To George Hein: NE^4 of NW^4 of NW^4--25-5-69, together with water rights. $1. LCCR, Book 315, Page 67. Quit Claim Deed.

1914: (December 26) To Jacob Cook: NE^4 of W^2 of NW^4 of NW^4--25-5-69. 5 Acres. $2,100. LCCR, Book 329, Page 468. Warranty Deed.

1919: (April 28): To Anna Wolfrom: Lots 5 & 6, Block 2, Estes Park. $1. LCCR, Book 392, Page 77. Warranty Deed (May 10, 2019); Mortgage, $2,750 on same. LCCR, Book 295, Page 442. Release Mortgage (September 4, 1920).

1920: To Ralph R. Macdonald: Lots 8 & 9, Riverside Subdivision, Estes Park. $500. LCCCR, Book 401, Page 220. Warranty Deed. Mortgage on same (January 13, 1920), $800. LCCR, Book 295, Page 475. Release Mortgage (July 22, 1921), LCCR Book 404, Page 275.
1920: (July 1) To: Nellie Morris Hall: Part Block 2, Estes Park. $1. LCCR, Book 411, Page 195 (LR, July 28). Warranty Deed. Release of Mortgage (July 1, 1922), LCCR Book 375, Page 397.
1920: To John B. Baird: Part Lot 12, and Lots 13 & 14, Block 2, Estes Park. $15,000. LCCR Book 420, Page 156. Agreement. (*FCC*, October 14). Release of Mortgage (August 6, 1928), LCCR, Book 467, Page 437 (by Frank I. Huntington for Parke heirs).

1922: (July 1): To Alexander McIntyre: Lot 5, Tenbrook Resubdivision, Estes Park. $650. LCCR, Book 439, Page 175. (FCC, July 11, July 12). Warranty Deed.
1922: (October 1): Beach H. Cook: Lots 2 & 3, Tenbrook Resubdivision, Estes Park. $1. LCCR, Book 439, Page 554. Warranty Deed. Mortgage on same (October 1, 1922), $800. LCCR, Book 450, Page 22.
1922: (October 2): To John A. McIntyre: Lot 6, Tenbrook Resubdivision, Estes Park. $1. LCCR, Book 439, Page 507. (FCE, FCC, October 10). Warranty Deed (October 2, 1922). Mortgage on same, $400. LCCR, Book 450, Page 18.
1922: (October 23): To: O. P. Low: Lot 4, Block 10, Estes Park. Mortgage (October 24, 1922). Release of Mortgage (to Parke Estate, July 1925). LCCR, Book 375, Page 588.

1923: (July 12): To O. R. Painter: Lot 7, Tenbrook Resubdivision, Estes Park. $650. LCCR, Book 462, Page 274. (FCE, July 17). Warranty Deed. Release of Mortgage (June 16, 1924), LCCR, Book 375, Page 522 (by Frank I. Huntington for Parke heirs).

16.

"The Victorian" and Rock Ridge Road:

The History of a House and an Estes Park Neighborhood

The historical essay that follows, despite my researches or, perhaps, because of them, remains very much a work in progress. As I explain below, what began as an historian's curiosity about a single house hidden away on an Estes Park hillside that had previously escaped my attention (and, as I have since discovered, the attention of most others) has developed into an interest in the history of an entire neighborhood, one that in its self-imposed seclusion is quite unlike any other in Estes Park. Legally and geographically cut off from the surrounding town, Rock Ridge Road is quite literally a place apart.

Let me make it clear at the outset that I have neither the desire nor the intention to disturb the quiet world of Rock Ridge Road and the privacy of its residents. I urge others who may read this essay to do the same. We all should respect the "private property" signs posted along the road. They remind us (or should) of the property rights and privacy rights of those who live there. But no one "owns" the history of Estes Park. That, properly, belongs to all of us, and as such needs to be recovered, accurately recorded, shared and celebrated. Its recovery and recording are my intention here, having first reminded readers of the ground rules that should frame the investigation of any privately-owned historic place.

My interest in the history of what I first came to know as "the Chamberlain House" (the family name of its then-current owner) and the adjacent Rock Ridge Road area began quite by accident when I first visited the house on a cold day early in 2017. I was there in connection with my responsibilities as a Board member of the Rocky Mountain Conservancy, an organization which since 1931 has provided philanthropic support for Rocky Mountain National Park. For more than a decade, the Conservancy had been allowed to use the house and its two adjacent log cabins during the summer months as a place to sleep RMC Fellows, Interns, and Conservation Corps members. In return, the Conservancy had performed periodic maintenance and repair. Visits of inspection became part of our due diligence.

Prior to that morning, I knew little about the house and its history, let alone the history of the sequestered neighborhood of which it was a part. There had, however, been intimations. Several years earlier, back in 2011, while searching with Estes Park Museum Director Derek Fortini for signs of the long-abandoned Elkhorn golf course located nearby, I had noticed the house (mainly, I think, because of its unusual white and green gingerbread appearance) sitting above the 1890 Casino building of Elkhorn Lodge that had once served as the course club house. But until that morning I had never visited the house or its cabins. What possessed me to take a framed photograph of the house off the parlor wall to examine its back I do not remember, though it clearly was an impulsive act. But that began it all. What has emerged is the history of both a house and of the unique and vibrant community of which it was once a part. The fact that the house (once referred to simply as "the Victorian"--and so I will call it) now has new owners, makes this history even more timely.

ON THE BACK OF THE PHOTOGRAPH:

Whitehead's Cottage -- built 1874
Estes Park, Colorado

Photograph taken by Frank Whitehead in 1893

Mrs. [Helen] Crocker driving her team of horses in front of what was later known as Armoni [Not Clear] Cottage ["armoni: belonging to the palace"]

The house belonged to John Lake Garner from 1898 to 1914

Then to Frank [sic. Edward C.] Simmons of St. Louis and to his daughter after that Mrs. Walter Hock who named the cottage Rock Ridge--the Hocks also owned Rock Ridge Ranch near Loveland

Occupied by RMC 2003-2016

THE HOUSE AND ITS HISTORY

"The Victorian" on Rock Ridge Road was originally part of the 160-acre homestead claim of Dr. William Riddick Whitehead (1831-1902) of Denver. Then as now, the property directly bordered William E. James' historic Elkhorn Lodge on the east and south and covered what is today the entire Rock Ridge Road area, including the section known as Davis Hill. (The Whitehead claim is clearly marked on Guy LaCoste's 1903 map of the Earl of Dunraven's Estes Park holdings.) This broad upland area, an easterly extension of Deer Ridge, separates the drainages of Fall River and the Big Thompson. Though the quarter section immediately to the east, containing the confluence of those two rivers, was filed on at an early day, and then obtained by the Dunraven interests in its attempt to gain control of as much of the Estes Valley as possible, the Rock Ridge area was likely overlooked by Theodore Whyte, Dunraven's overseer, and by Estes Park's first settlers, because of its relative inaccessibility and because of the perceived difficulty in grazing cattle, farming, or otherwise making a living there.

Larimer County records tell us that the house was built in 1874 and renovated in 1990. (The remodeling added the downstairs back bedroom off the side entry, altering the external appearance of the 1893 photograph.) The 1874 date, assuming its accuracy, does not, however, belong to the house that Frank Whitehead photographed, but rather to one or both of its adjacent log cabins. These cabins have been enlarged over the years to accommodate indoor bathrooms, giving them dimensions of 271 and 595 square feet respectively, much to the detriment of their historic integrity. Adjacent to the Whitehead house, and on the hillside just above the closest of the two cabins, there are sign that suggest, as a 1990 appraisal report pointed out and mapped,

the former existence of another structure (perhaps a third cabin, guest cottage, or garage) since destroyed or removed. Aerial photographs also suggest a path or driveway extension leading to that location. The cabins offered additional sleeping space for servants, guests, and family members, for the Whitehead cottage as built, while containing a good-sized dining room, living room, and kitchen, had only two, relatively small, bedrooms, both on the second floor.

If one or both of the two existing log cabins does, in fact, date from 1874, they would antedate any of the buildings that today comprise Elkhorn Lodge (with the possible exception of the distinctive hillside cottage called--and probably inaccurately--"The Chapel"), and be among the very oldest in Estes Park. Both have survived the test of time. Viewed from the rear, the closer cabin with its carefully-constructed chimney is fully reminiscent of those captured in early-day Estes Park photographs, including those taken of the homestead cabin of Abner Sprague in Moraine Park and of the homestead cabin of Horace Ferguson below Marys Lake, both dating from 1875. (These photographs can be found in my Estes Park history, *This Blue Hollow*.)

But the Whitehead house is clearly historic as well. Period newspapers indicate that it was completed in the spring of 1881. Then, as now, the house was accessible from Rock Ridge Road which opens off today's West Elkhorn Avenue, at the time but a country lane winding its way west along Fall River towards the Elkhorn Lodge. Rock Ridge Road itself, at first only an entrance to the Whitehead property, was extended over time as the adjacent area was developed. Before being blocked off at its far end to create a private road about 1955, Rock Ridge Road connected West Elkhorn Avenue and Moraine Avenue (today's U.S. 36, but as late as 1957 referred to in a deed as "Stead's Road" to Moraine Park--referring to James Stead's large guest ranch located there).

The narrative that follows is but the beginning. There is still much to discover. The adjacent property owners, most if not all seasonal residents, could undoubtedly help. Perhaps one day they will. But until then, what follows below is my work alone. By building upon the details and clues in the 1893 photograph, over the course of more than three years I have managed to reconstruct a good deal of the history of this largely overlooked and little-known Estes Park neighborhood.

ELKHORN LODGE

From the beginning the Elkhorn Lodge has been central to the Rock Ridge story. It is clear from the existing record that the families who owned the Whitehead cottage and the other properties along Rock Ridge Road were first introduced to the area, and to one another, because they were (or had been) Lodge guests or visitors. The Lodge's large leather-bound 1880-1913 guest ledger and its accompanying account book (now in the collections of the Estes Park Museum) tell us that the cottage's successive owners and renters regarded the Lodge as their social center, particularly in the years after 1900 when a new central lodge building was added, greatly increasing the resort's capacity and amenities. Further additions to that building followed in 1902, 1908, and 1912. These changes track the ever-larger number of guests whose names appear in the ledger itself, many of whom were, or would become, prominent Estes Park

residents. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the Elkhorn Lodge ledger is a virtual "who's who" of early Estes Park.

