

WEST *Old Colorado City Historical Society* WORD

DECEMBER 1999

MERRY CHRISTMAS

And A Happy Twenty Hundred!

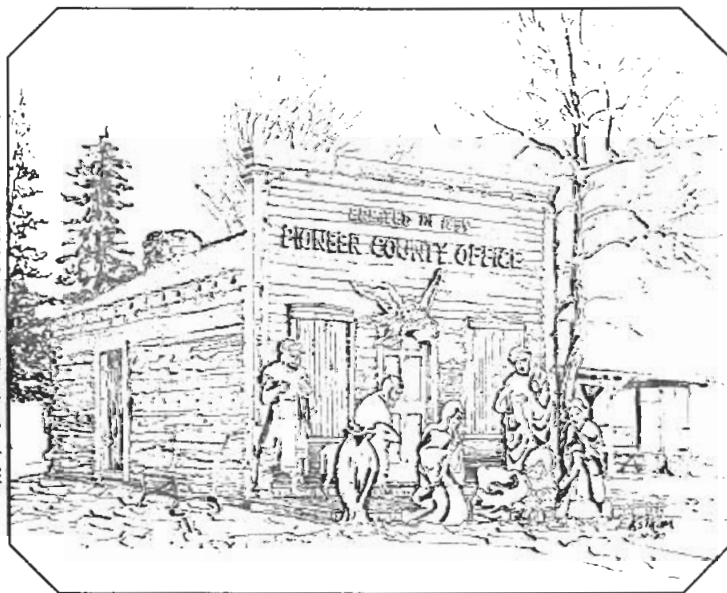
And a happy Twenty Hundred? Many readers may be scratching their heads right now. The headline for this special holiday edition of *West Word* is dedicated to our friend and charter member of the Old Colorado City Historical Society, Kay Arnold. Kay contends that we have had the eighteen hundreds and nineteen hundreds, so we should call the next century the twenty hundreds.

Kay, as well as many others, also debate when exactly the next century begins. Is it the year 2000 or 2001? (Or is it

twenty hundred and twenty oh one?) The discussion will most likely remain divided as we wind down the last days of the 1900's. Whichever point of view you take, this holiday should be momentous as we close out the 1900's. Let's see what kind of history we can make in the twenty hundreds. No cards or letters, please.

I wish you all the happiest of Christmases with a happy and healthy New Year. I look forward to the next century — whenever it starts. *Paul Idleman*

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS IN THE PIKES PEAK REGION



Christmas in Old Colorado City by Jack Ekstrom

by Dave Hughes

Those explorers and pioneers who found themselves in Colorado at Christmas time, from the very beginning celebrated the season in as many ways as there were diverse peoples, bringing with them their traditions, and adapting them to the availability of things on the frontier.

As Zebulon Pike wrote in his journal for December 25th, 1806: "We now again found ourselves all assembled together on Christmas Eve, and appeared generally to be content although all the refreshment we had to celebrate that day with, was buffalo meat without salt, or any other thing whatever."

Then, 42 years later, in 1848, Colonel John Fremont found himself and party high in the La Garita Range of Southern Colorado. Thomas Breckenridge, a member of the expedition, recorded the menu of their Christmas feast as:

**BILL OF FARE
CAMP DESOLATION
December 25, 1848**

Soup
Mule Tail

Meats - Mule Steak, Fried Mule, Mule Chops, Boiled Mule, Stewed Mule, Scrambled Mule, Stirred Mule, French-Fried Mule, Minced Mule, Damned Mule, Mule on Toast (without the toast), Short Ribs of Mule with Apple Sauce (without the apple sauce).

Beverages — Snow, Snow Water, Water.

Christmas Eve was observed by the devout Hispanics with the ancient Festival of Los Posadas. It is one of the oldest and most beautiful Christmas traditions in the Southwest. The symbolic pageantry of Los Posadas reenacts

can't on page 6

OCCHS MAILBOX

Greetings OCCHS,

I recently acquired a flintlock rifle that was purchased several years ago at Bent's Old Fort. On the underneath side of the barrel is scribed *JD Faulkner 76*. On a whim I did a name search and came up with your (web) site.

I was delighted to find that a person by that name existed in some historical context. I have not had anyone else look at this rifle but I do not think that it may possibly be over 100 years old.

Do you have any information regarding Mr. Faulkner or relatives that may help me in tracing the origins of this rifle? I am a blackpowder reenactor and a hobby blacksmith and, aside from just being curious, might possibly be able to use the information in developing a persona for myself. Thank you.

Gary Kroeker
Towanda, KS
garynbarb@feist.com

Our researcher, John E. Winters, is also a blacksmith with the Rock Ledge Ranch and located the following information about Faulkner which has been sent to Gary Kroeker. For more on Jas. D. Faulkner see article on Anthony Bott's funeral on page 7.

Mr. James D. Faulkner was born in 1847. He was a teenager when he served in CoD 60th MA Inf during the Civil War. At age twenty-two, James decided to go west. He arrived in Colorado City in 1869. He later married Mary Emma, who had arrived in Colorado City in 1864.

Their address was listed as 631 Colorado Avenue, and the directory names three women living at that residence: Lillian, LuLu, and Emma, quite possibly his daughters.

From 1881 through 1888, Mr. Faulkner was listed as a general merchandiser in the Colorado City directory. I find his name again in the 1906 directory as a police magistrate, and in the 1908 directory as a Justice of the Peace and Notary.

I am enclosing a listing of Civil War Veterans buried here in El Paso County, obtained from the Penrose Public Library. James can be found on the second page. Also enclosed is an advertisement for Mr. Faulkner's business from the 1887-88 directory.

Dear OCCHS,

Re: Colorado Diamonds article in November's *West Word*.

Phil Arnold and Jack Slack, who perpetrated Colorado's great diamond hoax were not the uncouth prospectors so often portrayed in western lore, but rather a pair of smooth operators, who were engaged in hydraulic mining operations in California's Yuba County when they hatched their scheme to salt the west with precious gemstones.

Traveling to England, the pair purchased thousands of dollars worth of uncut diamonds, rubies and sapphires to further their plans. Charles Tiffany later valued the stones they had supposedly mined and had then deposited with the New York banking house of Duncan & Co. as being worth at least \$150,000, which put their operation in the category of a great con, on the scale of the fictitious con in the movie "*The Sting*".

Clarence King, whose report exposed the scheme, was alerted to the con by the fact that rubies and diamonds are never found together in nature. When one of the rough stones recovered from the the salted claim was found to have a jeweler's facet polished on it the con was exposed as just another of the West's claim salting frauds.

Claim salting was a part of western lore as long as prospectors roamed its deserts and mountains. One of the most notorious schemes backfired when a prospector with the unlikely name of Chicken Bill decided to lift a few thousand from Silver King Horace Tabor by salting a prospect hole on a hitherto unproductive hill at Leadville with ore that he had purloined from Tabor's own Little Pittsburgh mine. Tabor, jumping at the chance to buy the proffered claim for what he regarded as a pittance, put a crew to work and soon uncovered a vein of silver that became the famous Chrysolite mine.

