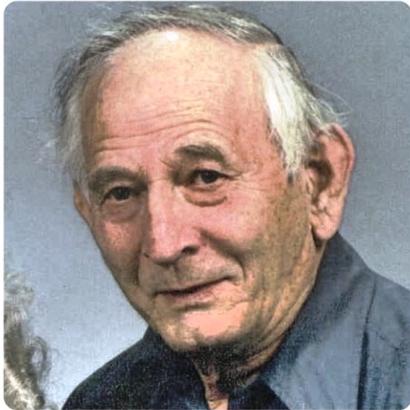


HAROLD WARREN ORAL HISTORY

Bob Hult interviewing Harold Warren at his home in Bailey, Colorado

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Harold if you could please tell me if you would when did you come to Colorado and why?

Do I need to tell where I was born? Starting way back then. That's only ninety years. But, I was born in Clay Center, Kansas, October 19, 1911.

You mentioned that your father was going to enlist in World War II?

No, not in 1911. In 1911 he was an electrician at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, when they still Geronimo's band of Indians, men, women and children, prisoners of war down there.

Do you remember any of that?

No, I was too little. Mom went up to Kansas in her folks' home. I was born in the same house, in the same room, in the same bed that she was born in. And it was after that as a baby I was taken down to Oklahoma. And my sister was the first in the family born. She was born at Junction City, Kansas, while Dad was still in the service down there at Fort Riley. He was in Battery C of the 25th Field Artillery after that unit had been brought back from the Philippines during the Spanish-American War. We're going the wrong direction, you realize that.

When did you get to Colorado then?

So then when World War I broke out Dad wanted to enlist, because of his family they didn't want to take him, he got a chance to replace a man as troubleshooter on the Oregon Shortline Railroad out of Pocatello, Idaho. And we moved out there and were there during World War I. After he was replaced by the returning man he came to Denver with the family and we lived down there for a number of months. It was about 1921 we had the big Arkansas flood down at Pueblo. And at that time Dad was working out at the stock yards. He was handling all those stinky old cowhides, salting them down and stuff. For about \$18 a week. And he dropped everything and went down during that flood—I guess he figured as an electrician and all he could do a little better. So he was down there for a while. And when he came back, we all moved back to Kansas.

What year was that?

That would have been still about 1921. So we spent the winter in Kansas with my mother's sister. They had a bakery at Miltonvale.

You were how old at that point?

At that point I would have been about ten years old.

So you have recollections of that period of time in your life.

Oh, yah. We used to run around back there make our own little bows and arrows, fastening nails in the end with wire, and using the lathe that they used to use to plaster up the inside walls in the homes, stuff like that.

Did you travel by car back to Kansas?

No, by train. This was a little early for automobiles.

Ok, so you had all your belongings packed in the train and went back to Kansas.

Of course working for the railroad, Dad would have gotten free passes for everything to do all of this. And then he was told that there was an opening up in Yellowstone National Park for a telephone lineman. And he was good at that, too—worked for a telephone company for a while back in Kansas. So he applied for that job. And he didn't hear anything. He finally decided in 1922 to come out here to Denver and check with them why none of these jobs had turned up. And they told him that the man up in Yellowstone Park was doing such a nice job that they would like to keep the man on the job up there, and if Dad didn't mind they would give him a job in the main post office in Denver. So he was an electrician down there until he retired, I think it was in the late 1950's.

So this was in 1922?

Yah, 1922. That's when we came back. Do you want to know anything about schools?

Sure.

I was in the fifth grade at the Ebert school on 20th, in Denver, before they built a later one. One of the houses we lived in very close to work down there was in a poor part of town, the yard was not fenced, the house was up by the street, the toilet was out back by the alley, there was no bath or anything. It was rather interesting, that toilet. There was no heat in there, it was open to anybody who came around, really. But when you went in there you put the seat down on the toilet, that raised a rod that went down about four feet in the ground and opened up the valve on the water. So as long as you were sitting on the toilet the water ran. When you got up the spring raised the toilet seat and shut everything off. Now that was modern.

So it was connected to the sewer system?

Yah.

Interesting. But it was outside, like a privy.

Yah, clear out by the alley. And that was it. We had running water in the house, but that toilet was clear out on the alley like that, and as I say, no fence, nothing around, it was wide open. And that's what happened; you put the seat down, the water began to run. When you got up, the seat raised and shut the valve off down below freezing line in the ground.

It must have been cold in winter.

That part of it I don't remember too much about. I just was always interested in how things worked. And so that is probably one of the few things...

Did your neighbors have one like that, too?

I don't even remember that.

But you were about ten years old. So, how long were you at that home in Denver?

We moved to another nice home a couple of blocks from there. This was on a corner lot. Lovely frame home with picket fence around it and all, and here came the school people. They wanted a new schoolhouse instead of the one that had no playground to speak of or anything—old-fashioned. They wanted an improved one. They picked up that city lot that our house was on to build a new school. So the folks bought a place at Fourth and Inca over in West Denver. That's just a block off of Santa Fe Drive. And that's where I completed my education, in the Elmwood School. I went clear through the eighth grade. And then they wanted a printer's devil in the printing office there at 670 Santa Fe Drive.

A printer's devil?

That's what they called the apprentice. He ran the errands and all that sort of thing and also learned the trade. It took about five years. Dad talked with the principal, about, it was expensive going high school. In fact, my sister got out of grade school before I did; she went one day over to the high school, found out how much the books were going to cost. That was the end of her education in high school. We just couldn't afford it as poor as we were. Also, at that time, East High School was down there just a couple of blocks from the main post office and they hadn't built the new school out there by City Park. I still remember playing on those school grounds. And that was about the time they also extended Broadway on out. It ended right there by the school, by about 20th.

So much has changed, I don't even go into town anymore. And everyone had their own ash pit on the back by the alley, where you could dump the ashes from your fires. Most everybody used coal for heating, and of course you had to have a little kindling. This was part of the children's job, was taking out the ashes, bringing in the coal and the firewood for the next day. It just went on—odd little things like that. It was a part of growing up. You wouldn't have had time or had any inclination to even look at a TV set back then. But I doubt now if you could find half a dozen of those old ash pits.

Everyone on the alley had one, and of course it was nothing anyone ever wanted to photograph. So you just know that they were there and that's about all. And we had the men with the horses and wagons go up and down the alley. And for a nominal sum they would take those ashes out and haul them away. And at that time we had the hog farms out in northeast Denver on up towards Greeley, up in that direction. And they would come around and gather up your garbage to feed to the hogs. We also had the Jewish people principally, who came up and down the alleys, salvaging what they could in the way of bottles, old rags, newspapers, things like that. Back then you could get into most any picture show down on Curtis Street for a nickel. So there was no problem going down the alley and getting a few old vinegar or horseradish bottles, or whiskey bottles. Some of them would run from oh, a half-penny, on up to, if you could get a good jug or something, you might get five or ten cents out of it. The thing that we liked the most and very seldom got was some old seltzer bottles that had a porcelain cap on them and people drank the water out—I don't know what it was. But anyway you could get twenty cents for those at the drug stores.

So it was no problem getting the cost of a ticket to one of the shows where you got a double feature, and there was enough left for your penny candy and everything. We really lived high back then. In fact, I was more familiar with the alleys than I was the streets, because you went up and down the alleys where all these valuables were that you could sell.

Did they deliver things like ice and milk? Where did ice come from?

Well, we can go into earlier and later days when Maddox Ice Company up here at Shawnee had two lakes in front of the school houses up there. One of the lakes was just a hay field up there now where the athletic field is for the high school. That was Maddox Ice Company, went in there and bought enough land to have his two lakes there, there used to be a house between the high school and the middle school. And that was, most of it, was the old office of the Maddox Ice Company. They would come up here, cut the ice in the winter, take it out on the railroad, and if you look on the old railroad maps, you'll find that the narrow gauge went right past the ice house of Maddox, down about Sixth and Alcott, down in there alongside the river.

In Denver.

So they would just haul it down there and put it in the ice houses. They used sawdust. That was kind of interesting, because up here in Jefferson County this little Windy Peaks outdoor education lab, they were showing me their ice house down there and they had put straw in there instead of sawdust. They didn't know the difference. But this is the sort of little odds and ends of things, people try to duplicate the past and somewhere along the way, for some reason, they fall, make a mistake, and you know right away what they've done.

