

GHOST TRAILS

Mountain Cemetery

Walk softly here,
Where once they tenderly laid down their dead
So far from home.

Walk quietly
And breathe a prayer for peace
To all who sleep in these blue hills.

Straighten the graying picket fence
That stock have pushed in search of greening grass.
Fill up the hole that curious coyotes dug.

Brush back a tear
For one wild fragile rose
That climbs a stone where mother and a babe
No longer look upon a sunlit world.
Save through the blue eyed flax
That drops its petals, too, before the beat of noon.

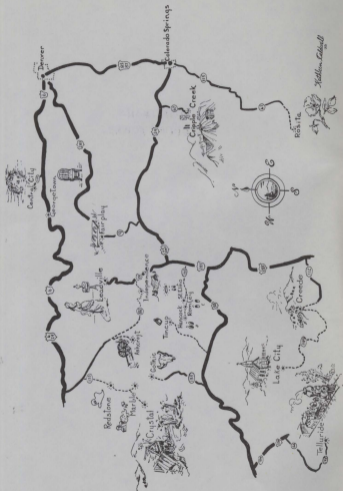
Bow with your heart
To all the ghosts of men who lived by code
Compelled to play each card exactly as it fell . . .
The unafraid . . . the strong . . . the uninsured . . .
Who died bequeathing to us all
Dim trails that lead forever to a western sun.



TO GHOST TOWNS

INEZ HUNT *and* WANETTA W. DRAPER

GHOST TRAILS
TO GHOST TOWNS



GHOST TRAILS TO GHOST TOWNS

INEZ HUNT
and
WANETTA W. DRAPER



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Inez Hunt and Wanetta W. Draper
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INTRODUCTION

You haven't really seen Colorado until you have seen our ghost towns. This little book is designed for you who want to know what is beyond the next bend in the road, or over the hill, for those of you who find fun and adventure on the by-ways. Colorado ghost towns are disappearing. They will not last forever. They can be enjoyed at any age and any time, but don't wait too long. The towns are falling apart, too.

The best way to see a ghost town is to look for the ghosts who haunt it. Walk along the old streets. Rub shoulders with the past. Before you know it, you will be digging into historical records, talking with old-timers (and possibly yourself) and turning up a few dusty skeletons to clothe with the flesh of your own imagination. You will be sifting fact from legend and will be up to your ears in a fascinating hobby which may lead you anywhere.

It is the purpose of this book to acquaint you with a few picturesque ghost towns, by presenting you with a brief historical sketch, a photograph taken in the town, a poem to express the feel of the place and directions to prove "YOU CAN GET THERE FROM HERE."

There are three types of ghost towns: the true ghost towns where only a few uninhabited houses mark the spot; the town which may have a summer population but boasts only a half-dozen or so year round residents; and the town which may be a thriving community of varying degree but is only a "ghost of itself."

Here we present them through the eyes of a poet and of a photographer. Other poets and other photographers may see them in a different light—and in that lies a part of their charm, to each his own imagination in peopling these ghost villages of a by-gone day.

Special gratitude is due the two husbands who endured these jaunts with patience and tolerance, if not enthusiasm, one a slightly-worn psychiatrist, the other a disgruntled fisherman who passed up many likely-looking trout streams to follow the vagaries of two ghost-happy women in their search for old houses and the phantoms who inhabit them.

INEZ HUNT
WANETTA W. DRAPER



Gateway of Hotel de Paris, Georgetown

DIRECTIONS TO GEORGETOWN

Georgetown can be reached by either US 6 or 40, west from Denver through Idaho Springs. Continue on about 8 miles, then 5 m. left to Georgetown on Highway 6 (total 47 miles from Denver), two miles farther to Silver Plume.

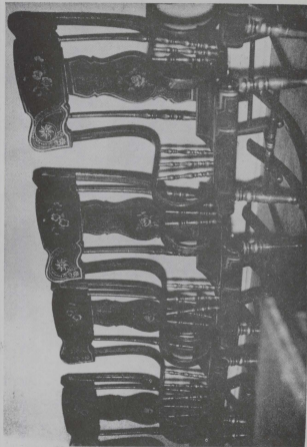
SKETCH

Georgetown . . .
 An elegant lady . . .
 Past her day . . .
 Like an aging queen . . .
 Complete with Victorian corsets
 And a touch of powder
 And a nostalgic whiff of flower cologne.

A whimsical touch
 And a gentle humor,
 Politely ignoring the source
 Of her dwindling wealth
 By drawing her lace curtains
 On the silver mines at her back door . . .
 Just a hint of *femme fatale*
 Guarded by a gold lion at her gate.