The Chrysolite produced millions of dollars before it became the lure for a stock manipulation swindle, which netted George D. Roberts, kingpin of scheme, and others who were involved in the promotion of the worked out mine, huge sums of money from eastern investors, thus providing both a fore and an after fraud to the beginning and end of one of Colorado's most famous mines.

A claim salting scheme which took place in Nevada's Comstock lode involved planting lumps of melted silver half-dollars at the bottom of a shaft with the pretentious name of the North Ophir. Stock promotion was in high gear when, in a scene equally as embarrassing as Arnold and Slack's polished gemstone, someone found the letters "...ted States" on a partially melted lump of silver.

A classic claim salting scheme at Cripple Creek, reported by Rufus Porter in his unpublished book *Gold and Glory*, told of the managers of the Daisy Bell mine purchasing 50 tons of three ounce ore from another mine, planting it in the Bell's shaft, then announcing to the papers that the Bell was hoisting three ounce ore (the literal truth). The newspaper articles sent the value of the Bell's shares skyrocketing. The managers quietly unloaded their shares, collected the mill proceeds from the 50 tons of ore they had sent for processing and vanished into the night, leaving the new shareholders nothing but an empty shaft and some very expensive pieces of wallpaper.

Sincerely,
Forest P. Porter
Colorado Springs, CO

Hello OCCHS,

I would like to compliment you on a wonderful web site. I was wondering if you might have any articles and pictures detailing the history and specifications of the Manitou Incline. My brother and I are preparing a web site dedicated to the incline, but so far have not had much luck finding information or pictures. Thanks.

David Reynolds
davren@hotmail.com

FROM THE PRESIDENT

By the time you receive this newsletter, the 1999 holiday season will be in full swing. It seems like it was only yesterday that we were involved with the 1998 holiday season. Time seems to have a way of passing fast and if we don't take a moment to stop and reflect on what has happened in our lives, important events will get overlooked and lost in the rush.

In 1999, a number of things have occurred in your Society that I want to bring to your attention. In June, we resumed the monthly production of the *West Word* newsletter. A monthly newsletter was one thing that a large number of you wanted and we hope that you are enjoying the news from the Society. Another request was an updated membership directory and this was issued to all members in the summer. If you have not received one, please drop me a note or e-mail and I will see that you receive one immediately. You can write me at the addresses shown on page two of the *West Word*. With the production of a monthly newsletter, the costs of producing this publication went up significantly. Your Board made the decision to lease a high quality copy machine for the Center. We have been publishing the *West Word* and other publications on this equipment since late summer. We think the quality of our publications is quite satisfactory and the overall benefit is that we have been able to cut the cost of producing the *West Word* by two thirds.

In July, the Board retained the services of a consultant who specialized in working with non-profit organizations by setting up their Strategic and Operating Plans. We also had the opportunity of working with someone who could help us establish a process that we could use to make application for grants. This year alone we have received

three grants as the result of working with Bill Lyons, our consultant. We named a planning committee made up of our members to work with Bill on the Strategic Plan. They were: Sallie Clark, Pam Franklin, LaDonna Gunn, Kathy Hruban, Paul Idleman, Betty Magninie, Jack and Betsy Shoup. The committee made their presentation to the Board in October, and at the November meeting, the Board reviewed, modified, and accepted the plan. This document will be the blueprint from which the Society will operate over the next three years. It is a working document that will continue after that period of time. I want to personally thank all of the people who served on the planning committee for their expertise and experience in developing the plan.

This plan outlines the mission statement (a statement of the purpose for which the organization exists and the specific function it performs); the vision statement (which articulates "what the organization wants to become"); the strategic goals (which are the results the organization will achieve as it fulfills its mission and aspires to its vision); the objectives (the means to achieve the goals of the organization); and the actions (the tactics requires to meet the desired objectives). I will share with you the context of this plan in a future *West Word*.

I am very proud of the contributions that the members of the Board have made this year. They have worked hard to make sure the Society is strong and in a position to continue preserving the history of this area. I thank each one of them for their commitment and talent. To each one of you, as you celebrate this season of the year, I wish you the best of everything and hope you have health and happiness in the New Year.

Gordon

Old Colorado City Historical Society

Presents

"BOTTOMS ROOD"

A VICTORIAN MURDER MYSTERY

Friday — February 4th

6:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.

Advance tickets - \$15 each/\$25 couple — At the door - \$20 each/\$30 couple

10% discount to OCCHS members

Hors d'oeuvres — door prizes

Grand Prize to the team that solves the mystery

Booby Prize to the team that has no clue

Audience participation is essential to the solution of the murder. The mystery will be presented at the Old Colorado City History Center, One South 24th Street, across the street from Bancroft Park on the corner of West Pikes Peak Avenue and 24th Street. Tickets will be available mid-December at the History Center or The Book Sleuth, 2501 W Colorado Avenue # 105.

The Victorian Murder Mystery is a Red Herring Production. All proceeds benefit the Old Colorado City History Center.

For more information or tickets call 636-1225.

GROWING UP IN COLORADO CITY

by Gene Current

After our "First Families of Colorado City" celebration last August, Gene Current reminisces about life in Old Town during the 1920's and 1930's.

In so far as I know, I am the sole child of Park and Anna Current actually born at 3182 West Pikes Peak Avenue. My earliest recollections emphasized that it was a privilege to live in Colorado Springs, with no disdain at being a West Sider. While both our parents cherished the region, our mother was most responsible for implanting our appreciation of the area. However, at the slightest provocation, she was wont to comment that things were better before Colorado City was ingested by Colorado Springs.

From our house, easy was the access to Red Rock Cañon and to Garden of the Gods. In contrast to governmental restrictions and parental concerns of today, our involvement in hiking and rock climbing was unfettered. Hiking, beyond Red Rock Cañon and the Garden of the Gods, included the night-before-Labor Day trek up the Pike's Peak Cog Railway for the expressed purpose of viewing the Labor Day Races.

Of lesser fame was our own race. White Loaf Hill at the north end of Thirty-second Street was our Pikes Peak. There, the creative efforts of the entire neighborhood developed a racetrack replete with switchbacks, hairpin turns and other hazards. The race cars would today fall in the general category of go-carts. One significant difference was that the Pikes Peak Hillclimb was uphill, while the White Loaf contests were downhill.

Other targets testing our hiking skills were Cameron's Cone and Squaw Mountain. Lugging the necessary bedding for the overnight stay associated with these achievements proved mighty tedious.

With a scrub oak grove, a sequestered rupture of the ten-foot high chain link fence surrounding Chamber's Reservoir provided access to summertime swimming. In the August West Word, some viewers concluded that one of Ira's photos (of the boys skinny dipping in the reservoir) was unadulterated pornography. While that photo may or may not be pornography, explicit nudity, it definitely is. Incidentally, those so exposed, were swimmers conditioning themselves for a venture into the deeper waters of Chamber's Reservoir.