Somebody told me that the Platte Canyon Community Church now was once used for ice storage. Do you know if that's true?

Not that I know of. No, there were two lakes over there. The Falings had them. And they were still there when we came here. And they also used them for fishing in the summer. And they did cut ice on them. And, I do have a tape, I'll show it to you some time, that Helen Tatum made. Her father was the first white child born in Bailey. With the coming of the railroad, he came out here mostly for his health. He only lasted about a year before he died, and his wife took over, had our first Bailey store. She was working for the Haliken-Howard Lumber Company. But, this is getting ahead of the time...

It's all very important, but let's go back to the time when you were a teenager in Denver. Your dad was working at the post office. You were talking about the neighborhood that you lived in. How long did you live at that home?

That was at Fourth and Inca. And we were there about four years. It was a corner location, which was bad. It was a brick house, but no foundation under it, a mansard roof on it, and we were told at the time it was built it was the only house between Broadway and the river. And at one time it was an old monks' house, a religious organization. But there was supposed to have been a well under the bathroom in the house there; we never did open it up to see if it was still there or not. And there was still one of the sheds out there with a cement foundation where they must have run the generator for electricity and things like this. It was all very modern and up to date.

Individual homes had a generator?

Well, probably because of the people living in the house.

So you lived there for about four years? What happened then?

Well, for one thing, we ran out of money. It was a corner location, and they came in and decided to put curbs and sidewalks on the street and concrete on the alley. And that broke Dad, so he put the place up for sale and sold it.

This was in the late 1920's?

Yah. Before the great depression, even.

So your father sold the property. Where did the family go?

We rented houses around there for a year or two. The last place was up at 950 Santa Fe Drive. We rented for \$25 a month a two-story brick dwelling. Three bedrooms upstairs, one down. Just one bathroom upstairs. Just to give you an idea of the price of things and all. And we saw a lot of the businesses go in and out of business over there. We had dime stores, we had one grocery store that sold out to a big grocery that was down by the loop in Denver.

Define the loop?

The loop was down there between about Fourteenth and Fifteenth, and about Arapaho and Lawrence in there. There was a whole block in there made up of a lot of little stores inside the big store, so that you could go in there, each one was specializing in his own thing. You could go in there and get butter made right in front of you there. My mother was German; you could go in there and buy Limburger cheese, things like that. Each little place had its specialty in that loop down there, and they called it the Loop because that's where most of your trolley cars turned around, they had one end of their line down there. They'd turn around from there and work out East, North, South or whatever direction.

It's an interesting term, because I'm from Chicago and there is a downtown loop, for the exact same reason. They still use that term today—the loop. Okay, so you had rented for several years. Did you stay in Colorado or did you leave then after a period of time?

That came later. Down at Fourth and Inca there, we had a swarm of bees settled on the Parkway across from the house. I didn't know anything about bees. People were tackling me about them; I got interested. I went over there and put them in a box with a little syrup; and I got them all in a box and took them home. Dad made me a little wood hive for them. Brought a box down from the post office, so I switched them over to that. Then going up and down the alleys, lo and behold there was a can of used paint. I went and painted the hive; that was the end of the bees. But I wanted more bees.

What happened to the bees?

They couldn't take the turpentine from painting it. So I saved up my money and I was bound and determined to get another hive of bees down there. And out at what is now Wadsworth and Jewell, there was a little place on the one corner called Midway. That's the southeast corner—on down the line there you've got that golf course in there and

stuff. On the southwest corner there was just an old pasture in through there and most of it drained right down into that corner by Jewell and Wadsworth there. It was swampy ground and not good for anything, and there was a little apiary there. The guy must have had about twenty-five hives of bees in there. Well, I went in there and contacted him, and he said I could have a hive if those bees for five dollars. So I went in there and picked out a hive and I brought it home. I took my bicycle and my kid brother's wagon and went out there and put that hive in there after I had closed the bees in, and hauled it all the way down to Fourth and Inca Street. I had my bees, like it or not. I can remember some of the first batches of honey I brought in the house, pretty near made my mother sick—she'd walk by that sink with the pan full of comb honey and take a bite. She just couldn't stay away from it. But we had bees.

So then what happened? You ended up going back—

I tried to, whenever we moved over in West Denver there, and we lived in possibly about four houses in just a year or two before we wound up there on Santa Fe at 950. And I think I was in my teens, and about that time I was up to about three and a half or four years in my apprenticeship. Up until then I had been using my bicycle to run errands. We also had a little weekly newspaper there, as well as job printing, and so every Friday it was my job to take all of the territory West of Santa Fe Drive and each house got one of those free newspapers.

You were what, fifteen, sixteen years at that point?

Yah. At one time I knew just about every house over there and I could just recall them to mind. But anyway, we also had a postman there, delivered mail, and I got to know him pretty well. His name was Ellsworth, and he lived out just north of Arvada on Wadsworth. He had two places out there, one about twenty acres, I don't remember what the other had on it. But anyway, he had bees. Oh, boy. And working for the post office, he had time off during those summers to go around as Jefferson County bee inspector. And I used to trail along with him, at one time I knew just about where every hive of bees could be found in that end of the county. We were looking for foul brood, there was nothing you could do except burn the hive and all.

You say "foul brood," what was that?

It was some kind of germ that would get into the brood and kill it right in the cells. And at that time there was no way to cure it, and it was in the honey and stuff, so you didn't even dare to kill the bees and let the others swipe the honey or anything, or it was just carried from one hive to the next. A lot of people just don't know now that at one time we had a bee inspector in Jefferson County during the summer months.

You did that for how long?

We were beginning to get into the depression years then. I quit the printing office after they started keeping me inside. I just developed a cough and stuff and it was just too much for me. It was about a forty-five hour a week deal, I made five dollars a week off of it. But we had a linotype machine in there, so every week after our weekly newspaper was out, we had to gather up all the old slugs from the newspaper, and stuff like that, and melt it up into ingots again that could be used in the linotype machine. So on Saturday mornings that was my job. To gather up all that old metal, melt it up and get ready for the next week.

My mother was a linotype operator in Chicago. And I remember her telling me about this monstrous machine that had a keyboard and it would produce type in lead. And that's what you were working with at that period. Probably about the same period that my mother was doing it.

But it was just too much for me staying inside, so I quit. And so I was out of work for some time there. Then up at Eleventh and Santa Fe the Deline Box Factory, they were making candy boxes and stuff. They decided to expand and they bought a machine for making corrugated cartons. And with my printing experience and everything, I could put those dies on the cylinders, I got a job in there doing that. It was during that time then, I was working up to where I was getting fifteen dollars a week. I was really in the money.

Now this was during the depression. It was 1931, 1930? It was a difficult time in this country.

But I was also, even though I lacked a formal education beyond—this Elmwood School I was in, that was the last year they had the seventh and grades in there. They built West High School, the old West High School became Baker Junior High, and so the seventh and eighth grades went over there after that last year that I was in Elmwood.

Was your father continuing to work in the post office during this period?

Yah, all that time. The old street car number fifty down there ended at Fourth and Kalamath.

You had brothers and sisters at this time, too?

Yah, I had two brothers and a sister.

Were they older or younger than you?

The sister was older. And she was the one that was working down at the Deline Box Factory before I went to work down there. But I don't know—you don't know where to start or stop or back up—but there were just such days... The reason I mention these

schools is because I still like to learn. Always I've wanted to learn, even it was on my own, in fact, I preferred it on my own. I got in an argument one time—I took a night course at college out there, they were holding night classes. And I took one in biology out there and they gave us a frog to dissect. And my idea of science says you put down every little thing you observe, and that is what you do, period. And so the first thing we each got one of those frogs in formaldehyde, and we started on the head. The teacher called me up there because of what I had done with my head. I never put any teeth in my frog, and she says, "You did not put any teeth in your frog." And I says, "My frog does not have any teeth." "Frogs have teeth, put teeth in your frog." "No. I do not have to take this course." And I dropped out and that was the end of my biology class. I did run into her later on in downtown Denver, and she said, "I sure wish I could be independent like that."

That was a real advantage taking education because that's what you wanted to be doing as opposed to being required.

