The Saint James in historical Georgetown, Colo.

# Historic GEORGETOWN

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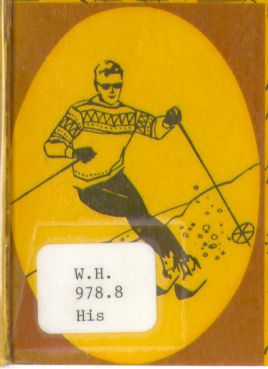
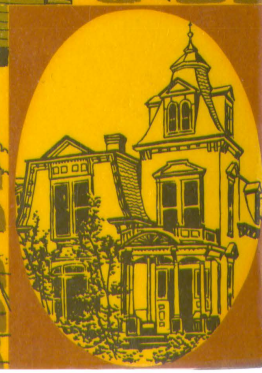




## CENTENNIAL GAZETTE 1868 1968

THE WEST'S LEGENDARY BAR

Legend says the bullet-hole scarred Red Ram bar was brought to Colorado in 1859 by oxcart and is the oldest bar in the state.

It has a tradition for serving fun-loving people that began with the frontiersmen and includes skiers and tourists today.

*The Famous*

# RED RAM

AMERICA'S No. 1 FOOD AND FUN PLACE



*The*

**A. [illegible]FIELD**

**F[illegible]** ...hers ...hers ...ts ...e



Speer at Acoma

244-3321

# INDEX



# GEORGETOWN 1880

Judicial seat of Clear Creek county, Georgetown is in the center of the oldest silver mining region in the state of Colorado, at the eastern base of the "Snowy Range," 52 miles west from Denver, on the "C.C." division of the Union Pacific railway. Altitude, 8,530 feet. Population about 3,000. The city contains some very good business blocks, and stores and shops of all kinds, two banks, eight stamp mills, ore sampling and reduction works, five churches, good schools, two weekly newspapers, the Miner and the Courier, and quite a number of hotels, chief of which are the Barton, Hotel de Paris and American. Masonic, Odd Fellows and other secret orders have their halls for meetings. Gas works supply the town with illuminating facilities, and water, the finest in the world, is conducted in pipes from a mammoth reservoir, 500 feet above the city, which affords great protection in case of fire.

As a winter resort, the citizens of Georgetown claim to have some advantages over all other mountain towns. Situated as it is, at the head of the valley, walled in on three sides by lofty mountains, which protect it from the wind and storms, the air is of great purity, and the climate mild. For these same reasons, it is cool and delightful in the hot summer months, and of late has become quite attractive as a summer resort.

Georgetown is strictly a mining town. The first discovery of silver in Colorado was made by James Huff, September 14, 1864; the location is about eight miles above Georgetown. Of the thousand rich mines in the vicinity of the town, those shipping ore are: Colorado Central, Terrible, Pay Rock, Vulcan, Griffith, Baltimore Tunnel, Equater, Mendota, Little Matte, Native American, Corry City, 7-30, Joe Reynolds, Tenth Legion, and many others.

The most noted mines from which ore is brought to Georgetown for treatment are situated in Silver Plume, Brownsville, Silver Dale, West Argentine, and Bakersfield.

Georgetown is noted for the multiplicity, beauty and interest of its attractions. The noted "Green Lake," is reached in two miles; "Devil's Gate" and "Bridal Veil," in half a mile: "Gray's Peak," 14 miles; "Chicago Lakes," eight miles; "Summit Lake," 10 miles; "Empire," four miles; "Berthoud Pass," eight miles, and the remarkable railroad engineering feats of the "three-ply," "horseshoe," etc., in two miles. These wonders can all be reached by good carriage roads, as also the "Snake River Pass," where you can stand, one foot resting on the Atlantic, the other on the Pacific slope. From this point is one of the grandest views of mountain scenery on the continent. The tourist can here pick flowers with one hand and gather snow with the other.

Georgetown is on the "C.C." division, Union Pacific railway, reached by two regular passenger trains from Denver daily; fare, $3.45. To Hot Sulphur Springs, 47 miles; Grand Lake, 55 miles; fare $11.00, "round trip," four-horse coaches.

(The above description taken from Crofutt's "Grip-Sack Guide of Colorado. The guide was printed in 1885 by The Overland Publishing Co. and sold by news agents on the railroads, at newsstands, and at book stores throughout the United States.)

# A MODERN WELCOME TO GEORGETOWN

The Silver Queen of the Rockies, circa 1968, is indeed delighted that you have interested yourself in our town by the purchase of this Centennial Paper. You will find it a fascinating brochure of the history of one of the truly unique communities in the United States. While we sincerely hope that you will enjoy the paper, we also bid you welcome to Georgetown itself — for a day, or a week, or, if you are so inclined, as a permanent resident.

The people who live in Georgetown are no doubt The Silver Queen City's greatest asset. The permanent population is relatively stable at close to 500, with a probable increase to 1000 when the summer folk arrive in the spring to enjoy the splendid climate and the lovely scenery. Georgetown people are a hodge-podge of races, nationalities and ethnic groups, very few of which are native to the town, or even to Colorado. Many are of foreign extraction, but all of us who live here do so by choice and because we love the town and the mountains that surround it. The people are almost exclusively friendly, out-going and anxious that visitors see Georgetown as they see it, a beautiful, historic village that for one hundred years has welcomed guests with a single-minded belief that they will be sufficiently charmed to return again.

Georgetown is not, and never has been, a so-called "tourist trap." The citizens of the community have gone to great lengths to avoid a honky-tonk and gimcrack atmosphere. The restaurants, stores, shops and museums have all made individual and collective efforts to maintain the historic charm that makes The Silver Queen so different from other towns of the area. It can be truly said that no matter what your taste, you will thoroughly enjoy a visit to Georgetown. We will welcome you during any of the four seasons of the year, for Georgetown provides interests and amusements the year 'round.

For your convenience, we list below a few of the attractions and conveniences that may be of interest. These are merely a sample of what our town offers. Make your own way, enjoy your stay, and please accept our sincere invitation to return.

## RESTAURANTS

Georgetown has six fine restaurants, all different in atmosphere and cuisine. Each specializes in gustatory delicacies from all parts of the world. Here the hungry visitor may refresh himself with the finest of beverages and vittles at prices commensurate with his particular desires. If time permits, we hope you will try each for a delightfully different gourmet treat.

**ALPINE INN**

**Excellent smorgasbord and wonderful American food. Foods of distinction, perfectly served. In conjunction with the Georgetown Motor Inn.**

**THE EIDELWEISS**

**Specializes in Swiss and alpine foods with an intimate continental atmosphere. Motel accommodations available.**

**FUJITA'S**

**The finest in continental foods perfectly prepared by masters of this difficult art.**

**THE RED RAM**

**The original of a chain of Red Ram restaurants throughout the country. German and Austrian food at its best.**

**THE SILVER QUEEN**

**Unusual in decor, this beautiful restaurant will delight you with Western receipes and wonderful pizza.**

**THE ST. JAMES**

**Specialists in French and continental cuisine prepared by a chef of international reputation.**

**For quick snacks, Georgetown also boasts two excellent cafes: "The Front Range Coffee House," "The Mill Site East."**

## MUSEUMS

The Silver Queen City, very much aware of its historic background, has kept alive the scenes of its past through five fascinating museums. Each is different and

each is well worth visiting, either by the casual tourist, or the professional historian. For a modest fee you may travel back to the glories of Georgetown's boom days and visualize for yourself the times when lonely men dredged treasure from the bowels of the earth.

**THE GEORGETOWN MUSEUM**

**Operated in conjunction with Lucy Dame's Antiques, this interesting building houses fascinating relics of Georgetown's past glory. Water powered printing presses, mining equipment, etc.**

**THE HAMILL HOUSE**

**Built as a private home by one of Georgetown's wealthiest mining entrepreneurs, The Hamill House evidences the beauty and comforts money could bring to the frontier.**

**THE HOTEL DE PARIS**

**Operated on a non-profit basis by The Colonial Dames of America, this famous hostelry, built by the "Mysterious Frenchman," Louie Dupuy, is a unique and lovely building, both inside and out. It should not be missed.**

**THE RAILROAD MUSEUM**

**A faithful and amazing operating model of the world famous Georgetown Loop and the Argentine Central rail lines threading their precarious way through the silver mountains from Georgetown to Silver Plume and Waldorf.**

**SKEEN'S DOLL HOUSE & MUSEUM**

**Operated in conjunction with a tastefully furnished gift shop, The Doll House contains an amazing collection of dolls going back almost a century. A delightful treat for young and old.**

**OTHER SITES OF INTEREST**

One should not miss the Maxwell House, portrayed by Life Magazine as one of the ten best examples of Victorian architecture in the United States. Maxwell House is a private residence, and visitors are asked to remain outside the ornate fence. The three fire houses, dating back to the 1870's are splendid examples of early day fire prevention. The effectiveness of the fire companies (described in an article elsewhere) is attested to by the fact that Georgetown never suffered a major fire in its history. The original school building still stands, unfortunately surrounded by debris and not available for any but exterior inspection.

Please visit the library and feel free to look over many of the old volumes, maps and pictures that are available. The original McClellan Opera House once stood on the Hotel de Paris parking lot, but the citizens of the town have taken one of the fire houses and have refurbished it as a theatre and meeting hall. During the summer season, The McClellan Players do melodramas here each weekend. You are cordially invited to attend, but do make reservations.

The Clear Creek County Court House, established in 1868 when Georgetown wrested the County Seat from Idaho Springs, may well be of interest. Be sure and visit the jury room with its 12 old fashioned rocking chairs. Also keep your eyes peeled for Georgetown's very own herd of Rocky Mountain Big Horn Sheep. They are often seen on the outskirts of town near the base of Republican Mountain.

South of Georgetown, on the Guanella Pass road, lies the world famous Cabin Creek hydro-electric plant. Nestled in a high mountain valley, this unique Public Service plant re-cycles water between lower and upper lakes. The success of this project has brought hydraulic and electrical engineers to Georgetown from all over the world. Trips through the plant may be made by arrangement with the Public Service Company.

Walks through the town itself or to the surrounding mountain countryside can be as strenuous as the individual cares to make them. The marvelous scenery and wonderful climate make sightseeing a pleasure that knows no surfeit. Surrounding Georgetown are many back-country roads that will take the traveler into areas not often available to the casual tourist. It is always best, however, to inquire locally about the road conditions before exploring.





# GEORGETOWN

"It is the natural course of humanity for a man to love a woman, but it is indeed unusual for men to feel this same passion for a village." *Guardino, 1612*

## *THE PAST — THE PRESENT — THE FUTURE*



Plus many other features and pictures. "Maid of The Mountain" (Legend), "Aunt Jenny's Golden Year" (Fiction), "A Moment on Taos Street" (Fiction), "The Gold Pan and You" (Article).

# THE SILVER QUEEN

"She reigned in all her glory for half a century . . . and when dethroned by the cupidity of lesser men, she mourned in secret . . . not in death, but in watchfulness — knowing full well that her day would come again." — *WLA· 1967*

# THE VILLAGE TODAY

*"The present can only presage the future."* — Anonymous

"GOLD!!" This magic word, echoing through an empty valley, was the real beginning of Georgetown. The year was 1859 — the men were George and David Griffith — two young adventurers from Kentucky who discovered the precious ore and, very fittingly, named their lode-camp "Georgetown" in deference to the eldest brother.

Just four years later, in 1863, silver was first discovered nearby in the Argentine Pass Area and in quick succession, over a hundred silver veins were tapped in and around Georgetown. Population soon "boomed" to over 5,000 people, and in 1868, this important mining and supply center was incorporated by territorial charter (under which it still operates) — while Colorado, itself, was still part of the Kansas territory.

This was the exciting "rags to riches" era. The community itself was considered such a regal and prosperous town, it was nicknamed "the Silver Queen." During this fabulous decade (1880-90), Georgetown reigned as the third largest city in Colorado — and the greatest producer of silver in the world! Over $100,000,000 in precious metal was taken from the surrounding mountains. Georgetown's peak came in 1883, when the world-famous Georgetown Loop was constructed by the Colorado and Southern Railroad.

From the most squalid brothel to the fabulous Hotel de Paris . . . from the roaring saloons to the quiet splendor of the Hamill House, townspeople reveled in the seemingly endless flow of wealth.

A result of this new abundance of wealth was the construction of many large Victorian homes, the symbol of status and prestige of that era. The creation of the Victorian architectural motif, coupled with the romance and bawdy spirit of the early mining days gives the town a charm and quaintness seldom seen in the United States.

Then in 1893, the bubble burst — silver lost its value, and, within a few short months, all that remained of Georgetown's claim to fame were fond memories and a handful of families who chose to remain close to this almost-deserted mining town.

Georgetown is located 45 miles due west of downtown Denver on Interstate #70, a comfortable one hour's drive from Denver. The present population is 500 people, and during the summer months, this figure doubles with the influx of out-of-state-home-owners spending a cool enjoyable summer in their beautiful Rockies. Nestled in the lovely valley, serenaded by two bubbling streams, surrounded with mountains rising abruptly 2,000 to 3,000 feet, it is considered by many people to be one of the most picturesque settings in the United States.

The resurrection of Georgetown is tied to the explosive increases in tourism and skiing. In the middle fifties, several ski areas surrounding Georgetown improved their facilities, particularly lift capacity, and hundreds of thousands of skiers began passing through Georgetown.

In the late 50's, a few bars and restaurants began catering to skiers. Georgetown started to build its reputation as a watering spot for apres-ski.

The first craft shop was also opened at this time — the renowned Gusterman Silversmiths. They now have locations in Georgetown, Vail and Larimer Square, Denver.

Over the last several years, many new shops of excellent quality have opened and given Georgetown an art and craft reputation. The charm and quaintness of the architecture — a combination of Victorian and Old Western — coupled with the physical site, gives Georgetown an unmatched change of pace atmosphere — "the one essential of any resort area."