But all was not without unfavorable incident. On one occasion, an associate, who has become one of the West Side's most distinguished alumni, and I were roasting weiners on the east slopes of Gray Rock in the Garden of the Gods. An inopportune gust of wind managed to expand our judiciously placed campfire to the entire east slope. Stamping efforts to extinguish the fire were futile. Soon the wail of the fire engine sirens challenged us to abandon our fire fighting efforts. Escaping any fire starting responsibilities and preventing their inherent chastisements was our prime incentive. A furtive retreat to the west side of Gray Rock was effected. Out of sight of the fire department, we ascended Gray Rock to a well disguised vantage point from which we observed the Colorado Springs firemen performing miracles in extinguishing the conflagration. As soon as the firemen departed for their stations, we descended and meekly returned to our homes. Should any



photo by Paul Telleman

Four Current siblings — Grace, Ira, Gene & Irma — tour the quarry in Red Rock Cañon during the "First Families" weekend.

questions arise, we were sworn to total ignorance of any such event. In relating this story, though, it is my firm belief that if any crimes were committed, the statute of limitations for them has long since expired.

Other than drinking superb milk shakes at Cross & Sons News Stand and purchasing groceries at the Arapahoe Food Store, the south side of Colorado Avenue between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-seventh streets did not attract much traffic from me. My belief at the time was that the sidewalks on the shaded south side of the avenue were hazardous because they were icy in winter. Little did I know that proper ladies and their children avoided the south side because, some years earlier, brothels abounded there.

Tuesday night at the Isis theater was an occasion not to be missed. All seats were occupied and patrons stood in the aisles to participate in that predecessor of "Bank Night", the drawings for baskets of food. Managing the forty or fifty coupons that many of the attendees possessed was not without difficulty, but keeping track of potential winners was part of the game. One night we won. By the time we got home with our basket of groceries, we were exhausted.

Attending the Tuesday night event lessened my credibility. The fourth grade health class at Whittier School required that each student get ten hours sleep each night. Whether your sleep time was ten hours was a question the teacher directed to every student every morning. My answers were always positive. Unfortunately, a female classmate who lived on Colorado Avenue would observe us walking home and would definitely negate my positive response the next morning. Why I failed to query her concerning her failure to be in bed at such a late hour, I will never know.

From 1919 to 1933, at the behest of congress and the required states, the federal government removed from the

con't on page 12

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS IN THE PIKES PEAK REGION — con't from page 1

the journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem and their search for shelter. The custom was introduced to Mexico in the sixteenth century by Father Diego de Soria, and spread north into what is now New Mexico and southern Colorado with the advancing Spanish frontier. It could have reached the San Luis Valley by the early 1850's and would have been observed in the oldest town in Colorado, San Luis, and Conejos, with its oldest church, across El Valle.

A procession would proceed quietly down the main street following behind the fortunate man and woman selected by lottery to portray Mary and Joseph. When the 'room at the inn' was finally discovered after knocking on many doors, the entire town would be treated to a gala fiesta. The church

would be illuminated by burning crossed logs placed around the perimeter in a tradition called Las Farolitas — the Little Lights. Platters of food — tamales, enchaladas, and wild game bagged from the slopes of the majestic Sange de Cristo Mountain range would be placed on colored blankets, and fed to the assemblage.

Families would later depart for their homes where candles would be lit in the windows to burn throughout the night. The midnight Mass and Christmas morning Mass would complete the Yuletide celebration.

Eight months before Colorado City was even founded, in December 1858, Denver City got the Christmas surprise of its very young life thanks to that 1840's trapper 'Uncle Dick' Wootton, who owned a cabin at the Manitou Springs (and later a couple lots in Colorado City). He drove two ox carts from Fort Union, New Mexico full of goodies, to arrive in Denver City just in time to set up his tent and unload his goods Christmas morning. He had brought 'good cheer' alright, for he rolled out the first barrel of whisky seen in the 'diggings.' He split the top with an axe, and gave the liquid cheer away to anyone who had a tin cup. It was Taos Lightning, a potent moonshine, which, according to the florid prose of an early reporter, "...went down like a swain of his knees to the object of his affections. It hit the stomach all in a lump and sent cheerful feeling up to the roots of a fellow's hair and back again in to his toes, in one howling, rip-roaring succession of luxurious vibratory spasms of exquisite joy. It beat grand opera without even trying."

In short, Wootton got the town drunk. But not



Of course food was as much a preoccupation then as now, and the early Christmas tables were laid out with additions of elk and deer bagged by local hunters — who often laid out their successful hunt carcasses right on the boardwalks of Colorado City, while game was still plentiful. These Colorado City residents were phoyographed in 1897 displaying the day's hunt in front of the Hoffinan House which was located on the southwest corner of 25th Street and Colorado Avenue.

before a song written for the occasion was sung.

Christmas in Colorado City before the turn of the century was celebrated in ways similar to the way it was celebrated all across Colorado, which was still very much frontier territory. The only large city was Denver, and it began to resemble cities of the east with big stores, plenty of transportation, and electricity. Mountain gold camps did it their own way, with ready at hand spruce and pine trees to decorate, and as often as not, just a couple of pistol shots in the air to mark the birth of Jesus.

Plains farmers and ranchers had to make do with less than that. Really poor farmers, some who were still living in 'soddies' while getting started, even used Tumbleweeds as a substitute for the classic Tannenbaum. But as some ranchers and farmers near Colorado City got over their first tough years, they celebrated more elaborately.

A large evergreen would be freshly cut from the mountains and decorated on Christmas Eve by family and hired hands. The tree would be decorated with strings of popcorn and cranberries, crepe paper balls, and candles in small brass-clip holders, counterbalanced with small lead balls.

Both inside Colorado City and out on the nearby farms and ranches Christmas gifts would have been mail-ordered months before, and retrieved from either trips to Denver or, after the railroad came to the Pikes Peak region, from its delivery points.

Music, of course, was mostly homemade — with the early school being a place of both entertainment by the



children, and of community dances. When a fiddler was around the dances got very lively. While men still outnumbered women on this frontier, the practice of 'drawing straws' was a substitute. The loser would tie a scarlet bandanna around his right arm, and play the part of the female in the dance. While the singing got pretty raucous in the saloons of Colorado City, there were also so many churches along Pikes Peak Avenue that the citizens could attend any number of chorale programs put on by the congregations.

Leroy Ellinwood, whose mother was the Librarian in the tiny Carnegie Library of Colorado City, and who himself was born in a tiny bedroom of their house on West Platte, rose to become a beloved principal of Buena Vista School. He recalled the cherished gifts he got below the spruce tree with candles clipped to the branches at Christmas. One year his gift was a small lift-top desk his father made for him. And another year he got a treasured tool box from his father "who was very good to him." He tried to be the same for generations of children who attended his school.

One unusual local tradition that was really started at Thanksgiving, but which provided some lucky family with a feast, was the idea of William Moore, a Colorado City merchant. The local merchants of the Colorado City Commercial Club chipped in to buy a dozen large live turkeys from "Turk" Jennings just east of town. Then they announced the day and the time of the Turkey Flyaway. A crowd would gather on the street in front of Moore's Furniture Store, and at the appointed time all dozen would be released from the second story roof. Whoever caught one, kept it. Fancy the outcry if anyone tried that today!