GEORGETOWN

Known as "Silver Queen of Rockies" . . . named for George Griffith, miner . . . Colorado American Guide Series maintained climate is so healthful that it was necessary to hang a man to start the cemetery . . . From beginning lacked the rowdiness that prevailed in other camps . . . Community of homes and culture . . . See Hotel de Paris . . . Hamill House . . . Alpine Hose No. 2 . . . Maxwell House (of Georgetown pink) . . . St. James Bar . . . Oldest Episcopal Church in state . . . and, by all means, the twelve jury rockers on second floor of county courthouse.



Jury Chairs at Georgetown

THE JURY CHAIRS AT GEORGETOWN

The jury chairs of old Georgetown
Sit in a solemn row
Reminding of an early day
When Justice staged a show.

And there they stand, all twelve of them
With bright paint all aglitter,
And every one a rocking chair
To rest the jury sitter.

If they threw dice to seal the fate
When justice was the goal,
Could that have been the origin
Of modern "rock 'n roll"?



Board Walk at Central

DIRECTIONS TO CENTRAL CITY

To reach Central City take US 6 from Denver west, turn right on State 119 (37 m. total from Denver).

BOARD WALKS

Old walks run strange,
Worn smooth by vanished feet
And tilted as they settle into Time's quicksand.

In Central, once, they laid the silver bricks
To be a bright path for a president,
But silver bricks and presidents are gone
And this board walk remains
To breathe a muffled chant
To all who pass this way.

Sometimes, when I walk on quiet days,
I hear the rustle of bright petticoats
That once caressed these boards.
Sometimes, it is the silken step of barefoot child
Who strums a wooden fence with broken stick
And drops crumbs of warm bread and sugar as he goes.
And sometimes, I step aside
To let hob-nailed and hurried boots
Go striding by.

CENTRAL CITY

Central City mushroomed as a result of a strike in Gregory Gulch . . . Became known as "richest square mile on earth" . . . Population at one time was second to Denver . . . Miners once salted a mine by shooting gold dust into it with a shot gun to impress Horace Greeley . . . The ruse succeeded . . . Famous for Opera House still in use . . . Distinctive number of famous stars appeared there . . . Ernie Pyle accurately predicted the summer opera and theatre would become "one of America's half-dozen epics." . . . Be sure to see Teller House . . . Opera House . . . Glory Hole Pit . . . Nevadaville.



Independence, a true ghost town.

DIRECTIONS TO INDEPENDENCE

Denver to Colorado Springs, US 85-87 south (67 m.) US 24 west through Manitou Springs to Buena Vista, turn 3 m. north of Granite on to State 82 over Independence Pass. The town of Independence lies to the left in a meadow on the west side of the summit of Independence Pass. Approximately 221 m. from Denver.

INDEPENDENCE

What is there to say
For a town that has completely died?
Where lusts and greed and blood bowed pride
Have been baptized in rain and whitened like the snow?

Now mouldering boards lean
As grim wooden markers
Where old names have weathered dim.

Once when I walked inside those walls
To keep a rendezvous with Yesterday,
I found a stained lace valentine . . .
Mute testimony with the ripening weeds
To "Once upon a summertime."

INDEPENDENCE

Gold camp of early days . . . named after Independence Mine struck on July 4th. Population 2000 at one time . . . Scene of stage coach activity to Aspen . . . Population finally dwindled to one man who held all the town offices . . . True ghost town now.



Ashcroft

DIRECTIONS TO ASHCROFT

Denver to Colorado Springs US 85-87 south, US 24 from Colorado Springs through Manitou Springs to Buena Vista, turn left north of Granite on State 82 over Independence Pass to Aspen. West of Aspen on State 82 turn left. Take left turn (approximately 9 m.). Approximately 284 m. from Denver.

WHEELS

Wheels that no longer turn
Are full of lore,
Though they stand mute and frustrated
And unable to recall
The gouging rut struck into 'dobe pan
Or jutting rock that stabbed its mark
In iron tire
Or burdens laid aside.

Now and then, the passerby
Catches the half-story
Of a broken wheel,
Immovable, weed-grown
And useless as the old discarded dream
Of one who left it there.

ASHCROFT

Located on Castle Creek, Ashcroft once rivaled Aspen in size and activity . . . At first could only be reached over Taylor Pass and wagons were lowered piece by piece over a 40 foot cliff . . . Tabor once built a home here which legend says was paneled with gold-encrusted paper . . . it is said he declared a 24 hour holiday and free drinks whenever Baby Doe came to town.