Elkhorn Lodge's history can be traced back to 1876, when New Yorker William E. James (1841-1895) swapped his original claim at the base of Lumpy Ridge for land along Fall River previously filed on by the Reverend William McCreery (1839-1926), or so the story goes--facts that records in the Denver Land Office fail to confirm. Estes Park pioneer Abner Sprague, writing in 1923 about the founding of Elkhorn Lodge, tells the story, and dates it, differently: William James "learned of vacant land on Fall River, west of that owned by the English company, with unsurvey lands west of it that would be open to grazing for some years at least. This suited his purpose better, and he moved to the present high site of Elkhorn Lodge on the second of April, 1877." Sprague's version appears to be the more accurate of the two. William James' 160-acre claim (on the SE^4 of SE^4 & W^2 of SE^4 of Section 25; and the NE^4 of NE^4 of Section 26, Township 5, Range 73 West) was filed on November 21, 1876.

There is common agreement, however, on what happened next. James' first task was to build a modest cabin to house his growing family. While James had originally planned to make his living as a stockman by ranging cattle in Horseshoe Park (the "unsurvey" land to the west that Sprague refers to), like so many early Estes Park residents he soon discovered that feeding and lodging tourists provided a more reliable source of income. Adding cabins and a central lodge building containing a dining room to his Fall River property, by 1880 the James ranch, now renamed Elkhorn Lodge, could accommodate nearly 40. In 1884, one of those cottages became the site of Estes Park's first school conducted by Dr. Judson Ellis, a James employee and lodger. The next year, the *Fort Collins Courier* tells us, William James completed "a very nice addition to his dining room," which "can now seat eighty guests."

From the very beginning Elkhorn Lodge had its competitors. "MacGregor ranch is the oldest in the park, and on this account has the most boarders," reported one D. E. Finks in the August 19, 1880 issue of the *Fort Collins Courier*. "It is indeed a charming spot, facing Long's Peak, and is altogether one of the finest views in the Park. You should go to Ferguson's or Sprague's, if you want the best the mountains can afford." As for the Earl of Dunraven's Estes Park Hotel, which had opened with great fanfare and a ball three years earlier: "I had no desire to stop . . . , even though it were at the same rates," Mr. Finks tells his readers, "for some way the little cottages built about the ranches for the accommodation of guests, where you can be alone, are really pleasanter and more in keeping with the mountains. . . ."

By 1891 the Elkhorn complex included the main lodge, nine cottages, and the Casino, a recreation hall built the previous year, later (as noted) the clubhouse for the Elkhorn Lodge's nine-hole, links-style golf course. The course paralleled the future properties along Rock Ridge Road. Ultimately, as built out, the Elkhorn Lodge's 33 buildings became Estes Park's largest tourist establishment until the coming of the Stanley Hotel in 1909. A pile of elk antlers in front of the 1900 lodge building, souvenirs from William James' hunting trips, long served as the resort's signature.

Despite competition, and comments like those of D. E. Finks, Elkhorn Lodge was clearly a tourist favorite, and from an early day. "There are several ranchmen running large dairies who

have built cottages that are filled with guests the entire summer," writes a visitor of 1881 in a letter that was published in the *Anthony* (Kansas) *Republican* and in several other papers.

> One of the finest private houses in the Park is "Elkhorn Lodge" on Fall River, owned by W. E. James, Esq., whose cottages are full from Spring to Fall. He has a herd of 350 full blood Herefords. If one prefers a private house to the hotel this is the place to stop. Rates are from $9 to $22 per week. Two railroads are pushing their way into the Park and next year one can leave Denver in the morning and dine at noon at Stetson's upon game, trout and all the delicacies of the season. --*Anthony* (Kansas) *Republican* (August 20, 1881).

Other period accounts strike a similar note:

> We were met at the station by the drivers of several carriages sent from the different lodges to meet travelers, but having a letter to Mr. James, we entered the carriage from Elk-horn Lodge, and were driven a mile or more to the home kept and owned with its summer cottages, by Mr. James, formerly of New York. The lodge is well ordered, boasting a first class table, furnished with luxuries expressed from New York, and having mountain trout in abundance, taken from the cold stream that flows near the lodge, always at the morning meal. The cottages are built in the rustic style and ornamented with large horns of the mountain elk, painted red with tips in gold color, fastened on the gables or to the rustic porches. Exorbitant rates are asked for these cottages, as also for every luxury belonging to these mountain resorts. On the register of Elk-horn Lodge are found the names of hundreds from all parts of the land and many from foreign shores, who have visited this beautiful, elevated plain, inclosed [sic] by branches of the Rocky mountains. . . . -- *Dayton* (Ohio) *Herald* (August 28, 1883).

> May I preface this letter with a picture? If so, please imagine a smooth, green lawn several hundred acres in extent, dotted and groved with stately firs and silver spruce trees, clasped in between peaks and crags and sloping down toward the middle, through which winds with many an angle and curve the silver-blue current of a clear mountain stream whose loud song here and impatient murmurings there sound distinctly up to you where you are enthroned on the gray crags of a mountain summit, and you have a mental scene of the beautiful, the peaceful Estes Park.
>
> Now, by the way of finishing touch, add the details of a cluster of quaint, rustic cottages gathered as if for protection around a long, rambling structure each gable of which is surmounted by a pair of elk antlers and the lawn in front of which is also adorned by artistically arranged stacks of the same discarded head-gear of those early mountain rangers, and you have the reflection as in a glass of our delightful surroundings, Elkhorn Lodge.
>
> I can hear from the rustic porch on which I am sitting, the low gurgle of Fall River, a typical mountain torrent, as it "chatters over stony ways" to meet the Big Thompson a half mile down. --*St. Joseph Herald* (St. Joseph, Missouri) (August 30, 1891).

> When you and your friends are weary and want rest, are burning with heat and long for the perpetual cool of the mountains; are hungry for the beautiful and the grand, and crave freedom of unburdened air and unfettered space, don't fail to come to Estes park and to this old mountain home of the James family. . . . The location is ideal, snugly nestled at the foot of a grand old mountain, with an atmosphere delightfully fresh from the peaks of perpetual snow, and fragrant with the odor of the pines, with Fall River rolling and tumbling beneath the window, in the music of which one is near paradise as earth can bring him, and sleeps such sleep as he never slept before. From this center radiates, as the spokes of a wheel, six or seven delightful drives, no two alike, and every foot filled with interest. --*Kansas City Journal* (July 23, 1899).

After William James' death in 1895, responsibility for running Elkhorn Lodge fell to his widow, Ella McCabe James (1843-1917), and their two sons, Homer E. (1867-1958) and Howard James (1872-1928). Upon Ella James' death, Howard James and his wife Edna took over management. They were assisted by his sister, Eleanor James Hondius (1880-1968), the wife of Dutch-born rancher Pieter Hondius, who she met at the Lodge shortly after his arrival in Estes Park in 1895 in search of improved health.

Elkhorn Lodge remained in the James family until 1959. The property was then sold to the Elkhorn Corporation, an investment syndicate that included several residents of Lincoln, Nebraska headed by realtor Robert Venner, the first of a series of owners who then struggled to make Elkhorn Lodge, long-since visibly suffering from lack of adequate maintenance and repair, a going concern. At that time the 111-acre property included the main lodge, 5 "Alpine residences," 11 cottages and 11 cabins, and was said to be able to accommodate 168 guests. Venner used the occasion to announce a "10-year improvement and expansion program" including the addition of a series of Swiss-style condominiums along Fall River. Their architectural design, it was reported, would be in the hands of well-known Lincoln architect Selmer Solheim, whose credits included the Nebraska Governor's Mansion.

A decade later, in 1969, Venner sold his interest to new owners from Illinois and California. That was half a century ago. In 1978, Elkhorn Lodge, which can today rightfully claim to be "the oldest, continuously operating hotel in the state of Colorado," was added to both the National and State Registers of Historic Places. While the designation provided appropriate recognition, it provided no long-term protection, for then as now Estes Park lacked a local preservation ordinance. In late March 1990, the property changed hands once again. Its new owners, Jerry and Carol Zahourek, had aspirations but insufficient capital. As a result, in 2010, to the embarrassment of many, Elkhorn Lodge was formally and ignominiously added to the list of Colorado's "Endangered Places."

Since that time, ambitious redevelopment plans have come and gone, including one in 2012 to use Lodge property to create a 55-acre year-round "adventure park" underwritten by Colorado Regional Tourism Act funds. Nature has not helped. Estes Park's epic floods of 2013 badly damaged the historic barns along Fall River, and, despite a $10,000 emergency stabilization grant from the Colorado Historical Fund, a late season snowstorm in 2017 collapsed one of the them, necessitating its removal. Throughout most of this period the property remained on the

market, adding uncertainly about the future because of the realization that a new owner might by choice, or necessity, raze the historic buildings.

In 2019 a sale of the property was finally consummated. Its new owners, Texas-based East Avenue Developers, LLC, have advanced plans to restore the main lodge building, the Carriage House (as the 1890 Casino is now called), and, perhaps, other historic structures while erecting new dining and lodging facilities, leaving the future of the hillside area to the south to be decided by others. If and when such plans are implemented, they will doubtless encourage the badly-needed redevelopment and regentrification of the adjacent shopping center and, in time, of the entire west end of Elkhorn Avenue.

"THE VICTORIAN'S" OWNERS

OWNER 1. "The Victorian's" builder and first owner was, as noted, **Dr. William Riddick Whitehead** (1831-1902) of Denver. Fortunately, thanks to his manuscript autobiography, dated September 15, 1902 and titled "Life and experiences of an American surgeon," we know a great deal about Whitehead and his extraordinary and event-filled life. The manuscript itself has had an interesting history. Written during the 1890s, years when he was summering in Estes Park, Whitehead had it deposited in a safe deposit box in Denver shortly before his unexpected death in October 1902 (presumably, at the time, simply for safekeeping because he was contemplating a lengthy trip abroad). Whitehead's will, signed only a month before, made its personal importance clear:

> It is my will and I direct that one hundred copies of these "Experiences" be printed exclusively for private circulation, except that two copies shall be presented to each of the following libraries to wit; the Library of the Virginia Historical Society at Richmond, Virginia, the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia and the Public Library of the City of Denver, Colorado. All other copies to be under the exclusive control of my beloved wife, if she survives me, to be distributed by her as gifts as she in her best judgment may think proper, and not all at once but gradually, taking ample time to reflect as to their distribution, first to relatives, and second to friends. The said "Life and Experiences" to be printed, preferably to all others, by the University Press at Cambridge, Massachusetts, at a cost not to exceed three hundred (300) dollars for the one hundred (100) copies.