Yah, but that was in later years that that happened to me. I always wanted out, outdoors, I liked to grow vegetables and anything like that and play with the bees, agriculture, that was for me. And I think that is why the folks decided to move from Santa Fe Drive.

They had about four houses they had built between Colfax and Fourteenth. At that time Fourteenth Avenue only ran out to DePew and we had to cross the fields on foot to get out to our place. Fourteenth did not run on through beyond DePew. This was alphabetical so four blocks west of Sheridan there was no Fourteenth Avenue. So we got the use of the lots that were later Fourteenth Avenue. We had cherry trees on the place; I got to have my bees. I got to do the lawn, had the hedge there to take care of, and put in peonies, flowers that my mother loved so dearly. So I was pretty happy there. But I was still interested in other things, too. Now even when we were back at Fourth and Inca there and Dad told me I could salvage one of these little battery dry cells that were showing up out in the alley—in fact the first time I ever saw anything electric, I went and visited a cousin in Topeka, Kansas, and we had an outside privy, and we went out there after dark; he had one of those dry cells and just a bulb—not a flashlight—just a bulb. He put the two together. That's the first time I ever saw an electric light.

How old were you at that time?

At that time I would have been about six.

Actually there were places here in Colorado that had public lighting before the turn of the century. It's hard to imagine but they actually had outdoor lighting.

But it is interesting, too, all those old light bulbs came out and were finished off at a point. I've still got some of them up here. They had their own light plant up here at Santa Maria.

They had their own generator plant there?

Yah. It's still there as far as I know. The control board panels been all smashed and stuff. But I've got pictures of it and things, and the little rotary deal that turned the shaft for the generator and everything. I don't know what's there anymore. In fact, I don't know what's around any of this anymore. But anyway, I've still got an insulator from up there; one of those bulbs and—in fact I've got a couple of bulbs—I've got one Christmas tree light bulb comes out to a point. I've got a little car light bulb comes out to a point. I've got a, taken out of a 1922 navy radio transmitter receiver, I've got one of the radio bulbs out there, comes out to a point.

That's the way they were made in those days, I guess. So we're talking about now, it's in the early 1930's. Did you move back east then?

No we stayed out here. I got interested in ham radio. I took a little electric course, a night deal over at West High while we were still down on Santa Fe. While I was down there—Foy was the teacher—and that one end of the hall of the old Emily Griffith Opportunity School, you probably couldn't even find the place any more. But at the end of the hall there, he had it partitioned off there, and he had a little generator in there, and he taught Morse Code, both radio and telegraph. And the telegraph, of course, has your sounder, it doesn't have to carry the beeps. So you had to become used to the clicks because you had the little armature there that went up and down, and the time that it was held down, that gave you the dot or the dash, and of course, that had to use direct current. See, nobody knows that anymore, about magnetos and stuff like that, or the buzzer effect you get if you put AC on it. But anyway, I remember one time he decided he wanted me—there were just the two of us in the room—he wanted to send to me, and he wanted me to write the message out on the blackboard. And I wrote a beautiful hand there. And he started in sending, about twenty words a minute. I filled that whole board with that message and for months he would not let anybody erase that board. He wanted to show what was done. And we went down together and got our ham licenses, he got W9ITE, I got W9ITG. And so when we were out at Fourteenth and Harlan, then I put up my transmitter, and went on the air out there. But it was all right as long as I built a transmitter and found out it worked. I just used a key, I didn't—well, voice was too darned expensive, or even too high-powered a transmitter. The tubes and everything cost money. So I just stayed out with the small stuff there, but I did pretty well on forty meters. But one day I heard this awful clicking in the receiver, and if I hadn't had my telegraph experience, I probably couldn't even have read it. And it was

a gal in North Denver, W9OBF. Well, back in those days you traded QSL cards showing what kind of transmitter-receiver you had, how the signal was coming in, all that sort of thing. I took that thing over there and found out it was a girl that I was transmitting with, only she was having trouble with her transmitter. And I found out afterwards she wanted to be an aviator like Amelia Earhart. And back then the women weren't getting very far trying to do anything like that. But she was in her last year of high school, she decided to take radio. The teacher taught the class, everybody else was boys, they took them all down at the same time to take the test for their ham licenses. They put her off in the corner so nobody could copy from her and she couldn't get any help from any of the kids. She got the best score of anyone in the room.

Did you actually meet her?

Yah. She was the second woman in the state to get a ham license, and she was the first one to go on the air.

Do you remember her name?

Just like it was yesterday. Lenore Lupteen. I've still got her old cards here, I've got her first license and everything. W9OBF, we called that OBF, Old Boy Friend. Anyway, I went over there and took my QSL card to her and she gave me hers. Her sister had been studying art, so on a little postcard she had drawn a picture of a girl working a telegraph key, and stuff, and—I don't know, yes, I have one of her cards downstairs yet—because later on the high school, too, got to where it had its own station, and so that was part of the records. I made her QSL card and one for her teacher, who lived out in northeast Denver, and so those are now on record at North High. But anyway, that's how I met her, and I was pretty near scared out because her father wasn't home. She was one of four daughters, all living at home, and the mother and I went in the house when there were those five women. I was ready to leave. But we exchanged cards and talked for a few minutes. But her sister was working for Western Union, and so she was able to finance a transmitter using tubes that I couldn't afford—paratens and push-pull for the final stage and all—but the darn thing wouldn't work. She'd had her teacher from school over there, the kids from the classes, and it was built according to specifications put out in a handbook by the American Radio Relay League. But it was a new tube, crystal control, and the further down you go on crystals, the thinner they get. You've got to grind these quartz crystals down to the frequency you want. And usually about 80 meters is as far as you would go. But, see, all of your bands that the hams could use, they start in at 160 meters, double down to 80 meters, down to 40, 20, 10, 5, two and a half, just like that. And so if you went down to 40 meters, which was the most popular band, and would get you out the furthest at night with the minimum power, it was getting pretty thin. So it was nice if you could use an 80 meter crystal to start off with, and use

one of the harmonics of it and double on down to whatever other bands you wanted. And they had just come out with a new pentode tube, a 47. And the instructions were haywire on it, the diagram. And nobody caught it, I guess, but me. I didn't have any trouble with it, so I offered to go straighten it out. I found out afterwards her mother was even dubious about letting me take the transmitter home, considering what they cost back in those days. But I took it home and fixed it up, went back, and first thing I knew, I kept going back and back. And I guess she got amused the time that I came over and she said let's go work the transmitter, and I said I didn't come over to see the transmitter. And so times were rough. She had taken secretarial work--steno, shorthand, typing, the whole works--at high school there, and she was running around Denver there doing these part-time jobs to get enough time in so that she could a regular job that would pay. She would go clear across town, maybe they would give her streetcar money, and she'd save that and walk. Things like that. Finally, towards the end there, she got a job as a routing aide down at Western Union. Her sister helped her get that. Because here were all these lines coming into this building in downtown Denver and they were using that then as a relay place. Every message that came in on one line had to be routed over another line and sent on its way.

These messages, how were they being transmitted, teletype?

Yah, teletype. So you had a regular typed out message, but it had to be delivered then from one receiver to a transmitter. And so they hired what they called routing aides on roller skates. And this was one of her permanent jobs that she was doing down there.

So they would receive a message in the office, they would print it out...

And give it to the routing aide to take over and have it sent out on another line.

So another person then would retype the message into another transmitter, and then it would go on to its next destination.

Yah, it's crazy. But, who knows that now. It's all different; everything is different.

So she actually wore roller skates?

Yah, and she went roller skating around doing that.

This was in downtown Denver?

Yah. One of the first things I noticed at that age in doing that, was that everything was costing me double. If we went to a picture show, it was twice as much for two people. That was way back when Wallace Beery starred in Pancho Villa, and he was in a bathtub there taking a bath, and they were washing his back and you could see the change in color of the skin there. He was very dirty in the picture there. And right in the

middle of that it was time for me to go down and pick her up and I never got to see the end of that show. It pretty near broke my heart.

So this was the mid 30's, then.