Cleveholm Castle at Redstone. Built by J. C. Osgood.

DIRECTIONS TO REDSTONE, MARBLE, AND CRYSTAL
 Denver to Colorado Springs, US 85-87 south (67 m.) US 24 west through Manitou Springs, to Buena Vista, turn north beyond Granite on State 82 through Basalt. At Carbondale turn south on State 133 to Redstone, 17 m., continue on to Marble, 10 m. The road from Marble to Crystal (6 m.) requires a jeep. Approximately 282 m. from Denver.

AT REDSTONE

Idealists have always been the losers
 After their fashion,
 Leaving heartache for inheritance
 And ashes to a grieving wind.
 Yet, every loser once faced the grave choice . . .
 Temptation on the mountain . . .
 Barter for the kingdoms of the world . . .
 Protection for the foot against the stone,
 And chose his crucifixion
 To know one moment of high ecstasy
 Worth all the pain.

Idealists will always be the losers
 To all the Shavian Undershafes . . .
 To the Munition makers
 And to the Caesars of their time.

So it was in Redstone
 When mercy flowered crimson for a day
 And then passed into memory
 As ashes in the wind.

REDSTONE

"Ruby of the Rockies" (N.Y. Times, 1902) . . . Redstone, one of the most beautiful settings and fascinating histories . . . Designed as sociological experiment by J. C. Osgood, competitor of Rockefeller for control of Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. . . . Osgood built attractive homes for workers . . . Provided them with cultural and educational facilities . . . Constructed club house . . . Imported European talent for instruction in arts . . . A modern hotel still remains . . . A short distance south is Castle Cleveholm, formerly home of Osgood . . . Tudor style . . . sweeping courtyard, complete with iron dragon . . . library walls of elephant hide . . . ruby colored velvet in dining room . . . gold crests . . . hand-cut stone fireplaces, and a breath-taking view of Crystal River Valley where his ashes are scattered.



*Remains of the old marble factory in Marble, Colorado.
In this factory marble blocks were cut
according to blueprint ready to be put
into exact place before shipping.*

DIRECTIONS TO MARBLE

From Carbondale south on State 133 through Redstone to Marble
11.5 m. from Redstone. Approximately 293 m. from Denver.

STONE CUTTER

I came from Italy to work
In Marble Town one day
And all because with sculpture tools
I had a certain way.

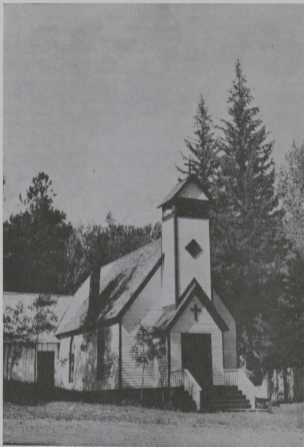
I took a pride in being best.
I put the rest to shame.
I carved the stones for mansions.
I made myself a name.

I worked on many a masterpiece
But it cut me to the bone
To carve a little curly lamb
Upon my baby's stone.



MARBLE

Population changing . . . Largest marble deposit in the world, formerly owned by Yule Marble Company . . . Cull marble and standing marble columns of the old factory and other buildings are being pulverized for commercial purposes. Original population largely Italian. From quarries came marble for Lincoln Memorial, Tomb of Unknown Soldier, U.S. Customs Bldg. at Denver, etc. . . . The town was destroyed by a mud flood in 1941 . . . Readily accessible by car . . . The quarries can be reached *only* by jeep.



New England Type Church in Marble

NEW ENGLAND CHURCH IN A MOUNTAIN TOWN

Somehow, when you go west,
You can go western
In almost everything but God.

Oh, after a while, you get to thinkin',
Maybe God loves this new country
Like you do—
Raw and big and terrible at times.
Maybe He even likes to walk
Under the tall pines
In the cool of the day.

But women want a church, white
Like the one back home,
And you humor them . . .
Like you do when you put the curlicues
On the gables and the porch
And when you put the pump close to the back door.

After all, it's the women-folk
Who do most of the thinkin'
About marryin'
And buryin'.
Maybe they don't want
God homesick
For a house He knew.



Sheep Mountain Mill Tunnel Mine

DIRECTIONS TO CRYSTAL

From Marble to Crystal, 6 m., the road requires a jeep.

CRYSTAL

There was a day when Crystal boomed
And it looked as if every man in the state
Knew how to find her.
And the wagons groaned and the wheels creaked
For grease— but no time for greasing.
Even if they fell off in the next gully.
You swayed the back of your burro with your pack
And prayed he'd live till he got there.
You have to get there first.
Gold won't wait.