In 1984, after being lost for more than eighty years, the Whitehead manuscript was unexpectedly recovered from an old safe in Denver, though it would take fourteen more years, until 1998, to bring its recovery to the attention of his descendants. Two of them, Karen McComas, Dr. Whitehead's great-granddaughter, and Frances Ross, a collateral descendant, produced photocopies for limited distribution. These are available today under the title "Adventures of an American Surgeon: A 19th Century Memoir" in at least eight institutional libraries, including the Virginia Historical Society, one of the places specified in Dr. Whitehead's will. Fortunately for the general reader, well before his death William Whitehead published a shorter version of his life story. Titled "Autobiography of a Western Surgeon," it appeared in the December 1889 issue of the *Magazine of Western History,* and is currently available on-line.

The events of William Riddick Whitehead's crowded life are nearly impossible to summarize succinctly, beginning with his aristocratic and wealthy Virginia background through which he traced his mother's origins back to the American Revolution and one Colonel Willis Riddick of the Continental militia. His father, Colonel William Boykin Whitehead, was a large and successful Louisiana sugar planter, who amassed a sizable estate, much of which he passed down to his children and grandchildren. He too had important antecedents: an alleged kinship with William Whitehead, Poet Laureate of England. William Riddick Whitehead, graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1851, ranking 26th in a class of 29. Undaunted by such academic performance, and having deciding to become a doctor, Whitehead studied for a year at the University of Virginia, then transferred to the University of Pennsylvania where he received his medical degree in 1853, at age 23.

Money was plentiful in the Whitehead family, and liberally spent. Going to Paris for additional study, an accepted practice among medical students of the time, William Whitehead proved an omnivorous learner, though apparently in dilettante fashion. He would later unabashedly confess, for example, to having devoted most of his time "during one year to improving my knowledge of French and acquiring a correct pronunciation," succeeding so well that "I could converse for hours without any English accent being detected by educated native Frenchmen."

From Paris, Whitehead travelled on to Vienna, capital of the Austrian Empire and the center of Europe's intellectual and political ferment. After a stay of several months, and anxious to pursue his profession, Whitehead presented himself to the Russian Ambassador to Austrian Court. His request quickly accepted: appointment as a battlefield surgeon in the Russian Army, then fighting in the Crimea against the allied armies of France, England, Sardinia, and Turkey. Whitehead was promptly ordered to Odessa and then to Sebastopol, arriving in time to participate in the epic siege of that city, the final climactic episode of the Crimean War. There he was fortunate enough to study battlefield surgery under its founder Nikolay Pirogoff, the first to use anesthesia in operating on the wounded. For his service, the Czar made Whitehead a knight of the Imperial Order of St. Stanislaus.

Again in France, and before returning to America in 1860, Whitehead received yet another medical degree, this from the prestigious La Faculte de Paris. Though he briefly practiced medicine in New York City, while serving as a Professor of Clinical Medicine at the recently-founded New York Medical College, Whitehead's stay in the north was cut short by the fall of Fort Sumter in April 1861. Choosing allegiance to his native Virginia and the South, Whitehead returned home and entered the Confederate Army as a surgeon. Two years later, in July 1863, while serving with the 44th Virginia Infantry, he was captured after the battle of Gettysburg, having been ordered to remain behind to take care of several hundred of the wounded. Imprisoned at Fort McHenry in Baltimore harbor instead of being exchanged, Whitehead soon made his escape in the company of two chaplains by bribing a guard and, in citizen's attire, scaling a brick wall. During the next three-and-a-half months Whitehead, incredibly enough, managed to make his way to safety, first to Brooklyn, New York and then up the Hudson by railroad and west to Niagara Falls. Crossing the border into Canada, Whitehead continued on to Montreal and Halifax, Nova Scotia. At Halifax, Whitehead boarded a Cunard steamer for Bermuda, finally, by means of a skillful Confederate blockade runner, returning to Wilmington, Delaware. After taking a leave, Whitehead returned to active military duty. He was subsequently

appointed President of the Confederate Army Board of Medical Examination, the panel responsible for examining physicians seeking regular army commissions.

After the war Dr. Whitehead, now married, for a time once again practiced surgery in New York City. Coming to Denver in 1872 because of the ill health of his wife and first-born infant son, two years later he was elected to the City Council as an alderman, quickly becoming a civic leader in the fast-growing territorial capital. He also became chairman of the Denver Board of Health and, later, President of the Denver Medical Association. A voluminous reader and writer, the enterprising Dr. Whitehead found time to author major works on medicine and surgery, while helping established medical departments at both the University of Denver and the University of Colorado. He served as professor of anatomy at each. He also wrote for the Denver press. Though but recently arrived in Colorado, Whitehead authored a two-column article for the *Denver Mirror* on consumption, a subject of wide-spread local interest ("Consumption Popular Fallacies in Regard to Symptoms and Treatment"). His subsequent letter, "Sewerage for Denver," written at the request of William Byers, editor of the *Rocky Mountain News,* laid the groundwork for the city's sewer system.

William Whitehead's death was totally unexpected. On October 13, 1902, shortly after receiving his passport for an extended trip abroad, Whitehead died of heart disease, news of which was reported nationally by the Associated Press. His wife, Elizabeth, had gone on ahead and was in New York City awaiting his arrival.

William Whitehead and his wife, the former **Elizabeth ("Eliza") Flynn Benton** (1840-1910), his cousin and also a native of Virginia, had three children: **Frank Whitehead** (1873-1957), **Charles Whitehead** (1871-1929), and **Florence Benton Allaire** (1877-1955). For all three, both as children and young adults, "the Victorian" in Rock Ridge became their summer home.

Frank Whitehead, who memorialized his father's cottage by taking its photograph, though clearly financially well enough off through inheritance from both grandfather and father, never achieved the career success of his older brother **Charles Whitehead,** who entered the Denver investment and banking business. We can, nevertheless, trace Frank Whitehead's career in some detail. During his early years he worked for his brother at the firm of Morris & Whitehead, and then set out on his own, most often, apparently, as a real estate and insurance agent. In Denver directories of the day, he is first listed as living at 1128 Grant Street (his parents' home) and then for many years in a house at 711 Race Street, close to the old cemetery that in 1907 became Cheesman Park. During World War I, Whitehead spent a year in France as a member of the American Expeditionary Force working under the auspices of the Denver YMCA. His passport, with a photograph and stamped with War Department approval, is available on-line.

In December 1900 Frank Whitehead married **Louise Fitch** of Louisville, Kentucky. After an elaborate event at the home of her well-to-do mother, Mrs. Henry D. Fitch, bride and groom set sail for Cairo, Egypt and "several months" abroad. Frank and Louise had three children: **William Riddick** (1905-1952), **Frank F**. (1906-1941), and **Florence Allaire** (1908-1995). Frank and Louise legally divorced in October 1936 (though the 1930 Census lists Louise as divorced and living at the Race Street address). Frank Whitehead subsequently moved to San

Diego, where he worked as a salesman, and then to Los Angeles, where, having outlived both his sons, he died on November 15, 1957.

On May 14, 1902, Florence Whitehead married **William Herbert Allaire, Jr.** (1858-1933), a man some 20 years her senior. Allaire, a native of Arkansas and an 1882 graduate of West Point, enjoyed a distinguished 40-year military career, which included four years as an instructor at the Military Academy. After serving on the Texas frontier, he saw two tours of duty, including combat, in the Philippines (where he won a Silver Star for gallantry), then spent four years as military attaché to the American Ambassador in Vienna. During, and immediately following, World War I, Allaire was stationed in France, first as Provost Marshal with the rank of Brigadier General and then on special duty with Field Marshall Sir Douglas Hague at the headquarters of the British Expeditionary Force. Before retiring on December 15, 1921, Allaire served on special duty at the Army post on Governors Island, New York. The Allaires' final years were spent in California. Both are buried in the cemetery at West Point.

The Allaires evidently met and began their brief courtship in the summer and fall of 1901, during the period of less than six months (from September 21, 1901 to January 7, 1902) when he was stationed as post commander at Fort Logan, eight miles southwest of Denver. Given the timeframe, it is likely that Florence and William Allaire met in Estes Park, perhaps at the Elkhorn Lodge where "Miss Florence Whitehead, Denver" signed the guest register on July 10, 1901.

Like Florence Whitehead, the Whitehead family's connection to Estes Park can be clearly traced in the Elkhorn Lodge guest ledger. "Dr. Whitehead and Family" of Denver, who arrived on July 20, 1880, are, in fact, found among its very first entries. Theirs was, no doubt a return visit, for by this date William Whitehead's interest in the adjacent Rock Ridge property and his decision to acquire it were already well established. His arrival at the Elkhorn coincided, in fact, with the filing date of his homestead claim at the Denver Land Office, which, given Dr. Whitehead's presence in Estes Park, must have been handled on his behalf by a lawyer or other surrogate. More than likely this visit had to do with arrangements for the building of a summer cottage.

Frank Whitehead, as a young man of 18, registered himself as a guest on June 22, 1891, and the names of various family members appear regularly in the years that followed. The Estes Park Museum has several photographs of Frank Whitehead taken with friends, apparently during his bachelor days. One these reunions may have occurred during the summer of 1899, for the *Longmont Ledger* reported on July 21st of that year that "Frank Whitehead 's friends were all glad to see him back at Mrs. James'."

Frank and Louise Whitehead spent the summer 1901 at Elkhorn Lodge, following their honeymoon in Europe. The names of Charles Whitehead and his wife appear in the ledger as well, but, interestingly enough, not until August of 1912 (and again during the summers of 1913 and 1914) at a time when the family no longer owned the nearby cottage. Frank Whitehead's name (unaccompanied) appears as late as 1910.