Yah. So then it would have been about '34 that she finally got on the list, passed the civil service exam for clerk-typist, and got a job back in Washington, D.C. working for the civil service commission. So away she went. And left me home there. By that time I was doing pretty well with the bees; I must have had thirty-forty hives of my own, and the honey extractor where you can uncap the cone and whip those frames around in there and centrifugal force will throw the honey out on the sides and stuff. But she was back there and I was here and she finally wrote and said, "Either you come back there or I'm quitting and coming home." Well you didn't do things like that back in those days-- quit a job. By that time my folks had their first car. Actually, I had a car before they did. I've still got a copy of my title to a 1917 Model T Ford downstairs, when I was sixteen years old. But I had a car. That was another thing. They got their electricity from generators, those first ones didn't have batteries in them. Although you could get the cells and get a spark to your high-tension—I've still got a couple of those little deals up here in the shed—

Spark coils?

Yah. No matter what we talk about, I've got something around here as a sample to grab a hold of.

Like those Ford boxes? Mine says Ford on the side of it. It's got three terminals, one on the end and two at the top. The ignition coils from my old Ford.

Yah. And your car ran off of the magneto. Your flywheel had all of those magnets around the flywheel, and then your terminal at the top, you could take that off. This was your key switch. You could switch from the battery to your coils, and then when you got it going you'd switch the key over the other way, and put it on the magneto, and that ran your coils.

You actually got a car first then?

This was in about 1927.

Oh, you had a car that early?

Yah. Dad, the folks, their first car was when the Model A came out; and they had their order in at McCarty-Shermans there at Eighth and Santa Fe for ages before they ever got it. For one thing, my mother says, "I will not have a closed car. When I want to get out, when I want to jump, I don't want anything in the road." She would not have a sedan, she wanted an open car, a touring car. Well they called those Phaetons when

they first came out. So that was the car—actually I've still got the mortgage papers on that downstairs, shows how much it cost, how much they paid for it—this is my problem. It's crazy. I have no idea why I've still got some of this stuff. Cause, I've never saved anything. And Lenore had gotten a job back east. So by that time, I'd gone through Model T's, I had a Model T coupe, and finally wound up with the touring car of the folks, at the time that she wanted me to go back east. So I spent all night working on the bearings and stuff on that and I took off in that.

To go back to Washington, D.C. What did a car cost in those days?

Oh, probably about six, seven hundred dollars. In 1937 we bought a brand new deluxe Plymouth coupe over in Salt Lake, seven hundred and fifty dollars, including the radio.

It had a radio in it. So you left here and went to Washington, D.C.

So back there, I was going to try to get on with the government printing office. But it was easier then—I was living in northeastern Washington, this is where she was staying, too, at a boarding house. So I stopped there, too, and it didn't look like I was going to get a job with the government right away, so I drove up to Baltimore. And went to work for a box factory up there down on the waterfront. So that was my first commuting; fifteen dollars a week again, but I could afford to commute.

So you got to see her on weekends, then?

Yah. And then I got tired of that. That was in the spring of 1935, and I kept doing that during the summer. I thought it might be nice to get a job down in Washington and not have to commute. And we decided to get married, and so we picked September 7, 1935, because that was her birthday. I couldn't work Christmas then, but I could get that far. And then I stuck and ad in the newspaper in Washington, D.C. and the next Monday I went to work for a plumbing and heating company in northwest Washington and didn't have to commute anymore. It was a kind of a heartbreaking time, too, I would have been twenty-three years old when I left home. Up until that time I'd never been away from home. I had some kind of a thing going with my mother, mentally. Because I could walk in the house without ever seeing her and I could sense how she was feeling and things like that. I don't know, I was used to it, but it was something a little different. And by that time Dad had put on an addition to the house. It was a bedroom and kitchen on the back end of it, and we also got a cellar dug underneath. And it had one of the outside sloping doors on it, just like we were back in Kansas, or somewhere. You can slide down my cellar door and fill your britches full of slivers. But anyway, some of it goes back to the long ago. I still think why don't these stupid guys have root cellars back there where they've got trailers, and they're subject to tornados, it'd be so simple. But they don't do that. Anyway that was partly what we had out there

at that time. But the reason I mentioned my mother, among other things, she'd been used to kindling to start fires, and when we had this new house out there, she bought a stove that burned coal, but it had a burner in the box there that piped into gas. So instead of a gas and electric, she had gas burners on one side, and then the regular coal and wood fire on the other side of the stove. And she was living pretty high that way. And then alongside the inside of the fire box, too, was a reservoir. Now see, this one here has a reservoir on the outside. But the other had a little cast iron reservoir inside which you piped over to a hot water boiler which set right over there in the corner by our kitchen sink. So whenever you ran the stove you automatically heated the water and that gave you hot water for your sink.

So that's what that's doing right now. It's just sitting there attached to the stove, so it's always heating water available.

Some of your later ones had the tank before we came in with our enclosed regular hot water heaters, they had a little gas coil and a flame down at the bottom, and that coil of water, they would heat that and that would run into your hot water tank. But these are the forerunners of what we've got now.

Now you were living in Washington, D.C., working at a plumbing company, and Lenore was still working for the government, and how long did that continue? You got married.

We got married.

Did you get a home or your own place?

No, in '36 it was difficult—I mentioned my mother first. I'm always getting sidetracked. What this thing we had, because she would get up, just an old German lady, had her routine. You always got up, the woman was the first one got up, started the fires and everything, and the man got to stay in bed. So I had my little bedroom there, my radio transmitter and everything. But the door was open and after she got the fires going and everything on this modern stove which was a gem then, relieved her of a lot of work; she could come over there, by that time I was awake, she could look through that crack between the door and the wall by the hinge there, she'd just come over there, look in there, and then come back to the kitchen, that's all I needed, I went ahead and got up. She'd never say a word, nothing. I just knew it was time to get up. But we had this communication. And I mention this because... and that's as far as it went. The only time I remember of ever kissing her was the day I left home.

Really. That's interesting. I don't know that people were openly affectionate a lot. I'm not sure why, but I don't think they were. Especially parents didn't seem to...

But to me even kisses were sacred. To me it wasn't anything like a handshake, anything like that. You didn't kiss anybody the minute that you met them, or the minute you were leaving or anything like that. I don't know how long I courted Lenore there, I'd run over there on Saturday nights, pick her up, we'd go to a picture show and stuff, and I came back, pulled up in front of her house one evening there after the picture show, and I said, "Next week I'm going to kiss you." I gave her a week to think it over. I wasn't going to push her or anything.

It's nothing at all like today, that's for sure.

No way. But these are the little personal things to show you then... Because in January she said it was the hardest thing she ever had to do was tell me my mother had died. Sashay, she was just one of those routine gals, you did your washing on Monday, you did your ironing and mending on Tuesday, everything was done in order all week long. So she did her usual wash on Monday. She loved to dance. And she and my sister used to go square dancing at one of the places down in Denver, the old-fashioned dances. And went out there after work, doing the wash and stuff. And back in those days we did have one of the old hand-operated washing machines there with the little wood fingers down there that rotated the stuff—we had that. And the little crank for wringing out the stuff. You had to boil your white clothes, had to keep everything separate, used bluing. It went on and on, all this stuff you just had to have. During the winter months you ran a line inside in the kitchen and hung your clothes out to dry on the line. Anyway, in January, I got word she'd died. They'd gone to the dance, she got pneumonia, by Friday she was gone.

She was here in Colorado at that time, in Denver.

So, I drove non-stop all the way back.

This is January what year, do you recall?

'36. So, see, I just got married in time.

How did you get word?

Telegraph. But they didn't know how to get hold of me at the plumbing company or anything, so they wired her, Lenore, at the civil service commission job.

You got married in Washington. Did any of your family come out?

Just her family, not mine. They had a brand new 1935 Ford with a V8 engine and stuff. Ah, another one of those things—they had a little car accident on the way back there.

And her mother hurt her shoulder. Well, she was supposed to be an invalid all her life, anyway, born with asthma and what they called a wry neck, a little bit crooked, and so she was more or less invalid and not doing much of anything she could get out of. It always surprised me, she couldn't do a lick of work around the house there, and with four girls she didn't need to. But brother, they were strong Catholics, anything going on at the church, anytime that car went anywhere, everything, she was right there. But she couldn't do any housework or anything. It was rather interesting. Anyway, we wanted to come back to Colorado, and Colorado is one of the very few states where people want to come back to from Washington. Most any other state, they're willing to stay back there, they don't necessarily want to transfer back home or anything. That was one of the funny little things, too. Lenore went back on a bus. And they got over in West Virginia there somewhere, and the bus pulled over, everybody got out except Lenore. The driver told them, "This is the highest spot in the whole country." They were up about three thousand feet. She wouldn't even get out of the bus. Laughing at them. But anyway, she got a chance—she couldn't transfer to Colorado, but they had an opening in the Treasury Department in Salt Lake, Utah.