You can rest now.
No need to hurry.
You've got time and that's all.
Those old boards recalled it,
Whanged to the poles,
Any old way to make a ladder.
No time for steps, then . . .
No need, now.

CRYSTAL

Sign says "Crystal City, Population 5" . . . exaggerated statement in winter . . . One of the beautiful ones . . . Shut your eyes on the curves . . . not for cars . . . Jeep road only . . . well worth the effort.



*The Matchless Mine
and a section of Baby Doe Tabor's cabin*

DIRECTIONS TO LEADVILLE

Denver to Colorado Springs, south, US 85-87 (67 miles) turn west on US 24 through Manitou Springs to Buena Vista, north on US 24 to Leadville. Approximately 195 m. from Denver.

THE SILVER GHOST OF FRYER HILL

A silvered wraith appears on moonlight nights
And bars a cabin door upon the world
As she was wont to do in life.
Then, wrapping spirit veil about her ghostly head,
Slips like the mist upon a frosted hill
To check the Matchless and to know it safe.

The Matchless is as ghostly now as she
Who haunts it.
She whom the world judged faithless
Has not proved so.
There are some promises to keep
Even past death.

The Matchless checked,
Its treasure found untouched,
She winds the fog-like shawl about her shivering form
And fades into the night.

LEADVILLE

Once called a "silver city in a sea of silver" . . . began with the discovery of gold which proved a grub-stake for the silver era . . . Tabor's Matchless Mine produced as much as \$100,000 a month in its hey-day (and that ain't hay!) . . . Location of Ice Palace, opened to the public 1896, built of solid ice . . . Norman style, 8 foot thick walls, 5 acres, 5000 tons of ice . . . It melted! Leadville built fortunes of Guggenheim, Marshall Field, H. A. W. Tabor and Baby Doe, famous beauty for whom Tabor divorced his New England wife, Augusta . . . After silver crash and death of Tabor, Baby Doe spent her final days carrying out the deathbed wish of Tabor to "Hold on to the Matchless." In the shaft house of the mine she froze to death in 1935.



Gothic

DIRECTIONS TO GOTHIC

Denver south to Colorado Springs, US 85-87, US 24 through Manitou Springs, left on US 285 to Salida, US 50 over Monarch Pass to Gunnison, State 135 north to Crested Butte, right at south edge of town on dirt road 8 m. Approximately 270 m. from Denver. Dirt road to Gothic impossible in wet weather.

"DON'T GO TO GOTHIC"

Sometimes, I want to say,
 "Don't go to Gothic . . .
 That tender beauty with the emerald fire, who,
 By all the old rights of discovery
 And of first love,
 Too swift and sweet to share,
 Belongs to me."

I should not say,
 "Don't go to Gothic,
 To find a town
 Like May Night with a wild rose in her hair,"
 For you *will* go
 And never see my claim stakes driven there
 And you will not remember,
 She belongs to me.

GOTHIC

Boom-town of the silver era . . . dramatic setting of chalky-cliffs, lush vegetation and quaint buildings . . . Dangerous snow slides in winter . . . Location of Rocky Mountain Biological Laboratory, offering summer courses in biology, parasitology, etc. . . . In early days was typical town with bonfires and horse races on main street, short skirted girls, and gambling . . . With the usual penchant for the melodramatic the Gothic Miner on Sept. 24, 1881, requested in black-bordered front pages the wearing of the badge of mourning for President Garfield for 30 days.



The Galloping Goose

DIRECTIONS TO TELLURIDE

Denver south to Colorado Springs, US 85-87, US 24 through Manitou Springs, left on US 285 to Salida, US 50 over Monarch Pass to Gunnison, west on 50 to Montrose, US 550 to Ridgeway. State 62 to Placerville, State 145 to Telluride, approximately 366 m. from Denver.

THE GALLOPING GOOSE

It is hard to believe, though perhaps it is best,
That the Galloping Goose has come to rest

In old Telluride where she seemed to fly
Halfway between the earth and the sky.

She would jump her tracks and the rails would break
And the people get out and rub their ache.

And the riders would help repair the rail
Or whatever caused the Goose to fail.

Then, back to their seats to count up to ten
And the Goose would gallop along again.

She looks so peaceful resting there
With never a bump and never a care.

But does she feel a sad regret
And does she sit or does she set,

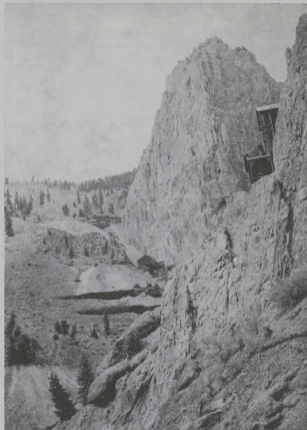
Hatching the mischief she knows so well,
Her own particular brand of Hell?