Newspapers of the day tell us that by the early 1880s, the Whiteheads were considered regular summer members of the Estes Park community. And when they were not in residence, their cottage above Elkhorn Lodge was rented or loaned to others:

> *Fort Collins Express*: April 21, 1881: "The snow has entirely disappeared in the park. Dr. Whitehead, of Denver, is building a fine summer residence.
>
> *Fort Collins Courier*: June 30, 1881: "Dr. Whitehead and family, of Denver, has a beautiful residence on Fall River, near James Ranch." (The same issue announced the completion of the William Hallett cottage immediately adjacent to Horace Ferguson's Highlands Hotel below Marys Lake.)
>
> *Fort Collins Courier*: June 28, 1885: "Dr. Whitehead and family, from Denver, have arrived in the park to settle for the summer months. The doctor's family usually remains in the park for four months. He has 160 acres and a beautiful residence; it is not surprising that he admires the park."
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> *Longmont Ledger*, June 25, 1897: "Dr. DeWit[t] and family of St. Louis, Mo., have taken up their residence for the season in Dr. Whitehead's cottage."
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> *Longmont Ledger*, June 22, 1900: "The Whitehead cottage will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. C. Deering of Denver." Two weeks earlier, on June 8, the *Ledger* reported that Denver artist Charles Partridge Adams had been "sketching the snowy range" from the Whitehead place. A photograph in the collection of the Estes Park Museum titled "View from Elkhorn Golf Links," taken a few hundred yards south of the Whitehead property, undoubtedly captures the scene that Adams was trying to sketch.

Date and Builder: When was the Whitehead cottage built? Who built it? And, finally, when was the property sold to John Lake Garner and its later owners? The answers to these questions do not come easily.

We know, as indicated above, that Dr. Whitehead filed his initial 160-acre claim with the General Land Office in Denver (for S^2 of NW^4 of Section 25; and SE^4 of NE^4 and NE^4 of SE^4 of Section 26, Township 5, Range 73 West) on July 20, 1880. A year later, on October 4, 1881, he commuted this homestead claim to a Cash Entry Claim, allowing him to purchase the land immediately for $1.25 an acre, or for a total of $200. This gave him immediate title, without having to wait for five years while improvements to the land were made as required by the Homestead Act. Title was received on March 3, 1882.

In retrospect, Dr. Whitehead's motive for accelerating the homestead process seems clear enough: he was ready to build a summer home. The April 1881 notice in *Fort Collins Express*, reproduced above, indicates as much. By that date, it tells us, construction was underway. And we know from the June 1881 item in the *Fort Collins Courier*, also above, that two months later the cottage had been completed and was ready for occupancy. Given the difficulties of building during the winter, in all likelihood construction had begun during the late summer or early fall of 1880, within months of the Whiteheads' stay at the Elkhorn Lodge.

The cottage with its double fireplaces and ornate gingerbread trim is clearly the work of a skilled and experienced builder. And its architectural antecedents are self-evident It belongs to a time, beginning in America in the 1830s and 1840s, when owners and builders employed a variety of external embellishments, including steep-pitched roofs with gable trim, vertical siding, and pierced balustrades, to transform a simple frame cottage into a one-of-a-kind home. Though "beauty" is in the eye of the beholder, it is understandable that the Whitehead cottage would attract the attention of the *Courier's* Estes Park correspondent. It also attracted the attention of Topeka, Kansas photographer J. R. Riddle who included "Dr. Whitehead's Residence," together with views of the "Elk Horn Lodge" and the "James' Ranch" among the 16 "Cabinets, or 8 x 10 Prints" of Estes Park which he offered for sale.

"The Victorian," though not distinctive for time, is certainly distinctive for place. At the time it was built, there were as yet few summer cottages in and near the Estes Valley. Most year-round residents (the 1880 Census tells us that they included fewer than 40 families) lived in modest homestead cabins, most of them resembling the two log structures on the Whitehead property. This was particularly true of pioneer families like the Spragues, Fergusons, Rowes, Lambs, and MacGregors. At the very time that the Whitehead cottage was being constructed, for example, Alexander and Clara MacGregor and their small sons, though already like the Jameses well established in the lodging business, were still living in their small, rough-hewn 1875 claim cabin. It was not until the fall of 1881, in fact, that Alex MacGregor found time to begin work on its successor (the "A. Q.," or "Second Ranch House"), whose construction he expedited by erecting lath and plaster walls around the original cabin. There was one notable exception which begs comparison: the two-story 1,430 square foot cottage which rancher William Hallett built near Horace Ferguson's homestead cabin--by then part of the small resort called the "Highlands." Completed, like the Whitehead cottage in 1881, and christened "Edgemont," its Victorian gable windows and Victorian porch fretwork echo, by accident or design, and perhaps by virtue of builder, resemble features found in its counterpart on Rock Ridge.

As to the Whitehead cottage, the 1880 census for Estes Park reveals the names of three carpenters, only one of whom enjoys the reputation as a builder with skills sufficient to the task of completing such a cottage. That individual is John T. Cleave (1839-1925), who came to America in April 1872 from Cornwall, England, where he was undoubtedly introduced to the kind of European Gothic Revival structures that the Whitehead cottage reflects. After a stay in Chicago, where he helped rebuild that city after the great fire of 1871, Cleave came west to Estes Park in 1875 where he was hired by (perhaps brought there by) the Earl of Dunraven to oversee the building of the Earl's Queen Anne-style cottage on Fish Creek, completed in 1876, and then the much larger Estes Park Hotel, which opened the following year. The 1885 Colorado Census, like the manifest of the *Arragon*, the steamship on which Cleave arrived in America as a steerage passenger, lists his occupation as "carpenter."

We know that John Cleave was well acquainted with the Whitehead cottage. Found among Dr. Whitehead's estate papers is a letter from Frank Whitehead written on December 16, 1902 to his older brother, Charles, then serving as estate executor, referencing an unpaid bill from Cleave for $40.00 "for all the work done" on the "Estes Park cottage." The bill was past due, for by this date the cottage had already been sold (see below).

While the exterior styles of the Dunraven cottage on Fish Creek and "the Victorian" on Rock Ridge Road are different, there are architectural similarities, internally as well as externally. One are the stairways that lead to the second floor. Both turn sharply right at the landing, and have very low lintels that must be ducked under. I know: I bumped my head on one and almost did the same thing on the other. Another may be the very distinctive central chimney in the Dunraven cottage which is built at an angle above the second floor (a so-called "witches bend" or "witches crook") and is accessible through an attic room. Such chimneys were thought to be less likely to leak after penetrating the roof at the ridgeline. Unfortunately, there is no similar access to the chimney on the second floor of the Whitehead cottage.

That John Cleave was the builder thus seems highly likely. Estes Park in the early 1880s was still relatively remote, the roads to and from the valley seasonally difficult. Though rough-hewn lumber and building supplies such as shingles were readily available from sawmills at the MacGregor ranch and in Mill Creek basin, almost everything else had to be brought up from Front Range towns. Importing labor, skilled or otherwise, was also expensive. There were obvious economies to hiring a local builder, especially one with proven experience. Dr. Whitehead had undoubtedly visited the Estes Park Hotel, and perhaps the Earl's cottage, providing him with ample opportunity to study their workmanship. Better yet, Cleave was living close at hand and, no doubt, available, especially during the slow times of fall, winter, and spring.

That leaves the builder or builders of one or both of adjacent log cabins and their original purpose or use to be accounted for. If Larimer County records are correct--that one or both date from 1874--the builder cannot have been William Whitehead. 1874 was the year that the Estes Valley was surveyed by the government and opened for settlement. Before that date there were, of course, cabins of various kinds built by squatters. Joel Estes' original cabin at the base of Park Hill being a case in point. And we know that legendary hunter Hank Farrar built two cabins, both with fireplaces, one along Fall River within sight of Rock Ridge. But why built cabins, on a remote, out-of-the-way, hillside, without a convenient nearby source of water other than Fall River. As guest cabins for "the Victorian"? Perhaps. William Whitehead had more than sufficient money. But had he built them to house either children or guests, the two cabins surely would have been designed to match his gingerbread cottage. Answers in short, let alone plausible ones, do not easily suggest themselves.

The inscription on the rear of the photograph in the Whitehead cottage indicates that it was sold to John Lake Garner in 1898. That date is wrong, and by some four years. And so is the purchaser. In fact, it now appears that John Garner himself never was the owner. A January 30, 1902 announcement in the Fort Collins *Weekly Courier* tells us that by that date--just months before Dr. Whitehead's unexpected death--the cottage together with 120 of its acres had been sold for $2,000 by his wife, Elizabeth F. Whitehead, in whose name the property was evidently owned. And its purchaser was not John Lake Garner but rather Garner's wealthy father-in-law, S. Jarvis Adams of Pittsburg. The date of the transaction undoubtedly explains why, other than the unpaid bill to John Cleave, there is no reference to the Estes Park cottage in the December 10, 1902 inventory of Dr. Whitehead's estate. By contrast, found among those estate papers are explicit references to properties owned on Texas' Galveston Island, and receipts from the

Larimer County Treasurer's Office for $1.56 in taxes paid for 1902 and 1903 on land in Estes Park (in the SE^4 of NW^4 of Section 25, Township 5, Range 73). The amount and location suggests that the taxes were paid on the unsold 40 acres of William Whitehead's original claim, property as yet undeveloped.

Those 40 acres remained in the Whitehead family until late 1906, or early 1907. Elizabeth Whitehead sold then sold them fir $600 to enterprising Estes Park business woman Josephine Hupp (1857-1932) and her sister-in-law Ellen Hupp. Moreover, it is clear from the description provided in the January 16, 1907 issue of the *Fort Collins Express* (part of the NW^4 of Section 25) that the land sold was east of the Whitehead cottage on what would later be known as Davis Hill, so-named after its then-owner Elisha T. Davis (1856-1917). (Four years later, on July 31, 1911, Davis had the area platted for residential development as the Buenna Vista Terrace Subdivision.) Davis' purchase was succinctly announced in the September 8, 1910 issue of the *Fort Collins Express*: "The Whitehead property just beyond the Hupp on Moraine drive, has been purchased by a couple of Chicago capitalists, who will erect a fine hotel this winter and also several cottages." By way of explanation: Elisha Davis then officed in the Chamber of Commerce Building in the heart of Chicago's business district, making him one of the *Express*' "Chicago capitalists." Davis' name appears on the original 1911 subdivision plat of his new property; the names of his two sons, Richard T. Davis and Courtenay C. Davis, on its first re-subdivision of three decades later, in 1946. The hotel mentioned in the 1910 news articled was, of course, never built.

