

The Life and Times of

Elizabeth Entriiken

and

Joseph Barnett



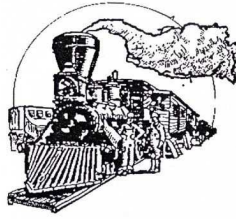
Cover

Elizabeth Entriiken's cabin is located in the McGraw Memorial Park, Bailey, Colorado. The cabin is an excellent example of an early pioneer log cabin.

This cabin is the cornerstone of Bailey's McGraw Memorial Park. It was named for Elizabeth Entriiken, who came to the Bailey area in 1864 with her sister and brother-in-law, William and Ann Bailey. It was built by William Bailey and Reverend John Dyer, who was Elizabeth's brother.

Elizabeth lived in the cabin from 1864 until shortly before her death in 1922. The Entriiken Cabin is the only remaining structure from the original town of Bailey. It was originally located at the mouth of Entriiken Gulch near the Forest Ranger Station on Main Street in Bailey. It was moved to its present location in 1973. It is maintained by the Park County Historical Society.

The Entriiken Cabin was placed on the Colorado Register of Historic Properties in 1992.



Park County Historical Society

MISSION

The Park County Historical Society is a non-profit organization promoting the history and prehistory of the County through preservation, awareness and education of the pioneering heritage of Park County. The organization is dedicated to preservation, collection and stewardship through cooperation, education and communication.

PURPOSE

To educate the public on Park County's history and heritage

To discover, mark, and preserve buildings and sites of historic significance

To collect, preserve, and display any items used by historic and prehistoric cultures prior to 1940.

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The life and times of

Elizabeth Entriken
and
Joseph Barnett

As reported by the

Denver Post

October 12, 1919

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Introduction

Elizabeth Entriiken travelled from Wisconsin to the Bailey area in 1864 with her sister and brother-in-law, Ann and William Bailey. William Bailey and Reverend John Dyer, Elizabeth's and Ann's brother, built the cabin and established Bailey's Ranch.

Elizabeth lived in the cabin from 1864 until shortly before her death in 1922. The Entriiken Cabin is the only remaining structure from the original town of Bailey. It was originally located at the mouth of Entriiken Gulch near the Forest Ranger Station on Main Street in Bailey, Colorado. It was moved to its present location the McGraw Memorial Park in 1973.

Elizabeth was well known for her generosity and hospitality. She knew and entertained famous prospectors, millionaires, writers, and builders. Howard and Augusta Tabor, John Evans, William Byers, Chief Colorow, and John Chivington were among those who experienced her hospitality. In addition, stagecoach passengers often stopped at the cabin for meals in the 1870s.

Joseph Barnett was the first school teacher of Platte Canon who taught the three R's to the children of the first settlers in a little school house that he built long before the coming of the railroad in the 1878. Joseph lived in a log cabin that remains today in its original location in Bailey.

Joseph and Elizabeth were the best of friends for nearly forty years and were the cornerstones of the Bailey community. They parted ways in 1919 but their friendship endured the separation until their passing.

The Life and Times of Elizabeth Entriken and Joseph Barnett

The following article was published by the *Denver Post* on October 12, 1919. It recounts a moving story of their friendship and the life and times of early pioneers who called Bailey their home.

The article has been reproduced as it was originally published. The punctuation, grammar, spelling, and heart warming and descriptive narrative style is exactly as it was published. A style seldom seen in today's newsprint.

Several historical photos have been added to provide additional context to the article and to assist the reader in visualizing the "Life and Times of Elizabeth Entriken and Joseph Barnett."

Denver Post

Delivered any place on earth for 15 cents a week

October 12, 1919

Bailey's Two Oldest Settlers Part After 38 Years Together

A friendship of 38 years was broken last week when the two oldest inhabitants of that "little old folks at home" village of Bailey, in Platte Canon, parted. When the diminutive narrow gauge train came winding Denver-bound down the valley, a white bearded, blue-eyed kindly old gentleman of 85 took the thin time wrinkled hand of a bevy and frail gentlewoman of 91 years.

"Goodby Joe" she said.

"Goodby Lizzie".

There were tears in his eyes as he turned to wave farewell to all the village folks and those of the neighboring mountains, a crowd that assembled in the gold of the sunny October afternoon to bid Godspeed to Joseph Barnett. They were all there, farm women sturdy and red-cheeked, the towheads clinging to their skirts; the young unshaved men with dusty "shaps" and flopping weather beaten hats, tired and grimy from the strenuous roundup of the cattle in the fastness of Geneva park, a summer pasturage for this section of the Pike National Forest; there were grey heads and white heads with the brown and black.

All Bailey was saying goodbye to Uncle Joe and Aunt Sarah, his wife.

And, just before the train whistled up at Glenisle and burst with a veil of grey smoke through the green tunnel of the forest, there was a rattle and roar and Raymond Knisley, who has a logging camp and mill thirteen miles away from the slope of Mount Evans, came piloting his truck down the Crow Hill Road

"So You're Off to Ol Missoo?"

"Well, so you're off to Ol Missoo?" called Knisley, as the brakes went on and the big truck fell to silence.

"Goshamighty". Uncle, bad piece up the road for a battleship like I got. Anything I can do for you and Aunt Sarah? Thought I wasn't going to get here in time.