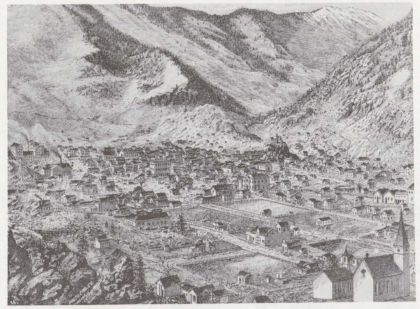
Georgetown is not only known for summer tourism and winter skiing, but because of its proximity to Denver is rapidly becoming a favorite spot for dining and shopping for the affluent people of Denver.

The narrow gauge Loop Railroad twisted its way 600 feet up, over only 1¼ miles, between Georgetown and Silver Plume. The railroad actually looped itself and twined around the valley in order to gain the length of road required to rise the 600 feet. The Colorado State Historical Society is vigorously pursuing the restoration of the Loop as the State Historical Railroad Museum.

*Odette Baehler*

# THE ARCHEAN AGE

*"And in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth . . ."* Genesis 1-1



As I look at the mountains that surround my home in Georgetown, I am reminded of the words of my friend, Frank Rutherford. "When I was young, my teacher told me that the world was round. But I knew that this was not so because as I looked about me I could see all four corners of it." And today as I stand in my yard in one of the prettiest towns in the world, I too can see all four corners — and I wonder how these mighty peaks came to be.

Modern computation via new techniques in radioactive "half-life" and carbon evaluation place the age of our world in the neighborhood of three billion years. And scientists who seem to know, claim that we only have a billion more years to go before some dark disaster will overtake us. However, the future is not ours to see, so we must look back upon our beginnings in order to discover the "hows" and "whys" of our present mountain home.

When the new earth settled down after its initial formation, its crust, cooling at different rates, wrinkled like the skin of an elderly orange, breaking, folding and thrusting those first great rocks skyward. It was a tumultuous time then with violence in the worst of its forms running rampant — earthquakes, volcanoes and hundreds of centuries of rain without cease! As geologic time goes, it was not long before the forces of nature had penoplaned, or worn off, those first great mountain peaks and the original land masses of earth were almost completely covered by tossing, steaming seas, and it was in these oceans of the Cambrian and Pre-Cambrian age that the first faint quivering of life appeared.

Here in Colorado at Ironton and Ouray we find the upheaved, crumpled granite of an old Archaean island, complete with an overlay of Cambrian fossils and marine life.

The following eras and epochs find further cooling, upthrusting and wearing off; seas overlaying the land and depositing their layers of lime and sandstone and evidences of marine and animal life; only to be buried by the debris of encroaching ages and their secrets laid bare again and again by further geologic upheavals.

Along about seventy million years ago, the Colorado Rockies were pushed high above the warm oceans and laid bare to the forces of wind and water. The southern Rockies were subject to volcanic action on a tremendous scale, but here in the Front Range we find that a great section of the earth was tilted high into the air so that the eastern portion is jagged and broken whereas the western slope is reasonably smooth and more like an ascending plain. Here where we live two or more miles of subterranean strata was exposed to the slow but violent forces of erosion — and here, if you will permit a modern phrase, is where the action was. If it were not for the violent constrictions that formed our beautiful mountains, we would have to dig down almost two miles to reach the Carboniferous rock stratas that hold the minerals that have made Colorado wealthy and Georgetown possible.

Old Mother Nature obligingly shook her anatomy and pushed Carboniferous up above the landscape and then threw glaciers and the beginnings of great rivers down her slopes, so, like a knife cutting into a surprise cake, she laid bare the veins of gold and silver for the diggers to take; even serving some of it in the pan — in the placers. Of course, it really isn't that easy, but considering how the old girl might have hidden her treasures we should feel extremely lucky that she went about it in the way that she did.

Do you want gold or silver? There is still plenty of it in Clear Creek County; in fact old timers and mining engineers claim that the preponderance of mineral wealth has not yet been touched, and with new government monetary policies a silver boom seems to be in the making in the area.

And, of course, minerals that were once cast aside as worthless are now assuming major importance. Molybdenum, beryllium and uranium have come to the fore. In the mineral hunt today "use" instead of "scarcity" is the byword. Let me quote from the Georgetown Courier of the 1870's:

"A new metal, uranium, has been of some use in the glazing of pottery."

Glazing of pottery, indeed!

So, that's how it began. The earth, like a primeval creature with a gigantic belly-ache, convulsed itself and spewed forth the mountains, and in so doing gave us the treasures that we might never have had. God and nature gave us Frank Rutherford's four wondrous corners. Some day they will be gone, flattened again to a penoplane, by erosion, but by then we shall not care, so let us, you and me, enjoy them, live among them and be part of them, for our time here, geologically speaking, is but the blink of an eye. Who can (or wants to) fight seventy million years.

*Wayne L. Allen*

# BEFORE THE WHITE MAN

"These lands are ours. No man has a right to remove us, because we were the first owners. The Great Spirit above has appointed this place for us, on which to light our fires, and here we will remain. As to boundaries, the Great Spirit knows no boundaries, nor will his red children acknowledge any." — Tecumseh, Chief of the Shawnees.

No man can be sure from whence the American Indian came. Theories are plentiful and range from actual creation and deposition upon this continent by God, through an indication that they are one of the Lost Tribes of Israel, to the most accepted theory that the Amarind split off from wanderers that 200 centuries ago crossed the Bering bridge from Asia. Presumably, if we accept

this idea, then our American Indian is cousin to the Eskimo, the Inca and the Aztec.

Be that as it may, before the incursion and conquest by the white man, the Indian roamed all the land from Massachusetts to California, and from Florida to Washington. Nomadic by nature, and his works extremely fragile, the historical record of his existance prior to the white conqueror has been dimmed by the erosion of centuries.

With few exceptions, the red man knew nothing of agriculture. Thus he was a wanderer after sustenance and materials for home and clothing. He was unaware of the wheel or even the simple skid. His only beasts of burden were the wild dogs he domesticated to carry leathern sacks and pull crude travois.

But when Hernando de Soto was murdered in what is now Arkansas, and buried beneath the Father of Waters, his followers left most of their supplies, including their mounts, and escaped in crude boats to Mexico. Did De Soto's horses, standing on an Arkansas prairie, smell the west wind and shiver with delight? Did the Spanish explorer Coronado's horses grow frantic at the sight of the Great Plains, break their tethers and thunder away toward a call as urgent as the ones their ancestors felt on the Kirghiz Steppe of Asia 2000 years ago?

The fact remains that the Kirghiz and the Great Plains are twins in climate and in contour. They are the two best breeding places on earth for horses. Between 1550 and 1800, the small band of refugees from Coronado's and/or De Soto's troop multiplied to thundering herds that threatened to rival the bison. By the time the white man crossed the Missouri, the red man and the horse had developed into a master cavalry team that would give the conqueror trouble for 150 years.

In our area of the Front Range, the collision between the fierce plains Indians of Kansas, Nebraska and Eastern Colorado — known to us as the Arapho — and the more malleable mountain tribes — the Ute — was softened by centuries of mutual dependence. For the Arapaho needed the straight, strong lodge pole pine for his teepees, and the Ute traded this commodity for deer, antelope and buffalo to avert starvation. It is well to note here that the ubiquitous deer of today resided upon the high plains until driven to the mountains by the advent of the white man and gun powder.

The Georgetown Valley with its confluence of many streams, became a holy meeting place for such trade, and here the tribes met with assurance that war and depredation would not occur. Here the Indian met and mingled, traded and held friendly trials of strength. Here informal archery and spear ranges were set up and an annual rivalry was renewed. Here friendship and love held forth, and it seems reasonable that maidens met and were wived to rival warriors. Here in the Georgetown Valley, peace reigned, at least for the duration of the annual trade period.

The advent of the horse did not change this relationship, except perhaps in the very beginning when the fierce denizens of the plains held a monopoly. But soon the Ute acquired this valuable commodity and the annual trade fair continued and flourished, due to the now better transport available.

It is interesting to note that because it was holy ground, no Indians ever settled in this area. It can be said that the entire front range, from the plains to the Great Divide, was sterile of human life except for the itinerant and transient movement of trade and war.

But then came the white man, and of his coming and its effect upon the Indian we can do no more than quote from a sadly compelling speech by Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Tribe: "Here me, my warriors; my heart is sick and sad. Our chiefs are killed, the old men are all dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets; the little children are freezing to death. Hear me, my warriors; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever!"

Yes, the white man brought progress to the mountains of the west, but sometimes I, for one, can't help but wonder if it was worth it.

*Wayne L. Allen*





# MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

In the little park, at the corner of Sixth and Argentine Streets, stands a pipe-like device, known as the "Maid of the Mountain" pointer. If one looks through the pipe, his gaze is directed to a niche in the rock high up on Republican Mountain. In this niche stands an Indian Maid, arm raised as if in supplication, gazing forever out over the valley.

The legend, perhaps apocryphal, perhaps true, maintains that, once upon a time, long years before the white man, a band of Arapaho from the plains met with a group of mountain Ute for the purpose of trading meat and grains for the tall lodge pole pine they needed for their teepees.

This valley, being considered holy ground, the classic enmity between these two nations was forgotten, and for three days the people mingled, danced, feasted and celebrated the annual meeting with games of skill.

It is said, however, that an Arapaho brave, by treachery, stole away the most beauteous of the Ute maidens, the favorite daughter of the Chief. When this was discovered, the Utes demanded her return, and when their request was not honored (shades of the Iliad), fighting broke out among the tribes and the holy peace of the valley was shattered.

Finally, the mountain people prevailed and cornered the remaining Arapaho against the bank of the lovely stream that flowed down from the high divide. In desperation, the plains Indians threatened to burn the maiden alive unless they were allowed to go free. They built a pyre of pine and aspen and laid the girl upon it.

But there was no compromise to be had. The Ute Chief felt his daughter to be better off dead than forever a captive on the eastern plains. Thus the torch was applied, and with one shriek of agony, the maiden ascended upon a piller of white smoke to reside forever in her lonely niche on the mountain.

It is further said that this shallow cave, where she keeps eternal vigil, was formed when the mass of stone we know as Chimney Rock (or Courthouse Rock) fell away from the mountain face and crushed the Arapaho, killing them to a man. And, if one looks closely, on the night of the full moon in August, he will see the lovely maid turn a glowing scarlet, as if in solitary remembrance of the cruel flames fanned by the hatreds and weaknesses of ordinary men.

Thus it was that the Great Spirit served His justice in the olden days.

*Wayne L. Allen*

# THE MOUNTAIN MEN

*"Bring me men to match my mountains,*
*Bring me men to match my plains,*
*Men with empires in their purpose*
*And new eras in their brains."*

Sam Foss . . .

On July 2, 1788, the President of the Continental Congress, in session in New York, rose and announced that nine states having ratified the Constitution, it was in order to take steps to establish the new government. This was the last important legislation of the congress which, for fourteen years, had guided the fortunes of all the states through the dangers of war and the hardly less difficult trials of peace.

General George Washington was a unanimous choice of the electors from the new states of the new Republic and, although he was a good general, he was not a brilliant one. He was not a good speaker and was not versed in the principles of government. But he was honest, fair-minded, dignified and faithful to the liberty of America; and his personal character lent confidence to Americans and foreigners alike toward the "experiment" of an United States.

One of the electors from the new state of Virginia was a young man named Brian Ferneaux; a citizen of the new republic who had arrived in America as an aide to General Lafayette and had chosen to stay and explore the wonders of the latest continent. This very personable young man had made his home in Virginia after the war and, although remaining unmarried had made quite a reputation for himself in local politics and had become a well-respected member of his community. However, once the United States had established itself in self-government, Ferneaux felt the need to widen his experience by exploring this adopted land of his. Tales of adventure and excitement to be had in the west decided him, and he left civilization to pursue his manifest destiny into the wilderness.

It must be remembered that when Ferneaux started from the western shores of the then United States in the year 1789 that Coronado had already made his ill-fated Quivera expedition almost 250 years before, but it would be seventeen years before Zebulon Pike takes off from St. Louis on his famous journey of exploration. It must also be remembered that Colorado and the overland, eastern approach to it was foreign country belonging to a succession of "paper" conquerors in theory and to wild and often bloodthirsty Indians in fact.

For several years after leaving Virginia, Ferneaux lived and hunted with Daniel Boone who was gradually pushing his personal frontier to the Missouri River in his search for beaver. It was at this time that our young French-American learned the ways of the wilderness. And, when in 1795, Boone, now an old man, became a Spanish citizen and settled quietly on the banks of the "Big Muddy," Ferneaux made his decision to push across the plains to the fabulous shining mountains where it was said that a man with courage could make his fortune in no time at all.

Daniel Boone, no slouch himself when it came to courage, strongly advised against the move but, finding his young friend could not be shaken from his course advised him that "the only good Indian was a dead Indian" and wished him God-speed.

So it was that Ferneaux became one of the legendary Mountain Men — a breed that included names such at Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Jeff Sampson, Bill Sublette, and Joe Meek. These were the men who explored the West; these were the very first American pioneers, enduring hardship and death that would have curdled the blood of the hardy covered wagon set whose bravery was certainly not to be sneered at some forty years later.

Ferneaux and his companions were double poachers; subject to Spanish justice of the hangman's knot on the one side and the bloodied scalp or Indian pyre on the other. How many of these men died in their search for "beaver gold" and adventure will never be known; however, it is certain that they took many more than their number to death with them. It is said that Kit Carson "greatly admired an Indian for breakfast any time" and that he killed them so regularly and with such disdain that he never bothered to keep track. Carson guided Fremont to California and back and is credited with saving the life of that unmitigated ass on several occasions. When at last he fell ill at Fort Lyon, he lay on his buffalo robe and demanded his pipe and a man's dinner. Warned they would kill him, Carson said: "No matter. Bring me some fust rate doins, a buffler steak, my pipe and a big bowl of coffee." He ate two pounds of meat, smoked a satisfying pipe and died. The greatest of all the Long Hunters was given a funeral with a general's honors and buried, as he had wished, at Taos.

Ferneaux hunted for awhile with Joe Meek and was with him the day they were surprised by a maddened bear they thought they had killed but only wounded, before going swimming. The bear chased them, naked and weaponless, for miles across the South Park plain. Meek was known to kill grizzlies with a hatchet, but mostly a rifle was deemed safer.