Retaining those particular 40 acres until 1906-07 was a wise decision. And once again it had to do with Englishman John Cleave. Two decades before, on December 19, 1888, well after the Whitehead cottage had been completed, for $1,000 Cleave received title from the Earl of Dunraven's Estes Park Company to the 160 acres lying directly east of Davis Hill, the area that included the confluence of the Big Thompson and Fall Rivers. Purchased, in turn, by a group of Loveland investor-developers in 1905, the Cleave property soon became the site of the quickly growing village of Estes Park.

The Whiteheads were observant neighbors. They had watched what had already happened to that area and its surroundings after postmaster John Cleave moved his post office and home from the Dunraven Ranch to the corners of what is now Elkhorn and Moraine Avenues. What had been the quiet intersection of the east-west road leading to Elkhorn Lodge and the road to Moraine Park became "the Corners," a busy place of daily rendezvous where valley residents came to get their mail and where stages and their arriving passengers were met by wagons, buckboards, and other conveyances sent down to fetch them by the local hotels and ranches. Well before its 1905 purchase from Cleave, it was clear that land located at or near "the Corners," and along the Moraine Park road, would become increasingly valuable.

There is one additional recorded sale of land in Elizabeth Whitehead's name--this on September 5, 1906, shortly before her transaction with the Hupps. In exchange for $200, she sold William James' widow Ella the small piece of land lying directly below the Whitehead cottage--a piece of land, interestingly enough, "now occupied by a building known as the 'Casino' erected thereon by Mrs. Ella James." The recorded deed offers no further explanation. But one can assume, given the comparatively large purchase price, that when the Jameses built the "Casino" in 1890 to serve

as the Lodge's recreation hall, they did so, mistakenly, on land not legally their own. That this transaction was concluded shortly before the sale of "the Victorian" to Jarvis Adams, suggests that the error was discovered during a resurvey of the Whitehead property.

Postscript: The William Riddick Whitehead home at 1128 Grant Street in Denver is known today as the Peabody-Whitehead Mansion. The 6,635-square foot three-story brick house with its distinctively pitched roof was designed by well-known Denver architect Frank Edbrooke. (Edbrooke also designed the Brown Palace Hotel, another Denver landmark.) Built in 1889 at a cost of $15,000, the house's second owner was Colorado Governor James Peabody, hence its current name. Soon after his election in the fall of 1902, Peabody leased the Whitehead home as his "executive mansion" because of its proximity to the capital, newspapers noting at the time that in Dr. Whitehead's day the house had been the "scene of great social gayety." The mansion subsequently fell on hard times, at one point becoming a boarding house. In1990 it was renovated into office space.

The historic building has allegedly become one of Denver's most haunted. Current and previous residents and ghost hunters have reported any number of unusual and eerie sightings and occurrences. By way of explanation, it has been suggested that the spirits of Civil War soldiers once operated on by Dr. Whitehead followed him west to Denver.

The Helen Crocker in Frank Whitehead's 1893 photograph refers to **Helen Crocker** (1851-1933), the wife of Frank Crocker (1848-1932), the owner of the Crocker Steam Biscuit Company in Denver, whose large factory once dominated Blake Street. In 1899, the Crockers purchased the John Stuyvesant property beneath Mount Olympus at the entrance to the Estes Valley which they renamed the Crocker Ranch. The Elkhorn Lodge register shows that the Crockers and their two children, Sherwood and Helen, were frequent visitors during the 1890s. As fellow residents of Denver, the Crockers and the Whiteheads were inevitably social acquaintances and because of Estes Park evidently friends as well, a fact that accounts for the presence of Helen Crocker and her carriage in front of the Whitehead cottage.

OWNER 2. The John Lake Garners**.** The very fact that the Garner family, then of Denver, came to own Whitehead cottage and its surrounding 120 acres through the generosity of Ida Janette Garner's wealthy father, Jarvis Adams, tells us a great deal about the Garners and their married life. The Garners had money, most of it by gift and inheritance, giving them the leisure to own and enjoy a summer cottage in Estes Park.

We know very little, however, about the life of John Lake Garner (1864-1941) himself prior to his October 1885 marriage to **Ida Janette Adams** (1864-1960), though we know a great deal about her Pittsburg family. Jarvis Adams (1837-1918), a larger-than-life figure out of the Gilded Age, who a traced his family back to and through the Adamses of colonial Massachusetts back to the *Mayflower*, had come to Pittsburgh, the center of coal and iron production, as a child. Following, in the footsteps of his father, a pioneer in the manufacture of malleable iron, Adams built a series of profitable businesses of his own, culminating in S. Jarvis Adams & Company, founded in 1870. These included the foundries that profitably produced thousands of cannonballs for the Union armies. An active inventor, Jarvis Adams himself came to own more than 100 patents, most importantly, the patent for the Adams Patent Jarring Machine, which

revolutionized the casting of metals. He also patented such diverse (and profitable) items as a hand-held coffee grinder, a Janus-faced clock, and a snap fastener universally used for watch chains. The Adams' imposing 15-room brick home on Fifth Avenue in downtown Pittsburg was one of the city's social centers.

John Lake Garner's beginnings were far less glamorous, the details of which are sketchy at best. The oldest of three sons, Garner grew up in Philadelphia's inner city 15th Ward, where his father Jacob Garner (1830-1916) made his living as an innkeeper and liquor dealer. Whatever formal education John Garner received ended at age 16. By 1880, he was working as a railroad clerk while still living with his parents. The next five years, though lost to history, were, however, transformational. By 1885, then barely 21, John Lake Garner had found his way into the Pittsburgh world of Jarvis Adams' youngest daughter. Their wedding ceremony, officiated by the Reverend Boyd Vincent, the future Bishop of Southern Ohio, took place in the Adams home.

John Lake Garner enters the Colorado record but briefly. He appears in the 1896 *Denver City Directory,* residing at 1425 Williams Street, just north of today's Cheesman Park (interestingly enough, not far from the homes of Frank and Charles Whitehead). The 1900 *City Directory* lists Garner as Secretary of the Merchants Publishing Company, a printer of books, stationery and advertising. The 1900 Federal Census provides additional information. It lists John Lake and Janette Garner and their three children--**Emma Virginia** (1886-1982); **Janette A**. (1889-1988); and **John Lake, Jr**. (1893-1989)--all born in Pennsylvania. It also lists the names of two live-in servants. By that date, the John and Janette Garner, both still in their mid-30s, were not living above their means--they obviously had them.

By the summer of 1898 they had discovered Estes Park. On May 27, 1898, "J. L. Garner" was among the first to sign the register when the Elkhorn Lodge reopened for the summer season. It was, perhaps, during this visit that Garner first noticed, and perhaps visited, the Whitehead cottage that his family would soon come to own. When the Garners returned in June 1904 and registered at the Lodge, it was as its owners. With them came their maid.

The Garners' years of ownership, at least between 1902 and 1914, are fully reflected in Elkhorn Lodge records, particularly for the years 1908, 1909, and 1910. In 1906, Janette Garner and one of her daughters came alone, leaving her husband in California. During those years the Garners frequently took their meals at the Lodge, rented horses from the Elkhorn stables, and attended card parties and other social events--with the charges were recorded and summarized in the Lodge ledger. On Vaudeville Night in August 1908, an event that raised $100 for the new fish hatchery on Fall River, one of the Garner daughters performed two solo numbers. Whoever reported the event for the *Mountaineer*, Estes Park's summer newspaper, was impressed: "She has a pleasing voice of rare sweetness and power and delighted her hearers."

As noted above, John Lake Garner himself never owned their Estes Park property. The November 10, 1910 issues of both the *Fort Collins Express* and *Weekly Courier*, tells us that by that date Jarvis Adams, in five separate transactions, had transferred ownership in the 120 acres purchased from Elizabeth Whitehead to his daughter, Janette, and to his oldest granddaughter, Emma Virginia, receiving $2,500 in return. Four years later, Janette Garner, acting as trustee, transferred one of her three pieces of property to her son John Lake Garner, Jr. for $250.

By the summer of 1906 the Garners were living in Los Angeles, where they would build a large two-story gable-roofed house with "a restrained Craftsman influence" on West Adams Boulevard, destined to become a fashionable part of the city. Some three decades later, in 1938, the Garners would be described by the *Los Angeles Times* as "a pioneer family of Los Angeles" whose "home on West Adams street was the center of many social activities." The date of the Garner's actual departure from Denver, however, is unclear: one newspaper source indicates 1904, but another has the family still living there as late as October 1906. An October 1905 article in the *Pittsburgh Press* indicates that the two Garner daughters ("of Denver") are about to leave the country "to spend the winter in European travel," yet another sign, together with the large house in Los Angeles that John Lake Garner would soon have designed and built, of the continuing presence of Adams family money.

Between 1906 and 1913 the Los Angeles City *Directory* lists Garner as the assistant manager of the Union Lithograph Company, a San Francisco firm specializing "in printing and lithographing for banks, insurance companies and commercial houses." The opening of its new plant in Los Angeles in 1906, corresponded, in fact, with Garner's arrival in that city. He then moved into real estate, between 1914 and 1916 as co-owner of Garner & Lysle, a real estate, insurance, and investment firm. Garner then, apparently, continued in the real estate business on his own until 1920, when he became Chairman of the Stationers Association of Southern California, a wholesale trade group, for which he worked until his retirement in 1926. During the 1920s the Garners travelled extensively, taking two trips to Hawaii and three to Europe, though they apparently never returned to Estes Park. The marriage of their eldest daughter Emma Virginia to Alfred Brown Hastings in 1920 was covered in both the Los Angeles and Pittsburg papers, reflecting the lingering influence of the Adams family.