Or does she mourn her sorry plight
And buck and gallop after night

Past Ophir's gold and Lizard Head,
Or is the Galloping Goose quite dead?

TELLURIDE

Name derived from strikes of gold tellurous ore found in such famous mines as Smuggler, Liberty Bell, etc. . . . Scene of early day cultural activities but also of typical frontier celebrations ranging from temperance parades to bizarre funeral processions which would include bands followed by "the girls" stepping gingerly with rhinestone heels through muddy streets . . . Stamping grounds of Otto Mears, the little giant of western transportation, active in Rio Grande Southern railroad whose mind gave birth to the rail trail of the Galloping Goose, a motor truck on rails, carrying seven passengers and freight and was light in weight and overhead . . . A ride on The Goose was one of the roughest, wherein passengers often jumped in fear or were badgered into repairing the rails or the Goose itself . . . David Lavender says the economy of the country is changing from mining to agriculture and "the orphan Goose may be roused again. If so, it may need a new engine."



Commodore Mine above Creede

DIRECTIONS TO CREEDE

US 85-87 south from Denver to Colorado Springs, State 115 to Canon City, US 50 to Salida, US 285 to Saguache, cut across on State 112 to Del Norte, west to South Fork, State 149 to Wagon Wheel Gap and Creede. Approximately 290 m. from Denver.

CREEDE

*It's day all day in the daytime
And there is no night in Creede.
Cy Warman*

The Mormon Saints went up the Utah trail,
But sinners found their way to noisy Creede.
The dancing girls . . . the ones beyond the pale . . .
The gamblers and all those whose God was Greed . . .

The salters of the mines . . . the liar and cheat . . .
The one who came to beat a noose elsewhere . . .
And all who sought through triumph and defeat . . .
Despisers of the code that men call fair.

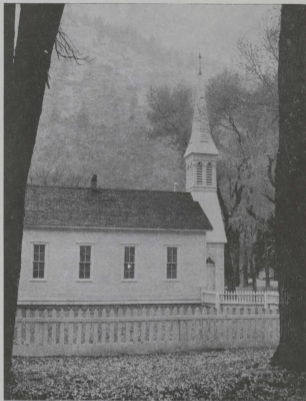
We tagged them worthless by all standards known,
But they were primers in this western land
And many a man found Wisdom born full grown
From dealings at a crooked gambler's hand.

And many a man sought solace on strange breast,
Remembering or trying to forget
The love back home . . . the pressure of the west.
A few found peace and some reaped raw regret.

The Mormon Saints went up the Utah way
But sinners stayed where it was "day all day."

CREEDE

Named for the discouraged prospector, Nicholas Creede, who stumbled on "color" when he stopped to eat lunch and found the Holy Moses Mine . . . Became the mecca for rowdies and outcasts and the overflow of scum from other camps . . . Famous for such figures as Bob Ford, alleged slayer of Jesse James; Soapy Smith, colorful pitchman; Calamity Jane and others . . . Boisterous night life and the street lights that burned 24 hours a day were inspiration for Cy Warman's famous Creede song, "It's day all day in the daytime and there is no night in Creede." . . . Decline of the district came with disastrous fire and silver demonization.



*Presbyterian church, Lake City
First church established on the Western Slope*

DIRECTIONS TO LAKE CITY

US 85-87 south from Denver to Colorado Springs, State 115 to Canon City, US 50 to Salida, US 285 to Saguache, cut across on State 112 to Del Norte, west to South Fork, State 149 to Wagon Wheel Gap and Creede to Lake City, approximately 350 m. from Denver. May return via Sapinero to Gunnison.

LAKE CITY CHURCH

Here is a white church
With a child-like simplicity
And ghosts that haunt this place
Are those of little children,
Sacrificed to build this west.

This was a man's country.
You seldom think of children
Except in cemeteries
Where the stones
Tell how the epidemic
Took its toll.

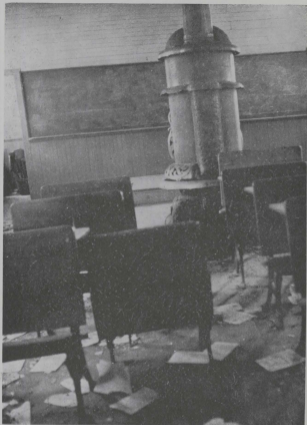
Here in the clean swept aisle
I see little girls
In starched white dresses
Walk to light an inner fire.