These were the days when the tall beaver hat made trapping a veritable bonanza, when Harper's Magazine and Horace Greeley's newspapers created such an interest in the West that wild meat was much in demand for the eastern palate, and black bear, mountain sheep, deer, and buffalo regularly appeared in the New York markets. It was a day of such slaughter that the Canada Goose, the Whooping Crane and the Prairie Chicken were nearly extinguished; and the Passenger Pigeon became totally extinct. (It may be interesting to note that almost one hundred years would pass before the pheasant would be imported to the western plains, there to delight the more moderate and legal hunters of the twentieth century.)

The first three decades of the eighteen hundreds saw the establishment of John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company, The Rocky Mountain Fur Company, known as "The Opposition," and the Hudson's Bay Company, a British Monopoly which merged with, and was later known as, The North-West Company. These are the categories of Mountain Men as set up by Bernard De Voto, and any man would be a fool to try and improve on him.

Ferneaux, Meek and Jim Bridger ostensibly worked for General Bill Ashley's Rocky Mountain Fur Company along with such other notables as Beckwourth, Fitzpatrick, Vasquez and Jebediah Smith. One of the most interesting and regular features of mountain men's life was the rendezvous which took place at a pre-selected spot in the early summer of every year, beginning in 1826 and continuing for some fifteen years; or until the invention of the silk top hat broke the beaver market. Let us hear, in Ferneaux's own words, about a rendezvous that took place in July of 1827 in what was later to be called South Clear Creek Valley and in thirty-six years would become the site of a city known as Georgetown.

"The snow had gone out early this year, but still, in making our way over the divide, four days from the rendezvous, a torrent of snow and rocks buried one of our horses and it was all we could do to recover our pelts." (This was presumably Hoosier Pass, south of Breckenridge, for Meek and Ferneaux hunted the present day South Park region.)

"So it was that we were very weary, as were our horses, from the division of weight that must be carried, when coming down the mountain we observed the place of the rendezvous. I write in retrospect for no man who had been away from the delights of civilization for nine long months could restrain himself long enough for the chore of putting on paper what he sees and feels inside himself at that moment. Joe and I, we ran and tumbled down the side of the mountain (Argentine?) until we were clasped to the bosoms of our former comrades. Much talk was in order, but first we must see the General and trade in our skins. We have much to show him, more perhaps than any other year, and he is so pleased that he sits us down with him, and we drink a toast to next season and the plew of the beaver. Then the General writes down our credit and takes off the flour, sugar, coffee, powder and ball we will need when next we go to the mountain. The rest we receive in coin, and it is more than I have ever seen at one time before.

"When we leave the General we see that the Indians are preparing for their parade of women. I have never liked this, but one cannot help but be fascinated. Joe and I watch as the girls and women are led past for the drunken inspection of us who have been away from women for so long. They are unclothed and have learned the gestures and posturing that white men like. The Indian cannot understand why this prelude to love is necessary, but he shrugs and leads his woman past the line of hunters, seeming oblivious to the wild yelling, the gun fire and the obscenities of us. The parade over, the Indians retire to a small plain above the valley and the white men drink some more and discuss the matter of the women; then, as if by common consent, they move to barter. I go with a friend, one Anthony Smith. He wants the girl on a white mare. It turns out that this female is married to the brave leading the horse. Because she has already been trained to wife she will cost more. It is finally settled that she will be wived to Smith for the next ten days for one bolt of red cloth, a rifle and a cask of powder. Smith is exceedingly gentle with her and they go to find a place to make their temporary home. I look about me. About thirty men have taken a "rendezvous wife" as we call them. The Indians retire to their camp, some beating the remaining women who have not attracted us. I go to a big shelter where the cards are being played. By nightfall, I have lost all my money and am obliged to ask the General for credit on the pelts of next season. He is a fine man and cheerfully gives me credit. By morning that money is gone too, and the unaccustomed whiskey has made me ill. I wish to return to the peace of the mountains. I will now collect my supplies and we will go when Joe is ready."

We are left to wonder when Joe will be ready. We also doubt whether Brian Ferneaux really left the rendezvous after less than twenty-four hours of its circus-like atmosphere. Personally, I think our hero was afflicted with an excrutiating hangover which may account for the undoubted sadness of the last three sentences. We are sure that his moral nobility in regard to the Indian maidens is due to the fact that the above passages are part of a letter addressed to his father in France.

Anyway, we are certain that Brian Ferneaux did return to the peace of the mountains, but we hear no more of him. He was one of the many otherwise nameless men who were the starred performers in the great drama, and many times melodrama, of the exploration of the Old West and at least commenced the opening up of its limitless regions to later exploitation by other seekers: land speculators, gold rush participants, railroad projects, cattle grazing, ranching, city building and tourists. Before any of these could come in safety or, in fact, at all, the Mountain Men sought the way and made some sort of record of it available to their successors. Neither the Argonauts to California, the followers of the Oregon Trail nor the later discoverers of Santa Fe and Colorado were, in the essential meaning of the word, pioneers. The Long Hunter had been there before them.

So we doff our hat to Ferneaux and we wish him well. He had his faults, but he is a great ancestor and we are exceedingly proud of him.

AN ACT

*TO INCORPORATE THE TOWN OF*

GEORGETOWN.

*Be it Enacted by the Council and House of Representatives of Colorado Territory:*

*ARTICLE FIRST.*

SECTION 1. That the inhabitants of Georgetown, in Clear Creek County, and Territory of Colorado, be and are hereby constituted a body politic and corporate, by the name and style of Georgetown, and by that name shall have perpetual succession, and sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded in all courts of law and equity, and may have and use a common seal, and alter the same at pleasure.

SEC. 2. All that territory embraced within the following limits, to-wit: commencing at a point 530 feet due east (magnetic) from the S. E. corner of the S. E. block in Georgetown (marked "4" on the plat), and running thence due North for a distance of 5,000 feet, thence due West 425 feet, thence due North again 6,275 feet, to the S. and E. corner of the town, thence due West for a distance of 2,275 feet to the N. W. corner of town, thence due South 11,275 feet to the S. W. corner, thence due East 2,700 feet to the point of beginning, thus including 637 A., 2 R., 22 Rds., 12 Yds., and the same is hereby declared to be within the limits of Georgetown.

SEC. 3. Whenever any tract adjoining Georgetown be lain off into town lots and duly recorded as may be required by law, the same may be annexed to, and become a part of Georgetown.



or shall hereafter be conferred upon other justices of the peace of this Territory, and in all courts of this Territory said Police Judge shall be held to be a justice of the peace, but no change of venue shall be allowed from said Police Judge to any other justice of the peace for hearing and determination in any case where proceedings shall be commenced against any person or persons, for the violation of any corporate ordinance.

SEC. 15. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

C. H. MCLAUGHLIN,
*Speaker of the House of Representatives.*

WILLIAM W. WEBSTER,
*President of the Council.*

Approved January 10th, 1868.

FRANK HALL,
*Acting Governor.*

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } ss.
COLORADO TERRITORY. }

I, FRANK HALL, Secretary of the Territory aforesaid, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of "An Act to Incorporate the Town of Georgetown," passed by the Legislative Assembly of said Territory during its seventh session, held A. D., 1867–8, the original of which is now on file in my office.

L. S. IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the Great Seal of the Territory, this 13th day of January, A. D., 1868.

FRANK HALL,
*Secretary Colorado Territory.*

"MINER" PRINT.





# THE DISCOVERY

## 1859

*"And there was a mountain of silver! We passed it by in our frantic search for gold."*

D. T. Griffith, 1865

Of course, no one will be sure of the feelings of George Griffith as he climbed slowly up the side of the rocky slope above the flooded beaver pond and willow flat near the end of a box canyon nine miles above Jackson's Bar. But we can be certain that he was downcast and disappointed over his thus-far barren venture into the front range of the shining mountains of the Kansas Territory. He and his mule must have been dead tired after their month long journey from Auraria (soon to be Denver City) up Clear Creek to the Gregory diggings and then through Russell Gulch and down Virginia Canyon to Sacramento City (or Jackson's Bar and later Idaho Springs). And now it seemed that he had reached a dead end. Here the stream that he had followed so hopefully split just above the beaver flat and climbed two equally steep and rocky gorges. If the golden treasure he sought was not to be found here where the water quieted to drop its heavier minerals, then what chance had he to discover anything of value in the swift and tumbling streams above?

Griffith climbed to a level area on the hill side and rested for a moment to sort out his muddled thoughts. The mule grazed tiredly a few yards away. He and his brother, David, had started from Kentucky many months previously with an idea to make their way overland to the golden shores of California. Perhaps, they felt, there were still rich and unstaked claims to be had in that far-away land. But on their weary way overland they had been sidetracked by the news of William Green Russell's strike at Dry Creek near the confluence of the South Platte and Clear Creek.

However, when they had arrived in Auraria they had found only a miserable huddle of log and sod hovels — and no gold to speak of. But there was word in the cold wind that blew down Clear Creek that a man named Jackson had panned out a bonanza thirty miles upstream where it was joined by a rill he had named Chicago Creek. He and David had hurried to join the rush, but before they reached Jackson's Bar they had been sidetracked by what seemed to be better news, that John Gregory had hit it big several miles to the north of Clear Creek. There was gold in Gregory Gulch, but by the time the Griffiths arrived the timberline hills teemed with men and all the claims that were worthwhile seemed to be already staked.

David stayed at the Gregory diggings as a two-dollar-a-day contract miner, but George and the mule moved on up the mountain to where Russell was working another gulch that was to bear his name. It was the same story all over again, all the good claims were gone. "Go over the hill," Russell advised him, "and down what we call Virginia Canyon. Good color there, and if you have no luck it will lead you to Sacramento City." So George worked his way, prospecting as he went, to Jackson's Bar, his original destination. It was the same story all over again, and rather than admit total defeat, he and the mule plodded upstream. Now it seemed that they were boxed in by seven high mountains and the cliff-spewed streams.

Perhaps George Griffith lighted his pipe and watched his mule graze; perhaps he mused over a cleft in the rock close by the little glade in which he sat. "If only that were filled with gold," he might have said to himself. At any rate, he investigated the tiny crevice — and discovered an outcropping of what he believed to be gold bearing ore. The Griffith Lode had been found!

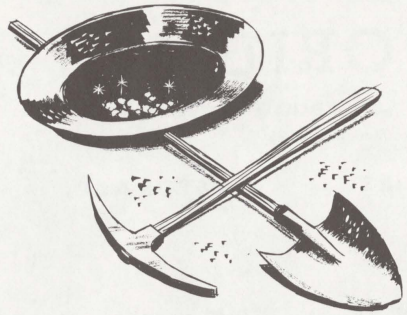
George Griffith hurried back to Gregory Gulch, hearing on the way that it was to be re-named Central City, and brought his brother back to the valley of the seven mountains. They named the beaver flat upon which their crude shelter stood, George's Town and began to work their find. With the help of three other men, they took over $500.00 in gold from the small opening in the rock face.

The word of their discovery got away from them and soon the valley swarmed with other treasure seekers. But no more gold was found. Instead, other men discovered The Belmont Lode up near McClellan Mountain in the Argentine, and free silver two miles away in a place that one day would bear the euphonious name of Silver Plume, and the peaks that frowned down upon George's Town came to be called "The Seven Silver Mountains." Until Virginia City and Leadville came in, George's Town — or Georgetown, as it later came to be known — was the greatest silver producer in the world.

But it was not until 1864 that all this came about. In the spring of 1860 George, David, another brother and his wife, Elizabeth, and their father returned to the valley and staked the entire area as a homestead ranch. This was called the Griffith Mining District and in June of that year the miners called a meeting and drew up laws and regulations to govern the district. This was the true beginning of a boom town that was truly unique in the annals of mining communities throughout the world. But that is another story entirely.

Wayne L. Allen

# The Gold Pan and You



The prospector goes about his search for gold in a certain, very specific way — with a gold pan. This applies to today just as much as it did in the golden yesterdays of the boom in Georgetown and the surrounding area. And also remember that for the prospector of the 1800's, often the "discovery" was more important than the possible riches he might receive from it. Many, many seekers after the treasure gave away their claims after culmination of the arduous search. The "finding" for them was more important than the responsibilities of ownership.

For you, the search can be just as fascinating and just as much fun if you go about it in the right way. The thrill of hunting for gold and the possibility of finding it has not diminished over the years, and thousands of part time treasure seekers scour our mountains every summer, just "knowing" that right around the next bend in the creek will be that big, beautiful nugget of gold — and surprisingly enough, it very often is!

First you should supply yourself with the proper tools and with warm clothing and waterproof footwear. Be prepared for hard work of the physical variety, and if you are short of patience, forget the whole thing, for gold seeking, like fishing, requires plenty of that valuable commodity. Next seek the flood plain of a mountain stream. By this, I mean find a spot where the water has flooded at certain times of the year, where it has slowed long enough to have dropped whatever heavy materials it might have been carrying. Here may well be your bonanza. Work above any rapids and where the water is slow-moving.

Now for the tools. You should provide yourself with a gold pan (although, in an emergency, an auto hubcap or pie tin will do) which is usually made from black iron, sixteen inches in diameter and two and a half inches deep, with the edges flared at about a thirty degree angle. These can be purchased at any good hardware store in the vicinity of the mountains. You should have a bucket and a pointed, shorthandled shovel; three or four small glass (or plastic) pill bottles, a thin blade spatula, some eyebrow tweezers and a fairly good horseshoe magnet. The list of supplies can be almost endless, but the above is all you need (along with the aforesaid patience and some luck) to find gold.

Now, fill your gold pan to the brim with gravel to be tested. You may get it either from the stream itself (in a quiet, shallow place) or from the flood plain along the bank. Dig down below dirt on the bank or the washed sand of the bed and get fairly coarse gravel. Submerge the filled pan in the water, and break up with your hands all lumps of dirt stirring the gravel at the same time. Keep working the pan under the water until all of the fine material, silt, and clay have been washed away, and only clean gravel, sand and pebbles remain. Pick out any pebbles larger than a pea and discard them. If they have any value, their weight will cause you to examine them more closely.