The big fellows voice shook and there was a tenderness in his eyes as from his towering height as he looked down at the age-shrunken figure of Uncle. He has known Mr. and Mrs. Barnett since he was knee high to a grasshopper and all his life he would retain recollections of the deliciousness of fat, golden brown doughnuts, sugared cookies that melted in your mouth; fried chicken; tender, luscious; occurrences as regular as the march of the years. And as the train moved into sight of the sun reflecting river, he put his leather jacketed arms for a moment over the shoulders of Aunt Sarah whose eyes behind her spectacles were as bright as ordinarily.

There was a cheer and scores of waving hands fluttered in the sunshine. Standing on the last coach the little old



Sarah and Joseph Barnett

1917

Source: Park County Local History Archives,
image 315

"A clean heart is more to be prized than all the wealth in the world and you're only half a man if you haven't got a good conscience." Joe Barnett

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*Knisley Family. Circa 1920s. Raymond and Nellie Knisley.
Source: Park County Local History Archives. image 2205.*

Raymond had a logging camp and sawmill thirteen miles away from the slope of Mount Evans in the Shawnee area.

The Knisley family were early settlers who came to Bailey with their father in a covered wagon. They built a cabin, without nails, on Deer Creek. They were so proud of its one and only window. Raymond married a local girl, Nellie, and they lived on Platte River near Shawnee where he built their log house. Their daughter, Gertrude, married Wesley Jones, brother of Wiley Jones.

Raymond was a self made engineer and graded the road between Bailey & Shawnee in 1920s. He was also a blacksmith. Charles Fitzsimmons called him a "Diamond in the Rough". Source: Helen Purinton Jones.

gentleman waved his hand and the two quavering voices spoke:

"Goodbye Lizzie."

"Goodbye Joe."

Bailey isn't the same now.

The great hills are glorious in a giant checkerboard of gold and browns, greens, burnt orange and reds where the Ifrits of the Frost dispart. The Platte gurgles under the willows and the birches and boils and shouts over the rock walls that form the cascades just like it has done for centuries after centuries. The wind, with a hint of the bitter nights that are coming, blows fitfully from the West and plays in the branches of spruce and pine with a sweep that sounds like the surf beating on the sandy shore of the ocean. Over all, the warming sun throws its magic, causing the rabbit to lie content, as immobile as the granite rock above him, and filling the woods liquid notes of peace.

But, there is sadness. A tight closed log cabin down by the turn in the road has chimneys bare of the white wisps of wind tossed smoke. When the trains come in this morning, for the first time in two score years, there is lacking the slow stepping, genial little old man with his cheery greeting for everybody, his humor and home-spun philosophy. The gathering at mail time, in the general store missed him. The commented on how one personality could can impress itself upon one village and how that personality, once removed, uncovers unsuspected depths of liking and sentiment.

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Bailey. 1917. Left to right: Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Emerson Smith, Lance McGraw, Helen McGraw, Joe Barnett, others unknown. Bailey School and Kiowa Lodge in background. The Barnett cabin is out of view to the right. Source: Park County Local History Archives, image 3



Bailey. 1917. Joe Barnett raises the flag on the band stand in "downtown" Bailey. Joseph Emerson Smith orates with great eloquence from the band stand. Source: Park County Local History Archives, image 3

Mrs. Entriiken Loses Chums of 38 Years

In ones house there is a lonely sorrow. It is the 55 year old house of Mrs. Elizabeth L. Entriiken, the house of massive square-hewn logs, now stained by the elements almost a jet black, that sits by itself above the village on the slope of the gentle hill by Entriiken Gulch. It is Mrs. Entriiken, 91 years old, who has lost the Barnetts, in Joe and Sarah, daily companion for 38 years.

In the anemone time of early spring, is the tourist giddiness of columbined summer, in the yellow Aspen days of autumn, in the swirling shoes of grey winter, it has been the same: either Lizzy would journey down the one street of Bailey to the Barnetts, or they would come to her house. They have exchanged newspapers, magazines, and letters. As soon as one received news of interest, the first thought was to show or share it with the other.

Time was when Mrs. Entriiken stepped briskly forth in the stormiest of weather without a thought of discomfort. The windy blast, swooping down the canon, tearing about the shaw about her head, beating in her skirts, whirling the dust or snow in clouds, that had no terrors for her. Now, very feebly, for the ears have been closed to sound, and eyesight is dim, she feels her way to the postoffice and store, and, at increasing intervals to the Barnetts, her staff, a worn-down broom.

So Joe, six years younger, and Sarah, several years younger than Joe, have been coming to Mrs. Entriiken's. They have talked by means of slate and chalk. If you write in bold white letters on Mrs Entriiken's slate, she can read very

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Bailey. May 1912 at school picnic. Mrs. Entriken is in center. Left to right: Mrs. Morrow (standing), Ethel Fitzsimmons, Lois & Edna Hollinger, Mrs. Welsh, Edna McGraw (seated). Source: Park County Local History Archives, image 316



Five months after the school picnic, Elizabeth spends a week demonstrating how to use a spinning wheel at the A. T. Lewis Co. store in downtown Denver.

The Life and Times of Elizabeth Entriken and Joseph Barnett



Elizabeth Entriken Cabin in its original location at the mouth of Entriken Gulch. Source: Park County Local History Archives, image 419, LuVerne Murray, donor.