But Christmas was still Christmas, whether the parents of children were in poor circumstances or well off. Whether they were out on the plains east of town, inside Colorado City, or in a cabin up Ute Pass, the children's eyes would sparkle with anticipation of Santa Clause coming on Christmas Eve thanks to their parents who strove not to disappoint them on that most magical of times.

STORES TO CLOSE DURING FUNERAL OF ANTHONY BOTT

*Extracted from the Colorado Springs Gazette -
December 15, 1916*

Mayor James D. Faulkner of Colorado City has issued a proclamation requesting that all public schools and business houses of this city close this afternoon during the hours of the funeral of Anthony Bott, who died Tuesday afternoon. The proclamation follows:

Whereas Anthony Bott, a pioneer, honored resident and founder of the city of Colorado City, has passed away, and

Whereas, he has been one of the most enterprising and public spirited of our citizens, having years ago donated lands for various enterprises and having secured the location of the Colorado Midland shops in this city, and in 1912 presented to the city as a gift the Colorado City water system for which he had shortly before declined to accept the sum of \$35,000...

For which gift and other benefits rendered, Colorado City and its inhabitants are truly grateful, and desire to honor his memory.

Therefore, I, James D. Faulkner, mayor of the city of Colorado City, do hereby earnestly request that on Friday afternoon, December 15, the public schools be dismissed, all flags in the city be floated at half mast, that all business houses be closed during the hours of the funeral and burial, and that the city offices be closed and the city council attend in a body to pay our last tribute of respect to the memory of the father of Colorado City and one of the founders of El Paso county.

Dated at Colorado City, Colo. December 14, 1916.

JAS. D. FAULKNER,
Mayor

A Great Gift For Christmas!

An OCCHS Membership makes the perfect Christmas gift. Members receive our monthly *West Word* newsletter and a 10% discount in the History Center Book & Gift Shop and most events & programs. Plus you're helping OCCHS preserve the rich history of Old Colorado City.

Individuals - \$20 Family - \$25

Call 636-1225 for information

ANTHONY BOTT DIES EXACTLY 58 YEARS AFTER HE FOUNDED CITY

Death Claims Man Who Came To Find Gold
and Built Empire Instead

BROUGHT SETTLERS HERE

Life Is Inseparably Linked With
Growth of Country; Ill for Months

Eighty-three years ago this month, the man considered to be the founder and chief promoter of Colorado City peacefully lost his battle against a long illness. Originally printed in the Colorado Springs Gazette, December 13, 1916.

While the last lurid glare of the sun began to fade behind the great peak with the history of which his name has had such a close connection, Anthony Bott — pioneer, builder, neighbor, father of Colorado Springs — rounded out more than a half century of life in the city of his conception and died in the land which he had seen emerge from the wild state of a wilderness to an empire of wealth. Mr. Bott's death came at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon after an illness of many months. He was 80 years old and had been a resident of the Pikes Peak region for 58 years. Death occurred at his home, 131 Colorado avenue, Colorado City, where he had spent the declining years of his life.

Perhaps Fate plays an important part in the affairs of men - certainly coincidence does. Mr. Bott's death forcefully illustrates the truth of the latter premise. For his death came almost to the hour on the fifty-eighth anniversary of the greatest work of his life. It was on December 12, 1858, that he, with hardy fellow frontiersmen, began the work of laying out the city of Eldorado, forerunner of Colorado Springs.

Mr. Bott was a native of Alsace. Born in that strife-torn strip of territory

between Germany and France in 1836, he knew little of his native lore and tradition, for Fate so arranged the twisted web of life that he spent only the first two years of his life on his native soil. He became an American — with all the instincts, the aggressiveness of an American.

When he was two years of age his parents emigrated to the new world and the early life of the young Bott was spent among the pastoral surroundings of a farm in Erie county, Pennsylvania.

Started West

Here he lived until 20 years of age. Tales of gold, as fabulous as the glittering metal which spring into being under the enchanted fingers of Midas, began to trickle into the confines of civilization from the gold camps of booming California. The belated spirit of '49 beckoned him and with no special destination in view he started west to link his fortunes with the unknown portion of the United States.

His first stop was at Kalamazoo, Mich. It was not the west of which he had dreamed and listened. And so he pushed farther into the face of the dimming sun. He tarried briefly in Chicago and St. Louis and then went to Westport Landing, the present site



Anthony Bott

of Kansas City. Westport Landing was then a thriving station on the old Santa Fe trail.

While there wild tales of the new gold fields began to arrive. In the eastern fringe of the Rockies, reports said, on Pikes Peak, gold glittered from every boulder — drifted in glittering particles in the sand washed down from its precipitous slopes. Again the Wanderlust prompted him to plunge deeper into the wilderness, and he started out for the new Eldorado. he arrived at the site of Colorado Springs in the fall of 1858.

Like so many tales of free gold in the metal-mad days of the waning '50's, reports of wealth to be extracted from the granite sides of Pikes Peak proved to be unfounded. This Bott discovered after a short prospecting experience on the eastern slope of the Peak. And then the disposition of the empire builder appeared in the young adventurer.

Why should not the fertile prairies and the plains at the foot of Pikes Peak yield a more abundant harvest than the massive crags of the big sentinel?

Laid Out Springs?

The idea took root; Bott began to plan his new city. He took up several claims on the site of Colorado Springs and laid out a townsite, calling the settlement Eldorado The Golden. He built a cabin. But the organization was not maintained and Bott wandered to Cherry Creek, near the present site of Denver, and entered the mercantile business.

The Wanderlust still pursued him, and after a brief residence in Denver, Bott sold his business and went to Clear Creek cañon, where the mining town of Gregory was just beginning to boom. Here he entered business, and dreamed of a fortune to be made grubstaking prospectors and sharing in whatever strikes might be made. Fortune never came, and in the fall of 1859 he returned to Denver where he organized a new townsite company and set out for the site of his Eldorado.

When he reached the site of the town he had conceived the location did not meet with his whole approval and he decided a better location lay to the westward two miles — half way between Eldorado and Manitou Springs, then a favorite watering place for the Utes. He laid off another townsite on the present site of Colorado City. He then changed the name, calling the new town Colorado City. With a few associates he began to build the town. He became its first business man when he entered the business of building and contracting.

Married When 62

The town grew and thrived. Colorado became a territory and the new town became the seat of the territorial government. Bott remained an active factor in its life. He built many of the first houses to be erected

and afterwards opened a real estate office. In 1871 he gave up the contracting business and devoted his entire attention to the real estate business. It is said of him that he encouraged settlers to make their homes in Colorado City in every way. He sold lots on long time, taking small payments in remuneration therefor. Thus many people were able to acquire homes while eking out a bare existence in the land of many resources but little development. He opened a number of stone quarries and on a piece of his land he found a deposit of Marl, or Portland cement. For 15 years he shipped Marl to a Denver factory and later opened a factory of his own in Colorado City where he worked the products of his land until 1894 when a fire destroyed his plant. He considered the investment too great for the income and never rebuilt.