Holding the pan under water, rock it gently in a circular motion, dropping first one wrist slightly, then the other, until you get the mass of gravel moving in a circular movement around the pan. Now, while continuing the rotary motion, drop the far edge slightly; you will find that you can thus make the gravel climb up the sloping side of the pan and spill over the edge. Work off most of the largest particles, which will be the ones nearest the edge; then tilt the pan back and return the whole mass to the bottom of the pan, and repeat the process.

As you continue, the amount of material decreases, and the particles left in the pan become progressively smaller. When you get down to a tablespoonful or so, or perhaps long before, you will almost invariably find a considerable quantity of "black sand" — this is largely magnetite, which as its name implies, is attracted to a magnet. Magnetite is a help in judging your progress in panning, for if you can save the black sand, you are certainly not losing the gold, which is much heavier than the sand and therefore less likely to be washed away.

Keep up the good work. With even a tablespoonful, and surely with less, you can gently rotate the pan as before and make the material string out in a long slender half moon, in the angle between the bottom and the side of the pan. At the leading edge, there will probably be some light colored sand, mostly quartz; behind that will be the black sand; and, if you are lucky enough to find any, at the tail end of the half moon will be grains of gold. They will range in size from colors smaller than the head of a pin and very thin, to grains somewhat larger; if you are one of the fortunate to find coarse gold, it will range in size from a grain of wheat or smaller to the size of a pea.

The amateur prospector can reassure himself with this fact: it is almost impossible, with any care at all, not to save particles of gold that are large enough to be of any consequence. The fine colors can get away, but anything as big as a mustard seed is pretty likely to resist efforts to wash it aside.

So, having reduced the panful to the smallest quantity, rinse it into one of your bottles. At the end of the day, you can pan the whole accumulation again — this will be mostly black sand — and reduce the quantity as much as possible by slow panning. Then dry the residue over a fire. You can blow most of the black sand away, by working carefully, or you can remove most of it, when thoroughly dry, with a magnet.

When using a magnet, place a piece of paper or thin cloth between the magnet and the black sand. The sand will adhere to the paper. After taking it from the pan, pull the paper away from the magnet, and the black sand will fall off. Without a paper or cloth, it will be hard to remove the magnetite from the poles of the magnet.

And that's all there is to it, really. You may never become a millionaire, but you will have a fascinating time, and your summer will be just that much more interesting. Good luck to you!

Wayne L. Allen

# THE BIRTH OF A TOWN...1864

*"At the juncture of two streams we set our town.*
*History did the rest."* D. T. Griffith, 1870

There can be no specific date for the beginnings of a community, for often the unofficial birthing consists only of a lonely building at an obscure crossroads, or a mill at a convenient junction. Just as often nothing comes of such placements, and they fall into disuse and ruin. But, occasionally, others build on the location, and once in a great while a city evolves. Who can say the exact day, or even year, that the city was born?

In the case of Georgetown, however, we can pinpoint its birth to the summer of 1864, the date of the discovery of the Belmont Lode by James Huff, Robert Steele and Bob Layton. Although Huff found the rich quartz ledge (50 lbs. of quartz assayed 1000 oz. of silver to the ton) all three must share in the discovery that started a stampede from the gold camps, and ultimately gave Georgetown its uniqueness and the euphonious name of "The Silver Queen of the Rockies."

There were only four cabins, a few tents and one or two dugouts in George's Town in the spring of 1864. By snowfall the heavily forested slopes had been laid bare to provide timber for a score of mines, and the rows of cabins neatly arrayed along the two streams.

Actually there were two towns, the original Griffith settlement was located below the juncture of the two streams on the beaver flat. But as more men arrived they began to build to the south, at the foot of Leavenworth Mountain. This area grew rapidly and soon became the more populous. It was named "Elizabethtown" after Griffith's sister-in-law who was probably the only "lady" in the camp at that time.

When a post office was granted in 1866, a public meeting was held and it was agreed to combine both camps under the name of Georgetown. So much for chivalry!

By 1867, Georgetown was the center of a silver craze that was to eventually sweep the entire western half of the country and cause tremendous political upheaval at a later date. When the Anglo-Saxon, with ore assaying at $23,000 a ton, was discovered in that year, the boom came on with a rush and the small mountain valley rang with the mingled voices of 5000 miners.

Georgetown had become a city, no doubt about that! Each day, Concord Coaches from Denver arrived over the newly built toll roads up Mt. Vernon Canon and down Floyd Hill (more or less the highway 40 route of today) disgorging adventurous men and women intent upon wresting treasure from the earth, or from their comrades. Jack trains, bells jingling, crowded the muddy streets, beginning the arduous pack climb to the High Argentine. A branch bank of Clark and Co. of Central City, and Wells Fargo, opened doors to handle money matters, and the fabulous Barton House, said to be the finest in the newly formed Colorado Territory, presented first rate accommodations and cuisine to the be-dazzled multitude.

If it can be said that the shady ladies made a quick appearance in the camp and quickly began the lusty work of "mining the miners," we must not short change the "Soldiers of the Lord" who were, as always, not far behind. All major denominations were represented, Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics and Episcopalians. First services were held in the saloons, the fleshy back bar painting covered with burlap, and "no booze for thirty minutes, boys, the sky pilot's got a few words to say," but by 1867 religion was a part of the town. The first church to be built, the Grace Episcopal, promptly blew down in the "big wind of '67," but was just as promptly rebuilt, and stands today on Taos Street, almost as it was over 100 years ago.

Yes, a lusty, brawling child was Georgetown, but it needed a charter and incorporation before it could truly move from gangling adolescence to maturity. That happened one year later — in 1868!

Wayne L. Allen

# Ski Areas

As skiing became more and more popular during the middle 50's, Georgetown came into its own as a popular watering stop for the thousands of ski addicts.

The fall season brings the powdery snow to the high country, and the town fills with eager young people (and a lot that are not so young), and the apre ski time fills the town with gay laughter and excitement.

The Silver Queen city adjusts, as it has always done, and greets youth with its famous congeniality and friendliness.

You will find all ski services, rentals, sales of equipment and the latest in ski fashion clothing, good food and lodging, and excellent garage and service station facilities.

Arapahoe Basin boasts skiing from November to June with runs for every type of skier.

Geneva Basin, beyond Guanella Pass, offers high country powder snow for every member of the family.

At the foot of Loveland Pass, Loveland Basin and Loveland Valley offer all services to the avid skier. With the installation of snow making equipment the basin normally will assure opening in the middle of October.

Within thirty minutes or so you will find eight ski areas near Georgetown, then of course we are on the Interstate 70 and Highway 6 to Vail and Aspen. So make Georgetown your favorite stopping point whether for an hour or a month, or who knows you might like it so well you will never leave.

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The purpose of the Centennial: "To make as many people as possible aware of the history, heritage and future of Georgetown; to educate our own citizens, particularly children and newcomers, in the pride they can justly show in their home town; to have events which will help celebrate the 100th birthday of our town with good fun and wholesomeness, reflecting a credit on our town and people; to upgrade our business and services to better serve visitors coming to Georgetown; to improve our image as a good place to live and in which to engage in business, and to enjoy the gifts of nature which have been so abundantly bestowed upon us."

## CENTENNIAL EVENTS WILL INCLUDE

Displays Within Old Fire-houses • Square Dancing
Antique Auctions • Horseshoe Pitching Contests
Horse and Carriage Day • Barber Shop Quartets
• Skiing Demonstrations and Exhibits •
Dog Sled Races • Mountain Climbing Exhibitions
Band and/or Symphony Concerts • Firemen's Races
Georgetown School Reunion • Cabin Creek Tours
• Demonstrations of Mining Methods •
Fasching Celebration • Arts and Crafts Shows
Large Wheel Bike Races • Antique Car Rallies
Daily Walking Tours • Reading by Ben Draper
Silent Movies • Classic Car Club • Mining Contest
• Many other events to be announced. •

# THE Meadows AT GEORGETOWN . . . 44 Miles West of Denver on Interstate 70

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### NEW RECREATION LAKE
for sailing, skating, and fishing.

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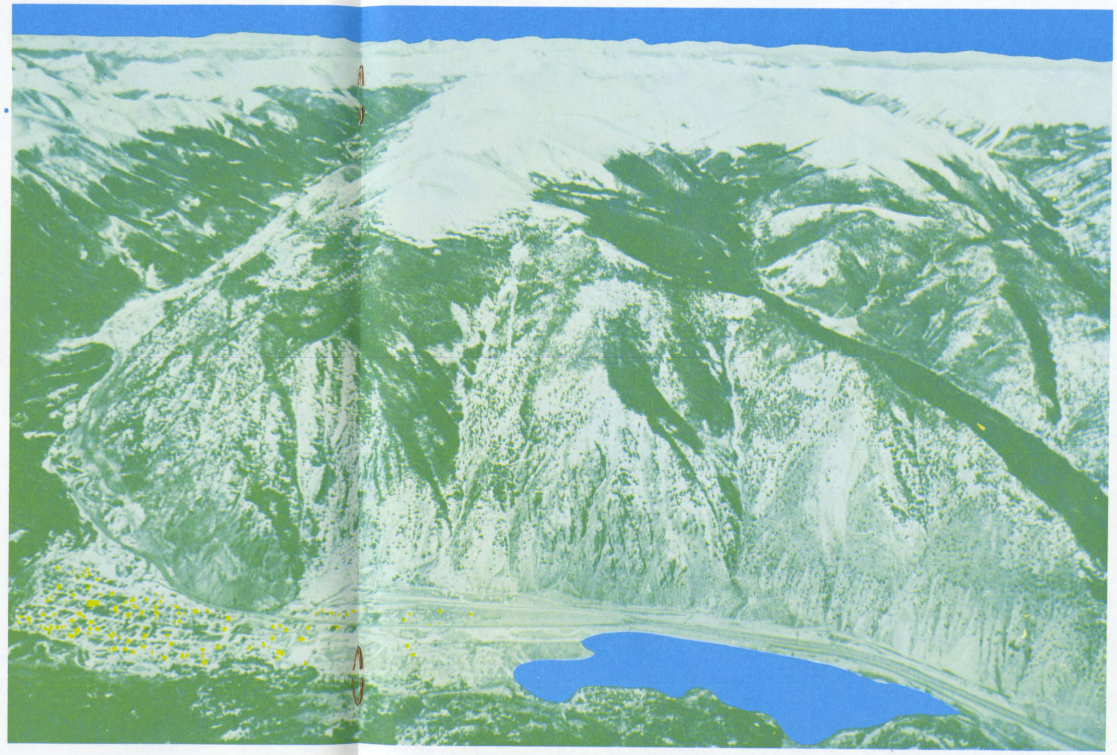
Protective covenants.

### UNDERGROUND UTILITIES
All utilities provided: telephone, natural gas, electricity, water, sewers, cable TV.

### SERVICES
Police and fire protection. Schools, parks and recreational facilities, street lights, trash collection. Bridle paths and community livery stable.



GEORGETOWN

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THE Meadows AT GEORGETOWN

# THE BOOM... Early Mining

*"Men are cheaper than timber. Wood for shoring is dear and scarce. Greedy men are cheap and plentiful."*
Anonymous, 1866

In the earliest beginnings when the crust of the earth was being formed in a chaos of fire, and at intervals later during dramatic changes and upheavals on and beneath the surface, intense heat flashed metallic substances to steam and, when later condensed, these molten metals flowed into crevices and defiles in the common rock to solidify into veins and lodes deep within the ground.

As the forces of wind and water wore away the surrounding area, they also ate gradually at the weathered ores, washing them downstream only to be dropped at slack-water areas, there again to be covered by overlying muck and sand, and to eventually form another vein or lode. Sometimes, in pre-history, these ancient stream beds were lifted high above the surrounding areas, only to be chewed at again by more modern stream systems.

This was the precise situation facing the prospector in the early sixties in the Front Range of the yet-to-be-formed State of Colorado. These men had only three ways to discover the treasure they sought; panning of the heavy metals the stream had dropped, searching for "blossom" or oxidized outcroppings in the native rock, or by the simple expedient of driving a by-guess-or-by-gosh hole into the ground and hoping for a strike.

The more experienced (those from Georgia and veterans of the California Rush) used a combination method known as "watching the float" which in a more sophisticated form is still used today. The prospector would pan up the stream until he ceased to find any color in his pan. He would pan back until the "float" appeared again. At this point he moved up the bank of the stream sinking small shafts to keep track of the float until one shaft no longer showed evidence of metallic ores. Here he would cut across between the last two shafts in hope of hitting the main vein.

Once the main ore body was found, the miner would tunnel, or "drift" along the vein, cribbing or timbering as he went, undaunted by foul air, water or noxious "green wood" gas, he took as much high grade as the ore body possessed. This was laboriously carried out in a barrow, or cart or rail car, and packed in canvas sacks for later delivery to the crude processing mills of the day. Remember, if you please, that the miner had no power excavating machinery of any sort. He used an eight- or sixteen-pound "jack" or "double jack," and with great effort drove drill steel into the rock in order to place giant powder. Once this was done and the "round" was blown, he more than likely had to wait several hours for the air to clear of smoke before he could again enter his mine and "muck out" his high grade. Eight to ten feet a day was extraordinary progress in the Georgetown area under those conditions.

Many such mines were extremely dangerous because proper supports for tunnels were seldom used. It took time to cut trees for timbering, time that could better be used to gouge the precious metals from the earth. It can truly be said, that in the early mining days around Georgetown, owners and operators considered men at $2.00 a day, cheaper than timber. Needless to say, many men died, due to poorly built and greedily operated mines.

The high grade or "pay" had to be further processed in a crushing operation. The early pulverizing implements were primitive Spanish arrastres, consisting of two large rocks, the bottom one flat and the top one attached to a pole so that oxen or other animals could revolve it. The ore was thusly crushed and the gold or silver was separated from the debris by washing in pans.

Later, the more efficient "stamp mill" was introduced. This consisted of heavy weights, raised by mechanical means, and dropped on the ore. Ball mills were also used. Here the ore was placed in a large iron sphere which revolved on a shaft. Within the sphere, intermingled with the ore, were castiron balls that battered and crushed the high grade to a point where again the gold or silver could be extracted with the good old pan or sluice.