Elizabeth Entriken Cabin. 1930s or 1940s. A 1936 Chevrolet is shown with the cabin in its original location. Source: Park County Local History Archives, image 1558 - Special Collections, Tutt Library, Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado

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Entriken Cabin in its original location at the mouth of Entriken Gulch. Source: Park County Local History Archives, image 58. Park County Historical Society, donor.



Entriken Cabin at its current location in the McGraw Memorial Park, Bailey, Colorado, c. 1991. Source: Park County Local History Archives, image 69. Jane Gilsinger, donor.

well, and her mind still is active. She has a marvelous memory.

She relates the incident of the long journey by ox team across the prairies in 1864, when her brother-in-law, after whom Bailey is named, and his wife, her sister, they left Wisconsin to seek their fortune in the gold-filled Rocky Mountains. They came upon the Platte canon where the old stage road from Denver to Breckenridge and Leadville joins the North Fork of the Platte River. Pioneers will recall that for years he kept a hotel and post office in Bailey.

Mrs. Entriken knew all the old timers, for she witnessed the restless and picturesque stream of humanity, the nineteenth century argonauts, seeking the golden fleece, locked in the treasure chambers of the hills. Her brother, known to every mining camp as "the snowshoe itinerant", the Reverend John Dyer, whose portrait hangs in Colorado's capitol, for years made her home his headquarters.

Tabor, Evans, Byers, Chivington - but the list of famous prospectors, millionaires, writers, builders is too long. She knew and entertained them all at her hospitable board. She tells of constant migrations to the plains of the Utes who wintered in South Park. Old Chief Colorow she remembers well, especially one incident early in the 1860s, when she was alone in the house. Leaning the squaws, ponies and dogs by the river below, Colorow and about ten of his braves rode up to Mrs. Entriken's this afternoon in spring.

Chief Asked For Biscuits For Gang

"How", greeted the Chief when she came to the door.



The Dyer family started out in Virginia, then migrated to Ohio, then on to Illinois and to Wisconsin. John Dyer became the “Snowshoe Itinerant,” a Methodist preacher who delivered mail across Mosquito Pass on skis during treacherous winter months as he conducted his ministry in South Park. Source: Park County Local History Archives Newsletter, Issue V, January 2012, page 4, *Beginnings of Bailey* by Linda Bjorklund.

"Biscuit, Chief, braves heap hungry."

Frequent visits from the indians taught Mrs. Entrioken how to handle them, so she smiled hospitably at Colorow, who was an enormous man, and, opening the door, motioned them in. On this occasion, the Chief wore a "boiled shirt", that had either been stolen or given to him by a store keeper who despaired at ever selling such a size, for it was large even for Colorow. With much dignity, he led his way into the dining room. drew a chair to the table, and grunted again, "Biscuit". The other indians, since there were not enough chairs, stood.

Mrs. Entrioken mixed a large dish pan full of dough. She baked three large pans of crisp, puffy, generous biscuits and set plates full before her guests. Returning to the kitchen to pour them more coffee, she was startled by the hoarse command, "Biscuits". "Biscuit. Biscuit." from Colorow.

Entering with the coffee, she saw, with surprise, the seven or eight dozen biscuits had disappeared. "Hungry", said Colorow, dolefully rubbing his pudgy hand over the dome above his buckskin trousers.

"All right, I'll bake you more."

She baked six more pans. Scarcely had she served one baking than it disappeared.

"White squaw much good." smiled Colorow: "More biscuit."

But, there was a limit. When she was down to a third of the flour in the barrel, she took her courage in her hands and, facing Colorow, said, slowly:

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Chief Colorow
1810 - 1888

Colorow belonged to the White River Utes, a northern band noted for its resistance to the invading American culture. Since Colorow's people lived high in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, the remoteness of their territory contributed to their dislike of miners and other white settlers laying claim to the land. Source: Narrative and image from the Ute Indian Museum.

"No more. No more biscuit." Squaw has no much flour. Just enough for squaw."

Colorow turned a stern eye upon her and ejaculated"

"Huh, white squaw no tell truth."

"Come here." she said. With difficulty, he gained his moccassioned feet and followed her to the kitchen, where she showed him the nearly depleted barrel.

"Good squaw. All right", he acquiesced, and, giving the order, the Indians filed out of the house.

Colorow's Shirt Looked Like Balloon

Standing at her door, Mrs. Entriiken saw the braves mount their ponies. They gained the backs of their steeds with usual caution. Colorow, however, was having trouble. "He looked like a balloon." relates Mrs. Entriiken. "That great white shirt appeared to be filled with gas, it was so tight! Finally he managed to reach one fat leg over his patient pony's back. Then something happened. The shirt, where it had been tucked into his trousers, pulled up from the strain put upon it and out poured dozens of biscuits. He had stuffed them inside after he had eaten his fill, and the braves had followed his example. I could tell by the look on their faces.

"Well", she laughs, "I kept my face free from the indignation I felt, motioned him to stay on his horse, and gravely picked up all the biscuits that had rolled out and handed them to him. Then, I think, won his friendship. I cooked biscuit for his several times afterward but he never played the same trick and the Indians scrupulously

respected my chickens and cattle."