Bott was 62 years old before he found time to think of marriage. It was in 1898 when he began to cast about for someone to share the harvest of his life of hard work. (A neighbor living next) to him was a comely widow, Mrs. Olivia Longton, another pioneer of the region having come here before the first house was built in Colorado Springs. He proposed to her and they were married shortly afterwards and went to reside on a ranch west of the town. Here they lived until 1901 when Bott built his present home on Colorado avenue. A short time afterwards Mrs. Bott died and Bott has remained a widower since.

Excellent Business Man

Only in very recent years did Bott begin to decline in health. A few months ago he became seriously ill and for the last several weeks it has been apparent that he could not survive. His tenacious spirit, however, held on in the remaining shreds of life, and the fight he made to recover his faculties was wonderful.

A few days ago, despite the bitter struggle between a disease-wracked frame and a wonderful will, he became unconscious, dying yesterday at 5 o'clock.

So far as is known, only one relation survives him. A niece, Miss Harriet Bott Daniels, left her home in Buffalo, N.Y., seven years ago and came to Colorado City to live with her uncle. She has been his constant attendant since.

Extraordinary business acumen enabled Mr. Bott to amass a comfortable fortune, in spite of his generous disposition which led him to contribute to many charities, some of which were known to only his intimates. During his life in Colorado, it is said, he was always able to see after a short period of time whether or not a business would prove profitable and he seldom entered a venture in which he lost money. An illustration of this faculty is given by an early chronicler.

He took up a ranch near the head of Cherry creek in 1889 and after living on it a short time, decided that it was a bad location for a ranch and sold the property, together with a hay crop grown on it, for a bag of beans. Today that ranch is a piece of barren land. The same faculty remained a part of his makeup thruout life.

Mr. Bott was one of the best versed men in Masonry in the west. It was the only order to which he belonged and was his greatest pleasure in a life of bachelorhood. He had taken every degree in the order except the thirty-third and for years had been a Sir Knight and a member of the Mystic Shrine.

Arrangements for the funeral of Mr. Bott have not been completed, but the funeral probably will be held Friday from the home. The Masonic lodge will conduct the ceremonies.

There's a gift for every interest at the

HISTORY CENTER BOOK & GIFT SHOP

Colorado history books & videos * children's books & toys * jewelry * gift items

Tues - Wed - Thurs - Fri - Sun - 12:00 noon to 4:00 p.m. • Saturday - 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. • CLOSED MONDAYS

Remembering RALPH HUBBARD

story & photographs by Ira Current

Before television and radio, Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora had been a successful soap entrepreneur, popular writer, publisher, lecturer and furniture manufacturer. The products of the crafts people in his Roycrofters printing and woodworking shops were recognized world wide. Some of the buildings still exist on the Roycroft Campus patterned after what William Morris had done in England.

Elbert Hubbard was born June 19, 1856 at Bloomington, Illinois. He married Bertha Crawford in 1881. They had three sons, Elbert II (1883), Ralph (1886), Sanford (1888) and one daughter, Katherine (1896). He married Alice Moore in 1904. They both died with the sinking of the Lusitania on May 7, 1915.

In the fall of 1924 we were among the first students in the ninth grade to attend the new West Junior High School in Colorado Springs. Ninth grade classes had previously been held at the old Bancroft School on 24th Street. The general science room was sparkling, with new benches each seating two students. I was 15 then. I drew a seat near the back of the room, sharing a table with Charles Burkhardt (later to be known as Eagle Plume). Elbert Hubbard's second son, Ralph, then 39 years old, was to be our general science teacher.

Hubbard spoke clearly, and his air of authority gave him good command of the class. He dispensed some general science, but somehow I remember him for his discussions in the area of ethnology--his teachings were heavy with Indian lore. He was then writing a book, **Queer Person**, a story about an Indian boy, and in regular installments presented chapters of the book to the class.

He was usually able to maintain strict discipline, but on some occasions this was disrupted by students from the area south of Colorado Avenue in the vicinity of 26th Street where most of the city's trouble makers lived. On one of these occasions he reputedly asked five or six of them to kindly see him after school in the evening. He had some chores for them to do.

The small group was a bit boisterous when they met with Hubbard at the appointed time. He explained that he would like all of the heavy benches moved to the far end of the class room. The boys applied themselves with a great deal of tugging and pulling, and finally got the tables located where Hubbard had requested. He then briefly looked it all over, and decided they should all be at the opposite end of the room; they would look better there.



Ralph Hubbard in Indian costume.

Again, with a great deal of effort all of the tables were moved, but the work went more slowly this time. When the job was done, Hubbard again looked the situation over, and said, no, they really were better at the far end after all. This time the work was definitely tiresome, but after a stretch of time the tables were at the far end of the room again.

Hubbard finally decided that the tables were better where they were in the beginning. After this last rearrangement the once obstreperous students had got the point. They were dismissed for the evening, and there was harmony in general science from then on.

Ralph Hubbard was a Boy Scout Master, and had the distinction of writing the section on 'Indian Lore' in the Boy Scout Manual. He had a special dispensation from Scout headquarters to organize a troop with 75 members rather than being held to the usual limit of 30. This was to enable him to gather together sufficient numbers for

pr
pr
so
Sp

au
me
tur
ap
wi
lik
Ch
ger
hac
a h
feal
clai
Car

alon
stuc
reac
Bur
Cha
Blac
Indi
Coll
Bou
Post
they
beh
duri
after
Eag

Cow

producing large scale Indian dancing presentations at various functions, sometimes in the then new Colorado Springs Municipal Auditorium.

In addition to learning a number of authentic Indian dances, the troop members also created their own costumes, tom toms, and other Indian apparatus. Most costumes were made with turkey feathers trimmed to look like eagle feathers, but some, like Charles Burkhardt were able to use genuine eagle feathers which, if you had to buy them, cost one dollar each, a high price in those days. Later, eagle feathers were plentiful when Hubbard claimed a bounty on the birds at his Camp Ten Sleep ranch.

Charles and my brother, Richard, along with some others became serious students of ethnology, and acquired or read many of the reports from the Bureau of American Ethnology. Charles, who claimed to be one-quarter Blackfoot Indian, continued with Indian lore, even while at the Colorado State Teachers College in Greeley, and at the University of Colorado at Boulder. After leaving CU, he joined the Perkins Trading Post at Allen's Park, Colorado, and greeted the tourists as they arrived during the summer months. After serving behind the lines in Japanese held islands in the Pacific during World War II, he returned to Perkins. Some time after Mr. Perkins died, Mrs. Perkins turned the store over to Eagle Plume, as he then called himself, and converted it



Schoolmate Charles Burkhardt later became known as Eagle Plume

from a curio shop to the fine Indian Trading Post of later days.