All milling of ores in the earliest days of the Pikes Peak Rush depended upon the hydraulic action of water. In the larger operations, where it was more efficient to bring the water to the ore than vice versa, miles of ditches and crude flumes and aquaducts were constructed in order to wash debris from the heavier metals. Sometimes, where stream banks and softer cliffs were believed to contain gold or silver, pressure nozzles, called "giants" were used to knock down and separate the treasure from the overburden.

The visitor to Georgetown and its contiguous mining district is constantly amazed at the scars and dumps that cover the mountainsides. This visual evidence of early mining under the most primitive conditions proclaims to the modern world a physical stamina and stubborness not known in this day of sophisticated machines and high wages. We cannot help but admire the tenacity exhibited by these men of a century ago even when we realize that they, for the most part, followed false dreams, and that greed was by far the driving force that gave impetus to that dream.

Still, many were adventurers, pure and simple, who felt that the search itself was the important thing and seemed vaguely disappointed when Lady Luck treated them to a rich strike. A majority of those fortunate ones ultimately sold their claims for little or nothing and continued on into another wilderness following yet another dream.

It can only be said, in retrospect, that early mining in the Georgetown district was indeed an arduous and dangerous undertaking that required great stamina and no little ingenuity, for while much of the work saw new and continued improvements in method, the mining continued to depend almost exclusively upon the brawny muscles of the individual and would so be for at least another half century.

Wayne L. Allen

# A Unique Charter - 1868

*"One hundred years from this day the world shall still know us . . ."* Frank Dibben, 1868 — First Public Judge

By 1867, Georgetown had a population of over 5000, and was grooming itself, somewhat self-consciously, to take over the territorial capital from Denver City. All this, and it was not yet a legal community!

In 1859, when the first discoveries were made, the areas involved in the Pikes Peak Rush, were under ostensible control of the Territory of Kansas. Actually, what laws and regulations that there were in the shining mountains, were those passed and enforced by the miners themselves by authority of Miner's Districts, Claim Clubs and People's Courts. Although these unique democratic institutions worked quite well, there was a clamor in the mountains to either "be part of the United States" or "to secede and form our own country."

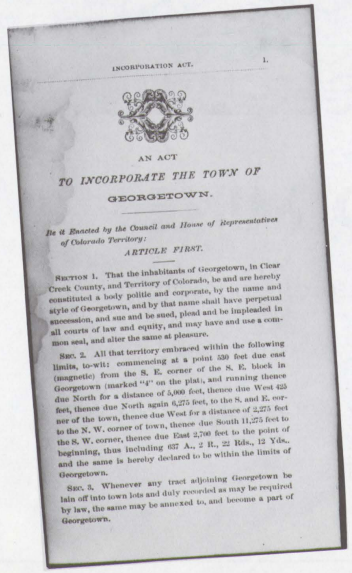
Several abortive attempts were made in 1858 and 1860 to form a territory independent of Kansas. Thus "Colona" died at birth in the House of Representatives; Yampa, Idahoe, Nemara, San Juan, Lula, Tahosa, Columbus and Franklin, though conceived, never reached a fetal stage. What to do? Finally, without any authority to do so, a group met in "Uncle Dick" Wooten's store in Auraria and formed what ultimately came to be called Jefferson territory. Kansas Territorial Governor Denver took a jaundiced view of this action and allowed no legal status for this upstart splinter in the Congress of the United States.

But in January of 1861, Congress voted statehood for Kansas, leaving no other authority extant but the illegal and almost non-existent Jefferson unit. However, even with Civil War looming on the horizon, Congress rectified this matter almost immediately by forming the Colorado territory at the end of February of that same year.

Communication being what it was in those halcyon days, it was no wonder that Georgetown had some difficulty in attracting attention to its burgeoning importance. Finally, after much hoorah, the Territorial Legislature granted the town a charter. This was signed, and a Board of Selectmen and "Police Judge" were seated as legal entities, on January 13, 1868.

This action was greeted so enthusiastically by the inhabitants of the metropolis at the foot of Leavenworth mountain that, to quote one miner, "we wanted the whole hog — not just a chaw of the belly meat"; and they clamored so aggressively for the county seat to be moved from Idaho Springs, then a small hamlet, that the Territorial Legislature had to be called into special session. Needless to say, Georgetown won by a large margin, an affair that discomfits Idaho Springs (now a much larger community) to this day.

The Silver Queen of the Rockies had finally become a lady of consequence. *Wayne L. Allen*



INCORPORATION ACT. 1.

AN ACT

*TO INCORPORATE THE TOWN OF*

GEORGETOWN.

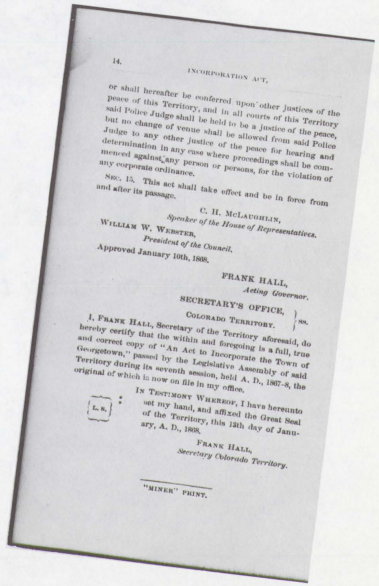
*Be it Enacted by the Council and House of Representatives of Colorado Territory:*

*ARTICLE FIRST.*

SECTION 1. That the inhabitants of Georgetown, in Clear Creek County, and Territory of Colorado, be and are hereby constituted a body politic and corporate, by the name and style of Georgetown, and by that name shall have perpetual succession, and sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded in all courts of law and equity, and may have and use a common seal, and alter the same at pleasure.

SEC. 2. All that territory embraced within the following limits, to-wit: commencing at a point 320 feet due east (magnetic) from the S. E. corner of the S. E. block in Georgetown (marked "4" on the plat), and running thence due North for a distance of 5,000 feet, thence due West 423 feet, thence due North again 6,275 feet, to the S. and E. corner of the town, thence due West for a distance of 2,275 feet to the N. W. corner of town, thence due South 11,275 feet to the S. W. corner, thence due East 2,700 feet to the point of beginning, thus including 637 A., 2 R., 22 Rds., 12 Yds., and the same is hereby declared to be within the limits of Georgetown.

SEC. 3. Whenever any tract adjoining Georgetown be lain off into town lots and duly recorded as may be required by law, the same may be annexed to, and become a part of Georgetown.



14. INCORPORATION ACT.

or shall hereafter be conferred upon other justices of the peace of this Territory, and in all courts of this Territory said Police Judge shall be held to be a justice of the peace, but no change of venue shall be allowed from said Police Judge to any other justice of the peace for hearing and determination in any case where proceedings shall be commenced against any person or persons, for the violation of any corporate ordinance.

SEC. 15. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

C. H. McLAUGHLIN,
*Speaker of the House of Representatives.*

WILLIAM W. WEBSTER,
*President of the Council.*

Approved January 10th, 1868.

FRANK HALL,
*Acting Governor.*

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, } ss.
COLORADO TERRITORY.

I, FRANK HALL, Secretary of the Territory aforesaid, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of "An Act to Incorporate the Town of Georgetown," passed by the Legislative Assembly of said Territory during its seventh session, held A. D., 1867-8, the original of which is now on file in my office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the Great Seal of the Territory, this 13th day of January, A. D., 1868.

[L. S.]

FRANK HALL,
*Secretary Colorado Territory.*

"MINER" PRINT.

# THE URAD MINE

THE URAD MINE, OFFICIALLY DEDICATED ON SEPTEMBER 14, 1967, IS AN OPERATION OF AMAX (AMERICAN METAL CLIMAX, INC.). IT IS THE THIRD OF ONLY THREE PRIMARY MOLYBDENUM MINES IN THE UNITED STATES.



# Some Became Rich

*". . . and some became famous, but the passing of years have left their memories in the minds of but a few."*
W.L.A. — 1967

Between 1860 and 1893, Georgetown mines produced some $200,000,000 in gold, silver, copper and lead! Some old timers believe that but for the 1893 Sherman Act the town would be booming yet, and $200,000,000 would, by this time, be two billion.

Be that as it may, such treasures from the vast underground trove found their way, as they always do, into the hands of a few entrepreneurs who had been brave and willing enough to accept the risk and management of such improbable undertakings as were being fashioned in those magical days of instant enrichment.

Today, as you visit the inclined and lovely streets of Georgetown, you cannot help being impressed by the outward signs of previous affluence. Many of the homes, considering the difficulties of transport one hundred years ago, are of fabulous construction that would cost well into six figures in today's inflated coin.

But money is not all. Today, the Hamill House, The Maxwell House, The Hotel de Paris, to name three of many, could not be built. The dreams of glory and manifest destiny that went into their building do not exist today and, sadly enough, may never exist again. Giants strode the land and clutched mightily at the riches held so tenaciously by mother earth. Today the giants have devolved into lesser men who can only gaze with awe upon the workings of their forebears.

Due to the exigencies of space, we mention but three of these fabulous characters of yesteryear, but their number may well be multiplied by ten and there would be no exaggeration of the number of millionaires spawned by Georgetown and its sterling silver environs.

*William Hamill*: Bill Hamill, known as "General" due to some redskin ruckus or other, arrived in Georgetown by stage in 1867. He was greeted by Bill Barton, the entrepreneur of the newly built Barton House and, from that moment on, it was all upgrade for Bill Hamill.

Arriving from England as a young man, Hamill made his way to Philadelphia where he married the only daughter of a wealthy Quaker of that city. Much against the wishes of her parents, the youthful couple, destiny in their eyes, came west to Denver City and ultimately to Georgetown.

Hamill made enormous amounts of money in the years between 1870 and 1893, built the unusual and ornate Hamill House for his wife and growing family of five children, four sons and a daughter. Becoming involved in the famous Pelican-Dives mining imbroglio, he was forced into one law suit after another. Due to his varied mining interests and the legal involvements sure to follow such interests, he became an expert in mining law although he never entered the bar.

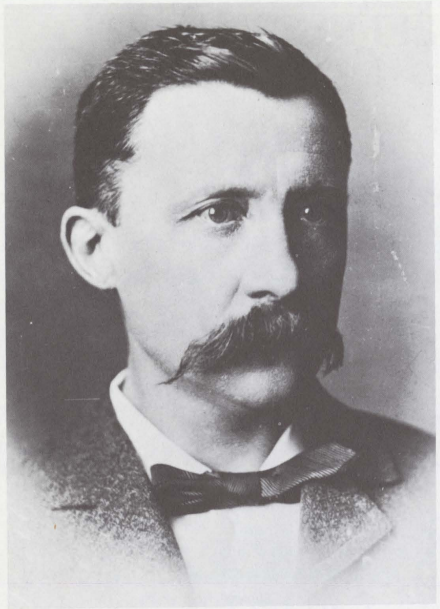
Because of Hamill's convolute financial status, his actual wealth has never been ascertained, but at the height of his power in the late 1800's he must have been worth millions. Active also in the Republican Party and in railroad affairs, he tried for the U.S. Senate, but lost out to his friend, E. O. Wolcott.

*Maxwell House*

*The man wearing buckskin suit is Wm. A. Hamill. The other men are not positively identified, may be Jerome Chaffee and Eben Smith.*

A gradual decline in Hamill's fortunes followed the repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act in 1893. Although he fought valiantly to recoup his collapsing fortunes, he was unable to combat what ultimately became a world depression. Bankrupt, both financially and spiritually, William Hamill died penniless in Denver in the year 1904.

*Edward O. Wolcott*: A man of entirely different stripe



Louis Dupuy

Ed Wolcott

was Ed Wolcott. He arrived in Georgetown during Christmas Week of 1871 with nothing but a brand new law degree in his pocket. To keep body and soul together, Wolcott had been teaching school in Central City and, when he entered into partnership with Frank Pope of The Silver Queen City, no one could be blamed for not recognizing him as a man destined to make Georgetown and Colorado history.

He was hired by Bill Hamill during the latter days of the Pelican-Dives affair and quickly learned the intricacies of mining law from a master strategist. This rough schooling stood him in good stead in later years in the rough and tumble of the United States Senate.

From editor of the Georgetown Miner, Ed Wolcott advanced, with the considerable help of Hamill and Barton, to the office of District Attorney. Having won this 1876 election by a landslide, the young man began to look to his future political chances and sighted in on the office of U.S. Senator.

He had no trouble being elected State Senator and perforce moved to Denver where he took over the legal affairs of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. By 1880, E. O. Wolcott was in Washington. His income from his law practice was in excess of $150,000 a year, and he was indeed living high on the hog.

But he never forgot that it all started in Georgetown!

*The Mysterious Frenchman*: Probably the most widely publicized Georgetown character was (and is) Louis Dupuy. That he was famous throughout the western part of our country is undisputed; that he was rich is a matter of some conjecture. He was testy, truculent and anti-social, but, for all of that, he must have been admired, loved and respected by his compatriots in the wild and recalcitrant mining community. I can think of no finer tribute that could have been paid to anyone than that which appeared in the Georgetown Courier upon his death in 1900 — "Louis Dupuy — an eccentric, a philosopher and a student, who brought refinement to the slopes of Colorado."

And indeed he did. His true name was Adolphus Francis Gerard. As the scion of an old French family, he blew a $50,000 inheritance in a few years of fast living, and came to the United States in search of adventure. Broke, he enlisted in the U.S. Army, but deserted after a few months and fled to the shining mountains of Colorado where he was seriously injured in a mining accident while saving a friend's life.

He had by then acquired the name of Louis Dupuy. Being a gourmet and well versed in the cooking arts, he found employment in Delmonico's Bakery on Alpine Street. This establishment, after Dupuy acquired sole ownership, ultimately became the splendid and unusual Hotel de Paris. Louie practically built it with his own hands and furnished it with the finest china, engravings and statuary from abroad. Then he sat back with his books and his fine foods and did as he damn well pleased. Perhaps it was this very attitude that endeared him to the Georgetownites, eccentrics all.

Possibly the only close friends Louis Dupuy really had were one Monsieur Galet and his wife, Sophie. Sophie lived on in the hotel after her husband died, and her affection for her benefactor was truly touching. When Louis died of pneumonia he left his worldly possessions, the hotel and a ranch in Middle Park, to her. Sophie followed Louie in death only four months later. They are buried side by side in Alvarado Cemetery under a headstone with this inscription: "Deux Bons Amis."