All her life Mrs. Entriiken has been noted for her generosity. She subscribed to magazines and periodicals, as well as the Denver papers, The Post being a favorite visitor since its earliest days, and many a miner's or rancher's had been brightened by the literature she has pressed upon a passing traveler. No one, no matter how disreputable appearing, ever knocked on her door in vain.

Once in the days before the railroad, when the Bailey Hotel, a rambling log structure, with a large corral or camp yard attached, had been closed, due to an illness on Mrs. Bailey, two young men came to Mrs. Entriiken's door and asked for meals and lodging.

"Our team is behind." they explain, "and we have not eaten since morning and we are hungry and tired. We are going over to the Saint Luis Valley."

"But this is not a lodging house." Mrs. Entriiken answered. "Couldn't the hotel give you beds?"

They replied they had exhausted every blandishment. The hotel doors down the road remained shut. They were rough bearded, roughly dress, and were only distinguishable from desperadoes by they pronounced English accent and a courtesy of manner not usual to those hustling, bustling days of hardship. She cooked supper and breakfast for them and the men with teams she gave them her best beds. In the morning they asked her for the bill.

Finds Out Later Who They Were.

"Oh, I couldn't think of charging you." she said. The hotels

closed because of Mrs. Bailey's illness and I can not take advantage of it. They pressed her, but she would not recede. The teams went on in the amethyst glow of the mountain sunrise, and Mrs. Entriiken never saw the two young men again. But, not long after a rancher from the Saint Luis Valley came to Bailey and told how the two Englishmen were titled, how one's succession to peerage had begun to make good on the ranch the had taken up with his "partner." And, for some years, Christmas time brought the lone occupant of the square log house in Bailey remembrances with foreign postmarks.

"So, young," she says whimsically, "I am more fortunate than most Americans, who think it is a great distinction to know a lord. I met two, and the positions were reversed. The lords were glad to know me, for they begged for their suppers.

In those days the most famous and best of men passed up and down this valley, and it was a wonderful privilege to meet them those big brains and great hearts filled with imagination, courage, visions, glorious dreams for the new country. And, too, the worst of men passed through Bailey, but never was a danger to the solitary ranch woman. No man was ever so rough but that he asked, instead of demanding, food or bed.

She was "the mistress of the ranch" Bayard Taylor mentioned in his volume "Colorado: A Summer Trip". published in New York in 1867. In July of the year before he had come down the Platte Canon from South Park, approaching what is now Bailey, he wrote:

"After passing Kenosha house, a lonely tavern ranch, the road lay mostly thru close; winding dells, leading us to one of the branches of the Platte..... We found but very few

flowers in South Park, but now the road is fringed with the loveliest larkspurs, columbines, wild roses of powerful and exquisite odor, billy flowers, lupines, sweet peas, and coreopsis. The trees were principally fir, pine and aspen. We passed two ranches with their beginnings of agriculture, during the afternoon, and camped before the sunset in a charming spot on the banks of the stream. Great towers of rock rose on either side, leaving us barely room for the beds and campfire, beside the roaring water. Up the valley we saw mountain forest and a distant snowy peak."

"We had not gone a mile down the valley next morning before we came to another camp, much more luxurious than our own. There was a powerful two-horse wagon, a tent, trunks and provision boxes. The party which had thus pre-empted one of the prettiest spots in the valley consisted of Mr. Ford, the artist of Chicago, with his wife, and Messrs. Gookins and Elkins, also Chicago artist. They had made the entire trip from Missouri in the wagon, and were on their way into the Parks for the summer.

Brings Basket of Eggs to Mrs. Ford

"While we were looking over the sketches, the hospitable mistress of a ranch a little farther down the stream made her appearance, with a basket of eggs for Mrs. Ford. She could have nothing more scarce and valuable - not even nuggets of gold."

It was the bursting forth of Leadville as a spectacular mining town that brought the building, forty years ago, of the railroad thru Platte canon and Mrs Entriken's ranch. Shortly after trains were in operation and saw mills had started up and an army of cutters was aboard Joseph Barnett came to Bailey from Chillicothe, Mo. where he had



James Farrington Gookins
1840-1904

James Farrington Gookins was born on December 30, 1840, in Terre Haute, Indiana, the largest settlement in the western part of the state.

Gookins was one of Chicago's best-known painters during much of the later nineteenth century, but he has been almost totally forgotten today. Credit: Illinois Historical Art Project and Author: William H. Gerdtz

gone on 1855 from Kentucky. Pete Horn and other friends had left Missouri and come to Colorado. They wrote back glowing accounts of the new country, of their success in cattle raising and farming. The Horns had taken up a ranch near Bailey, so the Platte canon came to the Barnetts.

Bailey had started to grow with the coming of the railroad, but the old hotel still stood and not far from it, to one side of the stage road, heavy in red and yellow dust from the churning of the broad wheels of the ore wagons and the settlers teams that still journeyed its winding up and down hill length, Joseph builded of stout pine logs his cabin home.