So you had just come back and moved to Utah, because that's where Lenore had found a position. So you moved in and you mentioned that you tried to grow some bees again, because that had been a very strong interest with you for a long time, and you had some difficulty growing them in Utah.

Yah. Because of the smelters and everything. I found out I wasn't getting anywhere with it, so we decided I need to try something else. In the meantime, this was still during the depression years, the late '30's, and I did put in a couple of bathrooms over there, things like that because of my plumbing experience and all. But I wasn't really getting anywhere, so I cashed in this insurance policy for \$50 and used that for a couple of months of training in a business school over there. And they taught me a little bit of typing and some of the basics in shorthand. Well, you can imagine how much I really learned in that short a time. But anyway, it was enough, that in the middle of it all I went down and took a typing exam for a federal job. But it was a federal job for back east, not local. And so from that I was offered a job with Social Security in Baltimore. So, I took it.

And Lenore came with you back east?

She immediately got in touch with civil service in Washington and arranged a transfer to civil service back there in Washington. So I was still commuting back and forth. But it wasn't bad because I only commuted for a month on the swing shift. Now this would have been in 1940, when they decided to start in making payments on Social Security, monthly payments instead of the old lump sums. And so they had a swing shift up in

Baltimore there. And I worked up there on the swing shift for just a week. And they said, "We're opening up the offices down in Washington. And if any of you would like to be detailed down there for a week or two, why, you're welcome." I had nothing to lose, so I volunteered right away to go down there. And they never sent me back. And they put me in charge of all kinds of files and everything. But we weren't happy and then by that time, in '39, we had the first girl and we had her to take care of. Lenore finally quit work and we were living on my salary, working for Social Security.

What do you mean Social Security?

The old Social Security Board. So I got a chance to transfer here to Denver, to the regional office in downtown Denver.

What year was this?

That would have been 1940. We bought a new home in northwest Denver. I think it was about \$3,200 for a brand new—it was just a one-story frame, hardwood floors, two bedrooms, bath, attached garage, and that's what it cost us. We were staying temporarily at her sister's there, when word of Pearl Harbor came over. We hadn't even quite gotten the house yet, they were just finishing it up. So then we got moved in there at 5110 Bryant Street. And I tried to get a few hives of bees again there, but I got stung. And by that time apparently, I had developed...I couldn't tolerate it. My throat started to swell shut and stuff and I had to get rid of all of it. So that was the end of my bee career.

After all of these years, had you been stung before?

Oh yah. You can't get away from that sort of thing.

But you had an allergic reaction to bees all of a sudden.

Yah. And so I had to get rid of them all. And that was the end of that. We did buy the two lots next door and raised vegetables and flowers and stuff. And again my varied career there, while I was doing that and working in Denver in Social Security there, I rented five acres down below us there, that had asparagus and I had a little greenhouse there. I raised the tomato plants to put out in the lot there. Well it was one of those tomato years down there. I still had them blooming in the greenhouse there and setting them out every day and watching the frost take them. At the end of the season with that five acres, I had a whole half bushel of green tomatoes.

That was it?

That was it. So that was part of my career. But then the assistant at the Social Security there, she and her sister, had bought a 160-acre farm out next to Lowry Field, out in Aurora. And she knew how much I liked agriculture and everything. She talked me into

quitting and going out there. Which I did. So I left Social Security after, oh, around eight or nine years with them. And went out there, and I converted the old horse barn, put in...it had good floors upstairs, and I put in the bath and everything because of my plumbing experience. And a doctor from Fitzsimons put up the money, we got five bred Durock sows out there. And they were kind of mean and lardy and all. I got rid of them and went to the Yorkshires.

Was that breed here at that time?

They'd had them over in England a lot, they just didn't have them in this country. So we got started on that. Our home on Bryant Street, we sold it and bought a place on five acres out on Thirty-eighth beyond Kipling. But it was zoned agriculture II. I could have all the hogs I wanted out there, but I couldn't feed them garbage. Not that I cared one way or the other. I didn't care for garbage, anyway. But that was my first exposure to Building and Zoning. Part of that was during World War II. We had an attorney I knew pretty well. I went over one time to Building and Zoning, they had an office over on Thirty-second. All of that's built up, you can't believe it now. And asked for a permit to put up some more hog sheds. And they said, "You can't have any for hogs over there." I went down and called my lawyer, and he at one time had been working for them on Building and Zoning; he called me about an hour later and said, "Go back and get your building permit." I went over there, asked for the building permit to put up the hog sheds. They said, "Why didn't you say so? You don't need a permit." You just get to where you're ready to shoot everybody when you run into stuff like that. We even had one hog we imported, bred to gilt from Connecticut. Had her flown out here on an airplane, which was quite a problem back in those days. And by that time I had left the place out in Aurora and was back on the five-acre place which we had hung onto. But the house was rented out, so we had to stay with her folks in north Denver for a little while, running back and forth. Well the sow started having little ones; I had a kerosene burner in there for heat for them. The place caught on fire and I lost all but three of the little ones, even the old sow. And I was only a hundred and fifty feet—the lots were approximately a hundred and fifty feet across and about a quarter of a mile long, just long, narrow ones off of Thirty-eighth. And the guy next to me, the power line ran down the road alongside his place, he would not let Public Service come across that back end which he was not using with electric power to run lights or anything, so I lost those pigs there. But I kept going, and I got a registered boar called Field Marshall. We had him up here, brought him along when we moved up to Park County. And our daughter Nancy, in her 50's now, she was barely able to see over the top of that hog. We would show him down at the state fair along with the other hogs, and take him out down the aisle to exercise and feed him outdoors there. And here she was going along with one of those little chains like that hickory one hanging on the wall there, and she'd drive him

down there and bring him back. She couldn't see over the top of him. We took him down to the cattle barn, he weighed an even thousand pounds. Just a little feller. And a boar, you had to be careful when you rubbed him or anything, you didn't dare to stand between him and the fence because he would lean up against you and squish you. But that's how mean he was. And you could go ahead at the fair one time—these kids of mine, they would go ahead and deliver the pigs, and they could notch the ears, tie off the navel, the whole bit. They were in 4-H here and they would do all of that.

At this point how many children did you have?

Just the three—two girls and a boy.

One was born in Utah?

Yah, the oldest one.

The other two were born in Colorado?

In Denver.

So this was during World War II and you had your farm on the west side of Denver.

And got started with those hogs, ran into problems with the Building and Zoning and finally decided we should try to get out from down there. Park County here didn't have any Building and Zoning regulations at that time. We could do anything, we could build anything, whatever, up here. And we got this place, I think, for about \$3500.

Now what year was this?

'54.

1954. So you moved out and you found this property. What was on the property at the time you bought it?

Just a cabin, and there were two sheds up there. And a lot of sheds from down below, we just dismantled them and put them in up here again. Most of this stuff is falling apart anymore, you'd never know what it was. But at one time we had over a hundred head of hogs around here, big and little ones. But see, the sows usually had big litters. We had one that had sixteen at one time. So it was even important for us to count the teats on the sows, because the more teats, the bigger the litter. And we had to snip the little needle teeth on them, because they'd get to fighting for the teats there and start in cutting up the hog's belly.

How many acres did you have when you bought here?

There's fifteen acres in here.

So you bought this property, and you mentioned earlier that at the time Highway 285 came right past this place?