The Garners owned the cottage above the Elkhorn at least through the summer of 1914, at times renting it others, as the following item in June 15, 1912 issue of the *Estes Park Trail* makes clear: "Mrs. Thomas Beale Stearns and daughter are guests at the Elkhorn Lodge while the Garner cottage is being put in readiness for them." The reference is to the wife and daughter of the president of Denver's Stearns-Rogers Manufacturing Company, a hugely successful designer and manufacturer of large mining, petroleum, and power generation plants. Stearns (1859-1946), who was a Denver civic leader as well, would go on to build a large summer home, "Aspen Rocks," on Devils Gulch Road beyond MacGregor Ranch, and become a major supporter of the new Rocky Mountain National Park.

OWNER 3. Edward H. Simmons and, at his death his wife, **Mabel Simmons.** The period of the Simmons' ownership of "the Victorian" is particularly well documented. Both Edward Simmons (1870-1937) and his wife Mabel (1874-1941), like so many connected with the Rock Ridge story, came from family wealth. Edward Simmons was the son of Edward Campbell Simmons, who in 1874 founded the Simmons Hardware Company, a St. Louis-based manufacturer with locations in six states. Mabel Simmons was the daughter of Charles Filley, president of the Excelsior Manufacturing Company, a St. Louis firm founded by his father in 1849. The Simmons-Filley wedding in April 1900 at the Filley home was pronounced by the *St. Louis Post Dispatch,* somewhat superciliously, as "probably . . . the most brilliant event of the week in West End society although it is to be a home affair with a reception afterward."

Following his graduation from Yale, Edward Simmons became an officer of the Simmons Company and remained with the firm until his retirement in 1922. He then devoted most of his time to local philanthropic causes, most notably St. Louis' St. Luke's Hospital. The Simmons home at 900 South Hanley Road in the St. Louis suburb of Clayton, into which they moved in 1911 and where they often entertained, was known as a "show place" because of Mabel Simmons' extensive gardens.

Just how and when the Simmons discovered, and became owners, of the Whitehead-Garner cottage and its adjacent property is unclear. Presumably as guests at the Elkhorn Lodge they became aware of the house and, with the Garners living in California, became renters and then, in the early 1920s, purchasers. That leaves a gap of a decade, from 1914 to about 1924, for which actual ownership of "the Victorian" remains to be determined. It may well have remained in the hands of the Garner family throughout that period, for when Edward Simmons and Edward Walsh bought and then divided the property in 1924 it was referred to by the press as "the Garner place."

St. Louis newspapers, which kept readers regularly informed of the summer activities of their wealthier residents, do not associate the Simmons with Estes Park until 1919. (Through at least 1917, and during the prior decade, they had been vacationing at Winter Harbor, Maine, a summer colony and yacht club that emulated nearby Bar Harbor.) From that year on, however, there are periodic references to the Simmons family and to their cottage "near the Elkhorn Lodge." In 1920, most of the attention was directed toward their daughter and only child **Dorothy** (1902-1987), who at 18, self-confident and precocious, made quite a hit. The July 23rd *Trail Talk*, Estes Park's summer paper, reported her participation in an evening horseback and "beefsteak fry" excursion of young people from the Elkhorn Lodge to the "Beaver Dam." Riding on "a specially engraved saddle" the blond-haired Dorothy made herself noticeable by wearing a red riding habit and green hat. The next month she was in the news again, this time for having given a dance for 25 of her summer friends at the Country Club (today's 18-hole golf course), with Mabel and Edward Simmons serving as chaperones.

We know from similar items that the Simmons spent the summers of 1922 and 1923 in Estes Park, and they were presumably in residence during the 1921 season as well. The May 1, 1923 edition of the *St. Louis Star and Times* reported to readers that the "Simmons have taken a cottage" in Estes Park, and by this date, we learn from similar items in Estes Park's new year-round paper, that like many summer residents the Simmons had begun to support various causes in the local community In 1922, Edward Simmons contributed $25 towards the construction of the new library building in Bond Park. The following March he was far more generous, sending a check from St. Louis to the editor of the *Estes Park Trail* to help the town purchase a badly-needed new fire truck. "As a reader of the *Estes Park Trail* and an annual visitor to Estes Park" he wrote, "I take pleasure in enclosing my check to help toward the purchase of a fire truck, which seems to me to be an absolute necessity. I trust the subscribers will not let up on this until they get sufficient money to buy a strictly first-class outfit."

St. Louis friends were sometimes invited to join them. "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Maffitt of 4520 West Pine Boulevard," the *Post-Dispatch* noted in July of 1931, "leave next Saturday for Estes

Park, Colo., to occupy one of the smaller cottages at Elkhorn Lodge, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Simmons of Clayton road." (The fact that the two Simmons cabins abutted Elkhorn Lodge property explains the error in describing their location.)

The friendship between the Simmons and Maffitt families was a long-standing, one and can be documented well before the turn of the twentieth century. Thomas Skinker Maffitt (1876-1940), a major figure in St. Louis real estate and financial circles, was a descendent of Pierre Chouteau, one of the founders of the city. When he married Sarah Jane Pierce in November 1901, Mrs. Edward H. Simmons was the bride's maid of honor. Four decades later, in August 1940, Thomas Maffitt's death from a heart attack occurred, ironically, at the Elkhorn Lodge "where for years he had made a habit of spending his summer vacations." The summer of 1940 had been his 17th.

The Maffitt connection to Rock Ridge Road and "the Victorian" would be continued through his son, Thomas Maffitt, Jr., an executive with the Houston Oil Company. That firm's operating agreement with Joseph Cullinan's Texas Oil Company's empire connected the Maffitts of St. Louis to the Cullinans of Houston, which in turn, if indirectly, connected both to the subsequent history of Rock Ridge Road (see below).

Not surprisingly, and perhaps inevitably, the group of St. Louis friends and neighbors that gathered each year at the Elkhorn Lodge came to the take on an identity of their own and become referred to in the press, not unkindly, as the "St. Louis Colony." Its principal members were the families of Edward Simmons, Edward Walsh (and the Walsh son-laws the Charles Lamys and Robert Corleys), and Thomas S. Maffitt. (Edward Walsh and Thomas Maffitt were, in fact, cousins.) Later, the Walter Hock, Paul Bakewell, Jr., and Joseph S. Cullinan families would join them--all of whom are a part of this narrative.

Paul Bakewell, Jr. (1889-1972), a prominent St, Louis patent attorney, became a "Colony" member of long standing, and would handle Estes Park legal work for Walsh family members into the 1950s. For some years he also sat on the board of St. Louis' Maffitt Realty and Investment Company, a firm founded by Thomas Maffitt's father. As for pedigree, Paul Bakewell's wife, who he married in 1909, was Mary Morgan, the grand-niece of financier and banker John Pierpont Morgan, said at the time to be the "richest girl in St. Louis."

Save for the Maffitts and Bakewells, all these members of the "St. Louis Colony" would come to have summer cottages near the Elkhorn Lodge. All also had children: the Simmons one; the Walshes three; the Lamys three; the Maffitts two; the Hocks three; the Bakewells six; and the Cullinans five. In time there would be grandchildren and great grandchildren--their lives, like those of their forbears, would also become connected in one way or another with the history of the "the Victorian," Elkhorn Lodge, and Rock Ridge Road.

The following, from the September 13, 1928 issue of the *St. Louis Star and Times*, is typical of the newspaper attention the group received at home: "Each year there is a representative colony of St. Louisans at Elkhorn Lodge, Estes Park, and this past summer practically the same group were members of the colony."

As the *Star and Times* suggests, the "Colony" was close-knit, self-contained, and mutually-supportive. Its members had considerable wealth, and came from wealth; all were counted among St. Louis' civic, philanthropic, and social leaders. All had large and fashionable homes in St. Louis--within five or so miles of one another. (Most of these homes were, in fact, located close to St. Louis' famous 1,326-acre Forest Park, the site of the 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition.) Finally, all were Catholics, most of Irish descent. Save for the fact that they lived in Houston rather than St. Louis, the Cullinans shared all these characteristics.

The exclusivity of the "St. Louis Colony," extended over four generations, and is reflected in those who today own most of the property along Rock Ridge Road, owners who, perhaps understandably, have gone to considerable lengths through wills, trusts, and other legal instruments to maintain their privacy and control. Nowhere is this better seen than in their ability to resist annexation (despite being surrounded by the Town of Estes Park). And in their ability to close Rock Ridge Road to through traffic, keeping it a one-way opening into a little known and seldom visited neighborhood. Had this closure not occurred, Rock Ridge Road, which now dead ends behind the Cedar Ridge Condominiums on Moraine Avenue, would doubtless have been widened to become, like today's Moccasin Circle Drive, a convenient and well-travelled by-pass --in this case a convenient short cut linking Moraine and Elkhorn Avenues. Though the absence of such a road is today often lamented, at the time of closure the Town's decision to abandon Rock Ridge Road to the charge of local residents, and rid itself of any future responsibility for maintenance and repair, no doubt seemed like a judicious one.

The Edward Walsh Family: A major catalyst for the development of the Rock Ridge neighborhood--in retrospect the most essential one--was the family of Edward J. and Winifred Walsh, since at least 1920 key members of the "St. Louis Colony" that gathered at and around Elkhorn Lodge.

The Walshes, like the Simmons, were "Old St. Louis," meaning that they were socially prominent and had inherited wealth. **Edward Joseph Walsh, Jr.** (1884-1928), a financier, was named for his father and grandfather, both of whom had been major participants in the city's development and growth. (His mother was a Maffitt--see above.) Married in 1909 to **Winifred Patterson Erwin** (1886-1953), the Walshes had three children: **Edward, Jr.** (1909-1991); **Ellen** (1911-1986); and **Julia** (1914-1987). By 1921, following Edward Walsh's service in Washington during World War I, they too were summering in Estes Park, though the Walsh children were too young, and by nearly a decade, to be part of Dorothy Simmons' circle of Estes Park friends.

Despite the fact that Edward and Mabel Simmons and Edward and Winifred Walsh were also separated by age, they were social acquaintances and neighbors across Forest Park back in St. Louis. Because of Estes Park the two men would become business partners as well. As the *Estes Park Trail* reported on June 6, 1924, "E.J. Walsh and E.A. Simmons of St. Louis have purchased the Garner place of 120 acres, 1/2 mile west of village beyond the Davis property." This was but the public announcement, for by this date, it is now clear, some sort of ownership arrangement between the two with respect to the Garner property already existed. Two years earlier, in fact, on September 10, 1922, they had signed a warranty deed with Howard James and his sister Eleanor Hondius that enlarged its original boundaries by adding the quarter acre below "the

Victorian," land immediately adjacent to the Elkhorn Lodge's 1890 Casino building. It came with the promise "not to erect any buildings on the above premises."