*Wayne L. Allen*

# THE FOURTH ESTATE

*"Service is the rent we pay for the space we occupy in this world."*

The status of any community in the late 19th and early 20th centuries could always be judged by the quality of its newspapers. The Silver Queen city boasted two such journals which, if not always outstanding, were forever memorable.

The newspapers of the day were always a simple extension of the mind and opinions of the editor, and, while he reported the news, he rarely could resist editorial comment. Libel suits were unknown, and any person feeling himself treated unfairly, usually took the matter up personally with the editor-owner-publisher. There may have been bloodied noses, broken heads and, occasionally, gunshot wounds — but never, never was there any such thing as journalistic apology or retraction. An editor who retracted so much as one word of his printed views, usually found himself on down the road. It just was not done!

Neither the Colorado Miner nor the Georgetown Courier exist today, so rather than recite dusty, historical facts about frontier newspapers it might be more interesting to let them speak for themselves.

(1867) "The Georgetown Silver Smelting Works took off their first run yesterday. The weight of the bullion from surface galena ores was 145½ pounds, Troy; coin value, $2,353.95."

(1867) "No lawyer shall be permitted to practice in any court of this district under penalty of not more than fifty nor less than twenty lashes, and to be forever banished from the District."

(1867) "If the claim-jumpers, Bennet and others like him will come to the Griffith District they will find one claim they cannot jump, and that is the limb of a pine-tree and a tying knot!"

(1867) "Go to Chase & Sears if you want to buy tobacco and cigars. It's a filthy weed, but if you must use it, you cannot do better than buy of them, for they always keep the best."

(1868) "Last year during the mining season, Georgetown gave a steady support to no less than thirteen whiskey shops, and yet it was found impossible, notwithstanding every effort made by the Board of Directors, to keep one school running for the same period."

(1868) "Frank S. Butler advertises that I have left his bed and board. This is a mistake as I own the bed and took it with me. Malvina Butler."

(1869) "Population something over 2,000. Several church edifices, hundreds of substantial homes and business buildings, first-class livery stables, and hotels as good as any in the Territory."

(1869) "The St. Louis Minstrels, three loaded wagons, four prospectors, 97 jack-packs loaded with saw-mills, and a furious windstorm passed over the range to Breckenridge."

(1869) "At six o'clock this morning, the Brown Company's team arrived in town from their works with the largest mass of silver bullion ever produced in the United States . . . The mass weighed 580 pounds, troy, or 6,960 ounces. Coin value $9,376: currency value $12,110, being 20 pounds heavier than any heretofore produced in this country."

(1870) "Selak's celebrated ale takes right hold of the vitals and elevates the soul. It opens the faculties, tickles the fountains of charity, clears the canals of the heart and strikes down to the very bottom of contentedness."

(1871) "There will be a lecture by Matilda Fletcher on 'Are You For Sale' at the M.E. Church on Friday evening."

(1871) "The Terrible Silver Cornet band of Brownville, Stephen Thomas, Leader, gave our fellow-citizen, R. O. Old, a serenade a few evenings since. The members of the band are all 'Terrible' Cornish miners.

(1872) "If the kind, noble-hearted, illegitimate, putrified cuss that stole my gold pen and holder from the desk at the Postoffice will return the same to me, I'll give him a cent and bet him five dollars that he has not changed his underwear in six weeks."

(1872) "Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock, a couple of inmates of a house of ill-fame and two or three of their intimate acquaintances indulged freely in the discharge of firearms, unfortunately without fatal result or any serious injury being received by any of the party except one who lost a finger in the action. Seven or eight shots were fired in the melee with Navy revolvers, and rocks were thrown plentifully. It is quite strange that no further harm or good was done. No legal proceedings will follow, as the parties attacked refuse to appear as witnesses in the case."

(1873) "As the friends of the late Philip Paul were returning from the burying-ground at Alvarado, where the remains of Mr. Paul were interred, a whirlwind of awful power swept down Griffith Mountain, and fell with destructive force on the horses and buggies, hurling them over and making complete wrecks of some of them."

(1873) "Registration in the Georgetown District reaches nearly 11,000."

(1874) "There is enough coldness in the Presbyterian Church to freeze Hell over so that the Episcopalians can go skating."

(1874) "The ladies will be interested in learning that the following are among the latest decrees of Dame Fashion: Very long, trailing skirts are out of style, even for full-dress occasions. Wide bands of black velvet around the throat are again in fashion, with long ends hanging down the back below the waist. The hair is now in puffs and curls; all heavy braids ruled out. Less false hair is worn now than for several years past — a fact to be contemplated with pleasure."

(1875) "In a fight between James Feehan and Thomas Mulqueen in a club room on Alpine Street, Feehan shot Mulqueen in a leg. In the melee that ensued, Mulqueen bit Feehan's lower lip off."

(1875) "President Grant and party will arrive in Georgetown Friday evening."

(1875) "Some of the young ladies in this County object to having their names appear in the Miner unless under the hymeneal heading. Boys, govern yourselves accordingly!"

(1876) "10,000 turkeys to gobble grasshoppers which have invaded the mountains by the millions. The air, the streets, the houses are full of them."

(1878) "Dear Mr. Editor: A lady wants to say a few words to the grocery merchants, and really it is a delicate subject to handle. You know, it is now the time when our grocerymen set the vegetables outside on the walks, and you know there are so many tall dogs and — and it operates just as though they drank from the Saratoga Medical Springs. Now, Mr. Editor, you must know what I want to say, and if you will help me out it will do the public a great favor. What we want is the vegetables set on boxes or, in other words, above 'high water mark.' For the good of mankind, the grocers will please attend to this. Those wires they use over barrels and baskets are not water tight. This is a delicate matter, but you know when ladies go shopping for cabbages and beets, they don't like to be obliged to take peas also. Please put it in shape so as to offend nobody. A Housekeeper."

What a delightful way to run a newspaper! Upon this puissant note we take our leave of the editors and such pleasantries as they chose to print for the less elevated multitude. Tall dogs, indeed!

Wayne L. Allen





# THE BRAVE FIRE LADDIES

*"The red devil fire has destroyed every other town in the state. Due to the bravery and training of our teams, our town never burned."* Senator E. O. Wolcott, 1882

Georgetown Hose Team

At their meeting on February 20, 1868, the board of selectmen of Georgetown, recognizing the need for a fire department, appointed three selectmen, H. K. Rearson, W. W. Ware, and a Mr. John Scott as a committee with full powers to act.

Since at the time Georgetown had no water works or water systems, the duties of the Fire Department centered around prevention and removal of probable causes. This in itself was a mighty job. Georgetown being constructed of mostly wood, bucket brigades and fire lanes for them were organized. And from such a small beginning came Georgetown's Fire Department, known across the United States for their wonderful efficiency at a fire, their organization, and the number of prizes and trophies they won in fire rally competition with other towns.

In December 1869, the citizens of Georgetown subscribed $1,100.00 for the purchase of a hand fire engine and 300 feet of hose. This apparatus was delivered in March, 1870. However, in February, 1870, the citizens of Georgetown, acting independently of the town authorities organized and trained a fire company, known as Georgetown Fire Company. This company is still in existence and is known as Georgetown Fire and Hose Company Number 1 or "Old Missouri."

In 1871 a hook and ladder truck was purchased and the citizens again formed and trained a company which was known as the Star Hook and Ladder. With these two companies the board of selectmen were requested to create offices of City Engineer with assistant. The duties of these engineers are defined by ordinance.

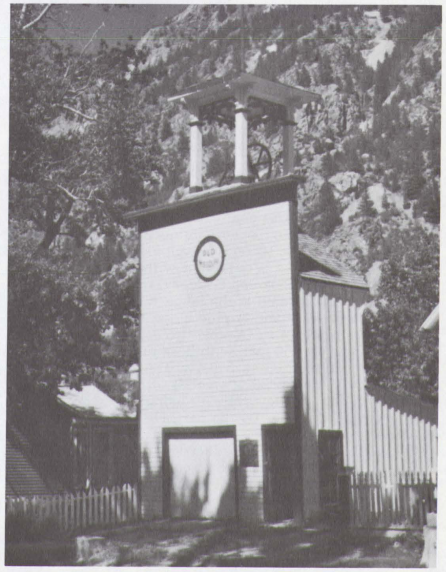
On the 4th of July, 1874, races and contests were run between the two fire companies. This is the first record of Fire contests and races held in Colorado Territory. On July 23rd, 1874, Hope Hose Company No. 1 was formed with Thomas Gaunella as foreman. Hope Hose, contrary to most beliefs was dismantled. It did not burn down, to make room for the present Engine Company No. 5.

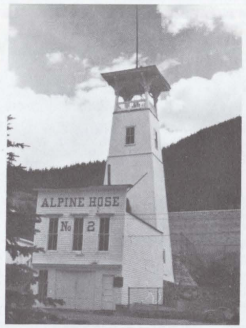
On August 30th, 1874, the fire ordinances were passed and amended to the charter of the city of Georgetown, and on November 24th, 1874, Alpine Hose Company No. 2 was formed. Alpine Hose still holds a record for the fastest time ever made over a 700-foot course with hose jumper carrying 250 feet of hose in a straight-away race.

Now Georgetown possessed 4 top rate fire companies, paid for and supported by citizens and assisted by the town treasury. These companies were very exclusive, and even today citizens desiring to become volunteers must meet with trained men and are eventually approved.

Monumental to note, at this point during the period 1867 to 1874, the small fire combat resources successfully extinguished all blazes or prevented material damage to other structures. Big fires recorded during the period were the old Burton House (site of the new grade school), on January 7, 1871; the Washington Mill on July 20, 1871; the Bolor Reduction Works on August 15, 1871, and the Stewart Reduction Works on January 14, 1872. This works (Stewart) was saved and remained in operation after the fire. In 1875 President Grant visited Georgetown and was amazed at the proficiency of the fire companies in races and contests as well as their time records.

During the centennial year 1876, Georgetown celebrated with a grand schedule of races, fire tournaments






and fireworks. The J. H. Jambell and company cast a brass cannon in their works at Georgetown, and on the evening of July 4, 1876, the cannon was fired 38 times. Once for each state in the union at the time. The cannon was the first gun made in Colorado and was presented to Georgetown. 1876 saw Colorado taken into the union as the Centennial State.

The year 1877 was one of the most significant in the history of Georgetown. Typical of competitions in which the four fire companies participated was one that took place at Idaho Springs. With the completion of the Colorado Central Railroad to Idaho Springs from Denver, the Woodie Fisher Hose Company of Denver made its first excursion, challenging all comers. On June 12th twelve companies from all over the new state took part. Distance of the run and hose lay was set at 700 feet. Teams of 11 men pulled the Woodie Fisher cart, weighing 1400 pounds. The run was won by Star Hook and Ladder in 31¼ seconds with the Rescues of Central City being second. Time: 31¾ seconds. On July 4th with the same conditions at Idaho Springs, Georgetown Fire Companies held a tournament. First prize was a silver fire trumpet ($125.00 value). This was won by Star Hook and Ladder in 32 seconds flat. The average times on the run for all fire companies was 32 seconds 7/10 and 16/100.

On August 14, 1877, the railroad arrived in Georgetown. Governor Routte and Secretary of State Clark were guests. There were some three thousand people that came up on the excursion trains throughout the day. For the occasion the Georgetown Iron Works cast a brass cannon as first prize to the fire competition. The big race over a 700-foot course pulling a hose jumper with 250 feet of hose was won in 29¾ seconds by Alpine Hose No. 2. J. E. Bates team of Denver was second with a time of 30 seconds flat, and Star Hook and Ladder third in 30¾ seconds.

From this race came a challenge race between Bates Company of Denver and Alpine Hose, to be run on Taos street in Georgetown in October 1877. This was a hub to hub race, distance 700 feet, with hose jumper and 250 feet of hose. Eleven men on each team. The Alpine Hose won this race by a foot in 26¾ seconds. Jim Canavan of the Bates team fell as they were crossing the score (finish line) and was run over by the cart. He was not seriously injured.

In 1878 Star Hook and Ladder went to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where they won 2nd place, and in Pueblo, they won Colorado first prize and championship belt for the state associations' convention.

During 1879-1880 Georgetown started building houses for the four companies, three of which are in existence today.

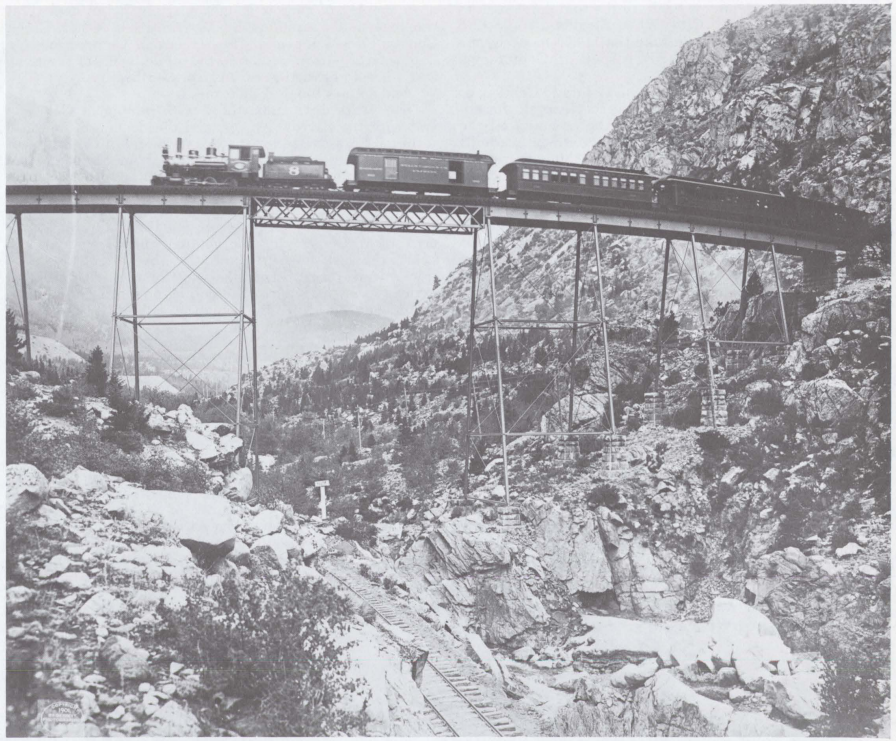
In 1880 Col. W. A. Hamill presented a bell to Alpine Hose No. 2. During this year, Col. Hamill donated $2,055.40 to the fire departments. In 1886 there were 183 active firemen in Georgetown, with new engines and 3,500 feet of hose.