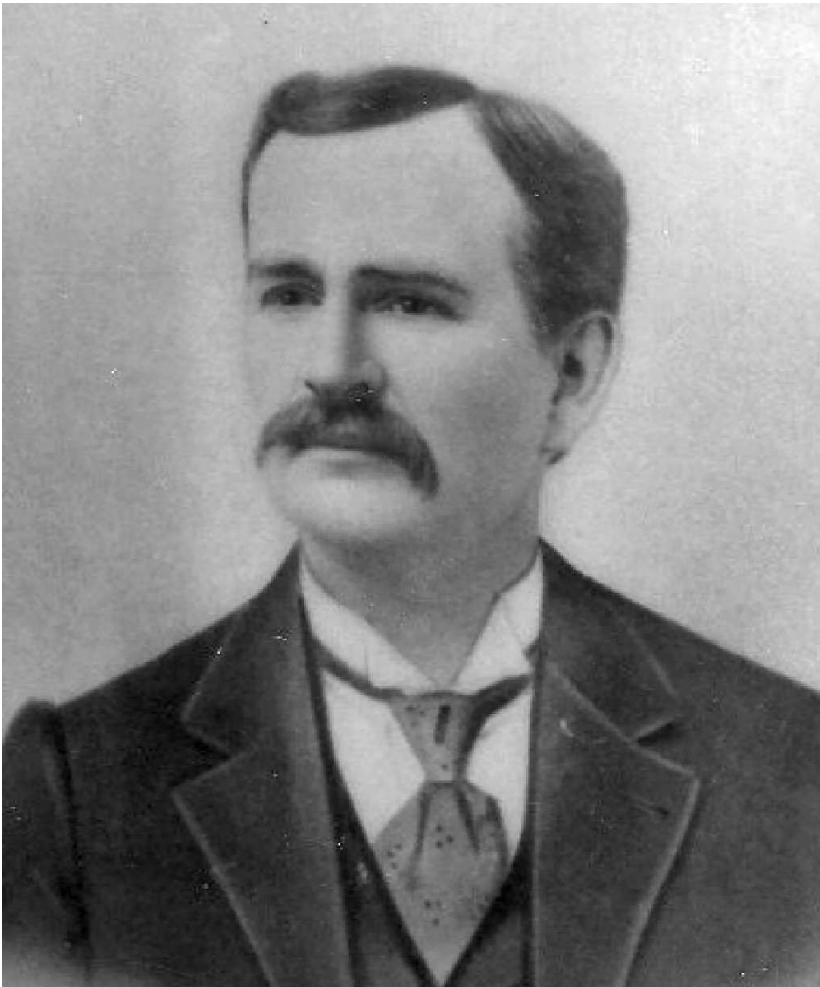
He had many friends, for their were many Missourians in the Colorado mountains in those early days of state building. And, he was always busy. The sturdy frame school house that stands in front of the imposing Kiowa Lodge of today - the successor of the original Bailey home that burned down in a gale one afternoon a generation ago - stands as a monument to Joseph's hammer and saw. For that matter, so do most of the cottages and buildings in Bailey. Like Mrs. Entriken, he was always serving someone else, looking out for some other person's welfare and unthinking of his own. When the children grew so numerous the schools house was built in response to the demand of the parents there was difficulty in procuring a teacher. They were at a premium - a prohibitive premium for the mountains. So Joseph made a momentous decision. He put by the idea and cast his lot with one of the rich mining towns where work was plentiful and wages high and where other men not half so capable were already laying the foundations for wealth, and stepped in and bought the school.



Bailey in the early 1900s. school, Kiowa Lodge, band stand, part of McGraw store. Source: Park County Local History Archives, image 324



Bailey in the early 1900s. Kiowa Lodge, band stand, saloon, Old Glory cottage, Cronkey cottage, C & S railroad station. Source: Park County Local History Archives, image 325



Peter Cordric Horn
1856 - 1922

The Horns arrived in Bailey area between 1876 and mid 1880's. Descendants in Bailey area were Robert Horn & family, Sarah (Horn) & Soloman Knisely, Cora (Horn) & John W. Campbell, Peter Horn & family and Simon Horn. Peter later moved to Rifle, Co. Source:: www.findagrave.com

As he said to those who remonstrated: "Well, it gets on my nerves to see all these little ones running around here without knowing their three R's, and then, besides, didn't I build the school? If it doesn't house a teacher that's a reflection on the builder, isn't it?"

There are scores of useful citizens, scattered over many states today who own an eternal debt to the quiet, pains taking teacher of those early eighties, for if he hadn't seen to it that the Bailey school house, built without reckoning on a teacher, was a success they, mostly the children of mill workers and pioneer ranchmen, would have gone without the tools equipping them for their battle against life.

Often Was Lawyer For "Under Dog."

In the rude courts of those days more than once he acted as attorney for the "under dog", usually clearing by native wit and shrewd insight thru common sense, into the equity of the problem - which was all right, for the court was nine times out of ten ignorant of the fine points of jurisprudence - the prisoner who was too poor to reward him.

The years sped quickly. His sons left the mountain canon to seek greater opportunities in the wide, welcoming world, Joe and Sarah, white-haired, contented, continued cheering, nursing, succoring the needy and ill. There is today many a mother's heart in these mountains fondly wishing happiness in her new home to Sarah in the recollection of how Mrs. Barnett helped her, when doctor's were far away and ungettable, thru their hours of travail.

For the last few years each July 23, the birthday of Uncle Joe has been an occasion at a birthday party of the entire village. Boxes of candy, ties, cigars, cans and jars of

smoking tobacco, packages of fruit, bags of nuts, socks, handkerchiefs, have been lavished upon him.