Outside, I think of small boys
Reluctant to go in,
Who turn bright leaves in grubby hands
To wonder, "What is gold?"

In child-like churches, such as these,
The words, "Except ye become . . ."
Keep crowding back
And I shed sophistication
In the snow-washed wind
And watch the fall turn cottonwoods
To altar fires.

LAKE CITY

Seat of Hinsdale County . . . One of the first mining towns on the Western Slope . . . Court house was the scene of the famous trial of Alfred Packer. Packer was accused of cannibalism by which act he depleted the Democratic population of Hinsdale County . . . A monument to his victims is located 5 miles from town, near site of tragedy.



Abandoned School House, St. Elmo

DIRECTIONS TO ST. ELMO

US 85-87 south to Colorado Springs, US 24 through Manitou Springs to junction just south of Buena Vista, turn south (left) to Nathrop, turn right on State 162 to St. Elmo (approximately 190 m. from Denver).

SCHOOL HOUSE, ABANDONED

The camera registers the ruin of today
With textbooks, torn and scattered . . .
Rusted stove with ashes in the pan
And wood bin emptied long ago and not refilled.
And shelf without the dipper
Or the pail.

The old platform is smaller now
Than when we all were Patrick Henry
On a Friday afternoon.

I walk instinctively to find a certain desk.
With eyes half-closed,
I run my hungry fingers on the dusty top
To find a carved and lettered heart,
Cut by a Christmas knife
To last, "so long as grasses grow and rivers run—"

There is a rat-gnawed rope . . .
I wonder what would happen
And what ghosts would wake,
If I should ring the bell?

ST. ELMO

Crossroads of the mining camps, where railroad and toll roads met on way to Gunnison and Aspen districts . . . Streets teemed with freighters' wagons, oxen and prospectors on foot . . . For years a horse-drawn toboggan carried the mail to Tincup . . . Center of night life for miners, freighters and railroad laborers . . . No church for a time . . . Church held in stores and cabins and later in the schoolhouse.



Ruin at Romley

DIRECTIONS TO ROMLEY

US 85-87 south to Colorado Springs, US 24 through Manitou Springs to junction just south of Buena Vista, turn south (left) to Nathrop, just past Nathrop turn right on State 162, take turn off to St. Elmo. Shortly before reaching St. Elmo road forks—right to St. Elmo, left hand road to Romley and Hancock—approximately 4 miles from turn off, about 195 m. from Denver.

RUIN AT ROMLEY

The sunlight is quiet now,
Lacing itself with shadow
And stretching its warm shape
Upon the ground.

There on the bank
An old house
Lies sprawled by fire and storm
And rocks have rolled
To stone her
Like a fallen woman
Once betrayed and past the needing.

Here and there an assay furnace
Stands, outwitting time,
While crucibles,
Cracked and begrimed,
Stare with empty sockets
Into sun.

There, in a cleft of rock,
The frost and rime and columbine
Have split
With no less certainty than atom power.

Where once, the fury of the strike
Out-roared the wind,
The scene is quiet
And tall pines hush
The grieving of the stream.

ROMLEY

Town grew as result of Mary Murphy mine, named for nurse who cared for nameless Irish prospector credited with discovery of the lode . . . The names of John Royal and Dr. A. E. Wright also share honors in the discovery and development of the mine . . . Town originally called "Murphy's Switch." . . . Ore was carried in spectacular trams . . . Large mill served mine area at one time.



Old stairway at Hancock

DIRECTIONS TO HANCOCK

US 85-87 south to Colorado Springs, US 24 through Manitou Springs west to junction just south of Buena Vista, turn south (left) to Nathrop, just past Nathrop turn right on State 162, take turn off toward St. Elmo. Shortly before St. Elmo road forks—right goes to St. Elmo, left to Romley and Hancock which is the end of the road—approximately 1 m. from Romley, about 196 m. from Denver.

STAIR TO NOWHERE

Don't climb, climb,
Climb up the stair.
There never was, never was
Anything there.

You shouldn't go back to a town that you knew.
You shouldn't remember, you're one of the few
Who tasted her brew.

Don't climb, climb,
Climb up the stair.
There never was, never was
Anything there.

I built the old house when the town grew and grew.
I built it for us and I tried to tell you
But you knew. Oh, you knew.

Don't climb, climb,
Climb up that stair.
There never was, never was
Anything there.

Now I can know as I look at the stair,
Like me it will never need go anywhere,
Past repair, past repair.