Georgetown has on several occasions been threatened by fires. In 1871 the Barton house was destroyed, and in 1887 the Fish Block in the center of the business district was burned; however, this was restored. The McClellan Opera House, situated in the center of town was destroyed. Even in June 1967, the Fish Block was gutted by fire; however, 18 minutes after the alarm was sounded, the fire was downed with no damage to adjoining buildings. Every time an alarm has sounded since the 100-year-ago beginnings, the fire companies responded so promptly and combatted the fire so efficiently that Georgetown is the only original frame and wood constructed town in Colorado which has not been swept out by fire — a splendid record for the departments and for the town. Properly organized, trained and efficient, today as well as yesterday, Engine No. 5 and the present department is continually active in training, inviting chiefs and firemen to assist in the training from Denver and surrounding cities. Proper education, inspection and fire consciousness in Georgetown are a continuation of the 100-year tradition set by the bucket brigades of '76.

George Simonds

*Source:* Colorado State Firemens Association 1918 — Convention Brochure.





# BIG MEN and LITTLE ENGINES

*"Rails will never breach those crags. Only a bird or a burro can take men into the Rocky Mountains."*

Anonymous — 1860

Fortunately for Georgetown, one man, General William Palmer, believed that the shining mountains could be crossed by rails. General Palmer had been a director of the Kansas Pacific line which had reached Denver in 1870. In that same year he began organizing the Denver and Rio Grande, and because the D&RG was to run through the mountains at Raton, General Palmer set the track gauge at a three foot width instead of the growing American standard of four feet, eight and one-half inches.

This "narrow gauge" decision by Palmer was to have a tremendous effect upon transportation into and through the Front Range of the Rockies. This decision, more than any other, kept the mining boom going in the high mountain valleys, for it made possible the easy and inexpensive transportation of supplies into the camps as well as the out-shipment of ore to formerly inaccessible markets.

Two unusual and eccentric gentlemen who gave their names to a couple of Colorado's most scenic passes, W. A. H. Loveland and Capt. E. L. Berthoud, conceived and surveyed a rail line up the tortuous Clear Creek Canyon in 1867. Loveland, who practically owned the City of Golden at the mouth of the canyon, believed, along with Berthoud, that eventually the line would travel to the Pacific shores, and that Golden would become the new capital of the Territory.

But for intermediate financing of this transcontinental dream, Loveland abandoned the almost impossible idea

of standard gauge trackage and hustled his little road along the steep and narrow banks of the tumbling creek to Blackhawk and Central City. When Berthoud could find no realistic engineer to undertake the 11,000-foot pass, he allowed Loveland to move the rails south to Georgetown where they came to an end.

In 1879, Jay Gould took over the Colorado Central, as it was then called, and upon a visit to Georgetown, envisaged an extension of the line to the booming city of Leadville. Under his auspices, The Georgetown, Leadville and San Juan Railroad was organized for this rather grandiose purpose. However, The G.L.&S.J. never put down a foot of track, and another line, The Georgetown, Breckenridge and Leadville Railroad, performed one of the great engineering feats of the age by lifting itself some 638 feet, from Georgetown to Silver Plume, over a track distance of four and one-half miles. This was done (on a gradient of 143 feet to the mile) by the dramatic engineering device of The Georgetown Loop. Here the three-foot tracks spiraled upward above the Devil's Gate canyon of Clear Creek and passed over themselves by the celebrated "high bridge" and on into Silver Plume.

Although Gould's idea of moving over (or under) Loveland Pass to Breckenridge and Leadville never materialized (the tracks stopped forever at Graymont), and the ownership passed into the hands of the Union Pacific, the entire Loop setup was widely exploited as a scenic attraction. As many as seven or eight special trains made the trip up Clear Creek from Denver daily during the summer season, in addition to the two scheduled runs each way.

Twenty years after the construction of the Loop, one of the more unusual narrow gauge roads in the world was built over wavy tangents, sky-high curves, and slender trestles from Silver Plume to The Argentine district town of Waldorf, nearly 12,000 feet in altitude. This was the famous Argentine Central road with its unique Shay geared locomotives, the only adhesion motive power capable of operating over the steep grades.

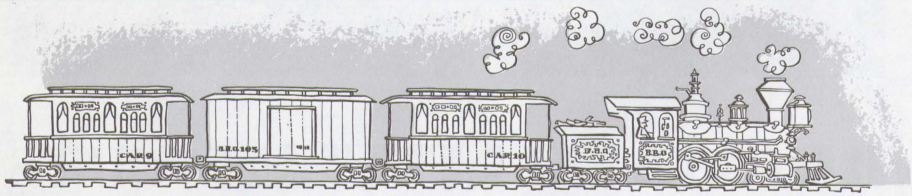
Thus Georgetown became, for a brief time, the center of a complex of narrow gauges only rivaled in density of trackage and operations by Denver itself. Clear Creek Canyon, The Loop and The Argentine Central made a trip to Georgetown a must in the guide books of the time, and a scenic attraction of unsurpassed beauty.

And so it is today. Don't miss it!

The years dealt impartially with mining in Colorado and with the narrow gauges, and the decline of one into terminal borasca spelled the eventual end of the other. In 1912, The Argentine Central was sold for $5,000. It had cost close to half a million. And in 1919 (13 years after its completion) it was sold for scrap. In 1939 the last engine rolled across the spidery Loop, and by 1941 the entire narrow gauge complex (by then, The Colorado and Southern) from Denver to Georgetown and Graymont had heard the last cheerful tooting of the little trains. The tracks were torn up to make way for the more efficient highway system, but no automobile, no matter how glamorous, will ever have the romance of the little engines — or the big men who ran them.

NOTES: Highway Six from Golden to Georgetown is the approximate route of the narrow gauge line. The six tunnels are strictly highway engineering, but if you look closely you will be able to see long stretches of railroad grade winding along the river banks. It is anticipated that the Colorado Historical Society will soon rebuild the famous Georgetown Loop as well as a model mining complex alongside its historic right of way. You may today drive over a portion of the Argentine Central grade by way of a county road to the ghost town of Waldorf. Anyone interested in The Loop and The Argentine Central may see them in all their previous glory when visiting The Georgetown Railroad Museum where the largest operating railroad model in the world portrays the lines, and the towns of Georgetown, Silver Plume and Waldorf as they were in the booming times of yesterday.

Wayne L. Allen



# A MOMENT ON TAOS STREET

Frank Grady lounged in front of a saloon on Taos Street and scratched his back with satisfaction against a sharp corner of one of the boards that covered the window. Jim, the barkeep, had been pretty unhappy about that window; claimed it to be the only plate glass west of Denver City; and now it had been smashed by one of the more militant wives in town in violent retaliation against her husband's sodden condition. Frank chuckled over the incident as a cool spring breeze blew around the corner of the building, raising little dust devils on the street in front of him. The bright sunshine took the bite out of the wind however, and Frank reflected that summer would soon be in the valley, bringing life to the town again, as well as a useful occupation for snow-bound and errant husbands.

He listened vaguely to the cheerful hoot of the ore train as it made its way around the Loop down from the Plume. The fact that it was the first train down in eighteen days made it somehow important that he join the celebrants at the depot, but he found it hard to stir from his pleasant lethargic state. One of the C&S gandies had mentioned to him that the slide that had pushed a quarter of mile of track off the side of the mountain had uncovered some very promising color, and that both Georgetown and the Plume were talking a new strike up the canyon "bigger than anything yet." Frank didn't much care; he had his stake high on the Leavenworth beyond Waldorf, and it was as much as he was inclined to work at the moment.

He watched idly as four be-ribboned girls with gaily colored parasols jounced down the dusty street in a yellow spring wagon drawn by a pair of bays and driven by a colored man.

"Mary's girls," he thought, "wanting any kind of entertainment after the deadness of winter."

He knew that Sue Ann would come back to Mary's soon with the rest of the girls from Denver City for the summer. His body ached briefly with the thought of Sue Ann; and he remembered again how he had asked her to marry him last fall before the snows closed the high mines, and how she had laughed and called him an "owl-hoot from the hills." He had been ashamed then, and he was ashamed now, but he reckoned he still loved Sue Ann.

He nodded to Haw Tabor and Bill Hamill as they brushed by him, their booted feet clumping heavily along the board of the sidewalk. They, engrossed in conversation, paid him no attention, but his natural resentment over this treatment faded into interest as the wind blew the words "Grant" and "Dumont" back to him. He had heard that a man named Grant at Dumont was working on a revolutionary type of smelter for refining ore. That was what had brought Tabor to this area, although undoubtedly his young wife had had something to do with it, for she had friends in Dumont; and from Leadville to Georgetown was a long, round-about trip this time of year — even for a smelter.

"Baby Doe!" Frank spat tobacco into the street. "Silly name for a grown woman!"

Two horsemen rode up from the railroad, their equipage shining and clattering in the sun, and one of them reined up suddenly in front of the saloon. The sharp report of his pistol echoed loudly from the walls of the canyon as he shouted the news of the train's arrival. And like the rats of Hamlin, the townspeople poured forth from their store buildings, saloons, residences, and moved slowly in the direction of the depot.

"It is spring," Grady the philosopher reflected, "and these people who have lived together so closely all winter have need of the outside or they will begin to hate one an-

other. The town was dying, and now it will come to life again, and soon there will be hardly any interest in the arrival of the train. This town will bulge with business and throb with prosperity. The churches and saloons will be filled with their respective patrons. Doc Graham will treat gout, gunshot and gallstones with diligence, asperity, and sometimes the same medicine. The stamp and reduction mills will roar — but not nearly as loud as the town in the clutches of prosperity.

He waved to those folk that he knew; Kneisel, the baker; Sutton, whose jewelry store was just around the corner, and who had originally grubstaked him; Chow, the laundryman who had come from across the sea somehow to North Platte and the Union Pacific, and who had escaped finally to the peace of Georgetown; the Episcopal minister. He felt sorry for the padre because his new church was not completed yet. A high wind had blown down the almost-finished walls last Thanksgiving Day.

Grady turned away, almost wearily, toward the livery stable. He had to see to Jenny and Jack and their trappings, for soon a horseman would struggle over the Argentine to tell everyone that the wagon road was now open to Leadville, and that would mean that the high mines could be worked again.

Frank Grady walked up Taos Street and almost out of history — almost but not quite, for the Gradys of this area were the men who made the boom and kept it going until politics and devaluation. Without the ordinary, hard-living, hard-working, hard-drinking, God-fearing miners like him, Colorado (and the United States) would be considerably less than it is today.

Wayne L. Allen





# Aunt Jenny's Golden Year

"Darling," my bride of ten days called from the kitchen, "do you remember that dear little silver cup we got from your Aunt Jenny as a wedding present?"

"Vaguely," I answered. "Who is Aunt Jenny, and when do we eat? You can cook, can't you?"

"Silly," my wife said, coming into the living room. "You remember Aunt Jenny. Your mother insisted we send her an invitation."

"Sure, I remember. She lives someplace in Colorado. Now can we eat?"

"Honestly! Is that all you think about? Eating. We just received this letter from your Aunt and it's kind of peculiar."

"Letters, schmetters," I said, lounging back on the sofa. "Our honeymoon isn't over until tomorrow morning. Who cares about letters?"

"Well, you ought to look at this one. It's dated January first, eighteen hundred and eighty. This *is* nineteen forty-six, isn't it?"

"January third, nineteen forty-six," I amended. "Anybody can make a mistake. I suppose she's an old lady. Is it only four o'clock?"

"You can't eat 'til six," my wife said absently. "And she just got married a few days ago, like us, and she's only twenty."

"Really?" I asked, "What else does she say?"

"Well, she and Jed — I suppose that's her husband — just moved into a new house and she's got lace on her bertha a quarter of a yard deep. What's a bertha?"

"It could be a large cannon, but I don't suppose it is. What else?"

She read the letter aloud to me. Aunt Jenny was describing a gala New Year's Eve ball at a place called the Barton House in Georgetown, Colorado. This was kind of a hotel and only two blocks from Jenny's home, but because of the deep snow and a new gown, her husband had hired a sleigh and two white horses, and they had gone to this affair in style with harness bells jingling and a bright moon illuminating a white world.

"Listen," my wife said, "about her dress; heavy rich black silk and velvet of Princess design, with full round long train, beautifully finished by alternate rows of black and white lace on a black satin background. The front, sides and edge were relieved by floral black beads and passementaries."

We stopped there and looked up passementaries and bertha.

"She couldn't possibly dance in that rig, could she?" I asked.

"Sure," my wife said. "The bodice and sleeves were

trimmed in point lace. I'll bet the effect was beautiful."

"She's enthusiastic enough. Probably it was an old time dance. Western towns have celebrations like that all the time. The men grow beards. You know."

"Maybe," my wife said, "but did you notice how she turns down the wicks on her kerosene lamps before she leaves her house? Even in western towns, they have electric lights, don't they?"

"It is kind of strange, all right. Why don't you answer this letter and find out?"

"I'm going to do just that. Why, we're almost the same age!"

So my wife wrote to my aunt and a week later we received another letter from Georgetown. This one was dated January 7th, 1880, and described a party her new husband gave for her in honor of her twenty-first birthday. It was at a place called the Hotel de Paris and involved fifty-one guests, including the proprietor, one Louis Dupuy. Aunt Jenny enclosed a menu which my wife took sadistic pleasure in reading to me just prior to dinner time.

"How about mock turtle soup, white fish stuffed with ham, boiled turkey with oyster sauce and roast chicken with current jelly?"

"What did they have for dessert?" I asked, drooling.

"Dessert! That was just the soup, fish, boiled and roast. Here's the entrees. Salimis of goose a la Maitre d' Hotel, vol au vents of Lobster a la Russe and fillet of wild duck stuffed with onions."