Last July a Baileyite who had traveled in Mexico and brought home a "charm flamenco" hat, such as haciendoes wear, and ornately carved leather leggings for riding and a walking stick, the handle of which is a boar's tusk, arrayed Uncle Joe in this costume on his birthday and took a photograph of him.

"I'll fetch this back to Missouri", he chuckled, "to show the boys. They'll think this is the Wild West still, and that this is the way the bad men dress."

For the last summer he knew his son Ephriam, who lives at Tipton, Mo., was coming out in the autumn for him and Sarah. "Eph" had written that he wanted his father and Mrs. Barnett with them. Undeniably, Uncle Joe had been growing more and more feeble. "In a comfortable home you will find here." wrote Ephriam, "love and respect from children, grandchildren and great grandchildren will surround you, anticipating all your desires. I want your declining days to be spent with your children."

He Has Been Mightily Well Satisfied

It was after his letter had come that he a Sarah had decide to go, that Uncle Joe sat in his familiar old rocker on the porch of his cabin facing west where the Kenosha range rears a purple rampart to guard Lost Park and its mysteries. He sighed, even as his eyes twinkled.

"I've been mighty satisfied here," he said. "I've seen that ambition isn't the only thing in life. I've watched for nigh half a century the race for wealth and power and fame and I've outlived all the strugglers. They've gone with nothing.

I'm the richer of them all, for I have life, health, a clear conscience, and the ability to enjoy every minute of the day and night."

"There was Jay Gould, Vanderbilt and Astor. Gould and Vanderbilt spent their lives getting and building railroads and worrying and fighting and fearing all the time things weren't coming out right. Now, I sit here in comfort in the sun and see the trains come and go. They are my servants and I don't have to worry or spend money to keep them in condition. I use them to ride on or to bring freight or carry my letters or express wherever I want."

"There was Huntington and Harriman, who died when he was young enough to be a son of mine. They all worried too much. They didn't eat well or sleep well, these rich men. They go to too many banquets, eat all kinds of stuff and drink too much. Why, of course, their stomachs go back on 'em! You've got to have brain and stomach working together, partners and friends, if you are going to keep healthy. Do you remember the vice president of the United States - under Arthur, I think he was - who went to a big festival of some kind in New York and, being out of speaking terms with his stomach, ate a lot of ice cream at the banquet and died? If Harriman had drunk the onion soup that Sairy fixes for me every night, he'd have slept like a baby and forgotten that he had such a thing as a stomach. Onion soup is a great supper to live on."

"And another thing about these millionaires: they build great palaces and set beautiful artificial parks around their palaces. Nothing is so fine as nature: you can't beat nature, thou all the rich of this world think they can and I know there ain't a one of 'em that's got anything approaching what I've got and what didn't cost me a cent, either. Look at these mountains all around us filled with deer and bear

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Bailey. May 30, 1931. Engine #9 west bound on east end of Bailey. Clinton T. Andrews was the engineer. Sacred Heart Chapel is in background. Source: Park County Local History Archives, Clinton T. Andrews, Image 2872.

Joseph Barnett's cabin is located just out of view to the left in this image. Could he be sitting on his porch when this photo was taken? Can you imagine the trains he must have seen come by his cabin during his time in Bailey. You can almost hear the whistle echo through the valley as Joe waves to the engineer.

"Now, I sit here in comfort in the sun and see the trains come and go. They are my servants and I don't have to worry or spend money to keep them in condition. I use them to ride on or to bring freight or carry my letters or express wherever I want." Joe Barnett

and grouse and squirrels and rabbits. And, look at that river where I can get me a mess of trout any time I'm tempted. I own it all, miles and miles as far as the eye can reach, of the grandest scenery in the world; it's my property, just as it's yours, for it's the public's place, the National Forest for all people."

What Is A Palace Anyway? He Asks.

"Talk about Palaces! Why what's a palace, after all, but a place to eat and sleep and see your friends in? This log house of mine is a lot more comfortable than a great high ceilinged draught rich palace, for it is warmer in the winter with the logs all chinked up tight and it's cooler in the summer. We don't need any electric fans or, as I've read of, hot water pipes."

Uncle Joe cast an approving eye over his high and neatly stacked wood pile and crammed a fresh thumb and finger of tobacco into the bowl of his blackened corncob pipe. "Blow high, blow low," he said. "Give me an airtight stove and a big pile of stove-length wood. And, I'll talk about eating! What can a millionaire get better than one of Sairy's fat young hens or a plump grouse or a saddle of venison or a rainbow trout, or a squirrel or tender young rabbit? Tell me! You can't."

By which, you will see, Uncle Joe is a philosopher. His creed, which he preached to the youth of the mountains since the days of the little new school house he entered as teacher, is a paraphrase of his own:

"A clean heart is more to be prized than all the wealth in the world and you're only half a man if you haven't got a good conscience."

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Bailey. Circa 1870s. William G. Chamberlain photo. Credit: Park County Local History Archives, Ed & Nancy Bathke Collection, image 326

In this early photo, the rails have reached Bailey. Two railroad associated structures, a boxcar, workmen's tents, covered wagons, and just barely visible, a turning wye can be seen from Joe's cabin. It must have been a noisy time when the rails came to Bailey. As today, I am sure their were mixed emotions as Bailey was about to change forever.



In one image of this stereo pair, there appears to be a slight figure of a man walking in the road in front of Joe's cabin. Could this be Joe on his way to visit Elizabeth? Or, perhaps he is on his way down to supervise the construction of the rails. As he surely must have done.