Like the others, I had made my own headdress, using turkey feathers which had a resemblance to eagle feathers after the squarish tips had been rounded. I made a tom-tom using a hide from one of the cows butchered by the Shoemakers at the Garden Ranch near Templeton Gap. The cow hide was soaked in water containing ashes; this loosened the hair, which was scraped off with the sharp edges of glass from broken bottles. The skin was then draped over the ends of a wooden tub with its bottom knocked out, the two sides lashed together with rawhide also cut from the hide, and the tom tom allowed to dry. It was a pretty well made instrument.

Later, during the summer months, Hubbard operated Camp Ten Sleep for boys at Elbert, Colorado, some 40 miles northeast of Colorado Springs. My brother Richard, Floyd Caton, Charles, Floyd Shoemaker, Randolph Riley, Carl Maurer and others were employed as counselors at the camp. I was appointed the camp photographer, and we constructed one small building to serve as a dark-room for photography classes. Caton and others had a clandestine beer brewing operation going at Ten Sleep. The product was not very well quality controlled, and some of the bottles had spiders and flies as part of their contents.

In the summer of 1932 a rodeo arena and stockades were constructed with the labor of the staff and paying customers. The camp horses were supplemented with so-called "wild" horses provided by wranglers who offer this service to small rodeos. A big barbecue brought neighbors from miles around.

At some of the campfire outings, Hubbard would entertain the group by relating a kind of communication he had with his father, Elbert. This supported Hubbard's belief that his father had somehow been rescued after the sinking of the Lusitania and would appear again.

Part of the camp routine included overnight horseback camping excursions in the area. The counselors had their hands full on these occasions, and their many duties included management of the horses. The forty or so nags often got away during the night, and the roundup process was a real test of endurance.

I had a 2-1/4 x 3-1/4 Auto Graflex Junior in those days, and once while I was riding across the fields with the Graflex case over my shoulder, the cover came unlatched, the camera was thrown out and landed on an upcoming horse's hoof. I looked back to see it tumbling

con't on next page



Cowboy Tom and Floyd Caton at Hubbard's Camp Ten-Sleep - 1932.

REMEMBERING RALPH HUBBARD — con't from page 11

sky. The shock knocked the ground glass out of adjustment, and the pictures made that day were useless.

While at Ten Sleep I had the occasion to photograph Bertha C. Hubbard, the first wife of Elbert Hubbard, while she was decorating chinaware. I also made negatives of Katherine, Ralph's Sister, who was born in January 1896, over a year and a half after Miriam was born to Elbert's second wife to be Alice in October 1894. My brother Richard recalls that one time during dinner he corrected some of Katherine's English. She responded by thanking him very much for the help and offered to repay him in kind: "One does not leave his silverware partly on the plate and partly on the table. The silverware should rest entirely on the plate."

I did a fair amount of photographic work for Hubbard, including copies of old photographs and articles, even after he had left Colorado Springs and gone to Cheyenne, Wyoming. He tried to keep me busy with work while I was struggling to make enough to enroll at the Colorado State Teachers College at Greeley. I later received my degree from the University at Boulder.

There was often a shortage of space at Camp Ten Sleep, and there were occasions when there were not enough beds to go around. Those who were last, were then given the honor of sleeping on a buffalo robe on the floor. A hard bed, but the glory far offset the aching bones next day.

During our West Junior High School days, we were led to believe that Ralph Hubbard married Miss Norene M. Birch, a fellow teacher. (My brother said he was once in love with Miss Birch, though she once boxed him on the ears and said, "Wake up and come to the party.") The marriage was annulled, or otherwise canceled within a few days. Ralph was said to have been unable to bear the sight of a woman's pair of shoes in the same room he was in. He once told Floyd Caton, Randy Riley and my brother after the separation from Miss Birch: "Never marry anyone much younger than you, and for God's sake, boys, never marry a flapper." His obituary stated that he had been preceded in death by his wife, a son, two brothers, and sister Katherine, who had graduated from Oberlin in 1920.

Ralph was born June 22, 1886 in East Aurora and died November 11, 1980 at St. Luke's Nursing Home, Dickinson, North Dakota, where he had resided for two years. He had spent much of his youth at the Seneca Indian Reservation near East Aurora. He attended Oberlin



Roping a horse at Camp Ten-Sleep — 1932.

College (1911), continued his studies at Cornell (BA 1915), and received an MA degree from the University of Colorado (1923). He received an honorary doctorate from Dickinson State College. In addition to teaching in Colorado, he also taught in Wyoming, Montana and North Dakota. He was at one time the curator of the Fur Trade Museum in Medora, North Dakota. He also established museums at New Town and Wounded Knee, SD.

On June 21, 1992, at the invitation of Bruce Bland, one of the curators of the Elbert Hubbard Museum, Ellen and I were welcomed at a gathering in East Aurora at which Robert C. Rust, present curator of the museum at the Roycrofter's Campus, gave a lecture on artist Alexis Jean Fournier. At the request of Hubbard, Fournier had supervised the installation of an art gallery in East Aurora in 1902. He later built a house on a plot of land donated by Hubbard. Alice Simril, daughter of Miriam, Katherine's half sister, read some remarks that had been written by her mother, along with some comments of her own. We had a nice chat with Elbert Hubbard III, a Mr. Larkin, grandson of one of Elbert Hubbard's sisters, curator Genevieve Steffen, Peg Smaltz, and Alice Heath, daughter of the author of *The Elbert Hubbard I Knew*.

GROWING UP IN COLORADO CITY — con't from page 5

market place a commodity highly enjoyed by much of the public. One of the tenets of economics is that if a demand exists, vendors will arise to accommodate that demand. Because sale of the commodity in question could involve a confrontation with the federal government, vendors necessarily remained surreptitious.

Three to four times a week, sleep at 3182 West Pikes Peak Avenue was disrupted by a progressively louder tapping; tapping not only at my chamber door, but also at the front door. Abed in the room next to the front porch, expo-

sure to the tapping was unavoidable. Parental prohibition prevented personal response to the nocturnal callers. As a consequence, my Dad casually went to the front door and inquired as to what the visitors desired. The usual "pint or two" requested elicited the customary response, "One block north... 3182 Kiowa".

The years since leaving Colorado City have heightened an awareness of the beauty that surrounds us here. Like the tourists who have visited here for more than a century, for me the hours spent here are a treasure.