What subsequently happened with respect to the larger property, is however, sufficiently clear. The two men divided the Garner's 120 acres. In the disposition, the Simmons family got roughly 60 acres. This included the 14.56 acres containing the Whitehead-Garner house and the adjacent 44 acres stretching south along Rock Ridge Road, property eventually owned by Nina Cullinan of Houston and then by her heirs (see below). The Walshes took the 60 acres across Rock Ridge Road to the east, where, by the time the transaction was noted in the *Estes Park Trail*, local builder S. M. Hurd had "a fine residence in the course of construction." The St. Louis newspapers also reported work on the Walshes' new single-story cottage (locating it as near Elkhorn Lodge), indicating that it would be ready for occupancy the following summer. Completed as promised in 1924, the Walshes christened their summer home "Moonridge." (Enlarged in 1939 to include three additional bedrooms and a bath.) Walsh family holdings would also come to include at Lots 17, 18, and 49 in the Buenna Vista Subdivision (located at what is now the upper end of North Davis Street, abutting the Walshes' other Rock Ridge property).

On November 23,1925, to facilitate their partnership and serve as the vehicle for future transactions, the two men formed the Rock Ridge Land Company, a legal entity incorporated under the laws of Missouri but doing business in Colorado. Simmons and Walsh were the Company's principals; Paul Bakewell, Jr. its named Secretary. Announced assets included "lots and parcels" in the NE^4 of SE^4 of Section 26--that is property along the lower section of Rock Ridge Road, some of which, it appears, was eventually sold.

The Rock Ridge Land Company survived the deaths of both Edward Walsh and Edward Simons and existed into the 1950s. On December 28, 1951 the Company filed articles of dissolution with the Missouri Secretary of State, after having arranged (or so it was thought at the time) quiet titles on the properties it had previously conveyed. These included a 6.15-acre tract adjacent to Moraine Avenue sold to Le Roy Mousel and his wife Bernadette (Mousel was the owner of a dress shop in Clinton, Iowa). Quiet titles were also provided land sold or given to Ellen Walsh Corley, Dorothy Hock, and Nina J. Cullinan. As it turned out, this distribution of assets was flawed "by error and omission." It had not been "conveyed of record prior to the dissolution," a technicality finally remedied with a district court filing on November 24, 1993. This settlement climaxed and settled a series of actions that had been filed by Rock Ridge landowners during the previous decade.

Edward Walsh died unexpectedly in May 1928 during an operation for appendicitis. Just weeks before he had added an additional 27.5 acres to his Rock Ridge property, extending his holdings as far south as Moraine Avenue. His estate was divided equally between his widow and their three children, the children's share being placed in trust, administered by Winifred E. Walsh, and Thomas S. Maffitt, until they reached the age of 25. Winifred Walsh herself assumed presidency of the Rock Ridge Land Company, with Paul Bakewell, Jr. continuing as Secretary.

Winifred Walsh also retained her prominence in St. Louis society where she devoted her time to a variety of philanthropic and social causes. In 1935, she built a new house in the inner St. Louis

suburb of Ladue on five carefully-landscaped acres; she also donated funds to St. Louis University to build 15,000-seat Walsh Memorial Stadium in honor of her husband. With three children still to raise, the oldest 19, Winnifred Walsh continued her summers on Rock Ridge Road, remaining an active presence in the life of the "St. Louis Colony." During the summer of 1931, she personally took part in two memorable pack trips, one of three days the other of six, both led by famous guide Shep Husted. The shorter trip was to Lost Lake in the Mummy Range, a distance of some 10 miles from the trailhead in Dunraven Glade; the longer trip, one that Husted often repeated, crossed the Continental Divide and covered 136 miles and included members of the Walsh, Maffitt, Bakewell, and other St. Louis families. On the trip to Lost Lake, which included the Walsh children and their friends, Winnifred listed herself as "chaperone."

Civic Engagement: The Summer Residents Association. Many of the members of the "St. Louis Colony" became involved in the life of the Estes Park community. Edward and Winnifred Walsh took the lead. In March 1925, when the editor of the *Estes Park Trail* asked for suggestions of "what the Park needed most," Walsh immediately responded with a lengthy letter that pointed out the the pressing need for "the improvement of existing trails and the construction of new ones." "Your paper," he concluded, "does not have to adopt the slogan 'better trails.' Its very name insures the fact that no better medium could be secured for starting the good work."

The following year, Edward Walsh joined the Estes Park Chamber of Commerce and became an active participant, an unusual act for a summer resident. When the Chamber circulated a questionnaire to its members in April 1926, Walsh not only responded immediately but offered a lengthy letter containing "constructive and economical suggestions," suggestions that were promptly submitted by the Chamber to the *Trail* for publication. "A Chamber of Commerce with united membership," Walsh began, "can do much toward securing better general living conditions in town." And finding new ways for tourist visitors to enjoy themselves should be at the center of Chamber activities. A good trail map, he noted, pressing his theme of the previous summer about the need for "better trails," would provide tourists with a reason to lengthen their stays--then as later a major Chamber objective.

"St. Louis Colony" members also played an active role in the founding and funding the Estes Park Summer Residents Association (the SRA), an organization whose members continue to be active participants in the summer life of the Estes Valley. Begun during the summer of 1941, early members, many of them inspired horse lovers, pledged "to develop horse trails, put up gates on these trails and back the Estes Park Rodeo Association," goals soon expanded to include fundraising "to improve Stanley Memorial Park--the 54 acres of meadowland east of the village which F. O. Stanley had gifted to the Town in August 1936 "as a public park and recreation grounds." Each SRA member was asked to pledge $5. The names of Dorothy Hock, Winifred Walsh, Robert Corley and Paul Bakewell, Jr. are all found among the 60 founding members of the SRA--as is the name William Allen White, the celebrated Kansas journalist, a long-time Moraine Park summer resident.

Paul Bakewell, Jr.'s interest in summer activities was a long-standing one. As early as 1931 he had been instrumental in forming (as director and secretary) the short-lived Estes Park Polo Club, a group of aficionados who immediately announced ambitious plans to buy and lay out a field "in proper condition," secure "regular polo ponies," "join various Polo Associations" and

schedule matches "at least once or twice a week with visiting teams." Only one such match was ever reported. The Estes Park team, whose four members included two of Paul Bakewell's sons, Paul Bakewell III and Claude Bakewell, won that contest 3 to 1. Like their father, both gained eminence in St. Louis. Paul Bakewell III (1911-1982) became an insurance executive and champion dog breeder and trainer; his younger brother, Claude Bakewell (1912-1987), served as St. Louis' postmaster and, later, represented Missouri in the U.S. House of Representatives.

OWNER 4. Dorothy Simmons Hock. In October 1924, Dorothy Simmons, who had become something of a local celebrity during her girlhood summers at "the Victorian," married well-to-do Michigan businessman **Walter Jacob ("Jack") Hock** (1898-1966), who made his home in Grosse Pointe, an exclusive Detroit suburb. The *Detroit Free Press* introduced the couple to the Michigan social scene as follows: "Walter Hock Betrothed to St. Louis Society Girl." The writer then went on to explain that the bride-to-be, "one of the most attractive girls in society," "is related to many of the old families in St. Louis. Her mother, as Miss Mabel Filley, was a belle during her debutante days." Their marriage took place in the garden adjacent to the Simmons home on Hanley Road: the wedding party "advanc[ing] over the lawn through an aisle forked by tall wicker standards filled with white chrysanthemums to an alter also decorated with masses of the feathery blooms."

In Grosse Pointe the Hocks built several homes where they entertained "the young married set" and raised three sons--**Edward Simmons (1925-1980), Walter Jacob (1926-1986**), and **Samuel (1928-2013**)--with the help of, the 1930 Census tells us, three servants. Walter Hock, a member of the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club on Lake St. Clair, raced sailboats and iceboats competitively.

By 1927 Dorothy was once again summering in Estes Park, that year with her oldest son Edward. When the Hocks returned in 1938, all three boys had been enrolled "at a summer camp for boys in Colorado," presumably the nearby Cheley Colorado Camp.

Upon Edward Simmons' death in 1937, Dorothy Hock received a third of her father's residual estate. At her mother's death in 1941, she inherited the remainder which included the cottage in Estes Park and its surrounding 32.76 acres ("A portion of the NE^4 Section 26 and a portion of the NW^4 of Section 25, Township 5 N. Range 73 W"). She also inherited mining claims in Colorado's Leadville mining district. Estate trustee was family friend Paul Bakewell, Jr., then serving as Secretary of the Rocky Ridge Land Company, from which Dorothy Hock subsequently purchased a contiguous 9.86 acres.

In 1942, the Hocks left Grosse Pointe and its social life, having decided to make their year-round home and raise Palomino horses and Hereford cattle on the 2,000-acre "Cascade Ranch," located on the Big Thompson River five miles west of Loveland. (Property that ran along what is now US 34 and extended almost to the Dam Store at the mouth of the Big Thompson Canyon.) The Hocks renamed it “Rock Ridge Ranch.”

Though the Hocks sold the ranch in the early 1960s and moved to Arizona, it remains, in 2020, very much in business, raising and selling the meat from Salers cattle, a breed originating in 19th century France. Rock Ridge Ranch's most notable feature today is the 37-foot high statue of a wooden Indian, sculpted by Peter Toth in 1979, visible along US 34 since 1993.

On January 21, 1957, Dorothy Hock sold her 32.76-acre Rock Ridge Road property to Charles S. Lamy, Edward Walsh's son-in-law. The sale included the Whitehead-Garner-Simmons cottage and its two adjacent log cabins, as well as the "right" to use Rock Ridge Road. (This acreage comprises the properties that currently have 433, 437, and 439 Rock Ridge Road addresses.) At the time of the purchase, or shortly afterwards, Charles Lamy had the property resurveyed. This explains the presence of the word "Lamy" on the brass surveyor's marks now found close by the historic cottage. Ironically, a subsequent survey has shown that the land adjacent to "the Victorian" now enclosed by perimeter barbwire fencing, perhaps a Lamy installation, does not correspond with the legal boundary description. In fact, along the north property line (the line bordering Elkhorn Lodge) an adjoining cabin encroaches by more than three feet.