That was the old highway; it went around here and around this horseshoe. Like I say, I've got even a moving picture of a bus coming around here, done back in the '30's. It goes back a long time. But even then property was getting involved, they were beginning breaking it up into smaller units. So what happened, right after World War II, Hal Swensen bought all of the east half of Section 20 here that lay east of the highway. Well, we still call it 285 and you know what we're talking about. And the house was up here where the pens are now. And he was living in there, the house burned down, he went to collect the insurance on it and Mrs. Gill, who owned the property on the other side of the fill, on up clear to the forest there, she said the section line runs through the middle of the house there. That puts three acres of that upper horseshoe on her property. And see it wasn't covered because he only got the east half which was on this side of the road. But there was three acres in the upper end of the horseshoe that was in the west half. So he didn't own it. And so they went to court when they came to collecting the insurance. Stevens was his lawyer. While they were in court the people carrying the mortgage on this property down here foreclosed. I know; this is why it's so difficult sometimes to follow out. This is sometimes almost worse than trying to trace genealogy, to think that you can follow some of these land operations. But anyway, while Stevens had it, he went and sold this upper half, this fifteen acres, goes clear down around the bend, really, to people by the name of Wurtz, a couple. And this is where they got the name for the Horseshoe Subdivision. Swensen was going to make all of this into the Horseshoe Subdivision. But while it was in court, he lost all of the Horseshoe part of it and Stevens got the rest of it. But then when the insurance claim was settled, Gill got her part of the deal and Swensen got his part. And Swensen used his part to buy this land back from his lawyer, Stevens.

Who did you actually buy this land from yourself?

I bought it from Wurtz. They were the ones that had gone through all of this and got the property from Gill and the property from Stevens.

Had they been farming it or ranching it or had they been growing animals on here?

They were just getting started. The old Crow Creek came down through the middle here. They went and used a horse and scraper and ran a little line down on the far side there now, which washes away a little if we get any water out here. But when we came here there was more water. Now we have practically none. But we did go ahead and get a water right on it. And we had a little well out here, a shallow one, it's still setting out there. But there wasn't anything up by the pens there. We had to pump the water

out by hand down here, put it in 55-gallon drums and haul it up there to water the animals. At one time we had a hundred animals. We had a few milk cows. We were poor. We were living off of cream and T-bone steaks, and didn't have a nickel.

Did Bailey have a grocery store or a general store?

Yah. That's been there since the railroad came through.

The grocery store that's there now goes back that far?

Yah, well, it's in a couple of parts. One part of it--I've still got photographs—one part of it was an old log structure. They used to have a barn down there; that barn was moved up here on this place. And it's been torn out, but any old boards you see around here, either back in the back room or out here as part of the shed, is from that old barn. And I mean the boards were about his light.

They were probably rough-sawn from the sawmill from the local area. What else was in the town of Bailey besides a grocery store?

Not too much of anything. As I say, Falings still had the two lakes on the far side and the one house over there that they've got I think they've got in a little apartment that was a chicken house. And where the church is, that started out as a potato cellar. And that's what it was when the religious group took it over. And they've added all of that since then, but the basic item that was there at the beginning was a potato cellar.

So that's where the Platte Canyon Community Church is now?

Yah.

And the railroad came right down where 285 is now?

No indeed. Do we need to go into railroads? We'll do that another time.

Okay. In '54 the railroad was long gone. Is that correct?

Yes. It was abandoned in '37. In '38 they pulled up the tracks. The old road that we've got down there now, county road that goes around the back and bypasses where Glen Isle is now, that was the old road back around there. The railroad went up the canyon and not the stage road, because the canyon was too rough. It was much easier to go up the side, just like they bypassed Clear Creek Canyon in the beginning when they were going up to Idaho Springs. It was the railroad with the know-how, the equipment, the money and all, that built the railroad. Then after the railroad was abandoned, both of these were part of the old Colorado and Southern at the turn of the century, they consolidated most of these narrow-gauge lines and over there they ran the highway, 6, isn't it, runs up Clear Creek over there, over the old railroad grade. Over here, they had

the old railroad grade, went up past Glen Isle. They used to be off to the one side there, two different little waiting stations by the prairie road that said Glen Isle on them.

So you could off right there at Glen Isle?

Yah. The train did about ten, fifteen miles an hour, and wherever you wanted to get off up here, you just told the conductor, he'd signal the engineer, and they'd stop and let you off. Or they had these little wayside stops along the way, like Bailey down here and Glen Isle and right on up the line, clear up to Shawnee and Santa Maria. But most of those little wayside stops are gone. They were open, just had a roof over them. But there were two of them they'd pulled off the track here by Glen Isle. Both had Glen Isle signs on them. They pulled one into the Historical Society lot down here now, but the signs are gone. And never did find out who got them. George New said he had one in his woodpile, up here where Granny's Attic is now. But I went up and looked and I never did find it. So I don't know—people just latch onto anything like that.

Yah, that's a historical item for sure. When you moved here, was this road paved?

Yah, it was paved.

When you moved here this house wasn't as it is now.

No, there would have been a three-room cabin, not huge rooms, but the three-room cabin there. And then there's an old, just a one-room cabin type deal, up at the pens up there, and that's out of the hand-hewn logs, where they used a broad axe, done before they had the saws and stuff.

That probably goes back before the turn of the century.

Oh, yes. Albert Hooper is the one that homesteaded here. I think it's 1898, I'd have to look it up. I've got the old papers on it. Nobody gives them to you anymore. They just guarantee title to something, which really doesn't mean... abstract. I've got that. But it tells you from the beginning who did it.

When you bought this property did you have your three children with you at that time? So you and Lenore and your three children moved in here, in the cabin?

Well, at least on the first night. The boy slept in the bathtub. But with my plumbing experience, naturally, about the first thing I did was get a pump out here on the water.

Did you have electricity?

Oh, Yah. We were the last one on the line, REA line, for telephone and electricity, which brought our minimum costs up. No matter how little we burned, we always had to pay that extra cost. And that went on for quite a while. In 1960, they built the new road that

they've got now—Crow Hill Road—and bypassed us. Although we were worried for a while because when they were surveying around here, until they made their decisions, we had stakes right here in our back yard, and we'd have been long gone, if they'd had their way. But they even surveyed the Clifford Cutoff, to bypass Bailey completely with the road. These are some of those things that are probably going to be important because, even today, when they think of building any super 285 through here like they are thinking about, with just access on a few points along the way, a freeway, they still think of that back country instead of the canyon here.

We've heard that and we didn't understand where they were talking about, bypassing Bailey. Now it makes sense.

This is why I say you need some of this background. On this little deal here there's a two-story building here that was moved down there on Kipling at the top of Kendrick Hill. And they were trying to get a grant to restore it. And they wanted to prove that it was one of the old hotels at the mouth of Turkey Creek Canyon. And the three men came up here--two brothers--and they brought a third man from Nebraska. And apparently...I don't know what his exact connection with the area or anything, but he was very much interested in the history. And he had a binder about this thick with stuff, history about that area down there, around Bear Creek and the hill and everything. And he never did open up the book. He would just sit there, and I would tell him about their building the railroad into Morrison, and the hotel that was at the mouth of Turkey Creek, how it happened to be, and who did it, and go right down the line, and about every two minutes he would say, "It's beginning to make sense now." The how and the why, the background...he had everything in the binder there, but he couldn't tie it together. And so this is why I say, even what you're doing just from the time I've been up here, look at all these changes, from your mounted rangers, your posse, it goes on and on, all of these changes. And right after we came up here, they decided to build the Roberts Tunnel up there, above Grant, to bring the Blue River water from Dillon Reservoir down here. I worked on it a couple of years.

You worked on the tunnel?

This is my problem. I've done everything, I've been everywhere.

It's been remarkable how many things as you've actually gotten involved with.

I don't know whether I've mentioned before, but when Lenore used to go down to meetings some of them of the North High class of '33. One of the fellows down there one day said, you know, Lenore and Harold have lived the kind of life we would all have liked to have lived. Just because of all the varied things we did. We never learned one trade or vocation and stayed with it all our lives. It was this, that and the other thing.

You had the farm, you had the animals here, you had your family here, you were working on this house, and you worked at the Roberts Tunnel, too?

Yah.

What did you do at the Roberts Tunnel? Were you actually doing mining work?

No, I didn't like to mine. I wanted to be outdoors. It was unionized. But they had a carpenter there who was hard to get along with. And they were cutting timber all the time, depending on what kind of rock they were going through in the mine. So they always had some of this timber cut to size up there, various sizes, and it was his job to cut it up there, and so I helped him. I would take it off the conveyor belt, stack it up, help load the cars that were taking it into the tunnel, all that sort of thing.

So they were actually cutting the timber that lived up there. And they had a sawmill that would make into dimension.

They were buying it from the Eos Mills, mostly.