Yes, that's it.

Two clean, time sweetened, tender hearts are missing in Bailey today.

And up on the hill, in the half-century old log cabin, aged Mrs. Entriiken is lonely. She is seeing again the lips she has learned to read during the years, form the words:

"Goodby, Lissie,"

And she sees the fast receding train, covered in its vail of grey, thick smoke like a curtain dropped at the end of a comedy, a play in many acts, of laughter and sorrow, of tenderness - friendship, and those things symbolized by rosemary and rue: and she sees the white-haired thirty-eight-year-old friend, swaying to the motion of the train, on the platform of the rear coach, waving his hand in farewell.

"Goodby, Joe."

Appendix

- A A Brief History of the Bailey Country Store
by Pat Mauro
- B 1873 Original BLM Survey
- C 1940 and 1946 Bailey plat illustration the Barnet
cabin
- D Barnet Cabin today



Bailey early 1900s. McGraw house & store, school, Kiowa Lodge, band stand. Source: Park County Local History Archives, image 326.

A Brief History of the Bailey Country Store by Pat Mauro

The Bailey Country Store as it has been known for approximately 30 years, has been in existence for 128 years!

Edward and Blanche McGraw came to the town of Bailey in 1878. At that time, William Bailey was planning on moving out to California, disgusted with the arrival of the Denver South Park and Pacific Railroad, now running right through his ranch.

Ed and Blanche worked a deal with William, and ended up with the land that's now the present day town of Bailey. They built the first section of the store in 1878. This is the

section with the two windows above the door of the store. Ed passed on in 1880, losing a fight to tuberculosis. Blanche carried on with her two babies (Alanson and Edna) and, in 1885, met William Morrow. William and Blanche were married in 1888. Morrow Mountain across from McGraw Park is named after William. William died in 1892 from a suspected suicide.

Blanche once again was back to running the store and the cabins she rented out by herself. A very successful lady in her enterprises within Bailey. Approximately 1900, Blanche had an addition added to her false fronted store on Main Street. This addition more than doubled her space in the store. This added a second story to the building, which has seen numerous uses throughout its history, including a theater, hotel, and apartments. The store also served as the Bailey Post Office for many years. Blanche continued running the store, until her death in 1918.

In the 1920's, the Ku Klux Klan burned a cross in front of the store, and a posse was called in to quell the riotous crowd.

Blanche's children continued running the store, now named the Morrow Store Co., until the early 1940's, when they sold the building to the Burgess family. Burgess renamed the store Burgess Mercantile. The store had always sold hardware, dry goods, sporting goods, hay and grain, auto supplies, boots and shoes, and film throughout the years. Burgess started selling off inventory for some of these items, and that is how Moore Lumber and The Knotty Pine started selling hardware, dry goods, sporting goods, etc.

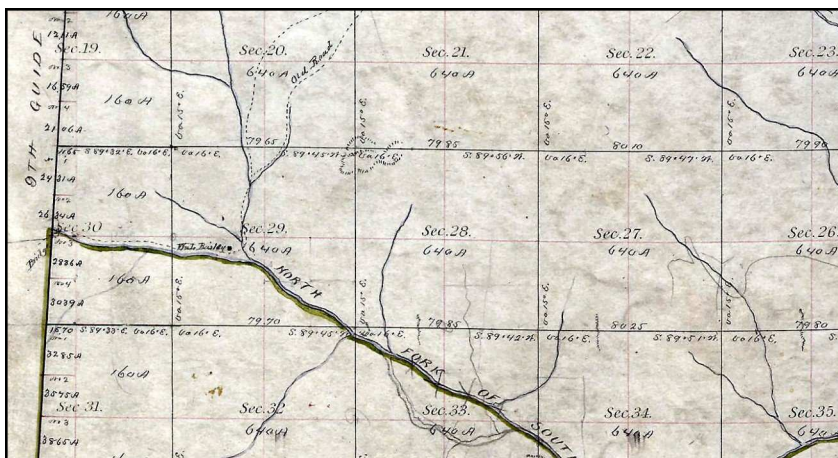
Burgess ran the store until 1957, when he sold the store to Howard and Freda Mason. Howard and Freda renamed the

store 'Mason Mercantile' which it was called until 1975, when it was leased to Jerry Agee.

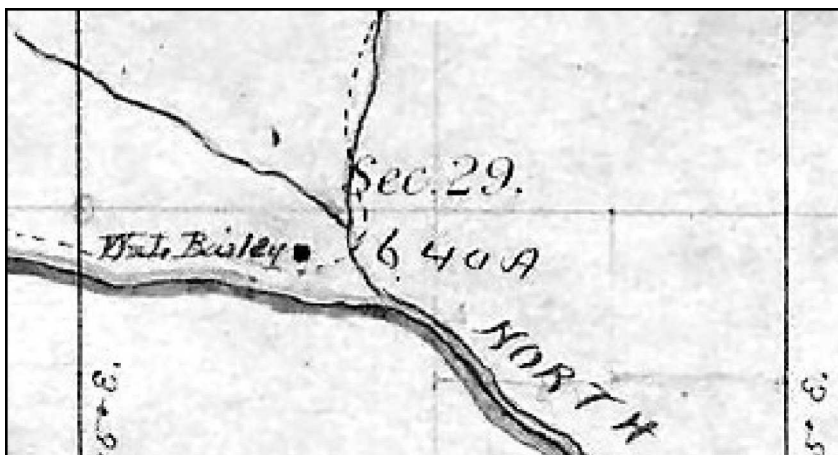
Jerry changed the name of the store to the present day 'Bailey Country Store'. In 1985, Glenn Raymond bought the store from the Masons. Glenn came up with the Santa Maria roast recipe, which is an original from the store. Glenn ran the store until 2002 when he sold it to Lewis and Julie Hemion.