WEST SIDE MEMORIES

TURNING BACK THE CLOCK ON LOCAL EVENTS

compiled by Jan Knox

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
October - November 1874

¶ Sergeant Seyboth has left his high estate on Pike's Peak and gone to tell the wondering Easterners about snow storms in the dog-days, gentle zephyrs that fanned his brow at the rate of ninety miles an hour, and electrical displays that made the hair to stand on end, actually as well as figuratively. The Sergeant, during his charge of the Observatory on the Summit of the Peak, has acquitted himself to the thorough satisfaction of all who had any relationships with him, and has been a notable contrast to one or two of his predecessors. He now takes charge of the Observatory at Philadelphia. 10/10 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ Mr. Bond, the Indian Agent at Los Pinos, and Ouray, the Chief of the Utes, were registered at the Colorado Springs Hotel yesterday, and went up to Denver on the same day's train. 10/10 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ The Trinidad Chronicle says: Mr. Quinby, one of our extensive sheep-raisers, informs us that he will move to Colorado Springs in a short time, where he will, with his family spend the Winter months. 10/14 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ A meeting of the County Commissioners was held on Monday last, when there was a full board present, Mr. D. McShane in the chair. The Commissioners then personally examined the proposed line of the road, as prayed for by O. L. Matthews and others, from Colorado City to Bear Creek Canon, and order that the petitioners pay to Longmery and Bott, the sum of \$100 as damages for their land. 10/10 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ D. A. Cowell was this morning convicted by Judge Stone of a Violation of the Town Ordinance prohibiting the

sale of Intoxicating Liquor, and was fined Fifty Dollars and costs. There was, as might have been expected, no real defense—merely a few legal quibbles, which proved to be of no avail. We hope that this is the beginning of a steady and determined effort to enforce the Ordinance. There are some who think that such efforts are sure to fail, but trial is the only way to find that out. If the Liquor-men are let alone, it is certain that their trade cannot be stopped; but if they are persistently prosecuted, experience gives us reason to believe that it will, at any rate, sling away into such dark holes that it will be almost unknown and harmless. If the Town Attorney and Constable can bring about this result, they will deserve the thanks and the praise of all good citizens. 10/17 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ Some of our country cousins, not aware of the removal of the county offices, have had a big grievance against the County Clerk. Bolting into the old office without knocking, as they had been accustomed to do in days of yore, they have been taken considerably aback when their eyes have rested upon a lady in the midst of a comfortably furnished room; instead of friend Howbert with his nose down to a big book; and when they have found him in his new quarters, they have pitched into him at a lively rate for not letting them know that he was married. 10/17 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ Mr. John Armor, one of the oldest settlers and most prominent citizens of the Territory, was registered with his wife, at the Colorado Springs Hotel, on Thursday last. 10/17 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ In the District Court, the case of the Central Colorado Improvement Company v. Chas Stockbridge is a somewhat curious one. The plaintiffs sold the defendant a lot in South Pueblo. Subsequently, they allege, he agreed to take another in exchange for

it, in order to enable them to put up a brick block covering six lots. But, when the building was up, he repudiated the agreement. They sue to force the granting of a title. 10/24 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ A car-load of Liquor was received at the Depot on Thursday, consigned to parties in Colorado Springs. 10/31 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ We hear some talk about the establishment of a Museum at Colorado Springs. We hope to be able to report next week, that something has been done in the matter. 10/31 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ There are still rogues around, and it looks as though a little hanging would be a wholesome thing. On Sunday night, the mill of S. B. Rickerson & Co., at Colorado City, was broken into, and about \$200 worth of Flour, etc., stolen. The thieves have not been caught, at the time we write. 10/31 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ Coal from the lower vein of the Wilson Coal Bank is now being hauled into Town, and sold for five dollars and a half per ton. The coming Winter will undoubtedly give this coal a thorough test, and make its quality known. Should it prove — as Dr. Hayden intimated it would — to be the same as the Canon City coal, its steady sale will be assured, and the importance and value of the deposit can scarcely be over-estimated. But appearances ally it to the Marshall coal, rather than to the Canon City. 10/31 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ Mr. S. C. Foote brought into our office yesterday, a pod of cotton grown by him, within the town limits. He tried only a few seeds, and the grasshoppers "went for" most of the produce; he thinks, however, that he has demonstrated that cotton will grow here. He is also much gratified with

can't on next page

the results of some peanut culture which he attempted; some of the nuts, he says, are as big as his thumb; if we were to say how big his thumb is, he might take it to heart. *11/7 Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ Mr. Dana, who has charge of Mr. Copley's "Lake House," on the Pike's Peak Trail, came down in the early part of the week for Winter supplies. As yet, he reported, there had been but little snow, though the weather has been cold. There is capital skating on the Lake, and abundance of game—including deer and mountain sheep—around. He expects, therefore, to be able to pass the Winter pleasantly enough, especially as he has telegraphic communication both with the upper and lower world. On Friday of last week, two pilgrims made the ascent of the Peak, going on horseback. Soon after they got to the Summit, the wind began to blow at the rate of eighty miles an hour and they were compelled—men and horse both—to shelter in the Signal House until Sunday morning, when the weather had moderated sufficiently to allow them to descend. *11/14 Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ An Ordinance was passed by the Town Trustees, at their last meeting, allowing milk cows to run at large in the Town, from the 1st of October to the 1st of June. *11/14 Colorado Springs Gazette*

¶ We could almost have imagined that Judge Baldwin had returned to life the other day, when we heard a drunken fellow holding forth, at the top of his voice, about the rights of his countrymen. *11/21 Colorado Springs Gazette*

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO October-November 1924

¶ Class work will start next Monday in the West Junior High, making the opening just one month late. The enrollment, which was begun on Wednesday, will total approximately 450. The building is complete, with the exception of the big auditorium and the gymnasium, and is one of the finest in the state, along with the North and South Junior High buildings. Mental

tests for pupils new to the district were put on Wednesday morning under the direction of Principal R. M. Grindle at 9 a.m. At 8:30 Thursday morning, enrollment of the seventh grade was put under way, and enrollment of the eighth grade was opened at 10:30. The ninth grade enrollment start at 1:30. The class work will begin at 8:30 Monday. A splendid corps of teachers has been booked, and it is expected a record year of accomplishment will be made by the local schools. The teaching force is as follows: Miss Harmony Wadsworth, Miss Jennie Kingsley, Miss Mary A. J. Ballard, Mrs. Minnie Crowder, Miss Norma Burch, Mrs. Margaret W. Taylor, Miss Della Campbell, Mr. James Chapman, Mr. Ralph Hubbard, Mr. L. O. Wattenbarger, Miss Mildred Mays, Miss Esther Brown, Mr. Byron Read, Miss Marie Rowland, Miss Pearl Brennicke, Miss Anna Meier, Mr. Lowell Mills, Mr. V. Worley, Mrs. E. Mills, Mrs. Bessie Eastwood, Miss Alice Craig. The work on the auditorium and the gymnasium is being rushed and will be completed in a very short time. *10/3 Colorado Springs Independent*

¶ Thinking she had arrived home in Colorado Springs, a soiled lady with a large bottle and a large jag got off a street car from Manitou a few nights ago. While not by appointment, Chief of Police Wolfe met her, and seeing that she tracked poorly, he escorted her to the city building. For his kindness, she deliberately whacked him over the head with a bottle of booze, which was hid in her sock, and which the modest chief had overlooked in his tour of inspection. No matter how dry he was inside, he was wet outside. And no doubt as the booze trickled down his extremities, he felt as though he had fallen into the creek. We understand he was able to prove an alibi on arrival home. *10/3 Colorado Springs Independent*