So they were buying milled material.

Yah, so it was cut into timbers, but still, they would lay it over there and they would have to pull it down on the conveyor, and roll it into the saw and cut it in...some of it was brought in, though. It was fir and some of it would hold up much better than the native pine here. A lot of it was green and heavy. But the two of us, we just got along like brothers and buddies up there. And we went into the tunnel a few times if they had a little timbering to do up around the heading or something like that.

So they used the timber for shoring up the tunnel itself.

Yah, wherever there was bad rock. If the rock was good, they could just go right on through. And then there were places where it was bad, they would even put in little stations there, I mean sidetrack, where you could get off on a sidetrack, a spur there, to let the cars going in and out pass you. And it was quite something to go riding in there. They were using diesel engines and it got to where that smoke was terrific in there. They had a blower fan at the mouth of the tunnel there, but then they would reverse it when they would blow, and they had it piped all the way up to the heading there, and they could suck it back out. But it got to they were so far away from the fan, that by the time they had half of it sucked out, they back at work up at the heading.

That was the only way people knew how to get it done at that time, today the occupational health and safety people would never permit something like that.

But see back when they started in order to keep the rights to the tunnel and to bring that water over here, they were coming in and working a short time during the summer there, they even had a shed for the donkeys to pull the ore cars out.

Donkeys in there? Because they used them historically in Colorado for many years. Did they work from both ends or just one end?

They started just on this end, then they decided they would work from the Dillon end, too, and then they also decided...they had it all surveyed from up on top so they thought they might as well start another heading so they sank a shaft over at Montezuma—a kink in the dog leg. And they worked both directions from there and then from Dillon and then from our side. And you know they never missed that much of hitting each other, but there wasn't a day I was up there that they didn't have surveyors going in there, over and over and over.

That's amazing they can do that, go up to that distance, I don't know how many miles that is, but to go that distance and have it hit just like that, being underground like that.

But of course, then when they holed through on all of those, they laid practically everybody off until they could clean all of that up and get it ready for concreting.

So they lined it then with concrete?

Yah, it's all lined with concrete. They had their own little pond and rock crushers and everything over there on the other side of Jefferson going up towards Jefferson Lake. They had a batch plant on the south side of the road up there and a trestle across to the workings and the headings, the tunnel and everything. And there again I was working with the carpenter on most of that stuff, all outside work. But, see I know all of this stuff. I've even got a book now that was written on some of the workers up there who was there. It's amazing how many of them are dead now, and just ornery guys like me left, but....

How much did you make when you were working there as a carpenter?

I don't even remember anymore.

But you had a lot to do. You were working there full-time, then you had the animals here. Did the kids help take care of the animals?

Oh, Yah. At 4-H. In fact, that was one of the first times I had too much trouble with the oldest girl. I would milk the cows and get that bus, run it up to Grant in the morning and pick up kids on the way through here. Well, I had done the milking, she was supposed to separate it and stuff, and I came down here unexpectedly one day, she was pouring it down the sink. I'd been wondering where the milk was going.

You were driving the school bus, too?

Yah. That was a couple of years I did that. I mean, I was doing just any old thing.

So you ran the school bus from here, you say it went out to Grant...

It went to Grant, and turned around, came back.

Where did you drop off the kids, then, what school did they attend?

Just this Idrahje, this was your consolidated school

Idrahaje? Was it a Christian camp at that time?

No it wasn't. That was the consolidated school. Kids were all going up there clear to high school. And that main building there is that consolidated school. They had a little auditorium in there and everything. Outside there are two little one-room buildings. I think they've got a breezeway between the two of them now. They were the two one-room schoolhouses at Long Meadow and at Grant. We're coming back again to all of these things that have happened just in our time. Because of the tunnel workers coming in with their families, they decided they needed a bigger school. The first thing they did was to pull those two one-room schoolhouses down there--the contractors for the tunnel did that--and set them in outside there. And it was after that that they finally decided to build a consolidated school up there at Shawnee. You can make people unhappy when you talk about some these things that happened, but what happened was Martha Fitzsimmons, Jess Fitzsimmons wife, decided—she was on the school board—and the only place that they could build another consolidated school was not over here, and not at the top of the hill with the school land...See you've always got to back up and put in the background. When the territory became a state, the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections in each township became the property of the state. They were called school lands. And so number sixteen is right over here at the top of the hill. And I don't whether you know anybody, you know the first place on the left as you're going up there, where...the guy is living, he's got stuff out in the yard there, looks like he...If you're driving back and forth on 285 you'd know the place.

What kind of stuff?

I mean old busses. He's sitting back...you know where Hog Heaven is back in there and stuff like that? Harper, Harper.

Oh, I know where you're talking about. An old barn, he's got all kinds of stuff back in there.

See, that's all school land.

Oh, that's the school land.

That's part of it. So, the northeast quarter of the section was taken up by George Parmelee, the oldest son of Parmelee, that Parmelee Gulch down there going into Indian Hills is named for.

It just keeps going, doesn't it?

That's why you wonder where to start and stop. Now John Parmelee, he was born back in the New England states—I've got his biography—he wasn't feeling too well. He spent a couple of years sailing up and down the Atlantic coast there. Then he got a job with an Indian trading company, came west as an Indian trader. He put up the first house at Des Moines, Iowa, as an Indian trading post. He married Hulda Smith, an Indian trader's daughter. But with the gold rush in 1860 he had to come out here with all his family. Well he didn't care for the placer mining and stuff; he opened up a sawmill, started in building roads and things like that.

Up here?

No, this was down around Denver and over towards Central City and around. In fact, he, as I understand, brought in the tail end of the Cherry Creek road in to Denver at Colfax and Broadway. But anyway, in 1863, I think it was, they had big floods down there in Denver, and it took out all the bridges and everything. These toll roads up in here—that's another confusing thing until you get a little background. Because there were no funds available from the government for building any roads, it was all private money that did anything. And in order to protect their rights to a road, they had to go to the state or territorial legislature for a charter to protect the road that they were building. And this is what is confusing back in the beginning, because when this territory, when they first had the gold strikes here, this part clear to the continental divide down through here, was western Kansas. You had to go back to Topeka if you wanted a charter.

Considered Kansas Territory.

But right away they wanted in 1860 to have their own territory and at the mouth of Mt. Vernon Canyon there. Where 40 goes into the mountains there, was the old town of Mt. Vernon. And that was their headquarters, so before that ever came into existence, they wanted to name the territory Jefferson Territory; they were going in there and getting charters to protect their toll roads up here. They would have to sometimes make a few changes in the name of the road, but generally speaking it was the same road they were talking about. But then in '61 we came up with Colorado Territory, so go back and get another charter. And so you've got all of these charters mixed up and this is what is kind of confusing. Who did what with what on the roads. And then not only that, and this is something that even the State Archives hadn't realized, I was doing some

research down there, and I says, “You know, all of these people were going down to the legislature and getting these charters and then all of a sudden, no more charters from the legislature.” Here’s what happened. Everybody that went down for a charter was incorporated, and corporations come under the Secretary of State. So they lifted the toll roads out of the legislature and put them in under the Secretary of State. So now you go over there if you want to know anything about corporations.

Well, you know, whenever there’s a transition from a territory to a state, I’m sure there’s all kinds of transitions that have to take place and records are disbursed.

But this is why I’m telling you if you have this background everything begins to make sense, and if you don’t have it, you’re lost. But back to section sixteen, then, that should have been all school land, the northeast quarter went to George Parmelee, then. He is the one that put in the Deer Valley stage stop. I’ve got a copy of his application for a post office there dated 1870. And that was our post office in the area till the railroad came through and immediately overnight that was the end of your stagecoach stops and such. Bailey moved the post office down into Bailey where it’s been ever since, but it was several years before they even bothered to tell the post office department it was moved.

The original 285 road, was that originally like a stagecoach road?

Yah. Stagecoach and freight.

And now it’s a state highway.

Roughly. There have been some changes in it. They added, like I say, the first road took off of this gulch down here and went up there and part of it was really steep. But it didn’t matter too much because practically everything was coming up here instead of going to town.

When you came here in 1954, did Bailey have a post office?