Owner 5. Charles Sheehan Lamy. The Walsh property along Rock Ridge Road, added to and further subdivided in the years that followed, was passed down through the two Walsh daughters, Julia and Ellen. There is no evidence that their older brother, Edward, subsequently shared his interest in Estes Park, though like both he had summered at "Moonridge" as a child and his name appears on subsequent legal documents. Following service in World War II, Edward Walsh, Jr. followed in his father's footsteps and became one of St. Louis' civic and philanthropic leaders, though his avocational interests, and for some half century, were in racing cars, both as owner and driver. A Walsh-owned and built racecar, driven by circuit champion Johnny Parsons, won the Indianapolis 500 in 1950. It was Edward Walsh's twelfth attempt.

In 1935, not yet old enough to receive her inheritance, Julia Walsh married **Charles Sheehan Lamy** (1905-1987), a St. Louis investment banker. A year earlier, Ellen had married **Robert Curran Corley** (1909-1955), an insurance broker, also of St. Louis. The Corleys would build a cottage of their own on Walsh property along Rock Ridge Road for themselves and their three children. They named it “Star Ridge.” "Moonridge," the cottage built by Edward Walsh and located nearby, became the Lamy summer home.

The Lamy's three daughters--**Julia Maffitt Lamy**, **Mary Winifred Lamy Phillips**, and **Isabel Doan Lamy Lee**--all having summered at "Moonridge" not surprisingly developed attachments of their own. It was Judy Lamy who conceived and implemented the idea of turning the half-acre family property on Elkhorn Avenue below Rock Ridge into a demonstration xeriscape garden of native plants in honor of her grandmother, Winifred Walsh. In 2017, with financial help from the Community Foundation of Northern Colorado, the ownership, maintenance and protection of “Mrs. Walsh’s Garden” was given over to the Town of Estes Park.

Charles Lamy's 1957 purchase from Dorothy Hock begins a period of 35 years during which we know who owned "the Victorian" but virtually nothing about its use. The back of the 1893 photograph does not tell us. Its historical information ends with the notation about the Hocks' 1942 purchase of Rock Ridge Ranch. (The note about the Rocky Mountain Conservancy was, of course, added years later.) Since the Lamys already had "Moonridge," it seems likely that "the Victorian" served as the family's guest house and, when not needed, was made available as a vacation rental. Unfortunately, the historic photograph on the parlor wall, assuming it remained in place through these years, is a silent witness which doesn't say.

Owner 6: **Nancy Cravens Chamberlain.**

Upon the deaths of Charles and Judith Lamy, both of whom died in 1987, the Lamy daughters each inherited a third-interest in the Whitehead cottage and its 14 plus acres. In late 1989, through three separate warranty deeds they sold these shares to **Nancy Cravens Chamberlain** (1932-2010) of Houston for $96,000. Though little noted at the time, at least in the world beyond Rock Ridge, this transaction with the Lamy heirs signaled the growing presence of yet another wealthy family. In this case, the Cullinans of Texas, whose ties to place, like those of so many before them, can be traced directly to the Elkhorn Lodge.

Their relationship began in 1919. That June, as the *Houston Post* reported, **Lucie Halm Cullinan** (1862-1929), the wife of fabled Houston oil man Joseph S. Cullinan, brought daughters **Nina Jane Cullinan** (1896-1983) and **Mary Catherine Cullinan Cravens** (1901-1994) to the Lodge. Mary Cullinan's 1919 diary, now in Rice University's archives, tells us that the family left Houston for Estes Park on June 22, 1919, for a stay of indeterminate length.

Though Nina Cullinan and her family had spent previous summers with fellow-Houstonians in places like Linnville, North Carolina, a resort community in the Blue Ridge Mountains, for Nina that summer at the Elkhorn Lodge would open new possibilities and have lasting consequences. Thanks to her wealth and generosity, Nina Cullinan's heirs would later come to occupy a significant portion of the property along Rock Ridge Road.

That fact makes the extraordinary career and achievements of **John Stephen Cullinan** (1860-1937), a story as important and as "American" as William Whitehead's, yet another part of the Rock Ridge Road story. His began in the oil fields of Pennsylvania's where as a boy of 14 Cullinan got his first taste of the burgeoning American oil industry. By his early 20s he had joined an affiliate of John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company, where he worked his way through various management positions before setting out on his own in 1895, a path that led to the newly-discovered oil fields in Corsicana, Texas and the founding of his own refinery company. Cullinan's participation in developing the now-legendary Spindletop oil field at Beaumont, and his organization of the Texas Fuel Company, the forerunner of Texaco, followed. By 1908 the company was headquartered in Houston, where Cullinan's own economic and political importance and the family's lasting social and philanthropic eminence quickly developed.

Houstonians have never needed an excuse to avoid the heat and humidity of summer. But just how and when Nina Cullinan developed her friendship with the community on Rock Ridge is unclear. Almost certainly it was through the Walsh family--or more accurately through the Lamy and Corley families into which Julia and Ellen Walsh had married. Further visits to Elkhorn Lodge by Nina Cullinan must have followed, if only periodically, after her college years in Pennsylvania, for Nina left a lasting impression on Eleanor James Hondius, who for many years operated the Lodge with her brother Howard James. In her 1964 *Memoirs* Eleanor Hondius includes among the guests "who were prominent" and that "I remember well" the name of "Nina Cullinan of Dallas [sic], Texas." Following in the same sentence are "the Robert C. Corleys and the Charles Lamys of Clayton, Mo." The friendship among these families, we now know, was long-standing: as late as October 1960 Nina Cullinan traveled from Houston to St. Louis to attend the wedding of Catherine Betts Corley, the youngest daughter of Ellen Walsh Corley.

Nina Cullinan's own financial investment in Rock Ridge began in December1946, following the conclusion of World War II, a halcyon period before the Korean War when vacation travel returned to normalcy. It was then that Nina Cullinan, initially with the help of her two brother-in laws, James Cravens and Andrew Jackson Ray, began acquiring property from the Rock Ridge Land Company. Those purchases included 8.95 acres (now 439 Rock Ridge Road) where in the summer or fall of 1948, Nina Cullinan began construction of a modest two-bedroom, two-and-a-half bath vacation cottage with hip-roof and covered flagstone terrace, a cottage designed by Dudley Smith, the principal of the well-known Denver architecture firm. Unfortunately, it was never completed. On the morning of March 18, 1949, for a cause unclear, the unfinished cottage burned to the ground, leaving only its basement. Though insurance did not entirely cover the loss, Nina Cullinan immediately re-engaged Smith and his firm. Making use of the existing foundation, a new cottage was completed on the site in late 1949 or early 1950. Nina Cullinan would vacation at Rock Ridge Road periodically until her death in 1983, opening her cottage to relatives, including the five nieces and nephews who would become her heirs.

Nina Cullinan Will: Until 2019, because of Nina Cullinan, family members owned some 60 acres along Rock Ridge Road, 45 of which were gifted through her will of June 29, 1982 (a will probated in 1985). It stipulated that her property in Estes Park be divided among her five nieces and nephews "in equal portions . . . without regard to easements of any kind." Further, that these properties be accepted "strictly for their personal use and not with a view toward investment or commercial development." "To each of the devisees," she continued,

> or during the life of any of them (such persons owning real estate near my Colorado property), that none of the devisees sell any of my Colorado property (other than household goods and contents) to anyone other than my nieces and nephews or their respective spouses or issue or trustees or trusts substantially for any of them without the consent of said three persons or the survivor or survivors of them. The requests made in this article are not intended to be legally binding (that is, they are intended to be precatory only); but I strongly make these requests with the hope and conviction that they will be carried out.

Nina Cullinan's generosity, it turned out, extended far beyond family. Perhaps inspired, at least in part, by her Estes Park experience, she left roughly half of her $7.4 million estate to the City of Houston to create "beauty and peacefulness" through parks. She also gave $50,000 to the National Park Foundation, estate properties valued at $500,000 to the Nature Conservancy, and $41,000 to the Houston Parks Board to create a park in memory of her grandmother.

For more than three decades, and until the recent sale of the Chamberlain family's two Rock Ridge properties, one of which included "the Victorian," Nina Cullinan's wishes were honored to the letter. Nieces Nancy Cravens Chamberlain and Mary Patricia Cravens, the daughters of Nina Cullinan's younger sister (the sister who had accompanied her to Elkhorn Lodge in 1919), became regular summer residents, this despite the fact that the early summers of both girls had been spent at Weimar, Texas, the small agricultural community west of Houston, where the Cravens had a vacation home. Patsy Cravens, an award-winning photographer and author, was gifted Nina Cullinan's summer cottage on Rock Ridge Road; her sister, Nancy Chamberlain, the

adjacent 9-acre piece of land where in 1987 she built a rustic two-story four-bedroom log cottage.

The recent history of "the Victorian" and the 14.56-acre property on which it sits is, however, a bit more obscure. We know that Nina Cullinan acquired that property from Charles Lamy in August 1977. It was evidently reacquired by the Lamys, for records also show that 22 years later, on December 13, 1989, as indicated above, both house and land were purchased by Nancy Chamberlain from Charles Lamy's daughters. The house then underwent the intensive interior renovation and restoration which added the downstairs bedroom. Nancy Chamberlain presumably used "the Victorian" and its cabins for her guests and, later, for her four children and their families.

After Nancy Chamberlain's death in 2010, "the Victorian" was looked after, at least nominally, by her son, Charles Devere Chamberlain, a consulting historian living in New Orleans. These included the years that the house was used by the Rocky Mountain Conservancy, an act of generosity that, in turn, prompted my 2017 visit, piquing my curiosity and historical interest and resulting in this essay.

That then, as best I have been able to research and understand it, is the story of "the Victorian" on Rock Ridge Road through its six previous owners and the story of the neighborhood in which it sits. My story, I readily admit, something of a tour de force, but no less fun and interesting for its incompleteness. The 2019 sale of the now-historic house to a seventh owner, to someone beyond the Simmons, Walsh, Lamy and Cullinan family circles, opens a new and different chapter in the Rock Ridge story--a chapter which someone someday may be inspired to write.

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