¶ George Cross has bought the old Midland ice house and is having it dismantled. Some say he is going to build a cage for a love bird. Others that he is going to build a house for a chicken. Still others that it is a garage. Just

because he is dismantling an ice house is no sign he is going to build a cold storage plant. George is not chilly, and when in the proper mood warms up to suit conditions. *10/3 Colorado Springs Independent*

¶ J. D. Hawkins of Wood avenue and H. C. Frawley, reporter on the Gazette, were arrested at six o'clock yesterday morning by Officer Kaltenberger, while doing the West Side. A bottle of hooch was found in the car, and both, apparently, had sampled the contents freely. Hawkins drove the car, while Frawley made a tour of certain rooming houses. The former sped down Colorado avenue at entirely too lively a clip, and made the turn at the intersection of Twenty-fifth street and Colorado avenue, barely missing the curb, as the car skidded, about to go back up the avenue. Frawley, seeing Hawkins nabbed, attempted to make his getaway on a street car but was plucked from the steps as he boarded. At 9 o'clock yesterday morning, when the offenders were brought into police court, it was decided to continue the case till today. They were released. *10/10 Colorado Springs Independent*

¶ J. J. Wheeler, 73 years of age, and almost old enough to know better, was arrested Sunday for bootlegging at his home, 381 Midland place, and given thirty days. This month has been open season on bootleggers, and the police have winged a good many of them. None of the officers, however, has taken the season limit, and all are supposed to be still active. Some arrests have been made on the West Side. *10/10 Colorado Springs Independent*

¶ Joe Unser of this city met with a serious motorcycle accident in Colorado Springs Sunday afternoon, when his machine collided with an electric driven by Mrs. C. C. Hemming, on North Cascade avenue. Joe received a broken leg and some bruises. The boy riding with him has a fractured skull and other injuries. Both are in the hospital. The motorcycle was badly wrecked. Mrs. Hemming was turning in to her home as Joe attempted to pass on the right, his

machine hitting the electric broadside with terrible force, as Joe, like other younger members of the Unser family, travels on "high" a good deal of the time. It is said the Hemmings will pay the hospital expense of the boys and for the repairs of the motorcycle. 10/10 *Colorado Springs Independent*

Although a number of the members were in the hills taking a deer census, the attendance at the regular monthly meeting of the West Side Commercial Club at the Newton Lumber company office, Tuesday evening, was well attended, about fifty being present. Chef Penwell and Kitchen Policeman Harry Beach, being among the absent, Nathan Yarchover and D. A. Nichols, ex-members of the feed committee, got back into harness. Almost the entire evening was taken up in Boy Scout talk. Prof. Grindle introduced Ralph Hubbard, master of Troop 12, over town, who made the principal talk. He recently returned from Europe, where he attended an international Scout meet, thirty-five countries being represented. He is a clever talker and good entertainer, but talked too long. A committee of ladies from the Midland Improvement Society of the South Side was present to ask the cooperation of the Club in securing much-needed improvements on the South Side, including additional water mains, sewers, street betterment, and attention to Bott Park, which is in ruin. Secretary Nichols read a letter from the city manager, in which he promised that the South Side should have help as soon as possible. The ladies were assured that the Club would do all it could toward helping them, but now the only thing to do was to wait for the city manager to make his written promise to the Club good. While the whole West Side has been neglected since annexation, the South Side is in a deplorable condition. 10/24 *Colorado Springs Independent*

For the first time in the history of the order, old members say, a husband and wife are at the head of two great fraternal orders—the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs—in Colorado. And this is also claimed to be true nationally. At the closing session yesterday in the municip-

pal auditorium of the station session of the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Abendschan of Los Animas were installed grand master and president, respectively, of these two splendid orders. This is a great honor to Mr. and Mrs. Abendschan, and also to the West End—old Colorado City—as they are former residents here. For a great many years, the name Abendschan was associated with the business interests of Colorado City, and there is a continuation of it to this day, though under another name. Mrs. Anna Ray, who conducts a grocery at 3020 West Colorado avenue is a sister of Jake Abendschan and is really the successor of the business started by Jacob Abendschan, Sr., who the present Jake Abendschan was associated with for a number of years. The Abendschan family came from Las Animas perhaps thirty years ago, settling in the then ten hundred block on Colorado avenue, where a rooming house and grocery were conducted by the father and son. The rooming house burned twenty-one years ago this fall, and the grocery some years later. Jake Abendschan, Sr., died some eleven years ago and his wife two years ago. Both are buried at Las Animas. 10/24 *Colorado Springs Independent*

Fire of unknown origin at 8 a.m. Tuesday at 9 South Thirty-fourth street, where the Indians kept the police busy many nights during the past summer, destroyed a slab cottage used for storage, owned by P. A. Hailey, with a reported loss of several hundred dollars. The Daily Twins reported that spectators failed to turn in an alarm until the flames were beyond control. Those present say the alarm was turned in promptly, but the firemen were slow in responding, and that the location of plugs were not known, the one at Hilltop finally being used instead of the one at the Arensdale school house corner, much nearer. Patsy McCartin got peeved when chided by onlookers about the way the fire was handled. 10/24 *Colorado Springs Independent*
****NOTE: the Daily Twins is the Independent editor's name for the Colorado Springs Gazette (morning) and the Colorado Springs Evening Telegraph.**

Bert Penwell has installed a lunch counter in the room at the rear of his castle of sweets, 2510 West Colorado and will feed his patrons a real and satisfying meal. He has long served sandwiches and coffee, but the full meal is a new departure. 10/24 *Colorado Springs Independent*

FIFTY YEARS AGO
October-November 1949

Mrs. Lillie Nichols Wolff, 77, a former nurse and past president of the Woman's Club, died yesterday morning. She lived at 2309 West Platte Ave. A resident of Colorado Springs since 1900, she was a native of Nortonville, Kan., where she was born March 4, 1872. She was graduated from Christ's Hospital, Topeka, Kan., in 1894, and practiced nursing in St. Francis Hospital here. Her husband, Frank L. Wolff, insurance and real estate dealer, died in 1938. Surviving are a son, Wallace Ralston, Dallas, Texas; two brothers, a sister, three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. 10/2 *Colorado Springs Gazette*

A. G. Hill, owner of Seven Falls and millionaire Texas oil man, was assured by City Council yesterday that the city will extend electricity, gas, water and sewer facilities to Hill's elaborate subdivision on the mesa east of the Garden of the Gods. During the regular meeting of Council yesterday, City Manager Kenneth R. Card read a report submitted by Ted Hohl, manager of the Public Utilities Dept., on the probable cost for extending the facilities. David Strickler, attorney for Hill, pointed out that Hill doesn't plan to start construction until next March "but we would like to know how we stand before then." Hill's plans for the development call for an elaborate California-type clubhouse, shopping center, a 100-unit apartment hotel, three churches, school, fire station, ice pond, stables and numerous parkways. The 1630-acre tract has been sub-divided into 900 one-acre home-sites, but none will be available for at least a year, Hill said. The clubhouse will be on a 40-acre tract. 10/12 *Colorado Springs Gazette*