Oh, Yah. They’ve had one since ’79—’78. I don’t know, I’ve got it all downstairs. A record of it. But, yah, they had a post office that came up here with the railroad and Helen Tatum, her father and her grandfather, who died about a year after Allenson McGraw died, her grandfather was the father who fathered the first white child in Bailey. Her grandmother stayed down there in Bailey and ran the commissary and stuff for the Halliken-Howard Lumber Company. And this was the main reason they built the railroad up here, was to tap the timber resources. And Mrs. Enriken took up land on the upper end where the church and all that is, that meadow through there and Bailey took up the land down below where Farmers’ Union is. And they didn’t know it, but in between, and of course, they came in here in ’64 when there was no surveying done, anyway. This

was all still Indian land, reservation, which could bring us back to the Sand Creek Massacre if we ever get that far.

Of course, you're talking 1864 now.

Yah. And so what they did, when they finally got squared away on the two properties down there—Mrs. Entriaken by the way was Bailey's sister-in-law. Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Entriaken were sisters. And they were sisters of Father Dyer, you've probably heard of him. And Father Dyer's father died down here in Bailey. Father Dyer's son, the one that was killed that was judge over there on the Arkansas below Leadville, he was killed by unknown people when he was a judge over there and buried over there. In the meantime, Mr. Dyer, the old man, had died and was buried over here. So Father Dyer, he took up some land down by Castle Rock there, and he decided this wasn't a fit place for his relatives up here, so he bought a family plot in the cemetery at Castle Rock.

Is there a cemetery in Bailey?

There was. On the hill there. In fact, one of the places up there, when they were excavating for a foundation they just found bones. But they didn't say anything, they just covered them back up. But, yah, there were people down there and if you knew where to dig you'd probably still find some people on the hill. You know where they're doing all that log work down there...

The log house construction company?

Yah, up on top of that little point there where it comes down. That's the where the old Kiowa Lodge stood, that the railroad built. And the same time they built the Shawnee Lodge at Shawnee.

Now these were hotels?

Yah. To take care of the summer tourists.

So right above where that log was there was a tourist hotel. Is there any remnants of it now?

No, you won't find a thing up there. I've still got one of their old road signs up here, says 'Kiowa Lodge' on it.

And that was actually owned and operated by the railroad.

Yah, to start off with. It finally wound up--let's see, the Lattery's had it at the time we were moving up here. It burned down; well, both of them have burned down, but they still had a little house setting up on that point there, and they still had a little reservoir where they were pumping river water out of the river up there to have water and things like that. But that was all in our time, too.

When you finally came here in '54—in the early to mid-fifties—did you go into Denver very often or did you pretty much stay up here?

Oh, I had to go in, there was no feed up here. It was pretty near twice a week just to get hog feed.

Was 285 paved all the way to Denver at that point?

Yah, but some of the grades were a little steep and I had an old '37 Chevy truck at the time. And then a little later on I had a one-ton Ford that did pretty good, but there were some steep places along the way.

In wintertime, did you ever get snowed in here?

Frankly, I never did. I never figured I could afford a four-wheel drive, either, so I've never had a four-wheel drive.

But in the years you've been here you've never been snowed in.

If I wanted out, I wanted out. But you see, the old original road, or this one, went right out here, went right on up through on the sunny side of the hill there, and it always melted away. So where it goes out at the top of the hill there, in fact, we had to fence it off. People used to come driving right through our place here and out the top there instead of going around on that road. And then there's a crossing under the road up there for cattle to go under so they can go on up to the forest there.

Did you ever in summer get bad rainstorms that had potential of washing you out?

Never. It's run pretty near bankful a few times, but since they started all this building we don't seem to have any water any more.

You think it's gotten dryer over the years here?

Yah. It's sort of like about half way down Pine Gulch there toward the river, from Pine Junction there, old man Green—another one that's long gone—he says there was an Indian campground down there half way. Told me where to go and look. I went and sure enough there were the chips, flakes, the arrowheads, right alongside one of those subdivisions. They don't even know that it was ever there. But I said, "Look, there's no water there up there for them." He said, "There was before they cut the timber." But to get back to the little space between Entriken's property and Bailey's property, there's about a forty-acre strip comes down there across the river between the two properties, and so when they wanted to have the sawmill and everything and access to the railroad, the railroad didn't come through until '78. Well, it was the winter of '79 that they finally

went over Kenosha Pass. They stayed on this side at the old town of Webster before they went over the pass the following spring.

They were on their way to Como. Was that the terminus?

Como would have been the next end of track town for the coal mines that were there. Every little thing brings to mind something else. I'll finish down here first. So, in 1874, the Hallett Brothers, they were on the board and trustees and stuff, whatever, the people that were building the railroad. In fact, they even built some of the early railroad cars for the line and stuff. But it was all to tap the timber up here and so four years before the railroad came through they were up here buying 160-acre pieces of land. Just scattered around here on Crow Hill. On the other side Bishop came in and his 160 acres, he included the forty that came down and gave them access to the river. But you could buy these lands for \$1.25 an acre, you didn't have to homestead them.

You mean a private transfer?

Yah, you'd just go buy them.

They were 160-acre land grants?

Well, whatever you wanted it for. Down here where Lost Creek comes out from under the mountain for the last time, from there on down to Cheeseman Lake it's called Goose Creek. But they sank a shaft down there, apparently the mountain slipped down and covered up the creek there, and so here and there, instead of backing up and making a reservoir, it would go underground. In fact, we almost lost a ranger down there one time. He went down, followed the rocks down and it was so slippery when he turned around he pretty near didn't get out coming back. But he did find an opening, he came out. But anyway, where it comes out from the ground for the last time, they thought they could have a cheap dam there and a reservoir in upper Lost Park. And so they built a shaft house down on to the stream bed there and grouted around the rocks with concrete there and sealed it up, and put in a brass valve, the whole bit there. Shut off the valve, never stopped a drop of water. Spent over a hundred thousand dollars doing it.

Is it because the soil is so permeable the water just went right through the soil?

Yah. Well, this is Pike's Peak granite down there and the big boulders and you think well, you can just put cement all around them and have a cheap dam. A hundred thousand dollars and never stopped a drop.

When was this built?

That would have been started in the 1890's. And the Denver Water Board, see, acquired the reservoir in the Park there. Come on, what's the name of it?

Winter Park?

No, no. Over here.

In South Park?

The one down by the Salt Works.

Salt Works?

It'll come back to mind. Yah, they'd been working on it. But anyway they built a dam there and the Denver Water Board bought it. And the people threw in the location for this other reservoir down here in Lost Creek. And I was down talking to some of the state people one time; I had a map of the one down here that was proposed at the shaft house there and so I let them make a copy of it. It was the only one in existence. So these are some of those crazy little things. In a way I've been a little bit of help, too, as well as making people unhappy. But anyway, they never stopped a drop of water. But when they proposed that reservoir there, they took up three hundred and twenty acres from the public domain. There has never been a reservoir in there. The water board still has that land as private property. They blasted the road that used to go into it when they were trying to build the dam and everything, and I don't know how far they got with the forest service, but they wanted to reopen the road and the forest service wasn't about to let them do that. So as far as I know there's only a trail in there yet now. But anyway, it's approximately on the line between Park County and Jefferson County. In fact, one guy was killed down there and the Jefferson County coroner took care of the thing. Another guy was killed down there and Park County took care of him. And on the one grave alongside one of the cabins they had a big brass plate about so big, had the fella's name, date—he was a prospector down there, the whole bit. I took a picture of it, copied everything that was on there. Last time I was down there it was long gone. But this is what happens all the time. And then there was some bones scattered down there years ago. After they gave up on the project they still had those cabins in there and they had a caretaker down there. And on the south side where Goose Creek comes out from under the mountain there was a plank walkway back into there, and way back in there where it was cool all the time, there were meat hooks. And what they never could understand was how and why the caretaker kept raising head lettuce down there. He had all the mountain sheep meat that he wanted hanging on hooks back in there, and so when he took sick and died down below, they cremated him, but he wanted his ashes scattered up there. So all winter long you couldn't get in up there, they were on the buffet in the ranger station in the house down there at Buffalo Creek, and every time they came through there they would go way around that buffet with that urn of bones. And the following spring they went in by horseback and scattered the.....But I just mean

it goes on and you don't know where to start and where to quit on this stuff. It all happened.

Transcribed by Linda Bjorklund, September 24, 2005.