Don't climb, climb,
Climb up the stair.
There never was, never was
Anything there.

HANCOCK

End of the road and for a time of the railroad . . . Once had five stores, one hotel, two sawmills and plenty of saloons . . . Scene of activity during construction of the Alpine Tunnel, a railroad tunnel going under Altman Pass, lined with California redwood, destination Gunnison . . . Scene of disastrous snow slides . . . At one time, 110 men labored to dig snow between Hancock and the tunnel . . . At this time, Mrs. Stark at St. Elmo fed the shovelers for twelve days, staying up all night to bake bread.



Old house at Rosita

DIRECTIONS TO ROSITA

Denver to Colorado Springs by Highway 85-87 south. From Colorado Springs south, State Highway 115, take cut-off to Florence, Highway 67 to Wetmore, Highway 96 to Querida (Hardscrabble Canon), proceed two miles on dirt road to Rosita, approximately 140 m. from Denver.

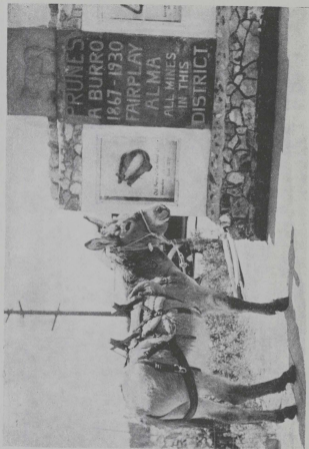
ROSITA

I couldn't tell you why . . . you'd think me daft,
 Explaining why I bought this sagging place,
 As useless as a long-abandoned shaft
 And scarred and lined as deeply as my face.
 I can't explain why I can't tear it down
 Nor make museum for the curious eye.
 I only know it's best the old ghost town
 Should slowly gray and with its day should die.
 The hall stairway is rotted, soon to fall,
 But there's no longer call to go up there,
 Remembering wild roses on her wall
 As pink as one she wore in her black hair.

I'd rather let it rot, be past and done,
 An old horse, loved, and pastured in the sun.

ROSITA

Rosita was named for the profusion of wild roses in the area although legend also links the name with romance . . . At one time it was the location servicing one of richest gold and silver mines in the state . . . It supported four churches, a newspaper, a brewery, and a cheese factory . . . The cheese factory was given up because the cows' carefree indulgence in wild garlic contaminated the milk . . . The cemetery is a few miles south of town, the usual graying picket fences, stereotyped sentiments carved on old stones . . . According to local stories, Commodore Stephen Decatur is buried there, but this is a confusing statement . . . The man who called himself Stephen Decatur and who led an exciting career as a journalist and promoter in a half-dozen or more mining camps, was actually named Stephen Decatur Bross (brother of the governor of Illinois) who deserted his family and came west to fame but not fortune . . . Like a southern colonel without military experience, he was a dry land commodore and in no way connected with the Decatur whose famous words, "My country right or wrong," became immortal.



Monument to Prunes, a burro, Fairplay

DIRECTIONS TO FAIRPLAY

US 85-87 south to Colorado Springs, west on US 24 through Manitou Springs, Ute Pass to Hartsel, turn right out of Hartsel on State 9 to Fairplay. Approximately 150 m. Alternate route, US 285 out of Denver to Morrison, via Jefferson to Fairplay, approximately 85 m.

OF BURROS AND OF MEN

We said he was an ornery critter,
 Until he died.
 Stubborn and hell-mean at times,
 We cursed him, beat him on his tough old hide
 With lash and iron bolt
 To speed him when he poked upon the trail,
 But hobbled him and turned him loose at night
 To graze for food.
 Then when the deep snow closed the trail
 We put him out upon the town
 To beg.

All this, until he died.
 Then we built a monument,
 The way folks do to make up
 For the things they didn't do, or say,
 Or remember.

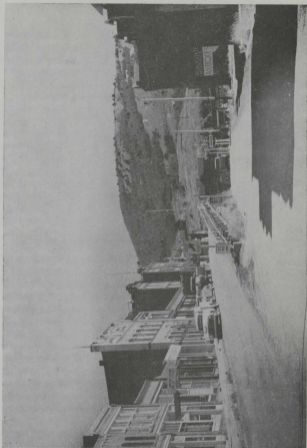
We built it out of granite,
 Like the rock that wore his hooves
 Down to the tender quick.
 We put a child's bright marbles in cement
 To catch the sun.

Here we remembered toil and sweat
 And a brute sort of dumb fidelity
 And our own asininity, at times.

Here we remembered,
 That whether we plod, or race blind . . .
 When the trail is closed
 We all stand,
 Beggars, before God.