"We just have to visit Aunt Jenny," I said. "How come I never get Salimis of goose?"

"Don't be ridiculous. You haven't even heard about the cold dishes like boned turkey with aspic jelly or the salads, relishes, vegetables and pastry yet. Want to hear about the pastry?"

"Okay, I might as well starve happily listening to you."

"Strawberry shortcake, blackberry pound pudding with port wine sauce and peach puff. And, here it is, for dessert they had a choice of pound cake, Washington cake, sponge cake, jambles, blanc mange and variegated jelly.

"What's variegated jelly, what's jambles," I yelled. "This is all wrong. She's either kidding us or she's . . . "

"Don't," my wife said, stopping my mouth with her hand. "Don't say that — ever. I think she's a writer and she's just practicing on us."

"What did she say in answer to your letter?"

"She didn't even refer to it, but she does say here that your Uncle Jed is a prominent lawyer and is interested financially in quite a few silver mines in the area."

We gloomed silently over the letter, our dinner forgotten.

Finally my wife said: "I looked up Georgetown in the atlas today."

"So?" I said.

"So it has only one hundred and ninety-one people. Back in the late eighteen hundreds it was a silver boom city; now it's only a ghost town. We might as well face it, darling, your Aunt Jenny isn't twenty-one years old; she's eighty-seven. All this she's writing about happened over sixty years ago!"

"In Heaven's name, why!" I wanted to know.

"I don't know, unless it's because we were married about the same time and I'm about her age . . . or was about her age. Oh, I don't know. Can't we just accept her as she wants to be? Can't we?"

"Sure, honey," I said. "Sure, that's what we'll do."

In her third letter (dated January 14th) we went with Aunt Jenny to see and hear Janauschek, billed as the greatest living actress, in Schiller's play, "Mary Stuart." I had studied the play in college and had even heard my instructor mention Mme. Janauschek. Now it was kind of eerie being part of a select audience in Cushman's Opera House on opening night, seeing the great star in person. My aunt also reported that she heard that Janauschek went over to the Hotel de Paris after her performance and spent the rest of the night drinking champagne with Louis Dupuy. We decided that small towns and actresses hadn't changed much through the years.

We talked about going to Georgetown and visiting Aunt Jenny, but my wife was thoroughly against such a move.

"We can't," she said. "We're sixty-six years away. I shudder to think what would happen to Aunt Jenny if we showed up, part and parcel of nineteen forty-six."

"But," I protested, "there are other people in that town; one hundred and ninety of them."

"They know her. They must be very kind people."

Each week we received a letter from Georgetown. We looked forward to them eagerly because each letter was a little picture of the past, of an antique society, long dead, but still thriving lustily in the mind of my Aunt Jenny. Gradually we forgot the vast distance in time that separated us from the Colorado mining town we read about, and our minds accepted my aunt's reality because by this time we loved her a great deal and wanted only for her happiness.

On January 31st, Ward Lamon, a former law partner of Abe Lincoln's enjoyed a quiet supper with Jed and Jenny. Her letter of February 4th was filled with anecdotes about the great emancipator. Ward Hill Lamon, former U.S. Marshal for the District of Columbia, remembered Lincoln's decision to re-enter politics in 1854 because of the notorious Kansas-Nebraska Act and his reluctant choice of the new Republican party a year later. He so feared assasination toward the close of the Civil War that he slept in the hall outside Lincoln's bedroom. He remembered his friend's discussions of violent death and how his attitude was one of sadness and resignation rather than fright. "The greatest man that ever lived," Lamon said. "When he was weary he would call me in to play 'a sad little song for me' and how we loved to just sit there and listen to the cracked notes and the plaintive air of my old guitar." Marshal Ward Hill Lamon, who might have saved Lincoln, regretted all the days of his life that he was in Richmond the night the President was shot. Jenny regretted it too. This was one of her few unhappy letters.

In late February, my aunt became a delighted subscriber to the new Edison Telephone Company. By this time, we had become so engrossed in the life and times of Georgetown of 1880 that my wife was just as delighted about the telephone as Aunt Jenny.

"Now we can call her," she said, and then burst into tears, knowing that we could not.

In early March Jed took his bride over Argentine Pass to Leadville to the Union Veteran's Association Ball. Her description of the trip in a closed coach, over some of the highest mountains in the United States, during the time of the year when the danger of avalanche and rock slide is at its worst, stood our collective hair on end. Jenny was thrilled to meet H. A. W. Tabor, the king of Leadville, and his wife Augusta and to visit the famous Chrysolite Mine, but she confided in us that she also met Elizabeth Doe, and there was talk that Tabor would soon divorce his wife in favor of this "other woman." To make matters worse, however, a Georgetown woman by the name of Mrs. Judge Kennedy was voted the handsomest lady present at the ball. Aunt Jenny was green-eyed.



We looked up the Tabor affair. Sure enough, Haw divorced Augusta in 1882 and married his Baby Doe. We felt like we had been looking into the future.

We wept with my aunt when, in May, the newspaper editor of the Colorado Miner, E. H. Patterson, died. He had been a close friend of Jed and went by the delightful name of "Sniktau." Hundreds of citizens made up the funeral cortege to Alvarado Cemetery, including eighty Masons in full regalia. They travelled not only in carriages but in five passenger cars and one flat car donated by the Colorado and Southern narrow gauge railroad. Aunt Jenny wrote excitedly that on the way back from Alvarado, a big wind swept down Leavenworth Canyon, derailing the little train and demolishing six other vehicles.

In the summer of 1880 we bought codfish tongues with Aunt Jenny at a store called Guanella's and went on a delightful trip to "Sunshine Peak," gazing with enchantment from the back of our swaying burro, at the loveliness of the quivering aspen that covered the mountainside. Later we looked over her shoulder as she inspected the Sisters of Charity hospital and joined one of the earliest editions of the Blue Cross Plan. Ten dollars a year insured hospitalization and a doctor's care.

"Whee!" said my wife, who had just discovered that she was expecting. "Georgetown is the place for us . . . or was."

Later in the fall, Aunt Jenny complained to us about Jed inspecting the mines in which he held an interest. "They are extremely dangerous," she wrote, "poor timbering, bad air and rock falls force the owners to pay as high as two dollars and a half a day to our Cornish miners." And finally, in her last letter of the year, she is pleased that the gas plant is in operation and she can dispose of her smelly kerosene lamps.

We waited eagerly for our first letter of 1947 (or 1881 as the case may be) but were horrified to discoverer that, when it did arrive, it was identical in every way (including the date, January 1, 1880) with our original first letter from Aunt Jenny. We again heard about the New Year's Eve Ball at the plush Barton House, the sleigh bells and the glamorous bertha with its quarter yard of lace. Helplessly, we watched the letters roll in. We had received fifty-two in 1946, and as 1947 revolved into 1948 we compared each letter from Georgetown with its counterpart of the year before. They were identical, even to the placement of the sentences and words on a page. Janauschek, Lobster a la Russe, Lincoln slowly bleeding his life away at the Peterson House in Washington, poor Sniktau. All the same. 1948, 1949, 1950. The happy, dancing people at the ball in Leadville care nothing for Korea. 1951 through 1955. Nothing changes for Aunt Jenny.

In January of 1956 we waited sadly for our "bertha letter," as we called it now, but for the first time in nine years it did not arrive. My wife was almost frantic. Four hundred and sixty-eight letters postmarked Georgetown, Colorado. Fifty-two bundles of nine letters each tied in pink ribbon by a woman in Chicago out of reverence to a wonderful old lady approaching her ninety-seventh year in a ghost town lying in the shadow of the continental divide. Four hundred and sixty-eight letters and then nothing! January, 1956, and no letter from Georgetown! It was like the end of a golden dream.

We had to go then. Somehow nothing could have kept us away. We flew to Denver and drove a rented car into the front range of the Rocky Mountains. Near the junction of U.S. Highways Six and Forty, we noticed a tiny cemetery with the name "Alvarado" inscribed in wrought iron across its gateway.

"Poor Sniktau," I said.

"Aunt Jenny," my wife whispered.

Looking again across the creek at the little weed covered plot, I noticed a small group of people gathered in a far corner. Hurriedly turning the car, we found our way down a country lane and across an antique bridge. We arrived at the graveside just as the minister intoned: "to dust so shall she return."

He closed the Book and, to the pitifully small crowd present, said: "Jenny Hawkins now rests in peace beside her beloved husband whose memory she kept so lovingly wrapped in her heart. To her, seventy-five years was as yesterday."

My wife wept unashamedly.

My Uncle Jed had died in a mining accident in January of 1881, but life goes on in that wonderful old house in Georgetown with its cornerstone dated 1875, because we live there now. And when we touch the hand-worked mahogany stair rail we know that we walk behind two lovely people, and when the friendly ghost of Ward Hill Lamon sits with us at our table we accept him as an honored guest. You see, we have never really felt sorry for Aunt Jenny. I think that perhaps she was happier than most of us.

Wayne L. Allen

Dear Friends,

I wish to take this space in our booklet to thank those people who devoted their time to making this all possible.

In particular, I wish to thank Mr. Wayne Allen for his many hours of research and writing most of the articles.

We plan to make our Centennial a pleasant experience for all visitors, so drop in and pay us a visit.

You will find some of the finest shops, museums, silversmith shops, lodging and restaurants, along with all other services, that few mountain towns offer to visitors.

Yours Truly,
Dwight Jones
President, Georgetown
Chamber of Commerce

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The Simple Craftsman

# CONCLUSION

*"The splendors of yesterday can only combine into a glorious tomorrow!"* WLA — 1967

It would be difficult to ascertain exactly what Georgetown's peak population was, but there can be no doubt that in the middle 80's the crowds that teemed in her brightly lighted streets on any Saturday night numbered in excess of 10,000. From her satellite mining camps — Silver Plume, Brownsville, Waldorf, Alice, Freeland, Silver Creek, Empire, and many more — men and women poured into The Silver Queen for a spree, to "see the Elephant," or to replenish needed supplies, or to just enjoy the sights and sounds of the "City."

Georgetown was never a mining town in the accepted sense of the word. She was rather a base of operations for the thousand mines and diggings scattered throughout the silver mountains that surrounded her. Here was a stable community with a hard core of permanent citizenry. Here were homes with women and children and churches and formal government. Here came culture in the form of world famous opera stars and lecturers, and here visited the great and the near great of the country.

President Grant made three trips to Georgetown (and only one to Central City), Phil Sheridan rode a prancing horse down Alpine Street, and the dour W. T. Sherman lectured in McClellan Hall. Marshall Field, fresh from fortune hunting in Leadville stopped in Georgetown several times, usually accompanied by H. A. W. Tabor and his Baby Doe.

Records show a mining claim near Silver Plume listed to Frank James of Missouri. Who can say whether or not his brother, Jesse, was with him when he filed? Wyatt Earp, in his memoirs, relates how he stopped in The Silver Queen after the O.K. Corral fracas and the unnecessary killing of Johnny Ringo.

Because English money was a factor in the financing of certain enterprises in and about Georgetown, the streets felt the tread of many titled ladies and gentlemen from the old country. William Jennings Bryan, prior to his "Cross of Gold" speech visited The Silver Queen. Johnny Brown (an acquaintance of Bill Hamill) and his "Unsinkable" Molly frequented the city where Molly soaked up culture and Johnny soaked up booze.

But the bubble was about to break. In 1893, depression stalked the land. The Federal Treasury's gold reserve was slipping away. Eastern investors feared that expanded government purchases of silver would eventually result in the replacement of the gold dollar with depreciated silver coin. There were numerous commercial failures and banks were beginning to borrow heavily to cover commitments that somehow had become less than sound. India, a large purchaser of western silver, ceased coining that metal. In four disastrous days, the price of silver dropped from eighty-three to sixty-two cents an ounce! This was the nation-wide panic of 1893!

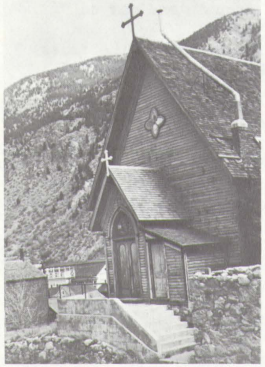
In the election of 1896, Georgetown (and Colorado) voted overwhelmingly for Bryan and "Free Silver," but it was not to be, for gold-minded McKinley carried the election handily. The Silver Queen slipped into decline, but she was too strong a personality to die as did a majority of the boom towns in the state. She harbored the love of a small group of citizens who had made their homes amid her beautiful surroundings. Love kept Georgetown alive, love of the good life, and an optimism for its future that went beyond the bounds of reason.

They won, those optimists, for today The Silver Queen has re-awakened. The boom is on again, but not in silver (although there has been a resergence of interest in mining); rather this time it is in people. For here lies the future of Georgetown. With the advent of interstate highways, the Queen now becomes a lovely and charming suburban area, away from the hurley-burley of the city, but close enough to dance attendance upon the advantages the metropolis offers.

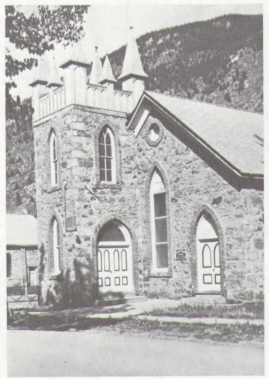
And the people come — to visit, to make their homes, to raise their children away from the delinquencies of the city, to enjoy scenic and climatic wonders all day, every day of the year. The tourist and the skier and the sportsman and the casual visitor mingle and are charmed by Georgetown and its citizens.

And why not? In all the wide, wonderful world there is no better place to be.

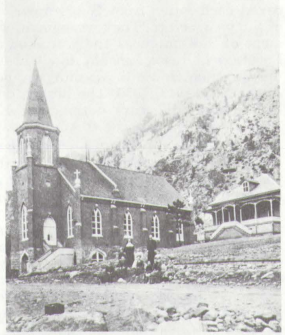
*Wayne L. Allen*



*Grace Episcopal Church, built in 1867. Oldest Episcopal Church in Colorado. First church to be built in Georgetown.*



*Georgetown Presbyterian Church, built in 1873.*



*Georgetown Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic Church.*