In 2005, Eric and Barbara Keto bought the store from Lewis. Eric removed the shutters from the windows, opening up the view people saw in the earlier days of the store! He is constantly improving the store, in many aspects. Many nice items, only found in Bailey have been added. So, let's hope for many more great years for the Bailey Country Store! A staple to our community, and the forefathers/mothers of our Town!

Pat Mauro



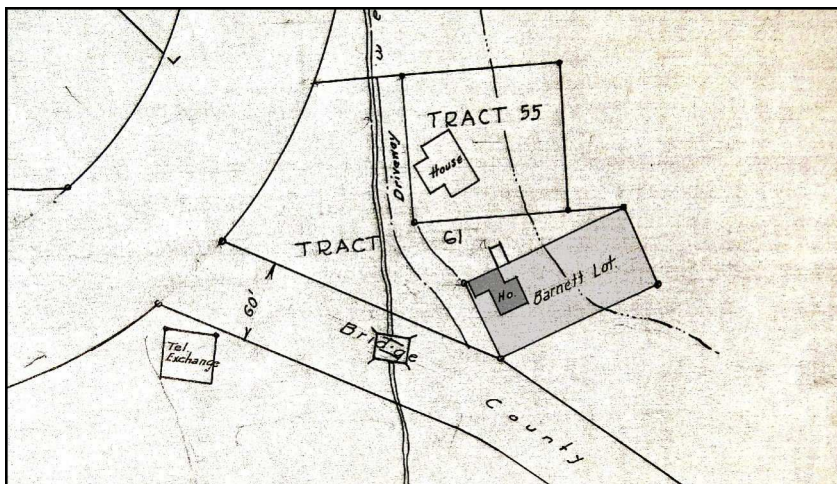
Original Bureau of Land Management (BLM) Survey map - 1873, showing the Bailey area and environs Source: glorerecords.blm.gov



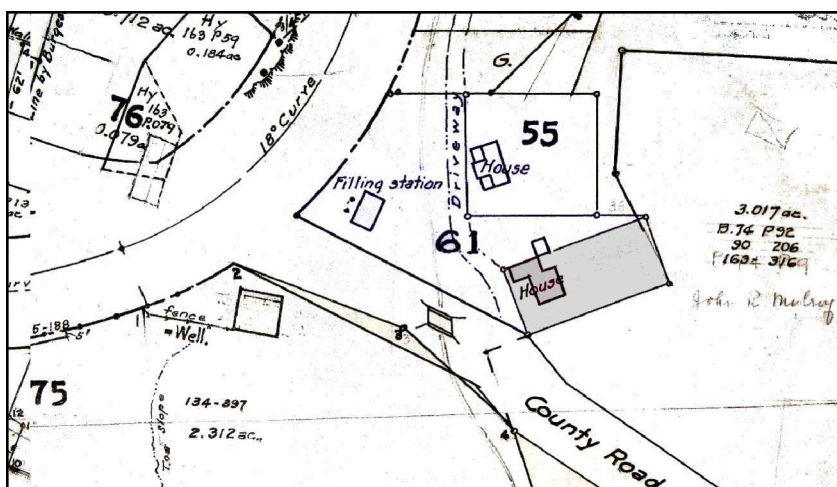
Original Bureau of Land Management (BLM) Survey map - Section 29

Section survey only shows one structure - it is labeled "Wm. L. Bailey." It appears to be located as described in the Denver Post article:

"The sturdy frame school house that stands in front of the imposing Kiowa Lodge of today - the successor of the original Bailey home that burned down in a gale one afternoon a generation ago."



1940 Bailey Plat Map. This plat shows the Barnett cabin with the addition . The lot shown in light grey is labeled "Barnett Lot." Track 55 show a structure north of the Barnett cabin. Across CR 68 is the Telephone Exchange building.



1946 Bailey Plat Map showing the Bailey cabin, a "house" to the north of the cabin, telephone exchange building where Rustic Station is today, and a "filling station" where Bailey Propane is today.



The Barnett Cabin Today

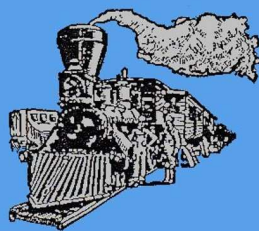
For over 130 years, the Barnett cabin has stood silent vigil over the Bailey community. Most pass by this simple structure with little understanding of the heritage it holds.

It is the purpose of this booklet to raise the awareness of the pioneering heritage of the Bailey community. This cabin, much like the Entriken cabin, is a significant part of that heritage.

The Park County Historical Society stands ready to join with supporters to preserve and restore this cabin for the benefit of future generations.

If you want to help, visit the Park County Historical Society website at www.parkcountyhistory.com for contact information.





Park County Historical Society