FAIRPLAY

Prospectors for gold pushed beyond Tarryall, which they dubbed "Graball," and founded Fairplay . . . Developed into dredge operation . . . Site of monument to Prunes, a burro who worked all mines in the district for 62 years . . . His last owner requested that they share a grave . . . The burro was often called half-brother to the prospector who "regarded him warmly and cursed him roundly."



"Walk along Bennett"

DIRECTIONS TO CRIPPLE CREEK

Denver to Colorado Springs by Highway US 85-87 south, west on Highway 24 to Divide, left on State Highway 67, 14 m. Approximately 107 m. from Denver.

THE GHOSTS OF CRIPPLE CREEK

The ghosts of Cripple Creek walk quietly
And unobserved, save where our knowing eyes remember,
Save where we recognize the restless shadow forms.

Walk along Bennett with its tilting walks
And ghoul-eyed windows.
Feel the forms push you as they crowd forsaken streets
To walk their restless pace . . . a pace born of a fever
That cannot be quenched by death.

Loiter at Sixth and see if you can outline Womack
As he throws away his money to the crowd . . .
Ill-fated Bob, forgotten and as lonely
As the wind that cuts him through.

Watch the hawk soar upon the hill
Where white horse rides straight into fog.
Watch Stratton dream before the Palace fire
No longer puzzled by the weight of gold.

The ghosts walk quietly in Cripple Creek
And unobserved, except where knowing eyes
Remember and re-live.

CRIPPLE CREEK

Site of the most famous gold camp in the world . . . Gold was discovered in the El Paso lode in 1890 by "Crazy Bob" Womack, so called because of his penchant for digging holes in the barren ground . . . Stratton, who discovered the Washington and Independence mines July 4, 1891, was noted for his eccentric philanthropy . . . For example, he gave every laundress in Colorado Springs a bicycle to ride to work . . . However, at his death his fortune was bequeathed to a home for aged and orphaned in Colorado Springs . . . Many discoveries in Cripple Creek were crazy accidents; Jones, the druggist, threw his hat into the air, dug where it fell, and became a millionaire . . . Many Colorado Springs fortunes were acquired in Cripple Creek . . . Seat of famous labor troubles in 1894 and later . . . On April 25, 1896, a fire swept the district . . . It was started in an argument between Jennie LaRue, one of the girls, and her current lover . . . On April 26 the Denver *Republican* stated "JENNIE LARUE GOES INTO HISTORY ALONG WITH THE CHICAGO KICKER." . . . The district is still a producing area . . . uranium and more gold recently discovered.



Town Hall at Tincup

DIRECTIONS TO TINCUP

US 85-87 south to Colorado Springs, west on US 24 through Manitou Springs to junction south of Buena Vista, south to Salida on US 285, west on US 50 to Gunnison (over Monarch Pass), north on state 135 to Almont, on State 306 to Tincup via Taylor Park or west of Salida on US 50 to Parlin, right (north) Parlin to Pitkin and Ohio City over Cumberland Pass to Tincup. Approximately 257 m. from Denver.

Alternate route US 285 from Denver over Kenosha Pass to Fairplay, south to junction of US 50, over Monarch Pass to Parlin (if Cumberland Pass route is selected) or Gunnison (if Taylor Park route is preferred). Approximately 228 miles.

SYMBOL

At first,
 In a frontier country,
 You don't need law
 And you don't expect order.
 But there comes a day
 When things grow too civilized
 And too complex for the old Miner's Court Creed,
 "Give him a fair trial and then hang him . . ."
 And let you get back to the diggings.

So you have to build a town hall
 And make it a sort of boasting symbol
 By keeping it white and shining
 Long after the log houses rot and fall around it.
 You keep painting it
 White as a bandaged thumb . . .
 So that it looks unaware
 That Youth with hot red blood, prone to sin,
 Has gone away
 And left a few old timers,
 Quiet and life-chastened there.

You don't have much need for law
 Where Tincup sleeps in such orderly fashion,
 But keep the town hall white.
 It is a symbol.

TINCUP

Presumably Tincup received its name because of the miner who brought in ore to be assayed in a tin cup. Mortality rate of its peace officers was notably high. In 1880 rough element elected a marshal who was told his first arrest would be his last and that he was elected merely for appearance . . . Tincup's second marshal went insane and the third was killed . . . Cemetery south of town contains four separate knolls, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and "boot" divisions . . . Gold Cup Mine was one of the famous ones . . . Be sure to visit Blistered Horn Mine at the summit of Cumberland Pass.

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